

The Elephant

No. 221

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

26th November, 1998

Think About It

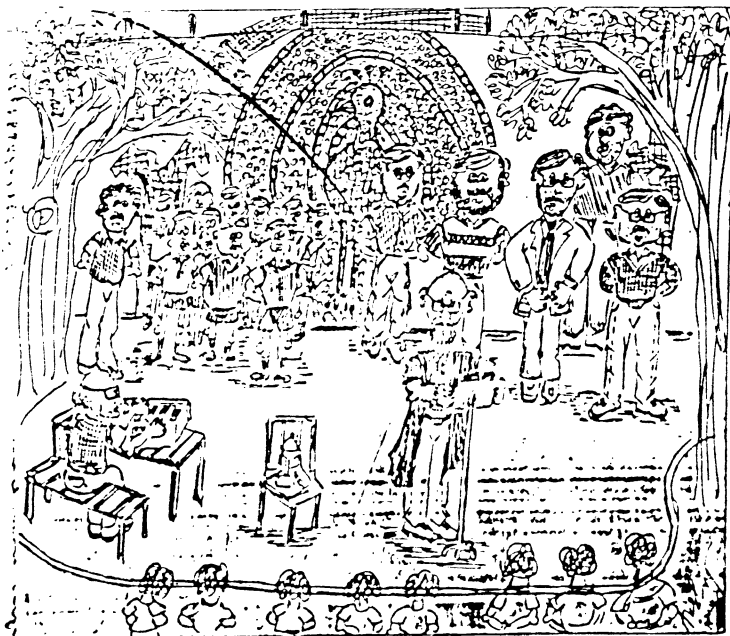
Fear is never reason for quitting, it is only an excuse. -Norman V. Peale

EDITORIAL

Surprisingly enough, contrary to my prediction in the previous issue about exam fever setting in, the 'cool' folks at school seem to have taken little notice. Gone are the days of erudite scholars who burnt the midnight oil. The new breed of Welhamite, has better things to do, imitating MTV icons for example.

However, all is not lost, a few poor souls in their quest for eternal knowledge, driven away from their hostel abodes by those haunting spirits-the people totally unaffected by the exams, have retreated to the security of their obscure haunts. These lost souls, are firm believers in the theory that their mental ability increases with the number of home sweaters they wear at night while slogging. Another bizarre belief among this clan, is that the more silly the place, the cleverer they get. As a result, the academic block toilet has suddenly been swamped by people trying to study within its confines.

Beards are suddenly very much in fashion, endorsed by a very influential member of PH society, who himself however, went from a beard and moustache to just a beard, and now even the moustache seems to have disappeared. Quite a few guys seem to have taken the cue from this gentleman.



This is a time when the fake sloggees, suddenly abound in the campus. in all their unshaved, dishevelled glory. Apparently, the unshaved look combined with uncombed hair, gives them the look of an intellectual!

Whatever the compulsions, everybody understands that he has to do well and ultimately will need to put in that extra effort which is so essential to excel. There is no getting away from it. This is the TINA factor. That is There is no alternative. So best of luck, and do well and my very good wishes.

-The Ed: Karan

Welham Now

1) A group from Delhi held a counselling seminar for teachers on 21st and 22nd November.

2) Senior section volley ball match - Krishna v/s Ganga was won by the latter.

3) An audio visual talk on the subject of Geography was held on 18th November. The presentation was by Dr. P.B. Saxena (Head of Department Geography, D.B.S.College, Dehradun).

4) A group of boys have left for Gorakhpur for the National Basketball Trials. They are Suman Saurabh, Sachin Gupta, Saswat Prasad, Akshat Aggarwal.

5) A cricket match was played between the school team and STG (Software Technology Group) on the 22nd.

6) The Volley Ball Open was won by the 'Zaalims'

7) The National round of the Geo-Map Quiz was held on the 8th at the at Modern Cartographic Centre. The participants were Tanay Goenka, Azar Zaidi and Heemanshu Gupta.

8) From 23rd to 27th November the Astronomical club showed the boys close up of the Moon, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars. Great interest was shown by the school community to view the Leonids. The spectacle, however, was not spectacular.

9) The Moravian Institute organised an English Inter School Extemporary Debate at St. Josephs Academy (SJM) on 19th November. The school was represented by Kumar Abhijeet and Shradhey Rawat.

10) Our congratulations to Mr Charanjeet Singh and his fiancee on their forthcoming marriage.

Our deepest condolences to Mr Shashi Bhushan, on the sad demise of his father.

W.O.B.N.

1) **Naveen Patnaik**, is now a Member of Parliament from Aska in Orissa. He is the Leader of BJD, and is also the Union Minister for Steel & Mines.

2) Sukhbir Badal, is the Minister for Industries.

3) Our heartiest congratulations to Nikhil Kriplani, and his fiancee on their forthcoming marriage.

4) Our heartiest congratulations also to **Asad Shamsi** (Ex 375-G) who got married on the 12th November in Saudi Arabia.

Literary Affairs

Malice

Bert ran fast, and his muscles ached, but he dare not stop. It was dark and the night was cold but he was too fear stricken for all this. He used his reflexes to dodge the innumerable trees which tried to break his momentum at every stride. The edgy bushes pierced his skin and caused immense pain and the moon mocked his behaviour by outshining him, but Bert ran on. Tears flowed from his small eyes as dreadful memories flashed through him but at the moment he had to save his own life, so that

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revenge could be taken and justice done. Something hit his face real hard and he fell down. Trying to regain consciousness, he heard footsteps and then another hit on his back made him cry out loud, but he was strong willed, even though just seven years old.

Elias had always hated his family for the way that they had adopted in trying to bring him up. Just at the age of ten he had gotten into bad habits and all his friends had police records. He was thrown

out of a number of schools due to his uncontrolled aggressive nature, and his father, a well built man of about forty had never thought of an alternative other than to use the hunter. Elias' hatred for Mr and Mrs Jones was not normal, but understandable. Mr and Mrs Jones had both graduated from Harvard and were doctors. They had adopted Elias as they had had no children, even after eight years of marriage. Mr Jones was in a dilemma when a year later they had a baby. They decided to name him Bert.

Elias was seventeen when the trait of greediness and treachery had conquered his consciousness. He would often come home drunk and would quarrel with his parents, not hesitating to even use his hands sometime and then there were serious fights, fights in which Elias would obviously get the knock out hit. Little Bert and Mrs Jones would on the other hand just stand and stare.

Ten days later the night was cold as ever, and as Mrs Jones set the chimney fire ablaze, her husband worked on the desk, completing some pending paper work for the day. She, seeing her

husband work so hard went and couched herself comfortably on his lap. Both stared at each other in the most romantic way until the door suddenly dashed open and Elias entered. He stood there, reluctant with a knife in his hand and both mother and father stared at him with horror.

Next morning, the Jones' house seemed to be flooded with people in the same uniform. Two blood smeared corpses were shifted into a white van and the whole houses's boundary was sealed. Everything seemed to have been discovered, except the children. The cops found this crime scene to be a big mystery, especially with the two children missing, but they were determined and were trained for this kind of situation.

They began their hunt.....

Shivang Sud
Class XI

Eternal Warrior

A soldier comes running from one trench to the other armed to the teeth and reports to a tall man with thick tiger moustache and says "Sir, soldier Knight reporting". The tall man says, "Soldier, this is the day when you can make your family, mother, your father, your son and wife feel proud of you. Show me how much you love your country. Load your weapon and charge." The soldier knows that going up the trench is sure death, he fixes the bayonet, loads his gun, tightens his shoe-laces, takes a long breath and shouts to his fellow colleagues who had their lockets, wallets and diaries open kissing the pictures inside. And some saying, "Maybe this is the last time I will ever see you". "Charge", he shouts again. They repeated it and moved like wild animals through the trenches and charged towards the enemy. The bangs, cries were getting louder. Bullets zooming in all direction

He sees his brother, his friend die in front of his own eyes. He sees his fellow colleague carry his own arm which falls apart from his body, wrenched apart by a mine which had blown up just a few metres away. He sees the wounded get trampled by their own men. He sees the toughest men of his

own battallion cry in pain but he carries on. He pulls his guns bolt back then shoots and keeps on charging, he reaches the enemy trench. Jumps in, shoots two enemies stabs one then throws his hand grenade to one end of the trench to stop the enemy from coming towards him. Then suddenly he feels something hot go through his back, he becomes silent, all the animalism has gone, his rage finishes. Everything becomes silent, his body numb. He turns around and falls on his back, then he smiles. He knows he has got a bullet in his back.

He then cries a bit-he begins to feel the pain he says, "Mama, I love you", to himself. Cries a bit again, owing to the pain. Once more he feels the same heat, he sees the man standing behind him with a gun in his hand and smoke coming out from his barrel. He painfully pulls out two grenades out of his pockets and pulls both the pins together. He smiles and says, "Bye, bye mama, I love you, Papa you to Sir." The enemy tries running but he can't reach far before he is blown up high.

The tall man with tiger moustaches watches that part of the trench go up in flames and lets a tear flow from his eye to the chin and wet the ground below him. He then murmurs to himself, "Son I love

you, you made me proud." He then orders the next battalion, "Soldiers, charge!" watching them charge he twists his moustaches.

*"A flag buried in the heap of bones
A soldier's life what atones!"*

*Fateh Pal Khara
Class IX*

The Wonder Years

His eyes met hers for a second and returned her gaze. He smiled and she winked shyly and saucily. His first crush.

Don't panic, he will have many before he grows up. He is a teenager, an average teenager, having the time of his life. After all he's young.

Youth is a flower which blooms only once in one's life. It is a period, when a child grows out of toys and discovers what the other sex has to offer and his interests spread to other areas.

Youth is a freedom. A freedom to eat, sleep, the freedom to live your life to the fullest. To live life King size before one is finally tied down by earthly ties and worries.

Youth is a period in which life is beautiful. It is a period in which all plants seem evergreen, every one appears happy, a period when everyone around you is like a friend. Youth is bliss.

Youth is also a period of development of all

faculties of the hand and the mind. It can also be period of mental anguish since many teenagers feel that their liberty is curtailed.

A teenager thinks himself fit to face the world. He thinks of himself as a mature individual capable of mature thoughts.

But this is a display of naivety, as a teenager is still immature and has not yet experienced what the world has to offer. For him, life is a chocolate which is to be enjoyed before it melts.

But, the teens are definitely the best years a child can experience. They mould a child's future. Character is framed according to the child's experience. At this state the mind is still raw and picks up pointers fast.

It is these years that establish one's existence.

The Wonder Years.....

*Azhar Zaidi
Class X*

A Bullet in The Eye

It had been a week since they had crossed the spoor and they had followed it since then. Sean with Matatu on the lead and Shango and Harper following him. Sean was carrying his old .357 Nitro Express while Shango was carrying a Bren gun and Harper, now senile was carrying a sterling carbine showing that the great explorer was now growing old and anyway he tired fast nowadays.

Sean was fighting the Rhodesian Bush war against the Ferlino guerillas. There were often ladies mixed up in the guerilla groups but Sean hated these wenches as much as the men. Matatu now a few yards ahead signalled to him to stop. Just ahead he could hear a shuffling. They stopped and crawling Indian style reached the clearing. There were a group of shacks and a fire in the middle with a guard who sleepily held his AK-47. Sean as a habit took out the cartridges and exchanged them for a pair of new ones from the breast pocket of his Bush jacket. He also kept another pair ready in his hands so it was ready for use. All of a sudden a young woman walked out of the shack just to the

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right, she walked up barely five feet from them tucked her skirt about her waist and crouched.

As the girl became visible, Sean took it as a cue and shot the massive bullet at the woman. It tore through the nubile body and turned it into pulp and that moment Shango too started off along with Harper. The men came out half asleep and half dressed and not ready. Shango's Bren was taking a massive toll while Harper too was shooting but with signs of fatigue on his face. Sean joined the fire fight. Although slow to load, each of his bullets was ripping bodies apart.

All of a sudden in the darkness he saw a twenty feet tongue of flame and the firing of a RPG 7 rocket launcher and it burst taking Harper thirty feet in the air killing him instantly. This infuriated Sean. He shot at the unseen person. A smaller calibre bullet would have got deflected by the bush but his Nitro went straight through breaking weak twigs in the way. When Shango and Matatu, the faithful Nodrobo, finally reached the man manning the bazooka he was bleeding from a wound on his

leg. Sean quickly killed him and as they turned and started walking Sean heard a click - the certain noise of a safety catch being turned. He turned around and heard the blast and felt the 9 mm bang

into his head.

*Pawan Rana
Class VIII*

The Decade

Class I: Enter Welham, crying, home sick, pretending to be home-sick in front of the matron (had a bamboo stick in her hand 24 hours a day) and had every reason to be. No more long hair even less than a cm.

Class II: Finally we were seniors, tease new boys and the results were terrible of course. Caned by the matron and had red red stripes all over the surface. The 'tuck' flow was however steady.

Class III: New house, new matron, and new fears. We used to be afraid of this one also. None dared break any bounds because the bell was always ringing. Ghostly stories and witch craft were in, as was watching the big buddies play inter house and school matches. Their cheering and jeering helped take in the die-hard Welham spirit. Snakes and ladders, touch wood and few other games like that prevailed. Event of the year '*Earthquake*'.

Class IV: Juniors again and middle school takes off with a flying start. Arithmetic seemed tough and tougher day by day. House spirit and killing hunger for cups couldn't restrain us.

Class V: Gods of middle school and no exams yet. Dreaming of becoming seniors without knowing the consequences of what lay ahead for us.

Class VI: First day in senior school and it all seemed sullen. Then it began. Pep talks, favours, cash raids, collective punishments etc. The worst at last had come 'exams'. Chits, stiff necks and few other tips from highly overexperienced guys in this sphere got us through.

Class VII: At last after a year's hard work we could pass on favours, but exams were something

to be morose, but then we never left our cause and the good path of passing. We were good innovators and the trade seemed to be booming.

Class VIII: Studies got tougher, but we tackled rough weather with some substance, and we sailed through. By now we had some goals in our minds, they were to learn a cool instrument like guitar join basket ball, be part of mergers. After all it's not the result that matters it's the dedication which pays your due. W.G. High S. - you could do two things of it, one, be in dilemma, and the other, get kicks out of it.

Class IX: Freedom (in other words school outs) were our birth rights and we got it this year. Building the bridge to the other side of the road to stop restrictions and sanctions were part of this year's plans. The negativity - a few broken hearts. No more gullible idiots. More bunks, blunders and more honours and invitations, therefore our 'X' files were quiet abuzz with green and pink cards.

Class X: A 'decade' in school. Matured young men, trend setting idols, doped looks and fun loving guys. Take things cool and take them as they come into reckoning. And at the end of it all don't panic don't think 'what went wrong'. Results: solid hairdos by the prefects. Drastic changes come into view of the school system, some good and some 'too good'. Now what lies ahead - boards needn't result in being a nervous wreck, after all we have two previously experienced batches to advise us and help us in developing skills.

-The very best of the 'X'

Nature's Diary

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright...

'Look out for a tiger guys! Don't shout!' These are the usual words one might hear when on a safari in Corbett National Park or any other

known Project Tiger Reserve. Tigers have been a symbol of bravery, courage and life in an Indian forest. It has always so been. But, have you ever

realised that there are other creatures of the forest, some as courageous as the tiger, others even more beautiful. Then, why is it that the tiger has received so much attention?

In the words of Jim Corbett, a tiger is 'a **brave hearted and courageous gentleman**'. In my view, a tiger is nothing compared to an elusive rhinoceros, or even a common 'nilgai'. All these creatures have the same amount of elusiveness, but since the tiger is much publicised both by the media and the government, it is as we call it, 'the symbol of India.'



Cottage in Nagpur

Talking in terms of being endangered, there are some animals and birds which are on the verge of extinction, only being saved because they are being preserved. An example is of the White winged Wood Duck a bird of Assam which has now been reintroduced as a result of successful conservation. At one time, Assam had only about **ten** birds left in the wild.

The Thamin in Manipur, the Hangul in Kashmir, the Barasingha in Kanha. Each of these deer number less than the tigers, protectionary measures have been taken only by several NGOs and soon. But in proportion the tigers conservation,

they are still nothing.

Life in all forms, whether large or small is equally important to us as the tiger's or even the elephant's. Focussing on some creatures won't save our natural heritage, hunting bans on some animals won't save others. It is daily news that animals such as the Cheetal and

Sambar are shot and killed. It is enough to understand that India's natural heritage is slowly being depleted. The conservation of selected animals will not assist in preservation, because each animal is dependent on the other. The policy should be the management of the flora and fauna in it's totality.

*Amish Mulmi
Class IX*

Saving to Kill

All around the world, animals are being killed, not only for their fur or meat or just to get another trophy for their collection, but the reason is quite different. Countries like China, South Korea, Thailand all have something in common - they all use animals parts, in medication. For instance the bones of the tiger are used for vooitism. The sea horse is used for various allergies. These forms of medications are not approved by any world known drug organization such as the F.D.A, but this does not stop it from happening.

The tiger is fast growing extinct. The sea hose which unlike other sea animals cannot be kept for long time in aquariums or any other place, is a sensitive and delicate animal. The small

underdeveloped countries have very few options to save their natural resources; they have enacted conservation laws but, at times are unable to enforce them, beacuse of their poor administration. International aid is provided, but, is not enough to save these natural resources.

It is only the people who can stop this by using approved medicines. The wealthy nations of the world should pressurise those countries whic support use of animals for cures. Only this will ensure that tigers will continue to roam in their natural habitat. Hopefully the sea horse will also survive.

*Rudra Pratap
Class IX*

Dude of the Fortnight

This guy, has always been famous as the proverbial 'nice guy' and the past few days, the entire school has been witness to him pushing around his injured classmate on a wheelchair. This Florence Nightingale of our school is obviously none other than Arjun Trivedi.

His injured patient however, has been

obsessed with misled thoughts. Apparently he thinks he's sitting in a chauffeur driven limousine, so much so, that he was overheard telling Arjun, "Arjun yaar, meri 'Merc' to nikaal." Arjun however, has been dedicated in his efforts to nurse the wounded back to health. Good job!

What's In

Fruit beer
Entertainment on Children's day
Cycling during P.T.
Reshil Charle's beard
Sachdeva
Red Tapes
Volleyball
American Food at Bethany

What's Out

Cold Drinks
Entertainment on Teachers' Day
Jogs at P.T.
Mr Kandhari's Frenchie
Burza
Brown shoes
Basketball
English food at Bethany

Separated at Birth

Abhishek Rungta
Mr. Bakshi
Neeraj Parik
Sachil Tiwari
Vikas Monga
Deepak Sharma
Kumar Rakesh

Mr. Bhandari
Sean Connery
Jayasuriya
Arya Deep(Ex)
Sylvester Stallone
Anant Divedi
Kallu Bearer

Through the Keyhole

Ankush (*orders to the steward at Kumar Foods*):
One butter chicken.

Sarbans: No Yaar! Order 2 halves of butter-chickens.

Neeraj: Sarbans our country will become better in the 21st century.

Sarbans: But Yaar! right now we are in the 19th sanctuary (trying to say century).

K9 to Mr. Khaira: Sir shall we meet you right after lunch.

Mr. Khaira: No!, you can meet me left after lunch.

Sarbans to Niraj: Oye! coming to watch the

Channel V awards on MTV ?.(after the awards)

Sarbans: **Niraj** who got the best actor??

Charanjeet to sarbans: Oye!, what is a casanova?

Sarbans: (puzzled)???

Niraj: (trying to help him out): "*Jo main hoon!*"

Mr. Hannah: (explaining to the boys how essential it is to go to school) Look at me I've been going to school since I was three.

Karan: *Sir!* Aren't you feeling over educated?

Raj to Vivek: What is an Isosoles triangle?

Rachit: *Hmm.....!* A triangle with three sides.

RINGSIDE VIEW

Good morning and welcome to yet another action packed session of our very own 'Ringside View'.

The action molecules may be a bit more loosely packed this time around but nevertheless, the excitement is running high.

Volley Ball and Cricket are the most happening at the moment.

Ever since the recent Council triumph, Volley Ball has been at an all time high with the recently concluded Open tournament and the inter house.

It was the largest ever Open with twelve teams participating, and was an incredible tournament with a grand finale to match. There was the league phase followed by the knockout stage. The Welham creativity was more than obvious in the naming of the various teams 'Gillahris' and 'Zaalims', *Pentash* thus were all unique. The best two teams were *Pentash* and *Zaalims* who fought it out in a closely contested floodlit final on a Saturday evening.

True Welham spirit was on open display that evening. Most of the senior school actually skipped the Saturday night flick to cheer their more favoured team - the ambiance was further enlivened by the sound from the Underground provided by the man himself, **Charles**.

The cup was lifted by the six biharis aka the *Zaalims*, of Class XI. Hats off to the twelvethies though, they gave the *Zaalims* more than a run for their money inspite of being under tremendous pressure.

The Volley ball inter house was marred by controversy. The first couple of matches went off well and were played with true sportsman spirit. The trouble started in the match between Krishna and Cauvery. Cauvery was leading 14-11 in the concluding set when Krishna appealed for bad

light. After an exchange of words, the match was suspended and the 3rd set was replayed the next day.

The following evening Krishna fought like tigers and took the match.

Ganga played the most consistent game and lifted the trophy.

Shariq recieved the award for the best player and **Abhijeet Sengupta** was adjudged the most promising player.

Cricket is rocking the Welham universe. The school team is in full flow. They have played a spate of matches in the past couple of weeks. The first of them was played with the Software Technology Group. They proved to be pretty tough competition. Despite a brilliantly fought match, we lost by just one run. **Kaushik** played a strokeful, determined inning of thirty-nine.

The staff members, on a high after their nail biting win against the boys on Children's Day when **Mr Ghosh** led them to victory smashing twenty-one of the last over, decided to play another match against the school team. Unfortunately for them though, they were crushed. Their egos might have taken a bit of beating but they have set a shining example for the boys to follow.

The school team had another fixture agianst Ex-welhamite **Prashant Kochar's Club**. The team showed that they were second to none and batting first set a daunting target of 193 in just 30 overs. **Manoj Negi** has left a lasting impression on Cricket in school and we will miss him sorely in the years to come.

Despite the fact that the exam fever epidemic is rampant at school, our sportsmen remain immune. Lets hope some of their infectious indomitable spirit passes on to us. Signing off till then.

-Siddhant Aney

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