



The Elephant

No. 251

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

28th October, 2000

Think About It...

Weep for the lives your wishes never led.

- W.H.Auden

EDITORIAL

*When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy deep beauty's
field*

*Thy youth's proud livery so gazed on now
Will be tattered weed of small worth held
Then being asked where all the beauty lies
Where all the treasure of the lusty days.
To say within their own deep sunken eyes
Were an all-eating shame and thrifless praise.*

I have reached that distant point on the horizon, which was, till yesterday, very-very far away. I have come to the end of the road that has winded through folds of time. I have traversed that great plain that stretches from here to infinity...yet when I look ahead, I see another horizon, another distant point, beckoning me to move on.

With the blink of an eye, Welham has come to an end. The times, the memories of Welham are innumerable and priceless. Every experience has taught me something about life. Every moment spent at school has its own significance, its own lesson to teach. Welham is more than just a boarding school, it's more like an adventure, and an educative one at that. It is sad that many of us do not realize the value of the time spent here. We forget that it is a crucial period of our life that we spend here. We are like plasticine,

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ready to be moulded. What we do here today will more or less be what we do tomorrow. When we leave Welham we owe a great deal of our independence to it. Independent thought, independent actions, independent survival et al.

As I look back, over my shoulders I try and discern whether I tried and made the right choices. Whether what I did was right? Have I done justice to all the opportunities that came my way?

That's too many questions, with too few answers.



Coming around to other things, we are not the only ones to be leaving school. As Mr. Kandhari signs off after a successful innings that will go down in the history of Welham. All we can do is be of praise of him. Aurevoir Charlie!

Speaking of the big K (as opposed to the big B) he has lost his voice and therefore has taken a vacation from assembly speeches. Let's hope that he gets well soon or we will have more of - 'Strike, strike at the root of the penury in my heart...'

The Founders are finally here, and the school has overnight become a nest of ants. Everyone can be seen running around campus with a look of importance on one's face, everyone has got his own "mission: impossible"s to

FOUNDERS 2000

complete. Practice for the play goes on with great enthusiasm. The art room has turned into a Mecca of artists overnight as fervent activity carries on till the wee hours of morning. All the 'tansens' of the music department are putting their cacophonous skills to use as they prepare for a musical bonanza.

I guess it is time I wrapped up for the last time. Believe me it is a very hard thing to do. Now that I have developed a penchant for writing the editorials, my term has come to an end. I would

thank the avid readers of this unique magazine and the members of the board who have been so helpful and cooperative in this joint venture. So it is ...

Bye! ... for now.
Near Sandeep

LITERARY AFFAIRS

WHY AM I DEAD...?

When I die,
Bury me six feet down,
And keep my Physics book on my head,
Because that is why I am dead.

Keep my Bio notes on my chest,
And tell the teacher that I tried my best.

Place my History book on my hand,
So that in the schools, History is banned.

Keep my English book on my thigh,

And tell the teacher I was shy.

At last keep my comic near my chest,
For that is the thing which will grant me rest.

Sandeep Singh composed this poem when he was in class VII. He is not amongst us today but all of us have happy memories of him.

*"Now cracks a noble heart. Good Night,
sweet Sandeep,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."*

IN WELHAM WE LEARN...

In Welham we learn to be other wordly at all odds,
The ideas and ideologies of all kinds of crooks and frauds.

In Welham we learn to take all sorts of people's trips,

Try sailing in rough weather on not so great ships.

In Welham we learn to become major cool and sane guys,

No matter what we strike at the right time after a million tries.

In Welham we learn to bunk and yet be present at our own will,

Even if we are under dogs we make the kill.

In Welham we learn to strike at the right time,
Conquer all babes and let love labour and what's lost rhyme.

In Welham we learn to hate all evils and yet be dare

devils,

By attaining Nirvana and reaching higher levels.

In Welham we learn to be focused on our over ambitious goals,

Chill the equator and burn the poles.

In Welham we learn to study and work hard,

Try and make normal people psychics and their growth retard.

In Welham we learn to break all the rules that are made,

Let all proofs and memories of mishaps fade.

In Welham we learn to have the right attitude and be calm ever,

By not losing hope and staying on top for ever.

In Welham we learn to be all in all complete men,
Fight all wars and even if we lose come out jubilant.

In Welham we learn to hang from cliffs try and get

edge off the knife,
By learning more and more about little things in life.
In Welham we learn to go from strength to strength,
By cutting on mass scale at the greatest length.
In Welham we learn to be or not be... actually
WELHAMITES

No rules, no patents, no trade marks, no copy-
rights simply because reality bites.

-Signing off poetically and permanently,
Kanishk Kaushik

MR. WELHAMITE- THE RETURN

Mr. Welhamite- the typical Welham junkie is back. Power packed with more attitude, mischief and bad to the bone. The guy rocks the place wherever he goes. He may not have the looks to kill, his I.Q. may be nil, but what more does he need, when he's got the 'license to thrill'?

He's started to greet his buddies with the style right from the ghettos. The American generation seems to have influenced him a lot. He folds his middle and ring finger and with only the thumb, index and the little finger, instead of the regular 'Hello' shouts, 'Yo man wazzup!'. He's not got the slightest idea what the sign means! From the famous victory 'V' sign, he's tried them all. He's even made one for Welham, by his middle and ring finger. This new form of sign language helps him in more ways than one. When he does not agree or dislikes someone he need not use his hands on him; he simply raises a finger. (Don't ask which one).

Music is his life. Pink Floyd, The Doors, Dire Straits, Nirvana and other radicals fascinate him. (Note: *-fascinate him*). Who cares if he does not get a word they sing. You ask him, "How do you like Sonu Nigam?" and he answers most innocently, "Oh! You mean that Indian Hockey Player?". Yet he has been caught listening to Deewana in his Walkman! He's also been seen shaking a leg to 'Bhuppi's' beats. The hip-hop fad has caught him too. You can see him wearing his shorts four inches below his butts and 'going wild da flow' to the black music. Believe me he likes Snoop Doggy Dog, Q-tip, Eminem, 2Pac and all. (Still wonder what those names mean!). Their lyrics are, after all flooded with 4 letter words. You will see him swaying and throwing his hands around whenever the deck is on.

Nowadays his favorite hangouts are the I.T. lab and Multimedia labs. He's contracted the 'net fever' too. He is a born chatter and gives away his e-adds to every Tom, Dick, and Harry he meets on the net! He does not realize the 'net avtaars', as we call them, people put on the net. The beautiful

airhostess from Sydney he is chatting to can be a divorced 60 year old woman from Sri Lanka. His second best sites are those of Hollywood and Bollywood. I do not need to tell you which are his best sites, do I? God knows why he has developed a strong hatred for this guy called Hirtik Roshan. He is jealousy personified whenever he sees girls drooling over the 'cat eyed, three thumbed' jerk'. Since he's seen him he visits the gym. He goes there only twice a week; but checks out his muscles twice in the morning, twice after lunch and twice before going to bed! Whenever Hirtik's Diwali coke ad appears, he shouts, "what a babe yaar!", and when someone agrees, "yaar her name is Aditi Govitkar." He answers, "No, no I meant the one with the hat on!"

Love is his favourite four-letter word He keeps falling in and out of it as if it were a game of cricket! Once he was excited because he had just had a 'conversation' with a girl. When asked what she asked him, he said, "Where is the toilet?!" He drools just at the sound of the word girls. He never misses a chance to rise to the occasion when he sees one. You will see him parading up and down Astley Hall form 11-5 on Sundays! He simply hates the DoscOs not because of their earrings on their right ear, not because they look like they have degenerated from a family of snails!! But simply because they are DoscOs. Whenever he sees one passing comments like "You know, the Dosco's donation box is even donated!" or "These DoscOs get punished for wearing their trousers below their ankle, you know?" he simply loves to take their trip! It is an instinct passed into us from previous batches, and will be passed hereafter!

Mr. Welhamite loves to be different. He does not realize that there are a million out there doing the same! He has the most outlandish hairstyles and clothes just to stand out of the crowd. He's known for his most bizarre suggestions to the various school committees he gave - 'Instead of chilly chicken on Sundays, why don't you intro-

duce—‘Soufflé baked in shrimp, with somerumoz-wine sauce.’!! As if he is placing an order in a multi-cuisine 5 star hotel! In the school committee—‘ It would be a good idea to abolish P. T and send the money saved from his salary to the CRY fund! Sports committee –‘Olympics should be held at Welham!!’ L.R.C council –‘Boys should be allowed to issue magazines and newspapers! God! the list is endless.

He’s got the style and the attitude,
 ‘Coz he’s Duder than the Dudest Dude.
 Don’t crib, and make no fuss,
 There’s a little bit of Mr. Welhamite in
 all of us !!

- **Rockin’ Da Cores**
Prayaas. J.B.Rana

MISS OLIPHANT

“.....At the time I knew vaguely that there were discussions between Foot and Miss Oliphant about whether she should start a boys’ school or a girls’ school and I did not know that she would have preferred to start a girls’ school. This is something that Miss Oliphant must have confided to Mrs. Gandhi on one of her visits to see her sons in the Welham School. In whatever way the matter was decided, Miss Oliphant threw herself heart and soul into making a success of the Welham Boys Preparatory School. It was opened in rented buildings, 5 Circular Road, known as the White House, and 7 Uggar Road, known as Bethany in January, 1937. Till shortly before these buildings had been occupied by the Cambridge Preparatory School. Miss Oliphant took the name Welham from the Nottinghamshire Estate of her mother’s family, the Thorolds. Her mother provided the funds for starting the school and Founder’s Day was always celebrated on her birthday, December 1st. Miss Oliphant came of ancient stock and her family owned property that had been in their hands since the reign of Edward the Confessor who died in 924 A.D. Although in the Welham School she lived extremely simply in a two roomed cottage said to have been formerly the *chauki* of a forest guard, in many ways she had the air of a great lady, which indeed I feel she was.

Thus at the age of fifty four she embarked on what was to be her life’s work on which she was to devote all her energies for the next twenty five years. From the very beginning the Welham School lived up to its motto “From Strength to Strength” and numbers increased rapidly. To meet the demand Miss Oliphant had to acquire buildings and land for playing fields in the neighbourhood, which fortunately she was able to do, and she built buildings for dormitories and one for classrooms

and one for a hospital. All this involved complicated financial and legal problems but she was never discouraged for she was a woman of very great determination. Occasionally she went to England during the summer vacations to see her family but otherwise she never took a day’s holiday. Not infrequently she started the day’s work at 4.00 am and not infrequently she was still at work at 11 p.m. She kept control of all departments in her own hands and the bunches of keys that she carried round with her became legendary. In the beginning she used a bicycle extensively and she did not acquire a car until about 1950. Once we invited her to preside at thr Servants’ sports at the Doon School. Her car being out of action she arrived on foot. She must have been over seventy at the time. She always had books sent to her from England, which she lent freely, but she did not have much time for reading. Her main relaxation was gardening and she planted trees all over her property and grew roses and gladioli with knowledge and discernment.

To many people she seemed rather a formidable person. She was not over polite to people who interrupted her when she was busy. She was outspoken to people who displeased her. Even generals are known to have trembled in their shoes at the thought of facing her wrath. But the boys all knew that she had their interests at heart and staff and boys were devoted to her. Her ability to recognize old boys when they revisited the school was extraordinary when one remembers how much a boy changes between the age of eleven and twenty five. Beneath the somewhat formidable exterior there was a very warm heart and tremendous kindness. She would go miles out of her way to help anyone who was sick or in trouble. She had qualities of greatness that are all

too uncommon today.

The more we were impressed by her work at the Welham School, the more we wondered what she had been doing before she came to Dehradun. I learned that from 1914 to 1919 she had worked as a V.A.D. or volunteer nurse in a military hospital in Egypt. This means that in 1914 instead of joining other girls in singing "*We don't want to lose you, But we think you ought to go*", Miss Oliphant enlisted herself. I have heard people speculate that there must have been an unhappy romance in Miss Oliphant's life. This view is supported by the fact that the only private papers found among her personal possessions when she died were some letters written by a British officer in Egypt in 1916. She did not hurry from Egypt and soon after her return to England she came out to India in 1920 as a companion to the Maharani of Cooch Behar. Her friendship with the Maharani lasted till the end, but in 1926 she went to Bhopal. Here her official position was head of an Industrial Home for Women and Captain of the Bhopal Girl Guides, but she was very close to the Begum, more or less a minister of the state. From 1930 she held some temporary administrative posts in schools in Kanpur and Delhi. I do not know what formal education Miss Oliphant had. In those days, governesses often taught well-to-do people. I don't think that she claimed to have had any formal education and she never did any teaching. Her field was administration and her genius was for human relations.

On Founder's Day in December, 1955, she sprang a surprise on her audience (she liked to

spring surprises) by announcing that she had acquired Nasreen (12 Circular Road) and that she was going to start a girls' school there.

In September 1956, Miss Oliphant executed a deed to form the Welham Boys' School Trust, the value of the property being then about five lakh rupees. Someone at the time said that RS 5 lakhs was not a bad present for a single English lady to make to India. In January 1962, being then seventy-nine, she handed over the post of Principal to Mr Marshall. For many years she had been making frantic efforts to raise money with which to buy the White House and Bethany, the two buildings in which she had started in 1937. She now announced that she was going to stay on in her cottage until she had raised the money. She was not the sort of person to leave a job half done, but her wish was not to be granted. In June she felt unwell and she decided to take a holiday in England. She died in September in London. The Trustees have since then been able to purchase Bethany, but they are still making efforts to buy the White House. Miss Oliphant's memory surely deserves that this should be done."

A long time ago I asked Mr J A K Martyn to write a short note on Miss Oliphant. The above is an extract.

PS: We managed to buy the White House property and the contiguous litchi orchard in 1997 so fulfilling Miss Oliphant's dream of having NO building on rent.

S Kandhari

NOTHING ELSE MATTERS

I just scribble down my thoughts until I realise that they get over as fast as they come. I keep thinking all day but whenever I try to put my thoughts on paper they just evaporate. As if telling me – "No don't do that, you'll get into trouble." That's the last thing I ever wanted to happen, my thoughts playing tricks at me. But then I no longer care and for that reason alone, I'm not frightened, I'm not scared of eroding myself, my very being, my existence because I know that if that happens I can't do anything. Its too late, I've gone too far.

I've gone that far that if I laugh people question me. If I cry they laugh and question me. If I work I'm questioned. It seems that I'm under the microscope where only my darker side can be

seen. And my brighter side if ever seen is simply ignored. I realise that part of it is fantasy. There were times when I would care about the circumstances and would shout out and say – Why, why me. Why always me. I imagined shouting from a cliff, in the streets, from my bed, from my very existence but it seemed that I didn't shout loud enough. The world just ignored me and just kept pushing me. It was then that I stopped reacting. I stopped thinking about my friends my family, the entire world, and myself. There were few who always gave me a chance, but then I never looked at those opportunities as my chance – it was somebody else's.

My well wishers told me to disassociate

myself from the group. I then stopped looking at them as my well wishers. I know that it always seemed, it wasn't reality, that I was all alone but when one starts thinking in that direction all's lost.

I look back and realise, what have I achieved in my past seventeen years, but at the same time I realise that what I've gone through very few have. I've been molested, harassed, mentally picked all the time but then I've survived and that's exactly what I've learnt- to survive. I might get into trouble either due to myself or just for the inane reason that my name—my name spells mystery, disaster. But then it never makes a difference trouble is trouble. And surviving that is quite a feat. I'm not an egoistic, but yes, I do have an ego, which does inflate at times. I don't think I'm perfect, but there are times when I imagine that I'm better than the rest. If one gets picked for these then it's a shame. No—not a shame to those who pick on him, but to

him who allows himself to be picked.

I want money; power, fame and I openly admit it. 'YOU GOTTA WORK FOR THAT BOY,' I keep telling myself. And I know that I have to; I'm mentally prepared but then I don't know when to start. Initiating it—yes, that's the word, that's what gets you far in life. Further than the rest. Everyone knows my dog too, but no one reacts.

Sometimes I get these fits, fits to go and harm people. Not to those who've harmed me openly but to those who have harmed me indirectly. A piece of advice to those who read this, (don't buy it without thinking—buy nothing without thinking). Always keep away from people who keep to themselves. Also keep away from people who always help you, who are always sweet. They're there to pounce at you and then clean and dress your wounds.

-Kokee

RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY...

The mountains were a refreshing sight... they do add to the beauty don't they? It was a long journey... one that had taken days of careful planning preparation and meticulous co-ordination. But at last, the moment of truth had arrived. They were off to a place called 'Paradise'. A few of the 'squad' had dropped out at the last moment. God have mercy on them... had they made the right decision?

Judge the book by its cover' was the view at the initial moment. Beauty in life is a joy forever. Finally they set off... at an even steady pace with all hopes stretched towards success... the feeling of being reunited is overwhelming... even for the strongest of us. But for this team, it was the fruitful result of what they had strived for a long time.

As they neared the destination, the human mind did indeed taken on a 'human' state. All senses on alert and on their toes they were ready to face any eventuality that came in their way.

The gates opened... the gates to heaven, the gates to paradise, the gates to eternal beauty.

They stood open, for the first time with a welcoming grace rather than a forbidding one and all felt as if the previous insults would be forgiven.

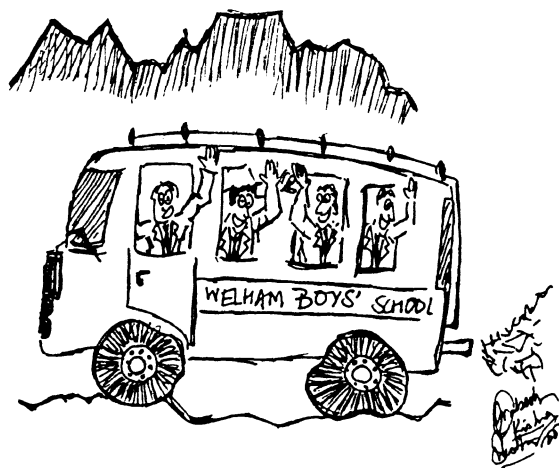
Then all came to a sudden stop. It was time for the group of adventurers to set foot on their soil, a land which was not their own.

At that moment, the team was divided into two distinct sections. One the leaders of men, who had experience and were in their own way tough enough to cope with life. The other was of the novices who had just joined the group after a few weeks of training in the arts.

Then descended upon them, in hordes, magical creatures that had a stunning appearance and made the 'raiders' speechless. They

took charge of the situation and made us a part of themselves, made us feel at home.

Everybody has their 'angel'. Be it in reality or dreams or imagination. Here came out two of the team who had their eyes peeled out for their angels... ones whom they had seen, sensed, felt before. Alas! They were not to be seen anywhere.



It is here I must point out that even a place which was as inviting as this...there are dark, invisible barriers which even the strongest cannot break through. They were there present forbidding the slightest disobedience. However hard they tried, they could not penetrate them.

'Rules were meant to be broken.' Yes, it was upon those two how to go about the task. Both had the weapons. 'The pen is mightier than the sword.' It can do a lot of harm as well as good. Both had them ready for use and use they did with ruthless fervour.

But no one is perfect. One little stumble would have resulted in failure. But these two were not part of the group in whose dictionary the word 'impossible' existed. They did it. They did it in graceful style and the message had gotten through.

What was done could never be changed.

They had fulfilled their task....even if not with the utmost ease as they wanted. Worry about the past, it will affect the future.

The world is authoritarian and everybody believes that. There will always be that wall between those angels and us mortals which can only be scaled after complete unification. That can only take place with people and gutsy as them both.

On the way back to Earth, one could do nothing but sing their hearts out. Sing out for those few precious moments and for those of the 'team' whom cupid has struck and those who had future prospects in that paradise and would no doubt make the journey again.

**-The Unified One
Rohan Varshnei
Class XI**

FOR LOVE ALONE

This article is dedicated to my friends, who miss a heartbeat every time they think.

Today Bob is alone. Yesterday he was in love. In love like any other ordinary teenager who love girls but looks up to the experienced for their advice.

Bob, yesterday was a seventeen years old teenager who had just seen the love of his life on a dance floor. He had walked into a discotheque. He was shy and afraid of making any approach. His friends had girls with whom they were dancing. He suddenly laid his eyes on a girl sitting alone and drinking. That was the time he knew he had found the love of his life.

Courage appeared from heaven, he approached her and she was enchanted by his nature.

They rocked the floor that night. He had never remembered being so happy in his life, as he was at that very moment.

He was in love, he recalls. He talked to his friends about the girl. His friends mocked him. His

best friend even came up saying he knew her and that she was very fickle minded.

This made him heart broken. He had never been so sad in his life. This happiness as he recalls had lasted for 26 hours and 20 minutes.

She tried to call him but he had himself locked up in his room and had refused to come out.

And finally when he comes out he gets another shock. The shock which turned the 17 years old teenager into a fanatic.

The girl had never been his friend. She was of good nature and that the person who told him so was infact the one who was kissing her as he sat at the corner of the street alone searching for love in fact begging for it.

So as I stated this article is dedicated to my friends who skip a heartbeat every time they think. Think, what you think is right and never ever depend on what others want you to think.

**-Pradipta Rana
Class XI**

THE WAIT

Ram Lal eagerly waited for the night train to the city, it was leaving at 4 o' clock in the morning. He hugged his tattered blanket closer to his body, the cold bit him. The dilapidated station had no rest rooms and the clear winter moon less

night made the cold worse.

Ram Lal was leaving home, running away like most villagers, but not all of his age did, The reason for his fleeing was his alcoholic father had abused him and his mother too. The city seemed

like an escape. He lived in a small village, newly constructed, like most these villages sprang up, where water holes were, a source of life. His father worked under a head farmer. Zamindari had finished only superficially.

His father would come back daily drunk, would beat up his wife for not providing food. Ram Lal only had one other sibling.

Ram Lal too had been on the receiving end too, cause his mother would often pass out after beatings, and with no one there but him, his father would vent his anger at him. His tolerance had now come to an end.

His mother gave him a little money she had to buy a train ticket to the nearest city, where he would receive salvation, from his daily abuse. This was his only chance of freedom.

Now at the station he awaited his fate. The walls of the station, adorned posters, films, which depicted fantasy worlds where all things end good.

But Ram Lal would after this train journey knew that life would not change, it would still be a struggle, where many more hardships were to come.

The train whistle was heard, the stationmaster came but Ram Lal got up, droopy legs awaiting the train. There it came his salvation; the train pulled up at the platform. He boarded the third class apartment, his eyes eagerly searching for a seat for his long journey away from his home.

As Ram Lal boarded the train he took with him all that belonged to him, all that now was on this child's mind was, a chance, a new hope, where all his hopes and dreams, had some chance to flourish.

The train started, he found a half seat where he packed himself and went into a deep and unconscious sleep, a sleep devoid of dreams.

- Reenus

DIRTY GAMES

He was the man with the broadest chest,
And all that he did was his best.
He did it for one; he did it for all,
But some silly mistake caused his downfall.
He tried again, and yet again to rise,
But his fall was as if from the high skies.
No matter how hard he tried,
Each man knew he had died.
Died of what is still unknown,
But I guess love was the cause,
In which he had flown
It had caused each barrier to break,
For his heart was now at stake.

I tried, you tried, but none could succeed,
For he was tangled in love and its greed.
From outside he seemed big and tall,
But his chicken heart told his tale to all.
The truth was (if you please)

He had fallen into the hands of a deadly disease.
For often it is said and told,
That gilded tombs worms infold.
Love does what it's got to do,
(For it can be called Snow white's apple too)
The gift of love looks flashy outside,
But once its charm stings you,
Your joyful life gets tremendously harmed.
It makes you think,
It makes you blink,
And all you see is colour pink.
Your life is cut, cut right apart.
It seems as if a dart has pierced your heart.
So let's not play this game of love.
For it took one of my friends' rights above.
Above little things of life,
For he knew one experience did cut like a knife.

-Karan Mehrotra

Class VIII

MYSTERIOUS MELODRAMATIC MOMENTS...

Prologue: "Probably I fell for you before my present existence, and so, if my love is already beyond imagination, and if my love stinks of guilt, it doesn't, anymore....."

A moody, gloomy mourning, tearing and taunting a relevant soul. Drooling his passionate dreams, enjoying every feel of euphoria, the last thing he needed, but nevertheless received, was a call for

breakfast.

His mother's cooking was a glimmer of hope to take his mind off his recent experience. He wondered..... never before was he so disturbed.

On his way to school, his familiar surroundings started to haunt him, as if to remind him, the world he had been living in for the past seventeen years, was a major hoax, some unrecognised power, more powerful than fate itself could be no doubt responsible. But its hidden meaning was still unclear.

Unlike other thrillers, where the clouds give way to a tremendous storm, especially during a conflict of our hero's magnitude. It was bright and sunny when he reached school.

"Okay, I'm fully awake now. Maybe, I had dozed off in the bus too," he thought.

It was the last school day of the week, but there was hardly any justification for the commotion he saw, a 100 years ahead.

He walked slowly, shrugging, "Why do I always have to bother so much?"

And then, it happened.....

A long perpetual pause, and time stopped. A flashback occurred, and it started as a, but very,

very slowly, everyone else moved, surroundings faded; people faded, but the gem remained, shining bright, smiling.....

He managed to take a few more steps. He moved closer. Her glow was increasing, her radiance struck his eyes, a harsh yet gentle blow. She flickered for a moment, and the flashback returned. The similarity was striking, and his eyes and his mind, were distracted at such a thought; the biggest mistake of his life.

Because his love at first sight, was no more to be seen; he smiled at himself, just satisfied with his dream, instead.

Epilogue: Dreams, from then on, became an important part of my life. They often tease me with hints of my future, my emotions and what I need to do. They remind me of my sub-conscious, of another world merge our dreams with reality, or even pretend that such a thing could happen, spicing up our dull life couldn't get easier.

Based on a true story

-Parag Agarwal
Class XI

REFLECTIONS

A lone star shines in the distant sky. Its one in the morning and there is no light in P.H. Sitting on the entrance steps, listening to Chicane's Salt Water, I look up at that distant star, a brilliant jewel in the sky, and my entire life at Welham flashes past my eyes. Seven years of Welham is like a whole life – time of dreams come true.

I remember the first day I walked into school in class six. As usual I hated the food and morning P.T. wasn't my idea of fun. I was spared the seniority bit because I had a brother in class ten. But I must confess that the frequent and furtive grub – raids did leave me feeling a bit undernourished. And the prefects! Hell would freeze over every time Vijay Bishnoi bellowed "Hey, School!"

Come class seven and Mr. Kandhari doused all our excitement; sixties weren't supposed to be given any favours! It was like being the junior most for two years. I remember Sudeep Chaudhary shouting, "First you wrong, then your bums ask for mercy!" Pray tell me how they did so.....

In class eight I discovered Welham Girls'. No, no, not that running around trees bit. One of my father's colleagues happened to ask me where I studied. Being fairly vain I answered 'Welham'. Then he asked me whether I meant Welham Girls'! I was shocked and totally denied the existence of any institution such as Welham Girls'. So I discovered that one aspect of Welham, that I regret knowing till now. The same year, I saw Rumaan Kidwai make the whole school seer on his own!

Class nine was the year of the Diamond Jubilee and one-shot movies. The whole school made up the cast of the movie that was – 'As the river flows...'. A hit play (NSD style), some amazing exhibitions, and an one shot movie made the diamond jubilee celebrations one of the most memorable ones.

My back was already crumbling from its pressure, when class 10 came about. Projects, studies... were we seeing stars in bright daylight! Like the many 'Firsts', we had projects in Hindi and Maths. Felt like suing the board on grounds of

S & M.

Eleventh was more than just a back straightener! If Bryan Adams sang 'Summer of '69', I would have sung 'Summer of '99!' It was like the summer of life itself. Won the Oliphant Memorial, played "Ramnik Gandhi" in 'Final Solutions'... Editorship, Prefecthood all came as results of hard work.

Twelfth picked up slowly. Still mourning Sandeep's death, it took me and the I think the entire batch to adjust to reality. All the tensions about the 'biggies' that had started then still continues.

PH has lived up to its expectations. It is more than what we had heard from our seniors and surprisingly seniors of other schools! Truly a path

way to heaven!

Prefectship hasn't exactly been a cake walk either. If I can say then I will say that it has definitely added a few creases to my forehead.

Even as I write I can feel nostalgia come and engulf me in its folds. On one hand there is this incessant urge to move on and on the other hand I would be happy if nothing would change. So here I am totally divided between life and Welham. But change is the essence of life, so I must move on and make a place for myself in this world. No matter what happens one thing that will never escape my thoughts is Welham.

**Welham side till I die,
Azar Zaidi**

NATURE'S DIARY

THE SAPIEN DILEMMA

Today, we face a dilemma. At the brink of the second millennium and the ushering of genetic technology, all humans today face the paradoxical question, interrogating their ethics. The query is, should we have genetically engineered children or should we believe in the natural process of reproduction, and let nature take her own course.

Eugenics is the science of developing genes of higher compatibility. It is also the science that is behind this epoch-making, revolutionary technology, cloning is only the beginning. What follows, would be humans with higher intelligence, smarter looks and bigger brains. The 'in' thing would be to have a designer baby. Are we very sure that we would like that?

The human Genome Project concluded recently has brought us onto the frontiers of what we thought possible only in fiction. Manipulation of our genes, and our essential life forms could not have been imagined a few years back. The technical improvements in a matter of just a few years have amazed us. Today, we hear of an alien being living in the of us. We also won't be surprised if someone manages to extract the DNA of Edison or Einstein and clone an embryo impersonating any of the geniuses.

What we have in front of us is a contradictory statement in either way – should we have intelligent, know all children or should we

have children that need our, their parent's assistance in learning.

We rejoice when our child walks for the first time. We rejoice when he writes his first word. We rejoice when he jumps with joy at his report card. Will we not wish that once genetically engineered babies came into existence?

In the seventies, when House Brown, the world's first test-tube baby was born; every human believed in the wonders of artificial fertilization. Imagine fetus growing outside the mother's womb, and joining the warmth of his mother only a few weeks before birth. That's quiet unconditional. And now imagine a baby that doesn't even match any of the parents' features, any of the parent's intelligence level, and doesn't even think any of the parents. Wow!

We know we are living in the twenty first century. We know that tomorrow will be new different from today. But does that make us so unrealistic, so unemotional, and so unattached that we would actually like to children that we know aren't ours. We expect to have a child, because we want our family name, and our blood to continue, and we want someone to shower all our love upon. Can we today give an adopted child the same affection as we give our own child? Thus, can we love a genetically developed child the same way as we would love our own creation?

Of course there would be several who would want the opposite. But we shouldn't be so heartless and pseudo-scientific breakthrough lovers that we proceed to the technology that will lead to an existence of human species otherwise known as Einstein.

We must not be emotional and think by the heart. We must be logical thoughtful and must think, before we take the ultimate decision—engines “owed” baby,
Or your own baby.

- **Amish Mulmi**

SEPARATED AT BIRTH

Rishi Bagaria
Mr. Bakshi
Bishesh Shrestha

The Villain in Mi-2
Sean Connery
The Rock

LAMPOON

At First, There Were The Nerds, The Loonies, The Birdies.....Then Came The Prefect

They have their NYPDs, LAPDs, YAPDs, YOH-PDs and we have the WBPD- The Welham Boys' Prefect Department.

To be included in this bunch of mavericks, guys would give more than just their right hand! The power, the freedom is good enough to make the most of the most pious pant with lust. Anything goes, as long as you have that shiny, shimmering Prefect's shield pinned to your chest.

Like every year, another nine were “The Chosen ones”. Here, in short, is all you ever wanted to know about them.

Parimal Piyush: The undisputed leader of them all, the king of the ring, known for the fissile nature of his anger. Amazing ability to keep a straight face in the most incredulous of situations. Wanted, only alive please, on the other side (I pity him for that) and definitely a favourite of those alpine heights' residents. A hot favourite amongst the ladies and (surprisingly) the laddies as well. Don't mess with him, knows how to take it out of you quite painfully. Not known as Parimal 'going ballistic' Piyush for nothing.

Rishi Bagaria: Perhaps West Bengal's most worthwhile contribution to Welham. Tall, dark and handsome this guy was born clutching a Mastermind. Free from local influence. His thoughts fly towards Sanawar. The right hand of the school

cap, has a habit of coming down hard, real hard. You mess with him once, you mess with him twice, but try no further because the third time it is his turn to mess you up. Believes in 'early to bed, early to rise makes a man healthy and wise'.

Mukti Bikram Shah: He belongs in the cadre of Socrates, Homer, Plato and the rest of the gang. The silent one, most of his time is spent in reflecting on love. You know he is ill when he speaks a lot (one word per hour). Plans to join the Nepal army one day, can be seen asking questions like—“What comes once in Army but twice in Kathmandu?” He is the think tank of the batch and advisor to the school cap. (I guess that explains the perplexed and confused look on the schooli's face). Don't cross paths with him, he did not become Taekwon-do Captain through correspondence.

Bishesh Shrestha: The crooked pillar of the Nepal trinity, he is most famous for his funky hairdos and beard-dos, and his rare guest appearances on the Prefects table during breakfast. He is the sports cap and loves to sleep during games time. Loves to strut his stuff when the occasion calls for. God Bless...

Diwas Bam: He is the madder than the mad scientist and doesn't even spare the Prefects table when it come to the application of his mad theories. The third pillar to the Nepal trinity, this guy can't wait to get his hands on some surgical saws, and

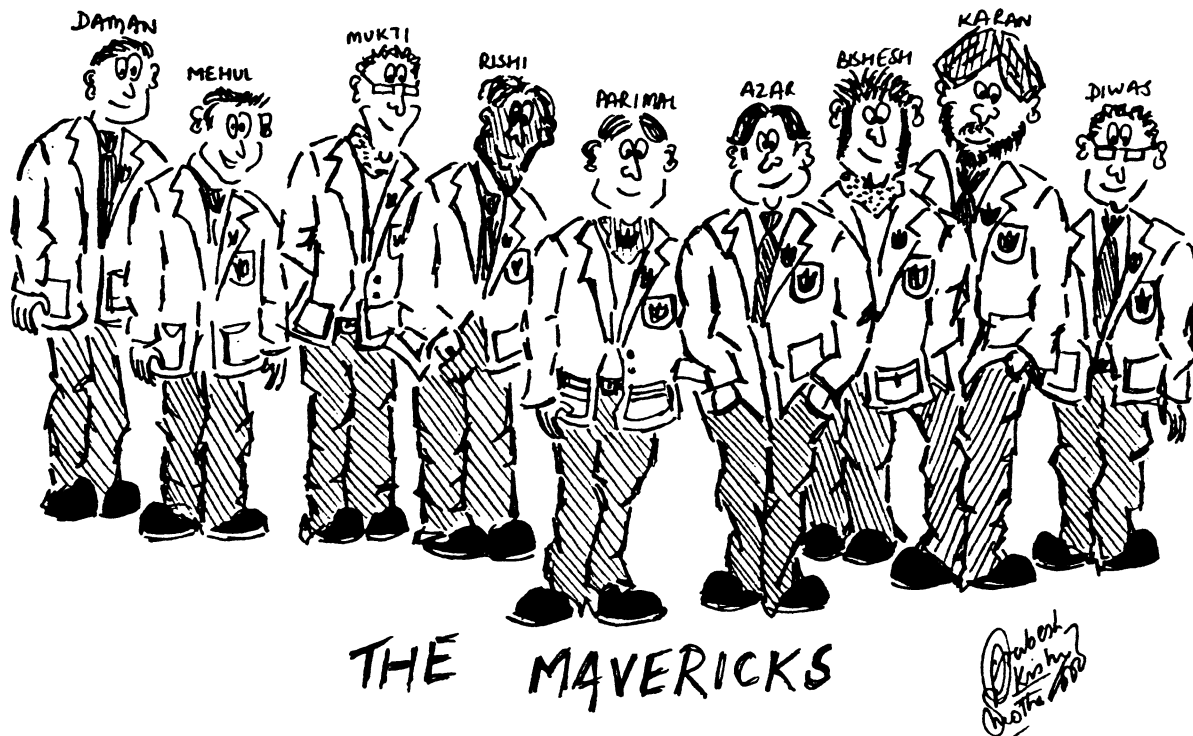
tear open anyone who crosses paths with him.

Mehul Khati: The karate kid! All the time trying to discover new ways to slice his egg with kung fu chops and blows. The stern looking guy who is soft inside. His favourite means of transport is his battered scooter or rather what's left of it.

Daman Chhikara: Call him 'taujaan' call him

no matter how grave the situation. But mind you he could be serious when it was needed of him. He was a good Prefect while he was. The sweetest of all the canes.

Azar Zaidi: Mr. Tough guy. He will never spare you no matter how insignificant or small the crime is. Although very pre occupied with his own 'af-



'kakaji', this incredible hulk can hurl you a good ten meters without breaking into a sweat. Has a penchant for Hindi music and hums even in his sleep. Just back from Canada looking bulkier than usual. Our hope for the next Olympics rest on his broad shoulders. Let's hope he does it and makes Welham proud.

Karan Chhabra: a.k.a Khushwant Singh Jr., and Ken. He is the prefect that never was... seriously miss his wit and sense of humour at the Prefects table. Mukti's nightmare! Never failed to amuse us

fairs' but when he comes into play, he can be very demanding. Known for his 'deadly' sense of humour and even deadlier laugh. And of course the legendary 'v' shaped body. Regular visitor to the gym, god knows what he does there, his v shape is growing more into a b shaped body. Loves to garland guys with their own fancy shoes. You know what 'they' say about him-"when he is good he is good but when he is bad he is even better!"

- Azar Zaidi

WMW(Welham Most Wanted)- TWELFTHIES UNPLUGGED

Kumar Nilay: Every teacher's nightmare! The biggest mischief maker in the history of Welham, a musical Ustad and a mad scientist with the god gift of taking anyone's trip while arguing on any issue.

Pankaj Sharma: The reasoner, thinker and philosopher with multiple accent virus in his head. The Robin Hood of Welham and the last of the tribal brahmins. Basically a...???

Gurkirpal Mann: Ironically termed as “the kid” by all. Gifted with the skill of master word play (*Shwain Shwain*). Responsible for the foundation of Bhangra Cult of Crooks and idiots (BCCI).

Daman Chikkara: The most religious guy here. A ‘pahelwaan’ in the making (goal- Olympics). Follower of his own pious ideas and ideologies. (‘Reproductional prashad’ system and theory of the inner atma).

Tanay Goenka: A great artist, claims to have stolen the original Mona Lisa. Met his female through e-mail. A narcissist who is no less than great god pan. (Future plans- modelling for fair and lovely).

Usamah Burza: The pillar of love (a very long one though). Broke- ‘n’ -hearted known for all the rite reasons. He has bridged the gap to the other side and taken his lady on a joy ride. All he needs is a permanent stable.

Bishesh Shrestha: Sports person of the year with a spotable beard. Hardcore Nepali dude. Overcome by the ashes of a goddess, he has proclaimed Nirvana. The bull god with no horns, every rose has its thorns.

Divya Agarwal: To be or not be... he is only got to study. The Nova, Casanova (self proclaimed) with the bike. Recently awarded the ‘Jimmy Valentine’ award.

Mukti B Shah: Sincere, hardworking and a focused guy. P-reserved in nature. The Hamlet in the making, not so abnormally. A very good playboy and the future of NDA (National Death Academy).

Rohit Agarwal: A NRI (currently a pseudo citizen of Nepal). Good at heart and a wonderful guy with the best chest and pump pump attitude and not to forget the widow’s peak.

Amanjeet Oberoi: The fabled ‘German jeet’ whose provisos in carnal love are famous from here to the Reich. The ‘paagal’ sardar in the esteem (..steam). A rally racer with many cheeks after him. Cute and kiddish for he believes, kisses for all, hes and shes, serves in solitude in the mess and is at ease.

Karanjeet S Chhabra: He is a wise crack and will have you cracking your sides in no time. The charming sardar. A smart and decent guy. The man with the golden pug. A bear loving beast who loves to feast. ‘Cupid Ken’ as he calls himself these days, party and have fun in all ways.

Anuj Agarwal: Tushi baby. ‘Tambakoo’ was the force behind him although ‘joayful’ guy, he remained

quiet. Our own version of “Leonardo”.

Kunal Virmani: Cool KV, a local gunda who is the coolest sensation after the kelvinators. The ‘thanda’ guy who plays baddy. He’ gona top’eeoz he took tuition worth a lakh so 100% guarantee.

Shubham Saurabh: A ‘jugadu’ in all ways. After all his motto in life is “for jugad is the way of life”. A cricket lover and an agent under cover. The once, not so long ago, prem pujari.

Saumya Tyagi: He is the ‘bhai’ of the valley in his inner circle his associates call him- Kid rock. There is something about Saumya...

Manan Sah: It’s classified but pentium IV is already out in fact 17 years ago. He is it. A worm, a virus because he says in comps no one can tire us.

Harshit Goenka: What can I say about him? Even I do not know much about him, he is all the time in his own world. A charismatic saint from the banks of Ganga.

Mehul Khati: Pocket Hercules, junior Mr. Welham! The Jet Li of the school. He is over reflexive. A very sensitive guy (you can see his hair standing all the time). Faster than lightning (of the lantern).

Saurav Shrestha: The all time high of a guy. In appearance a rock-star. Called ‘bango’ by his fans. Campaigns against drug abuse and has lost his intellectual fuse. A direct descendant of the famous Nepali acid mafia band of hysterical cultists.

Himanshu Gupta: The “desi pahalwaan” from the locality. Fearfully called ‘hariya’ by all those who have to give him hafta. Suffers from split personality, the other half of him Taam Krooj latest flick – ‘Aaem: Aaayee-too’.

Bisharad Shah: Nepali psycho. Not so mad man who tries to think if he can. He is other worldly. Dreaded by all women although he says- ‘Ruk jaon mein sudhar gaya hoon’.

Anant Dwivedi: Big momma. Who says black isn’t beautiful? The maha-esh- Bhuphati of Welham Tennis. For all teachers he is a regular menace.

Gautam Macker: Size does matter. A lot in fact. Wendy, as he is called for his pleasant and agreeable self. Who needs a globe we have one right here.

Sudhanshu Modi: When he read about the evils of drinking, he quit reading. Named ‘tally’ because of his striking Hrithik like looks and side locks and his smile is heavenly.

Saurabh Gupta: He is ready to marry any girl given that her dad gives him a Merc S-Class in dowry. The notorius BIG from Sahranpore. As far

as lady killing (softly) is concerned, he is hardcore.

Jasmmet Singh: He is a killer! Beware do not go by his looks. The quietest surd of all. If you trouble him you will get a killing call.

Karn Singh: Monkey Trouble (Khehhch Khehhch)! A basketball player with a bubble.

Unlucky in love, can't find the right and less powerful dove. Minister of external and internal affairs-WGHS. Has never exchanged even a smile with his crush. Claims to have been in love since class VII.

Jitin Oberoi: Nicknamed, 'tiger' on the prowl but the gentle and harmless one, we mean. Over intense in character. The species that he belongs to is extinct. He is the only one alive. A good guy at heart.

Mohnish Rathi: The man with the best back side here. A studious dude with great brains (always coming out of shorts).

Amit Prashar: The sweat maker and breaker of sports. An all rounder in all aspects be it sports, studies or even sex. Looks like Sunny Deol, doesn't he? Great at lectureism, believe me, I was the victim once.

Diwas S Bam: Eureka! Immensely hyperactive scientist and an insane biologist. Plays TT (Terminal Torture) and is a victim of circumstances. Extremely unorganised.

Rishi Bagaria: The bengal tiger with lots of black silk on his body. Great IQ. Like he says 'but Sanawar rules'. All teachers love him and a great admirer of Sufi music. Favourite quawali-'Uss...'

Nitin Bansal: Quiet, shy and a model like guy basically all in all slow death of a machine. Clean and clear all the time. The zymboo of the year. Motto 'No pain, no gain and no fear'.

Parimal Piyush: The captain of titanic, the world's most deadliest secret agent. Sly, determined, cool and commanding. The usatd of all ustads. Stubborn as the females think of him. One hell of a schooli. Lost his heart at the hills, always in search of adventure and thrills.

Azar Zaidi: The Ed! Gentle Giant, six by six indeed. The English man who went for jogs in the midday sun for his loved one. The man with the best hair and hairdo, unfortunately only understood by a few.

Ijlal Shamsi: Code name 'Zorba'. The Desktop Editor and the beast with a legendary beard. A very pious soul. Becoming a prophet is his long term goal. Fierce and hairy like the tartars and at the same time soft hearted (Shylock, Jageera, etc).

Kanishk Kaushik: *As for my case I will leave it for the Ed to do the honours. God bless my soul* --- This guy is insane and loving it. Words can't describe him. In a class of his own, he is oozing intellectualism from every pore. But truly in class of his own he is a 'namoona'. Great to have him in the board, his intellectual antics never fail to tickle us. Call him El Kanishko, call him El Gaucho, call him "cupid with a 'k'", all he knows is that insanity is at stakes.

Time I took a permanent vacation but this does not mean that the Lampoon is finished. I retire but someone else will take my place and once again the sun will rise, the rose bud will open and a new lampoonist will be born...after all the legend lives on.

*- Yours for the last time,
Kanishk Kaushik*

RINGSIDE VIEW

The games are over, its all done and you are back to one and only one.

So here I am to refresh your memories of the Sports Scene over the year. To start with cricket. The season started with a well-practised and confident team, moving to Sanawar for its first tournament, accompanied by the Squash team. Although the squash team was ousted, the cricket team compensated for it by beating the Sanawar team by a huge margin of 80 runs. The star of the match, Amit Prasher scored a spectacular total of

44 runs, which included quite a few boundaries, and he also bagged the highest wicket taker award by getting 6 down.

What followed were the Inter-houses. A week of pure thrill Krishna walked away with the senior's trophy while Ganga had a comfortable victory over all houses in the junior section. They beat Krishna in the finals.

The team also did play a few local teams and emerged victorious in almost all. Cricket was gone and Hockey came on.

The hockey team 'again without the help of a coach', played their first tournament at Oak Grove School. The finals was the much talked about as we won the match in the penalty stage of the game. We were playing St. Georges.

In the Councils hockey tournament, the team carried on with the same 'Josh' and went on to win the title without having a single goal scored against them. This is what I call 'JUST TOO GOOD'. The team showed some astonishing co-ordination and beat the Doon School in the finals comfortably.

The Inter-houses went off well. I must say that all houses had competitive teams and put up a good fight. As it is commonly said the best will take care of the rest, Cauvery bagged the Senior Sections trophy while Krishna proudly lifted the junior's trophy.

Soccer came back with a big, big bang. To be frank almost the whole team consisted of Nepalis with Ronaldo cuts.

The first Soccer tournament was at the R.I.M.C. Although the team topped in the group, but couldn't make it into the Semis due to a difference in the goal averages. But the team did not lose any hope and moved into play the Councils Tournament. Looking good in the beginning, however the team gave in to St. Joseph's college and was knocked out in the semis.

The last but not the least the Inter-houses saw some fresh talent on the field. In spite of the heavy downpours the whole event was in rapid action. Krishna house put in that extra punch and claimed the trophy in both, Seniors and Junior sections. It was absolutely amazing.

Basketball, the sport that never dies in

Welham, presently seems to be flourishing. The team played quite a few tournaments this year.

It started with the Woodstock Tournament, where we thrashed the Doscas in the semis, but got clobbered in the finals by the Woodstock team.

The Golden Jubilee next and this again we met the Doscas in the semis but unfortunately lost in what was called a very controversial match. In the Afzal Khan we got knocked in the league stage again by the Doscas. Finally came the districts where luck did refuse to favour us and we lost once again (Oh! God) to the Doscas in the finals.

The inter-house was played after ages and saw Ganga emerge victorious without much trouble. Your man here captained the Ganga side.

Tennis also once came into full flow. A coach was organised but due to only a few boys turning up for practices the coach had to be sent back. I pity that.

The squash team played well at Sanawar but lost. They eagerly await a coach. A letter has been sent to an association in

Chandigarh and a reply is awaited.

Athletics too is in full flow with guys taking part in all events possible. What makes me happy is that for once all the sloppy people can be seen on and off the tracks (for god's sake they are out of their houses).

As it is said all good things must come to an end, I end this page of the ringside view with the following note, 'Bad things, happen only to good people'.

-Forever
Anshuman Singh



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