

# THE ELEPHANT

174

FOUNDERS' DAY SPECIAL NUMBER

28th OCTOBER 1995

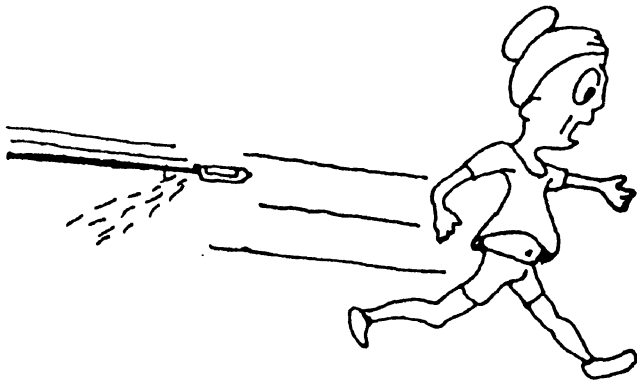
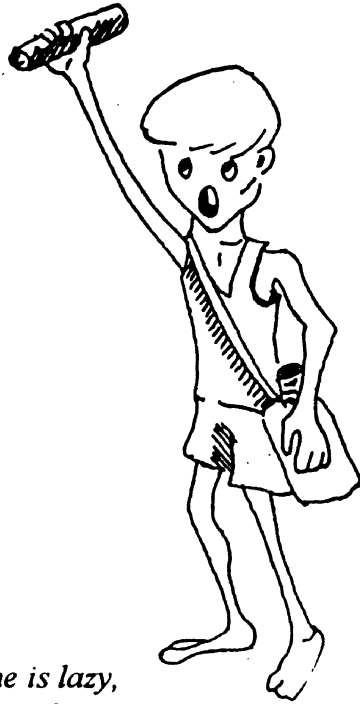
## WELHAM BOYS SCHOOL



FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH

# EDITORIAL

Founder's is almost here,  
With it, it's brought  
much cheer,  
There'll be parents  
and lots of old guys  
(boys),  
At the Fete there'll  
be games to play  
and lots to buy.  
The Jam Session is  
where class twelve  
will be,  
How many more  
guys will fall in love,  
we'll have to see.  
It's a time when no one is lazy,  
Everyone works hard and goes crazy.



Diwali can no longer be called 'a festival of lights,'  
It's now become 'The festival of frights!'  
Boys were out to burst each other's ear drums,  
They sent rockets chasing after innocent bums.  
At around the crack of dawn,  
Off they went up to blow some teacher's lawn.  
If grabbing were an Olympian sport, we'd never  
face defeat,  
Frightened teachers realised that when boys  
grabbed boxes of sweets.

All of us stood watching the Eclipse,  
Like a movie without popcorn and chips.  
Guys set out to prove they wouldn't go blind,  
If they looked at the sun till they got kicked on  
(2)

their behind.

Science teachers had long discussions,  
On the solar eclipse and it's repercussions.  
We didn't have P.T. or early morning schools,  
That's why everyone thought the eclipse was  
cool.

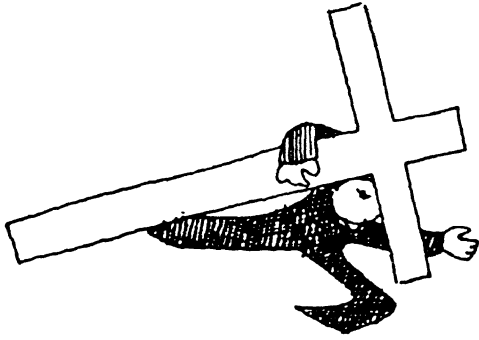
The Athletic season is almost over,  
The year's almost gone for Class twelve's  
unsporting 'love-rs'.  
Marching practice has finally begun,  
And nobody who's sane thinks it's much fun.  
No records have been broken this year,  
On sport's day everyone will be in top gear.  
I went for the Javelin claiming to have strong  
arms,  
Now I have found out that showing off harms.

Everyone's working for the Exhibitions with  
desperation,  
Parents are coming and that provides lots of  
inspiration.  
About the props, effects and plays, the Princi'  
revealed his consternation,  
I'm sure the plays will be an excellent presenta  
tion.  
The school buildings have been given a coat of  
paint,  
When the Chairman sees them, he might faint!  
In this last week, the boys are putting in thei  
best,  
What they deserve 'later' is a rest.

"O, Lord, Save me for my time has come,"  
I'm going to get killed and eaten alive by some  
At least the Oliphant has become mor  
readable(controversial too).  
But I don't think  
it's standard is  
unbearable.  
People have  
stopped talking  
in front of me,  
They live in con-  
stant fear that  
they will see,  
Their words in  
print in the mag.



next time,  
All of it distorted in nonsense prose or rhyme.



At Mr.K and the staff, I took many a dig,  
I hope the grave they've dug for me isn't too big!?  
Foremost I'd like to thank the Dean,  
For not considering my words about him to be mean.  
Will the Woodseaters forgive poor old Sudeep,  
For not publishing their work and being such a creep.  
I'd like to thank the Head in my last issue,  
For not ripping me, limb from limb, tissue from tissue.  
Last but not the least, I'd like to thank the staff Rep.,  
For often giving me the much needed pep.  
Censoring where needed and giving me a free hand,  
And politely not considering my Editorials to be bland!!  
Oh! I think I'm going to cry,  
But not in print.....

Adios Forever,  
Yours No Longer,  
The Editor.

## FLOWER POWER

The Chairman and the Board of Trustees belong to a species which blooms but once a year that is the Founder's Day.

The Principal finds plenty of occasions not to bloom- and he does not bloom- he bursts and blasts.

Teachers are expected to bloom all the time.  
The students are, of course, blooming idiots.  
--The Lotus Eater

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

Nobody seems to have written to you about the school food for a long time and the caterer seems to be living a peaceful life. I think this silence in the press kind of overexpresses our love for him.

Agreed that sometimes the school food is not that bad, but sometimes it is pathetic. We don't get enough of the stuff we want to eat, but there is always lots of stuff everyone dislikes. The custard we got last week was like drinking disinfectant. Also the onions we get with tomatoes, served as vegetable are so nutritious. If we eat that stuff every day we would be looking like Arnold Schwarzenegger in no time.

I think the grub is bad because the guerilla group of Pothunters seems to have vanished from the face of the earth. "Pothunters wherever you are out there wake up for no eternal reward will save us now."

Yours hopefully,  
A Eye in the Sky.

Ed.: Now you know why the caterer was ill earlier this term. He ate the school food.

Dear Ed,

This is a letter to you and to the school community in general, to thank you for giving us the opportunity to run the magazine. For supporting us and contributing (??) to the magazine and helping us to make it successful. However, this is also a letter to say, "Please don't kick us" in the next issues.

We would also like to thank the Staff Rep. for being patient with our delays and spellings. We would also like to convey our appreciation at his patience in reading the many contributions which were published in the Oliphant.

Yours hopefully,  
Akshi, Prashant, Ankur and Sudeep

Dear Ed,

The post of Ed. now lies open,  
Doesn't look like anyone's scopin'.  
The next Ed needs to have the following qualifica-  
(3)

tions,  
 Which in everybody's eyes will be disqualification.  
 Hated by the staff, very unpopular,  
 Should always go straight for the jugular.  
 Should be arrogant, conceited, a bum,  
 Should visit the gym and not drink rum.  
 Patience is something that isn't required,  
 If you have any you will soon be fired.  
 Should be lazy and procrastinate,  
 You'll soon grow to love everyone's hate.  
 Has any of your work been previously published,  
 If you have any, your chances are diminished.  
 If you are the Staff Rep's 'Blue Eyed Boy,'  
 Just don't think he is a mouldable toy.  
 You should be vague, strange, weird,  
 It'll be most favourable if you're a 'surd'.  
 'Move like a butterfly and sting like a bee,'  
 When your enemies arrive, run up the nearest tree.  
 You've got to love the main field and the Dean,  
 After all you're soon going to be the King of Mean.

*Yours never again,  
 The Editorial Pain.*

*Ed:* I'm sorry that there are so many anonymous letters this time but no one wanted to write so you know who to contact if you have a problem.

*Dear Ed,*

This letter is about the general atmosphere around school during Founders'.

The P. H. Common Room has been done up extravagantly and the House Master loves inviting people to see it. Those who have seen it, love it. They now want to buy the same furnishing, upholstered in the same colour. However, the common room is under lock and key for the moment because on the very first day the guys walked out with the comfy, soft, thick mattresses. On Diwali the Housie would get hysterical if a bomb went off a foot from the common room.

All the hostels are having their House Flags painted for the Sports' Day. They'll probably end up having the same emblems. Thank God the colours are different. Talking about flags and marching the various House Captains are out in the evenings to take practice in a bid to win the cup.

The guys in the Chemistry Laboratory are doing their work a little over-zealously. Their project on pollution is killing all of us. They prepare loads of hydrogen sulphide which nobody considers good except themselves.

The guys in the Biology Laboratory are dissecting animals left, right and centre. None of the animals live past the cutting open stage and the whole operation becomes a post-mortem. At the rate they are dissecting animals, *Greenpeace*, will come down here and sue us.

Boys working in the Physics Laboratory look like zombies because they've been electrocuted while performing some weird experiment. Lets hope they only look and behave like Einstein and not invent some explosive which wipes out the school.

*Yours observantly,  
 The Unknown Soldier.*

*Ed:* Haven't you seen the Editorial Board working?!

*Dear Editor,*

Some people have an affiliation to other people and some have an aversion. In other words, some people are philanthropists and some are misanthrops.

But one distinguished staff member seems to be too much of a philanthropist. So much so, that the cast which is being used to enact in her play consists of over 150 students. Managing this awesome responsibility would be a Herculean task. Great patience must be required to control, cajole and coax this multitude of enthusiastic humanity. I am sure that at the end of this effort will be a play which will be acclaimed by the audience and remembered by the cast. It should be recorded that the average age of the cast is under twelve years when each child is at his enthusiastic but uncontrollable best.

The management of sound and music, the set and dresses, light, production and direction all must have required untiring and dedicated effort. I hope the play will be a big success.

*Yours admiringly,  
 Sarthak Pani  
 Class X*

*Dear Ed,*

Why are people so ashamed of their names that they cannot state them in this column? Nearly all the letters have been written under pseudonyms. People should come out of the closet.

*Yours Namelessly,  
 Anonymous*

# LITERARY AFFAIRS

## I'll Be There For You

After days of ignoring she said 'Hello!'  
Her voice was sweet, made my heart mellow.  
I replied, in a quivering tone,  
She said it was nice hearing me on phone.

My heart skipped beats, it ran wild,  
Those few words of hers had transformed me into  
a child.

Only if she knew what she did to me,  
She left me elated, she set me free.

She cat-walked away after a brief chat,  
But I wasn't one to leave it at just that.  
Two days later I was at her door,  
My heart beating fast like a sophomore.

I took a her out a couple of times,  
And tried to say the most romantic of lines.  
My soothing words made her heart melt,  
And only I know what at that time I felt.

We met more frequently but ever so discreet,  
Every sight of hers was more than a treat.  
The whole day we'd stay together and talk,  
And at dusk, down lonely streets we'd walk.

Word spread fast, our affair was news,  
On it, were based, everybody's views.  
I was often warned by the more experienced  
lovers,  
Said I was too young, should be under covers.

I cared not a hoot, and dismissed their words,  
As far as I knew, they were a bunch of nerds.  
Almost blindfold, I was madly in love,  
As if she was sent exclusively for me from Him  
above.

When she wasn't with me, my heart would mourn,  
Even in a crowd, I'd be all alone.  
Just her thoughts would flash through my mind,  
And as soon as she came, everything would be fine.

She meant more than just a girl to me,  
I didn't know what in me did she see.

She was so fantastic in every way,  
And the way in which her hips she'd sway.

It was all so perfect, our clandestine romance,  
We'd jive at Ghungroo's, in Oasis we'd dance.  
After a few more months, when we were steady,  
For further proposal; I thought I was ready.

So gathering all my guts I walked up to her,  
My voice barely audible, just above a whisper.  
Slowly to her I voiced my thought,  
I could've cried if she said 'no.'

After a long silence she finally spoke,  
Ideas of love, in my mind evoke.  
She said, 'My love for you will always hold true,  
And throughout my life, I'll Be There For You.'

--Ankur Nigam  
Class XII

## What's Love Got To Do With It

She was a phantom of delight,  
When first she gleamed up on my sight.  
I hoped she would be close to me,  
But it all ended to be a dream,  
As she was too far to be held close.

Towards the end we were slightly close,  
But had to part our ways as she was supposed to  
go.  
To express what I thought of her,  
I gave her a sweet gesture,  
My hopes fell when she flatly refused the offer,  
But after persuasion when finally she relented,  
I could not believe and saw a silver lining,  
My hopes arose.

Oh, how great I felt when I received an unexpected  
love note,  
I could not believe my stars and pondered in  
surprise.  
A day came when we could meet,  
But our bad fate, it all ended to be a dream.

I had to meet her on a starry night,  
But it was a dream of glass,  
Broken by a tiny pebble.  
I couldn't meet her but the desire remained,  
I will meet her now in a couple of days,  
When she will enchant me in one of her many ways.

--Taha Islam  
Class XII

## Her Son

Lying on the bed, she would shed tears,  
She was a shattered soul, who cried for  
someone,  
Someone who had left her alone and would never  
return,  
Though she was alone, she knew she had to  
survive,  
She looked strong in appearance, but hollow  
within,  
She had to survive for her children, survive for  
herself,  
Though things had come to a standstill, yet it was  
not the end.

After the tragedy occurred, she thought she still had  
a family of her own,  
But the people she trusted, were the ones who left  
her alone,  
So, now, she had to start once again from the very  
beginning,  
At a time when everything was completing its  
circle.  
Still, she began once again and tried hard to  
recover,  
But misfortune didn't leave her, and drove her to  
the gutter.

As time passed things seemed to be quiet and well,  
But no one understood that by now she had learned  
to live in hell,

One might think, I write this for fun,  
But let me tell you, it isn't so, because I am proud  
to be 'Her Son'.

--Akshi Saxena  
Class XII

## Looking Through Patient Eyes

Last night I lay still in my bed,  
Sleep from my eyes had long since fled.  
Because in my mind reiterated a thought,  
Out of all my life's hardwork, what really had I  
got?

In the morning I had seen a boy near the beach,  
Trying to build a sand-castle, higher than he could  
reach.  
A strong wind came and the tower fell down,  
The tidal waves came up and washed the castle  
down.

The boy had worked so hard to build it,  
But forces of Nature hadn't cared one bit.  
Power was what they wanted to show him,  
That they are the greatest, as they serve Him.

Comparing them to the influential and powerful  
people of today,  
In whatever they do, (they think) they have their  
say.  
They can destroy anybody they like,  
Money is the key and everything else is futile.

Such powerful people perish the lives of  
hardworkers,  
They have the power and that's what, in today's  
world, matters.  
All the hard work goes in vain,  
All the dreams wash down the drain.

As I lie on my bed, I have come to the  
conclusion,  
That dreaming of hardwork being the key to  
success, is an illusion.  
For soon the powerful will come and throw you  
away,  
It's their world and they have their say.

I got up from the bed and my eyes searched for  
water,  
So that I might drink some and feel better,  
I saw my face in the bowl, all full of wrinkles,  
I saw in them 75 years of hardwork, which would  
be gone soon, in a twinkle.

--Ashish Gupta  
Class XI

# LAMPOON

I have realised that its the time of day-dreams and ambitions to dominate Class XI's thought processes. Another fifty days and I can finally come into my own. No longer do I have to set an example to all by torturing myself to the extent of being present for P.T. at the crack of dawn every goddamned morning or making innumerable trips to the Dhobhi Gaht in order to present myself spic and span every waking or for that matter every sleeping moment of my existence.

Now its time for a new batch of prefects to assume the yoke of responsibility. So I decided to interview a majority of the candidates as to why the populace should cast their princely vote in their favour :

**Aryadip Guha Niyogi:** "I am Aryadip Guha Niyogi from Jalpaiguri, 40 kms from Siliguri. I have a sweet bong mentality and I won't punish harshly."

**Nikunj Rajpuria:** "Pliss casth your vothe for me. You'll enjoy, vothe and see."

**Kunal Malhotra:** "Dekho, Dekho, see, see. Kripya, Please vote for me."

**Sohrab Mulla:** "If I'm prefect there'll be no bounds. The whole of D'Dun will be in the compound."

**Umar Trumboo:** "I am from the Al Faran. give me your `votoen ka vardan'."

**Abhishek Bakshi:** "Rocky, Rambo, Robocop. As a prefect I'll be on top."

**Amit Sekhri:** "Main Hoonga Kamyaaab."

**Gurpreet Gambhir:** "As the thirteenth guy I'll give you weekends to Paonta."

**Vivek Bansal:** "Dilwale Prefect Badge Le Jayenge."

**Saurabh Sinha:** "I'm the caped crusader. That's why I'm known as the `Dark Raider'."

**Samarth Pratap Singh:** "On the popularity

chart I'll score a three pointer. As a prefect I won't be a disappointment."

**Puneet Gambhir:** "I'll be as nice as Sameer and also give everyone an extra paneer."

**Akash Sharma:** "I know guys calle me Raka. Don't worry, on your grub I won't `marro a daka'."

**Vinayak Prasad:** "All I do is pump iron. As a prefect I'll be a lion."

**Surya Sud:** "As a prefect I'll serve straight aces."

**Rumaan Kidwai:** "To be or not to be, thats all for fate to see."

**Chaitanya Wahi:** "Yo! I'm the Demolition Man. If you wanna freak out, join the gang."

**Gurkirat Aurora:** "I'll squash indiscipline out of school."

**Muzaffar Ali Khan:** "I'll give you red carpet treatment."

**Akbar Ali Khan:** "If red carpet treatment isn't good enough I'll give you gold carpet treatment."

**Ashish Patodia:** "What Bhadohi thinks today, Welham thinks tomorrow."

**Gautam Khullar:** "I'll be the apple of everyone's eye."

**Aditya Sud:** "Pepe, Levis, Wrangler, as a prefect I'll be a strangler."

**Varun Lohia:** "Todi is my Mama. I'll be just like Lord Rama."

**Ashish Gupta:** "If you make any trouble, I'll put the `virus' inside you."

--Sudeep Chaudhuri  
Class XII

# THE OBITUARY



**WE'RE NOW KINGS WITHOUT A THRONE,  
OUT OF THE BOARD WE'RE THROWN,  
LIKE AN ACTOR ALL ALONE,  
LIKE A DOG WITHOUT A BONE.**

What do you get after six years on the Editorial Board (thats including the time that I officially spent being off the Board)? You get to write your own Obituary. If you consider that an honour its up to you. I knew that I would dread the institution of this column in the Founders' issue when I wrote the first one three years ago.

We had an illustrious batch of twelfthies on the Board this year. Two Ringside View correspondents whose spellings are pathetic, an ultra-cool Computer Designer and an Editor with a short fuse (and thats not the only thing thats short about him.)

Prashant 'P.O.V.' (Paragon of Virtue) Singh went with his two by two frame from field to field, court to court, track to track, event to event, etc.etc.etc. to gather enough information to keep you sportily informed. He willingly did it not because he is an excellent sportsman but because it gave him a chance to preach his doctrine of self discipline. His 'holiness' is one of school's biggest freaks. He may sit cross legged on his bunk and meditate at weird hours of the night but often he just dances the night away in his room (which incidently is P.H.'s twenty four hour party zone.) He hangs out with a bunch of guys for whom everyday is a weekend. Bali is often seen in the P.T. field getting the school to live like the Gorkha that he is.

He has now started to spread his doctrine through the Oliphant. We saw one of his philosophical poetic contributions in a previous issue. He was in a rather contemplative mood when he wrote it (actually he's always in a contemplative mood.) Saint Bali suddenly

thought that his principles weren't spreading amongst the masses by word of mouth so he decided to use the more modern method of newsprint.

He is probably the most sociable guy around. The list of his so called 'Rakhee' sisters is endless. He doesn't actually go strutting around Girls' school because Modesty is his middle name. Bali never really behaves like Malvolio (the character he played in the Joint Production.)

He is a 'Jew-wel' of a guy who thinks he has the solution to everybody's problems. Studying for his Board exams (not the Oliphant Board) takes up most of his time and he is quite relieved to have stepped down from his 'pojition'. Prashant is not planning on joining the army (with a name like Bali they probably wouldn't let him) but maybe later on in life he'll form an army of rebel monkeys.

Akshi 'AK-47' Saxena helped in getting the statistics of Welham's only all season sport, basketball. The good thing about his reports was that they were all first hand accounts because he played all the matches he wrote about. Akshi's literary experience is not limited to the Ringside View. His poems on the impoverished human soul touched the heart. His most famous work is called 'Butterfly'. Fame doesn't only extend to basketball, he is notorious as a lover. Akshi has oodles of 'Sax' appeal. This dude loves acting as a drunkard in the school plays not only because it gave him a chance to drinks lots of Thums Up. He was pretty disappointed during the rehearsals of Twelfth Night because he had to make do with Benadryl. At



*the end of each practice he was in a pretty inebriated state and became so very naughty. Akshi's appetite sometimes shocks people and the prefects live in a constant state of fear that if he runs out of food the school will run out of prefects.*

*He loves using the word 'thee' before everything whether it is required or not and his accent automatically changes when he is commenting on something. When he plays the bass guitar he puts a little too much energy into the act and drowns the sound of everything else in the bargain. His hairstyles always cause people to squirm. Akshi revolutionised the mushroom cut here. As far as hairstyles and clothes go, he is the man to go to for advice.*

*As far as working hard is concerned the Computer Designer gets the cake. He spends hours in the L.R.C. working on the Oliphant so that it gets to you in time. However, it almost never gets to you in time because of either a lazy, procrastinating Editor or computer viruses. You got to see the look on his acned face when he finds out that someone has been fidgeting with the computer and that it has been formatted. He looks kinda sexy. Yes its Ankur 'Cool Cat' Nigam I'm talking about. He is so cool you'd think he was born in a cold storage.*

*His mod image reflects too much of music television. He is probably the most famous member of the Oliphant Board because he is the only one who writes entertaining stuff. His poems seem so realistic, you'd think he has written it keeping a living example in his mind. Though he often denies it, it maybe true. Ankur wrote a scary piece earlier this term called 'Wanted Dead or Alive'. Sometimes true love can be so violent.*

*Rumour has it that he wrote it for some girl who refused to go on a date with him. He selects the poems of the lovesick section and you will see some of his work under the Poetic Schplk section. He has been incharge of the Literary Affairs section for the past three years and has published a lot of material about his affairs during that time. He takes his job pretty seriously unlike the cartoonist who has nothing better to do than behave like a cartoon (we have been writing that in the Obituary everytime but he doesn't seem to change.)*

*Ankur has overcome the tennis pep and*

*his poems no longer originate at the tennis court and since he has decided to drop his American girlfriend his poems no longer have a kinda kool fancy cut short words (but the accent has not gone from his voice.) His love for music is evident because all the titles of his poems are songs too.*

*Michael Bolton is still his painful favourite and now that we have a CD ROM there's music playing on the computer while he is typing the material for the Mag. He shed his long locks during the holidays and the staff is no longer up in his arms (people are generally very annoyed with him and the grumpy Ed for singling them out.) Ankur has made an impression on the 'babes' of MIS and now he receives cards from people who want him to feel their heart beat and want to take a bite off his sweet body.*

*The Ed of course takes the cake as being the laziest, good for nothing, short tempered, boring editor the Oliphant has ever had. Obviously I'm talking about Sudeep 'Hothead' Chaudhuri (I could use many other names for him e.g. Old Man, Gym Freak, Morrison Freak etc.). There was a time when this guy would spend most of the term in hospital; now, of course, he spends most of his time in the gymnasium.*

*Sudeep has the honour of writing the most boring editorials and we have to undergo the torture of reading them. He has a crew cut which he thinks is cool but makes him look like a freak and he wears 'black' shoes.*

*A majority of the school thinks he should be shot because he gives punishments he can't do himself without puffing and panting (another thing he can't do but makes everybody else do is P.T.) The Hothead is 'OBSESSED' with the main field. Of all things in school, the main field is all he thinks about. I'm glad he realises that he is a 'schmuck' (he keeps writing that he is one). A fact that remains unknown to most people is that he is also the cartoonist and gets away without doing anything in that field generally.*

*Rumour has it that he has been appointed P.H.'s rafting captain because that seems to be the other thing he seems to be obsessed with. This guy has a tendency to pick on people in his editorials, he also takes more interest in completing the Letters to the Editor*

*column than in the Editorial. So, if you have any hassles with what has been published in that column in the past, you know who to beat up (his appearance is going to change drastically after the Founder's). The Editor's temper has changed drastically, and I think he likes someone!??*

*That's about all that the censors will allow me to write about the Ed! Giving them*

*any more space would be too much of an honour. I've been sitting at the computer for more than four hours and that's a lot of time to spend on these guys. I hope the Staff Representative is happy with this piece. After all, it's my last one. That's wishful thinking but I hope you are suitably impressed and put in a word or two on my behalf.*

*--ANON. ✓*

## Psycho Lovedrive

The car swerved around the bend. Its headlights were dim and the beams were out of focus. It came to a screeching halt just outside the Bern country home. They came out, one by one. The anger raged inside him. His mind was bursting with mixed feelings of hatred and fear. He had to take his revenge on them. He had to make them suffer like they made him. He was left alone, all alone in his sorrow, in his anguish, in his greatest needs. And now the turn was his and they were gone.

They strode into the house. He heard the door click and then it swung open. They went in. Three guys and two girls. And one of them was Sandra. He clutched his weapon. It was a pretty powerful pistol. He was sure he would blow the brains out of those pretty things.

He moved towards the ranch. He crouched at every step, his mind overflowing with thoughts. "Kill them, blow their brains out. Shred them to pieces, ever thought of cutting them into chunks." He smiled, the thought of cutting them sort of pleased him. A wicked grin crept upon him.

He made it in through the kitchen window. He peeped into the living room. They sat there laughing, he heard peals of laughter coming from the mouth of his very own Sandra. He wanted to shoot them dead, there and then, but then again they had to suffer. Suffer mental torture, maybe even physical torture.

He entered the room calmly, and then, as the heads turned, his pistol was raised and the evil smile appeared on his face. The youngsters were taken aback. It was Jay. Their very own school friend whom they considered inferior, stupid and dumb. He laughed as they stared at him. Then suddenly his laughter ceased. A wave of anger swept him. He threw a fist at Ron's face. Ron staggered back, blood trickled from his nose and  
(10)

his lips split apart.

The two girls gasped at the gory sight. He turned towards the girls. There were May and Sandra. He had always had a soft corner for Sandra. He remembered when he tried to approach her at high school. They always left him hurt and insulted in that love sick state of his. He stared into her deep brown eyes. Her actions were stylish. He moved towards her. He longed to touch her but hesitated.

He turned towards the guys. He met them face to face. Damn, macho guys, he thought and jabbed Arnie in the stomach. As Ron and Fred made a move, his pistol pointed at Arnie's temple. At first he thought of pressing the trigger. He even squeezed it a bit but then stopped.

He had better ways of hurting him. Ways that make man beg for death to come, ways that make a man the living dead. He picked up the skevere from the fireplace and burned them deep into Arnie's chest. Drops of blood covered his face and Arnie slumped to the ground. He wiped his face with his hand and then ran his tongue over the rough skin of his palm. A crackle of laughter escaped his lips and his blood shot eyes stared around the room.

His boldness and effrontery amazed the rest. He struck Ken in the face with the butt of his pistol. Ken's skin tore and a pool of blood emerged as the skin of his cheek was ripped. Ken shrieked and screamed but his laughter overshadowed his cries for mercy. He struck his face again. Strands of bone scattered across the room and there was silence which was broken by the dull thud of a faceless body falling on the floor followed by his evil, feminine laugh.

He was making them suffer as they did to him, kicked him, gagged him. He wanted more, more violence, more dreadful, deaths for more

pleasure. He liked the sight of dead bodies. He had once thought of entertaining the desire to be a necrophiliac also. But he wanted to see pain and suffering. Something that would give him a feeling at the gut too. He shot at Fred blowing off half his hand, he giggled and fired again turning his other hand into pulp.

His giggles turned into laughters as he fired several shots into his torso and then a dozen into his skull, his laughter turned into awkward howls of laughter as the piece of meat which was once Fred's body fell to the ground. The face lay in a pool of blood, eyes out of their sockets, the stomach had burst open, the intestines and variously shaped organs lay scattered around. He looked at them. He smiled. He kicked them around. He twitched his nose. The pungent smell was irritating him.

He moved towards the girls. His face red with anger. His fists clenched, he neared them. The girls moved backwards until the wall obstructed their movement. He came nearer, nearer and nearer nearly bursting with anger. He closed his eyes and let himself calm down. He looked towards Sandra. Her brown eyes still as mysterious as before. Her black hair was the night itself and her shapely lips were of a deep red colour. He held her hand. He could feel her soft hand against his rough and uncared for hand. He still stared into her eyes. He could see everything in them, love, pain and pleasure. Those mysterious gems of hers fascinated him beyond limits of fascination. He could not harm her. He forgot his machination. His only concern was her.

He had cornered her. Now there was no way to run. His hand stretched out to hold her when suddenly an iron rod burst out of his chest and struck hers. It was May. But she had struck the skever too hard and it had got them both. They slumped to the ground, unable to move. The heavy iron rod kept them clamped together. He fell to the ground, his eyes staring into hers. The same brown mysterious eyes which he had loved and longed for. He smiled, a trickle of blood from his mouth fell about her face and his smile widened. He looked into her expressionless, motionless eyes and then his head fell on her already dead shoulder. He had got the only thing he had really longed for. Had he attained salvation?

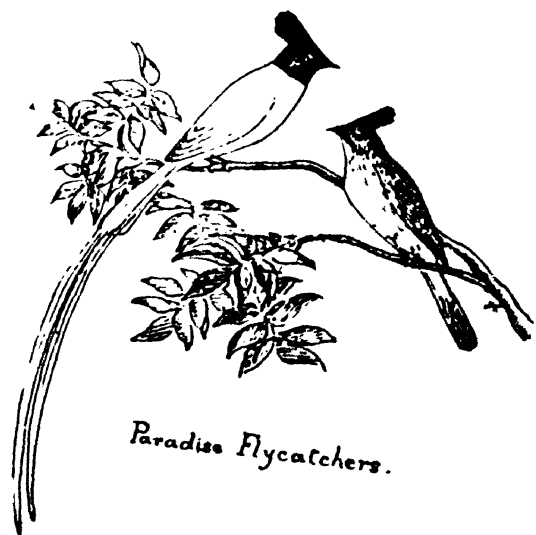
—Varun Puri  
Class X

## Love Understands

Walking on the dark dismal roads,  
I found myself all alone.  
Days were like weeks, weeks were like months,  
Time had gone when we sat together and had fun.  
We parted stiff and dry,  
"Don't cry. Goodbye," said she.  
"Fear not. I won't," said I.  
Everything seemed to be over, my heart stirred no longer,  
And say that the lad she knew once, was the only one who loved her.  
They told me it was an illusion, but I did not believe,  
They thought I was crazy, hence called me insane.  
But what was it then, a reality or a dream?  
Was she a fantasy whom I flipped over,  
She, who completely turned me over.  
Each time I wondered, I was replied the same.  
She was true and not a dream.  
So even though she has gone,  
I am still holding on, as love understands,  
And waits.....

—Akshi Saxena  
Class XII

## Know Your Birds





# THOSE WACKY WOODSEATERS



## Myself

My name is Ajitesh Kir. I am short. I wear spectacles but my spectacles are broken. I have a scar on my left leg. My friend's name is Jehangir. I like to eat chips. I like to play football.

--Ajitesh Kir  
Class I

## Myself

I am very tall. I like G.I. Joes. I like to play football. My friend's name is Karan. I have crooked teeth.

--Abhijeet  
Class I

## Camp

We went to Bhogpur. We went in the bus. There were many trees. We swam in the river. We had lots of fun. We brushed our teeth in the stream.

--Akshay  
Class I

I swam in the stream. I played in Bhogpur. We brushed our teeth in the stream. We went by a bus called *Friends* and came by one called *Whitebird*. I saw monkeys. I drank a cold drink.

-Adarsh  
Class I

We went to Bhogpur. I played football with Aman and Adarsh. It was my football. Maam gave us chips and chocolate. I saw many things there. There were many trees.

--Ajitesh  
Class I

We went to Bhogpur in a bus named *Friends*. It went at a slow speed and we stopped in the middle and ate cake. When we reached Bhogpur then we played football. And we came back by *Jayaswal's White Bird*.

--Kushagra  
Class I

## Come On

Once there was a ninja. He went to go to meet his friends and said, "let's go home." His friends said, "I don't want to go home." One friend said, "I want to go home. They don't want to go home. Only we two want to go home. Let's go home."

--Sabir  
Class I

## Sad

Once there lived a poor sad man. He had no money, no house and no clothes to wear. He had two sons, two daughters and his one wife. They felt very sad. One day the man was going to catch fishes. He threw the fishing line into the river. The rope got stuck into a big fish. The man pulled out the rope. The fish came out. He took the fish home. He cooked the fish and they ate the fish meat. The next day he was going to catch fishes. He met a magician. The magician gave the man one magic stick and said, "What do you want, say three times to the stick. You will get that." The man went back. He said this three times to the stick. I want a house with clothes, bed, kitchen and table chairs inside it. Then they lived happily.

--Aman Tandon  
Class II

## Pride

One day I was playing a brick game. I played it very well. It took four hours to finish. I saw the score, the score was 90300. I was very proud of myself because I had broken a record of a senior boy.

--Raunak  
Class II

## He-Man

He-Man is a powerful man. He lives in a big pelis. He has one tiger. His tiger is also powerful.

Skeletor is a He-Man fiuter. He has many soliers.  
I like He-Man very much.

—Mustafa  
Class I

## Anger

One day I went to see a match of boxing. It was between Rock Steady and Beebop. Rock Steady was a very powerful man so he gave Beebop a tight box in his bottom. Beebop got angry and so angry that he gave Rock Steady a very tight box on his nose. Rock Steady started crying. And so everyone changed his name, they called him Anger Man instead of calling him Beebop and that is the end of my story.

—Sameer Suri  
Class II

## Diwali

Diwali was celebrated on the 23rd of October. I was very excited. It was a holiday for us. We put *diyas* all over the hostel. Some boys went home. Ma'am gave us many crackers. I burst a lot of crackers with my friends. At nine o'clock, my friend Nishant came with his younger brother. At dinner time, we got delicious food to eat. After some time the bell rang and we went to sleep. I had a very very nice time.

—Vishal Chaudhury  
Class II

## Puss in Boots Race

The miller's son gave Puss one pair of boots and a bag to catch rabbits. Puss was an intelligent cat. After two days, the Puss made his master the King. Puss and his master lived happily ever after.

—Nishant Joshi  
Class II

## The Race

Once there was a rabbit, tortois.  
They both was dowing rasing who will tuchd the line.

The rabbit sleep near the tree.  
The tortois came first, rabbit came second.

—Aman  
Class I

## Diwali

Diwali was celebrated on the 23rd of October. We were feeling very excited about it. I went to the temple to pray. When I came back, my father was lighting the candles. I burst many crackers. I went to the hostel to wish my friends. Maam gave me some crackers. I played with my friends. At ten o'clock I went back home. I was very sleepy. I had a very very nice time with my friends. It was a very enjoyable day.

—Nishant Joshi  
Class II

## My Visit to Bhogpur

I went to Bhogpur for mid-term break. I went by bus. I danced in the bus till we reached Bhogpur. When we reached Bhogpur, I played Jumping Monkey with Mayank and Sameer. Then we had our lunch. Then I went trekking. After trekking I went for dinner. On the first day there was no electricity. In the morning I brushed my teeth. Then I had my tea. Then I read story books. Then I had my breakfast. After sometime I went to the river to swim. After that I had my lunch. I got many things to eat. On the last day, I played drum Badminton with Lokesh. When I was going, I had my lunch at Lachiwala. I collected shells. Then I had cold drinks in the bus. I enjoyed camping very much.

## My Friend

My friend's name is Pranav. Pranav is in my class. Pranav likes to eat cheese spread. He likes to play Ludo. He is very good in Ludo. He is tall. He is very good. Pranav likes to play football. He is very good in football also. Pranav has Ludo. He is my best friend.

—Aditya Lohia  
Class I

# NATURE'S DIARY

## The Monal Pheasant

Like the peacock is the National Bird of India, the Monal Pheasant is the National Bird of Nepal. It is a beautiful bird and is usually found in high altitudes such as Namche-bazar, Simbaryrige and in the Himalayas. It is a pleasure to have this bird as a pet and I am talking from experience. The common name for this bird is Daphe.

Because of its national status it receives a lot of attention from poachers. Some people shoot this bird for decoration as its feathers are very beautiful.

The male is 28 inches in length and the female is 25 inches. Its head and crest is a brilliant metallic-green. The side and back of the neck and wing-coverts are metallic purple. The lower parts are black, washed on the chin and throat with metallic green. The young male resembles the female, but has a black patch on the throat. The male weighs five to five and a half lbs. and the female weighs four to five lbs. It breeds in the Western Himalayas usually between 9,000 and 11,000 feet and is found in winter at all elevations from tree-limit down to 6000 feet.

The cheer pheasant is another well known game bird of the Himalayas and is found at moderate elevations from Kathmandu westwards. It is a plain-looking buff, grey and black barred bird with

a bare red eye patch and a long narrow pointed tail.

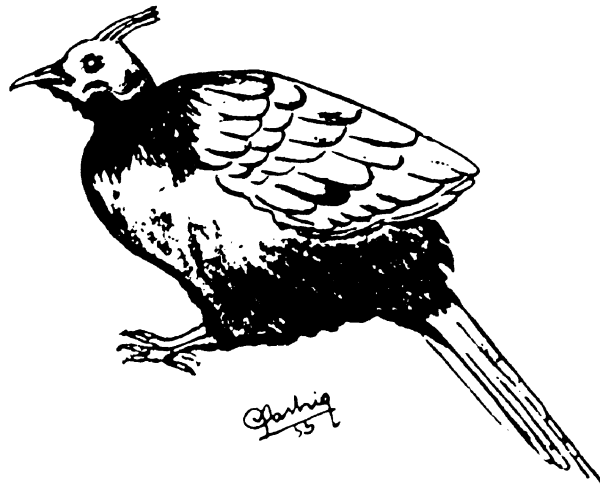
The magnificent Monal Pheasant is still common in the Himalayas where it is found in the higher forest-clad nullahs, forests of oaks or firs or thickets of rhododendron are broken up by patches of grassy slope. The Monal is often found not in flocks but in twos and threes. Their favourite food

is a hard knotty tuberous root which is common in the pastures. Grass and flower seeds, berries, beetles and insects are also eaten.

In the breeding season which is in May and June, the male displays itself to the hens. The nest is a hollow scratched in the ground under the shelter of a rock. It is usually

lined with dry leaves. The clutch varies from two to six eggs. The egg is long, oval, a good deal compressed towards the smaller end. The colour of the egg is buffy-white, spotted and usually blotched with deep reddish brown. The egg measures 2.55 by 1.78 inches. The mother sits on the eggs for a month and after the stipulated period the eggs hatch and the chicks are ready to face the world.

—Abhishek Malla  
Class IX



## HAR-KI-DOON

In a deep valley surrounded by thick, evergreen conifer forests and snow clad mountain peaks, lies Har Ki Doon. It is situated in the Govind Pashu Vihar Sanctuary on the bank of a tributary of Tons. It has lush green meadows around it and overlooks the Jaundar glacier. Also from here are seen the Swarga Rohini and other Garhwal peaks.  
(14)

The ecology is undisturbed by man. If one is lucky, he might come across some of the rare animals found only in a few pockets of the Himalayas. These include the Musk Deer, Himalayan Tahr, the Snow leopard, the Goral, the Red fox and the Bharal. The dense forest covering the valley are of Chestnut, Walnut, Willow and Chinar trees.

During our trek to Har Ki Doon we came across a number of beautiful birds and snakes. We saw a Lammergeyer with a lamb's skin in its claws. The magnificent sight of it soaring over our heads will always remain embedded in my mind. Later on we found the skin on a rock face besides our trekking route. Other birds were the White Wagtail, the Scarlet Minivet, the Common Iora, Fantails, the Plumbeous Redstart (on the banks of streams), the Brown Chiffchaff and the Rock Bunting. Some of the boys also came across a Russell's Viper basking in the sun on a rock.

Har Ki Doon is truly a place of seclusion and beauty. To reach Har Ki Doon we had

to do a total trek of 40 kilometres (one way). The whole trek was done within 4 days.

The trek begins from Netwar which is at a height of 1401 metres above sea level and ends at Har Ki Doon at an altitude of 3566 metres above sea level. All places on the way have accommodation facilities. The trekking route passes through a number of places: Netwar-Sankri-Taluka-Sema-Har Ki Doon.

The first night we camped at Taluka. On the second night we reached Sema later than we had planned. Here, at night we lit a fire next to our

tents and cooked our own food in utensils that we had borrowed from a nearby Dhaba. The third day was tiring but it gave us one of the most scenic views we had ever seen. We went to Har Ki Doon

without our baggage and returned before sunset. The next day we trekked down to Taluka and after a short meal left for Sankri. We were lucky to find a jeep which took us down to Netwar.

The people in this region worship Duryodhana. This route is associated with the epic of Mahabharata, whose heroes are said to have roamed this area during their fourteen years of exile. Here one also gets to see unique wooden carvings adorning the houses.

The forests are wet and so many streams can be seen, that

after every few minutes one is walking over a path under which flows water. On the way we also saw a troop of langurs, partridges and porcupine quills.

Our mid-term trek to Har Ki Doon gave us the experience of real tough trekking in the Himalayas and also aroused love for its ecology. We learnt the value of nature in one's life. I would recommend this trek to all those who would like to take a break from their daily monotonous city schedule and get closer to God.

--Digvijay Lamba  
Class X  
(15)



# RINGSIDE VIEW

The boys' have been training rigorously for the track event now that we have two coaches. In Section 'B', Ujjwal Kumar won the 200 metres. Amit Parashar won the marathon.

In Section 'C' one witnessed stiff competitions in the long distance events. Nikunj Gupta came first in the 800 metres while Samarth Singh came first in the 1500 metres. Yashab Zia hit the tape first in the 100 metres. Nikunj Gupta had speed as well as stamina by winning the 400 mts. In Section C Saswat Prasad won the road race.

Manish Kumar proved that he was in form by winning the 110 mts. hurdles. Prashant Singh was second. Akshi Saxena won the 400 mts. Vishwas Kohli proved why he was appointed the Athletics Captain. He won the 800 mts. and 1500 mts. Siddhant Sharma won the road race. The standard in the field events was good. In Section 'B' Saswat Prasad leapt 4.63 mts. to claim the Broad Jump. In the High Jump, Rahul Dawn cleared 137.5 cms. to win the event. Amit Gupta won the shot put. Samarth outclassed his opponents in the shot put in Section 'C'. He threw the put a huge 8.94 mts. Manas Patodia won both the Javelin and the Discus events. The High Jump and Broad Jump competition was won by Amit Kumar.

Manish Kumar was victorious in the Broad Jump and the Triple Jump. Mohinish Kumar came second. Prashant Singh came third in the Triple Jump. Ritesh Tiwari won the shot put by throwing it to a distance of 7.97 mts. Ritesh won in the discus throw too. The High Jump competition saw the emergence of a surprise winner. Pratyush Patodia won by clearing a height 140 cms. Shivank Sidhu threw the 'spear' to a distance of 37.95 metres to win the Javelin event.

Krishna white-washed the competition in the tennis house tournament. They thrashed every team. Their first encounter was against Jamuna. Ankur beat Sohrab Mulla 6-1, 6-0. Ankur and Surya paired up against Sohrab and Siddharth Choraria in the doubles. Jamuna lost the doubles

6-0, 6-1. Ganga clashed with Cauvery in the match that followed. Gurkirat Aurora beat Vishwas Kohli, 7-5, 4-6, 7-5. Akbar Ali and Sunit Mehta played the doubles against Vishwas and Sumant Pai. Ganga won 6-2, 6-1.

In Krishna v/s Cauvery, Ankur beat Vishwas Kohli 6-1, 6-1. Ankur and Surya Sud beat Vishwas and Sumant Pai 6-0, 6-1. Jamuna and Ganga played some exciting matches. Sohrab won the first set against Gurkirat 6-1 but lost the next two 6-2, 9-7. Sohrab and Nitesh Bajpai played against Akbar and Sunit. They lost 7-5, 2-6, 2-6. The clash of the titans was between Krishna and Ganga. Ganga, unfortunately got thrashed. Ankur beat Gurkirat 6-0, 6-1. Ankur and Surya beat Sunit and Gurkirat 6-1, 6-4. Jamuna gave Cauvery a walkover in the last match. Ankur was adjudged the Best Player and Gurkirat was the Most Promising Player.

For the first time, the power lifting competition was held in Welham. There were four categories i.e. 45-55 kgs., 55-65 kgs., 65-75 kgs. and 75 kgs and above.

Ritesh Tiwari lifted 70 kgs in the bench press, 116.5 kgs in the dead lift and 98 kgs in the squat. He won in his weight category. Ritesh lifted a record 80 kgs. later. Abhishek Mohan who came second, lifted 55 kgs in the bench press, 116.5 kgs. in the dead lift. Ashish Dangwal came first in the 65-75 kg. category. He made a record lift of a 100 kg. in the squat. Akash Sharma came second in Ashish's category.

In the 55-65 kg. category Vinayak Prasad lifted 55 kgs. in the bench press, 105 kgs. in the dead lift and 90 kgs. in the squat. Akbar Ali came second. He lifted 40 kgs. in the bench press, 110 kgs. in the dead lift and 85 kgs. in the squat. In the lightest category, Sudeep lifted 55 kgs. in the bench press, 90 kgs. in the dead lift and 95 kgs. in the squat. Gurkirat came second. He did not do very well in the bench press (40 kgs.) but did lift well in the squat (90 kgs.) and 85 kgs. in the dead lift.

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