

The Elephant

No. 214

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

May 28th 1998

Think About It

All truly great thoughts are conceived while walking.

- Nietzsche

EDITORIAL

**SWEAT, SUMMER AND SUNBURNS
From the makers of SLACKS, BLAZERS
AND SCHOOL TIES.
*ING THE WELHAMITE**

Scene 1

**The Welhamite sitting in his room in Triveni
with a few friends.**

FRIEND 1- Yaar. I love summers. I love the clothes, the pool and everything about it.

FRIEND 2- Achcha, you don't love the heat??

FRIEND 1- That's okay man. atleast its bearable. I hate the winters up here man.... Right dude?!

THE WELHAMITE- Duh!

FRIEND 2- Thank God, we don't have to spend another month in this wretched place.

THE WELHAMITE- (burping) R-I-G-H-T!

FRIEND 1- Come on yaar, its not that bad. (Happens to be a local resident)

THE WELHAMITE- (irritated) Shut up..... both of you.

The electricity goes off. It's mid afternoon in mid May. The Welhamite starts sweating profusely.

FRIEND 2- This is bad man.... Real bad. Whaddya say?

FRIEND 1- It'll come. I'll just check the MCB. (exeunt)

THE WELHAMITE- Oof yaar! Why the hell did I come here?

FRIEND 2- Don't you know?

THE WELHAMITE- Shut up or I'll break your face, your teeth, your head and all your bones!!

FRIEND 2- But....

THE WELHAMITE- (agitated) S-H-U-T U-P!!

FRIEND 2- Listen you can't do this. Whenever I say something you tell me to shut up..... and then

you threaten me. I'll go to the Prefects.

THE WELHAMITE- (absolutely furious) I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP!

Rushes to FRIEND 2. Grabs his collar and socks him twenty times on his head. FRIEND 2 gets unconscious.

THE WELHAMITE- I warned you..... I hate sweating, sitting and shouting at the same time. Huh!

(exeunt)

Note: This is what summer can do to the WELHAMITE. It can make him mad.

Scene 2

The Swimming pool

FRIEND 3- Aah! Cool waters..... here I come. (Gives a complete 'flat' dive and swims to the middle) Ooh! The water is too good man! C'mon guys, jump in!

FRIEND 4- The water is good?! It's bloody dark green!

THE WELHAMITE- It's bad, pathetic, terrible. Why did I come here? Look..... look at that (pointing to a water beetle) D'ya think I'm gonna swim with all these creatures?

FRIEND 3- It's okay man, atleast its cool.

FRIEND 4- I guess he's right. Lets go..... (dives into the pool..... another flat dive).

THE WELHAMITE- Fine..... I'll come. (Enters the pool from the steps)

FRIEND 3- How's it?

THE WELHAMITE- (surrounded by insects) Very nice!

FRIEND 3- I told you so.

THE WELHAMITE- (a water beetle crawls up his back) Oooi! What's this? (throwing it away)

(I)

I'm going back. This is getting to my head.
 FRIEND 4- Oye.... But we've just come.
 THE WELHAMITE- I don't care. I'm going back and that's it. (starts moving towards the steps)
 FRIEND 3- (jumping and getting hold of the Welhamites neck). Stay yaar! C'mon. Just ten more minutes.
 THE WELHAMITE- (furious) Don't touch me again.
 FRIEND 3- (holding his hand) Chal na yaar!
 (The Welhamite turns around, catches his hair, ducks him ten times, picks him up, slaps him thrice and leaves him floating like a dead body.)
 FRIEND 4- That's bad. Why don't you pick on someone your own size?
 THE WELHAMITE- I think y're my size!!
 (rushes to him. Grabs his neck, gives him three socks on his nose and one on his solar plexus.....
 Leaves him floating like a dead body.)

THE WELHAMITE- I hate swimming in dirty water with a million slimy insects. I hate this pool. (goes to the bushes. Uproots an entire bush and throws it into the pool..... slowly and coolly walks away.)exeunt.
 Note: This is what summer can do to The Welhamite. It can make him mad.

EPILOGUE

THE WELHAMITE- I know I'm a little crazy. But it's actually the summer that is making me crazy. I hate sweating and I hate the heat. It ust..... gets to my head. I can't help it. I lose control of myself. I'm dying to run away from this place. Save me God and try n' save everybody else from this heat. Amen!

Save me too,

-Sidharth.

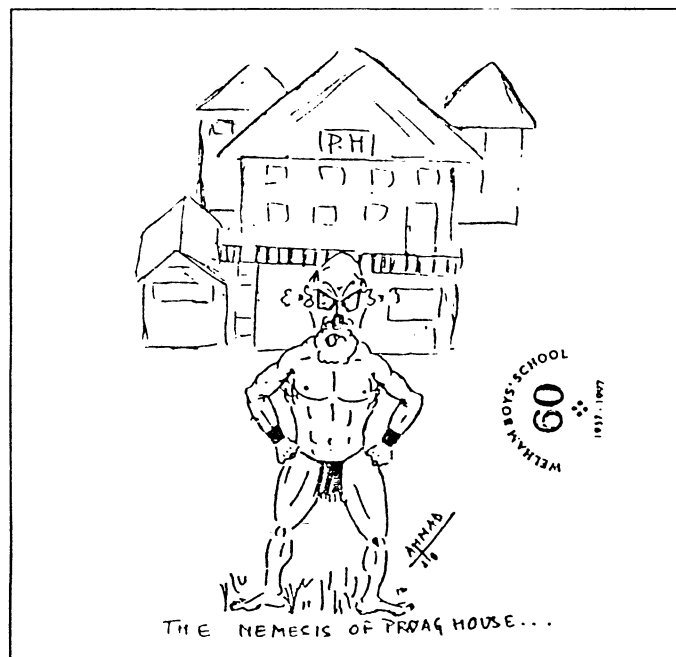
W.O.B.N.

Extract of a letter :-

" I belong to the class of '91 and have recently post-graduated from Symbiosis Institute of Foreign Trade, Pune (class of '97) where I studied M.B.A.

I have since then joined my family business in Dehra dun and would be more than glad to be of any assistance to the school if required.

I have also been formally engaged to Ms. Gunrasan Sadana (ex-Welhamite, class of '94) and the marriage is to be held this October."



Arvinder Kohli (ex-278/J)

scholarship is based on his outstanding academic performance.'

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'Sidharth Choraria has informed as that he has been chosen as a recipient of The School of Information Technology half-fee scholarship. This

WELHAM NOW

i) The end of term examinations are scheduled to start on 21st May.

ii) The Round Square representatives, along with Mr. Kandhari, returned on the 15th of this month after attending the Conference held in the Assam Valley School on the 15th of this month.

iii) Mr. Kandpal got married on the 16th of this month. His marriage was attended by all members of staff and the twelfthies. Our heartiest congratulations to the bridal couple.

iv) Boys went to attend two plays staged in the Doon School. The Hindi play 'Chanda' was staged on

the 14th May and the English play which was a scene from Great Expectations was staged on 16th May.

v) Kartikeya Narain, Sachin Gupta and Karan Singh were selected to play for the State Championship basket-ball tournament. They left for Ghaziabad on the 19th of this month.

vi) The second tennis court is now being cemented and the work is on in full flow.

vii) The building adjoining the White House is coming up well and is expected to be ready to house its new occupants by August-September.

AD-RECALL SURVEY SUMMARY

Some boys went to town to conduct an "AD-RECALL SURVEY". The site chosen was near and around Astley Hall. From time to time we hopped into Baskin Robbin's, the Titan showroom, Art Home and other shops to accost the Dehra Dun upper-middle and upper classes.

The respondents of the survey were those who watch television. They were shown the survey sheets inquiring about favourite channels and advertisements. The respondents were given slogans (such as "Made Bond Approved") and were asked to recall the product to which this slogan was linked.

The products chosen for the survey were:

- Ericsson cellphone
- Mirinda
- Pepsi
- Coke
- Amul

The top ten channels as indicated by the respondents were:

- Zee TV
- Sony TV-Discovery Channel
- Star Movies

- DD-National Network
- Star Plus
- BBC
- Channel [V]
- Local Cable Network- ESPN
- MTV
- Star Sports-Music Asia

A number of interesting results came out from the survey:

- Most popular TV channel:- ZeeTV(Overall-all age groups)
- Most popular TV channel:- Star Plus and Channel [V] (for age group 15-25years)
- Most vividly recalled ad:- Coke (Eat Cricket, Sleep Cricket, Drink only Coca Cola)

So folks, next time you want to influence the Doonites, or at least the middle and upper classes in the city, pick Zee TV to do so and prepare an ad that comes close to resembling the "Eat Cricket. Sleep Cricket . . ."

- Azar Zaidi

LITERARY AFFAIRS

The Mysterious House

It all happened one day when I was walking through the graveyard outside the city of Deadland. It was a very spooky and scary place. In fact it was the most dangerous and lonely place in whole Deadland. Nobody ever came to the graveyard of Deadland which was called Deathpath after 4 p.m. One day I heard the priest talking to all the people about Deathpath. When I heard what the priest had been saying, I was shocked. The priest said

With miraculous powers I found out that in the graveyard there were blood sucking bats and many other spooky things. The priest told everyone, "Never go to Deathpath". But I had made up my mind to go there and find out the mystery. I set for my destination with a gun and a dagger, a torch and a holy powered necklace.

As soon as I reached the entrance of the graveyard, I read something curious on the stone. It said 'Beware, Kenneth you are on the way to your death'. I was surprised to see my name written on the stone. But I took no notice and began to walk. As I reached the heart of the graveyard, I saw a very old curious and mysterious house. I began to wonder what could the house be doing in the middle of the graveyard. Suddenly I heard strange noises coming from inside the house. I took out my pistol and aimed

at the lock of the house and then shot a bullet. The lock broke. As I went inside the house I heard the door shut behind. My heart began to beat fast. I took one step forward and I heard the noises again.

Some snakes came and attacked me. I did not use my gun because I knew I would run short of ammunition. So I took out my dagger and sliced all the snakes apart. I began to think where could the snakes have been coming from. I went to find what else was inside the house. Suddenly I noticed the blood sucking bats coming towards me. I was terrified. But I still had my holy necklace. The powers from the holy necklace were powerful. I asked for a wish. I wished I had a powerful genie.

Lo and behold! There appeared a genie. I told him to bring the one who had sent these bats and snakes to attack me. The genie said it was he. I was shocked. The genie explained to me that he had been testing the people. The priest had also helped him. So I was the **only** brave boy in Deadland. After that nobody was afraid of Deadland.

- Gaurav Chopra

A Fortunate Mistake

Athena Shepherd sat on a chair in the balcony of a house in Santa Monica, looking at the waves crash against the rocky shore. She was lonely now and wished she had the luxury of the comforting hand of a friend. Her eyes welled with tears, She had no friends. Athena Shepherd was what they called a bankable star in Hollywood. She was the apple of the world's eye. The magic of her beauty and self came alive before the camera, and her fans adored her. It was such a paradox, she was loved for her movies world-wide and yet, she didn't have a single friend. She looked at her hands and thought of what she had done a day back. They were trembling involuntarily and she held on to the railing for support. Now, she gazed dreamily at the ocean and her whole life flashed before her,

Athena had always wanted to be a movie star

and she remembered the night she had quarrelled with her parents. In the orthodox and yet quaint way of thinking, her parents had wanted her to enter a professional line.

"Athena, you must be a doctor. If you are not interested in medicine, you could always go into engineering or something of the like. It would be appropriate to our family status in **society**."

"No, father". She was sixteen then. "We've talked about this many times. For the last time, I'm not doing medicine or any such thing. I'm going to Hollywood to become an actress."

Athena knew that she was beautiful. Everyone had told her so. But, that didn't matter as much as her other qualities. She was intelligent,

charming and had a way of handling people that she always got the better of them. She was certain of her place in the world. There was no way her parents could change her mind.

Then came high school and for the first time, she fell in love. The guy was George Bantz, The six foot captain of her college soccer team. It was on the third night of the school. As customary, then high-schoolers always had a party at the outset of a new academic year. She was looking for someone she could dance with,....perhaps an acquaintance. She turned around and their eyes met.

George Bantz was stunned. There, before him was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Athena had round eyes like the moon that had a touch of green in them. They were starred with bristly brown-black eyelashes that curved outwards. Crowning them were brown-black eyebrows that curved upwards and cut a startling oblique line. High cheek bones were supported by a small chin and full lips. Her blonde hair stretched backwards beyond her neck and splashed her back. Her magnolia white skin shone intermittently under the dim disco lights. Her magnificent figure set off to perfection the tight slacks and T-shirt that she wore.

Athena, too was swept off her feet. George had crisp black hair neatly combed back up to his neck. His grey eyes seemed always to be in deep thought. Slightly prominent side-jaws went with the divided chin. And lips that seemed almost to break into a smile. He wore a smart fitting trouser and an attractive shirt that clearly outlined his muscular cuts.

She would never forget the look in his eyes. How he loved her! George and Athena had eventually got married. In a year they had a child. Then, George went to New York to toe his father's line in the banking business. Athena had left for Hollywood to become a star.

Athena's first movie was a big hit. She had climbed from a role of the nurse to become the leading role by doing unmentionable acts. In the beginning she was shocked and outraged, but then, she soon realised that she had no choice. George had come for the first screening of her movie, bit was a bit disturbed by the number of people reaching out to speak to Athena or to just to touch her. There was a momentary spark of envy in his eye and then it was gone.

Then, Athena had met Eli Marrion. He belonged to the very opulent class in the jingle of

Hollywood and his tentacles were spread all around the city. He offered Athena the chance to star in all the big movies if she would let him be her agent. Such an offer was definitely tempting and Athena was placed in a dilemma. How could she dump her own agent, Skippy Deere, who had helped her become a success in her first movie itself. Besides, she had signed a contract with him for five years. But, then again, Skippy Deere wasn't that influential a man and he would never be able to get her the best movies. She talked to Eli Marrion about this and he promised her that he would 'take care' of Skippy Deere and so, Skippy Deere disappeared.

Athena went to work in the Loddstone studios owned by Eli Marrion. Within five years there was no one to beat her. During this lapse of time George seemed to be alienated more and more from Athena. He would see her every week, but Athena realised that there was something always troubling him. However, in her excitement, she ignored it and eventually forgot about it.

It was after her 31st movie that Athena's problems began. It was on the night of the screening of the movie that Skippy Deere, her old agent re appeared out of the blue. It surprised even Eli Marrion who thought that he got rid of him for good. But Eli was old now, and his influence did not extend too far.

As the movie began, Skippy Deere rushed out of the blackness and lunged at Athena. He grabbed her by the throat and threw her to the floor, swerving abusively.

"Bloody dog. You spoilt my life. You ruined my agency. You cheated us, damn it! And I trusted you. Then you tried to get rid of me, but I'm better than that. I lived, you see. Ha Ha". He was swearing loudly again as the entire crowd looked on, amazed. The press cameras turned on them and many were busy scribbling on their notepads. Skippy Deere moved his hand to slap her again but was caught just in time by a strong hand. It was George who was sitting a few meters away from Athena (Athena had wanted to sit with Eli Marrion). He twisted Deere's hand, pulled him back and shoved him to the floor with such force that Skippy Deere broke his nose. By then the Police arrived and took Skippy Deere away. George went and Athena went home too.

Athena was terrified. She could barely close her eyes that night. The next day she learnt that Skippy Deere had been released on bail. She

shrank with fear, and refused to go to work that day. She retrieved her small gun, which she had kept away long ago, in fear that Skippy Deere would come into her house.

She decided to call her security and went into the living room for the phone. There she looked out at the entrance of the house and was paralysed with fear. George Bantz was running towards her house closely followed by Skippy Deere holding a gun in his hand. She fumbled for her gun and tried to hold it steadily, aiming at her house door.

They entered almost simultaneously.

"George! Help me", she screamed and went towards him. Skippy Deere, his eyes blood red, raised his gun. Without thinking and in desperation, Athena closed her eyes and pulled the trigger of her gun. She had fired at George. Just then, she felt a piercing pain in her left shoulder as a bullet ripped through her. She opened her eyes and fell to the floor. Almost fainting with the excruciating pain and the sight of blood, she managed to look up. George had a gun in his hand and was lying in a pool of blood. Skippy Deere had a look of astonishment in his eyes and had his gun aimed at George. Skippy Deere hadn't fired. Athena lost consciousness.

The moment George Bantz watched Athena's first movie release, he had realised that Athena was discernibly changing from a simple high-school girl to a movie star. He didn't like it at all. She was slipping out of his hands.

George was intelligent enough to realise that one day he would finally lose Athena. She was so beautiful, so talented, so intelligent, so loved by all. Then, he was filled with hatred towards her. How

dare she be so perfect? How dare she let so many people love and admire her? And then, there were all those stories he had heard about her and the Directors and Producers. She had become a whore. She had spoilt their lives. She was too good for him. How dare she be?

As much as he hated all this, George couldn't bear to live without the Athena he had first met. It was a collapse of his life's dreams. A dream where he and Athena enjoyed each other's company, were satisfied with each other and where no one was better than the other. He had decided to kill her.

Skippy Deere, on the other hand was in pursuit of George Bantz to seek revenge for Bantz publicly beating him up and had no intentions of hurting Athena. He had simply followed Bantz to Athena's house.

As for Athena, it was just a fortunate mistake.

The ringing of her house bell bolted Athena back to reality. She opened the door of her house to find her daughter... Bantz's child. She was seven years old now.

"Mummy, I'm hungry and I had a great day at school. I'm going to watch T.V. Please could you send my food to my room." With that, Bethany, as they had so named her, kissed her mother on her cheek and ran into the house.

Athena went into the kitchen to gather up something to eat for her daughter.

- Sourabh Dhungel

Winner of the third prize in the K.C Joshi Memorial Inter-School English essay writing competition hosted by Welham Boys' School.

Meeting God

"Aha!", said my father. "If wishes were horses, I would have been an ace jockey, son. You know, when I was small, even younger than you, I wanted to buy a bicycle. But my parents had already finished with their Christmas shopping. So there was not enough money to buy one. I was sad, gloomy and melancholy. The next morning, I got a present from my dad. It was a clay bicycle, a small one, which he had made himself overnight. He said that this was a substitute for a real one. They would soon get me a real one, but I was so touched by the

thoughtfulness of my parents, I told them I did not wish for anything else. But, son, here I can't present you with any substitute because I don't know what he looks like."

I wanted to meet God, I wanted to see him. I was eight years old. I had heard a lot about him. My opinion of him was that he must be a very busy man (or woman) as he was everywhere and did the job of creating so many people. My infant mind had a feeling that he created people as babies because they were easy to make. He then did not have to

care about teaching them how to talk and walk. I had an impression that God's place must be really noisy as he heard the prayers of everyone. I had a strong urge to meet him. My father said he could help me, so I thought of the saying "God helps those who help themselves" and left the house next morning with some candies, chocolates, chips and a cold drink can in a small bag.

After walking about three or four blocks away from my house, I wanted to rest for some time, so I went into a nearby park, and sat down on a bench there. There was an old lady sitting beside me. She was eating something. It struck my mind, that I too had some things to eat. I took out some candies, and began eating them, I gave one candy to the old lady and she cheerfully took it. I liked her smile. I wanted to see it again, so I offered her another candy. She again smiled. I felt

some strange kind of happiness in seeing her smile. Then she offered me something, then I offered her. We spent the whole afternoon laughing and offering each other something to eat, but we did not talk.

I then realised that I should head back to my home. I got up, picked up my small bag, and started walking away. Suddenly I stopped, turned, ran towards the old lady, who was still on the bench and gave her a hug and a kiss. When I reached home, I was still very happy. My endeavours had not gone waste. My father had left for his office. Only my mother was at home.

"Where have you been, son ? And what makes you so happy ?" asked my mother.

"I met God , mama."

- Adhir Bhat
Class XII

WHAT'S IN !!??

Vacations
Kartikeya's short hair-cut
Saswat Sarda's effects

WHAT'S OUT !!??

Examinations
Charles's short hair-cut
Sanjay's effects

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE !!!

Overheard at The President hotel:

A Dosco to the waiter: One **chicken-** club sandwich and make sure that it is **non-veg!**

Akhil Bhanot: Oye guys, **Shilpa Shetty**

has got an excellent **physique!**

Mr. Pravesh Kumar (trying to ease the confusion in the dining hall): This is the **non-veg** gravy for the **veg boys!**

Separated At Birth !!

Parimal Piyush

Gagan Khoda

RINGSIDE VIEW

The finals of the Council Schools Hockey Tournament were played on the 10th of May at the Doon school. It was a clash of probably the best teams in the district. The match as expected

by all proved to be very exciting. The first half of the match was uneventful with no teams scoring goals. But within minutes of the second half the Doscos scored and had us trailing. After a while, the Doscos

struck again and had us trailing by two goals. Right after the Doscos scored their second goal, Yashab Zia cracked their defence and scored for us. With only a few minutes left for the match to conclude we made some desperate attempts at their goal, but unfortunately no goal came our way and The Doonschool won the game by one goal. Well, on the whole it was a great match, and there was some really incredible hockey played. So what if we lost in the councils, we beat them in Mussoorie, didn't we? So I guess we're even.

After all the school team matches finished, it is now the inter-house matches which have taken centre stage. In the junior section, inter-house competition, Ganga house emerged as the indisputable champions after they beat Cauvery convincingly in the finals. I must admit that Ganga house is ruling the sports scene this year. They are winning everything that comes their way. They've won both the junior and senior cricket trophies as well as the hockey trophies.

There was also junior section squash inter-house which was also won by Ganga house. By the looks of it, I guess 1998's going to be Ganga's Golden year.

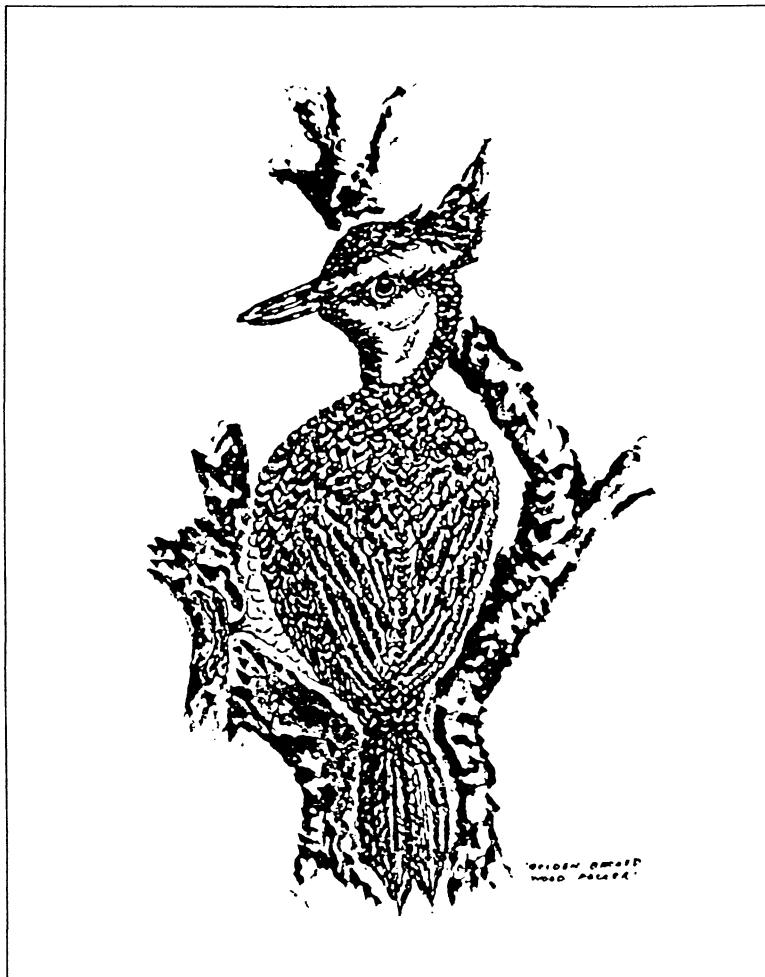
The senior section inter-house has been very exciting, with under dogs Krishna house reaching the finals. Nobody expected Krishna to reach the finals. Once again the Krishnaites have proved that

what matters most in the game is the spirit and the 'josh'. You cannot help but admire the spirit and josh with which the Krishnaites play.

The first match of the senior inter-house was played between Jamuna and Krishna. Jamuna won 1-0. The next match was played between Cauvery and Ganga. Ganga being a much better team won comfortably by a margin of three goals. Jamuna played Cauvery in the next match and beat them 4-2. Then Krishna played Ganga.

Krishna put up a great show and beat Ganga 1-0. Ganga was a better team, but I guess they didn't have the josh of the Krishnaites. Krishna beat Cauvery 8-0 in the next match to reach the finals while Ganga beat Jamuna 2-0 in a thrilling match to reach the finals. In the finals it was the Ganga house team which emerged victorious with the score board reading 3-1.

- Ahmad



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