

The Elephant

No. 257

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

14th April, 2001

Think About It...

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we have left them.

-L. A. ROCHEFOULAULD.

EDITORIAL

In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, this temperature seems to remind me more of Lucifer and his domain underground, in Hell. It's just the beginning of April, and we have the thermometer asking for relief, as the only relief we

to the Grounds across for their practices. I wonder if it is the love of the game, or the love for someone else. However, the Captain has been practising hard, and we hope to hear results that have been a part of Welham's sporting excellence.

STOP PRESS: The Chairman, Board of Governors, is pleased to announce the appointment of **Mr. Mukesh Shelat, M.A., M.Ed.**, to succeed Mr. S. Kandhari with effect from June 2001.

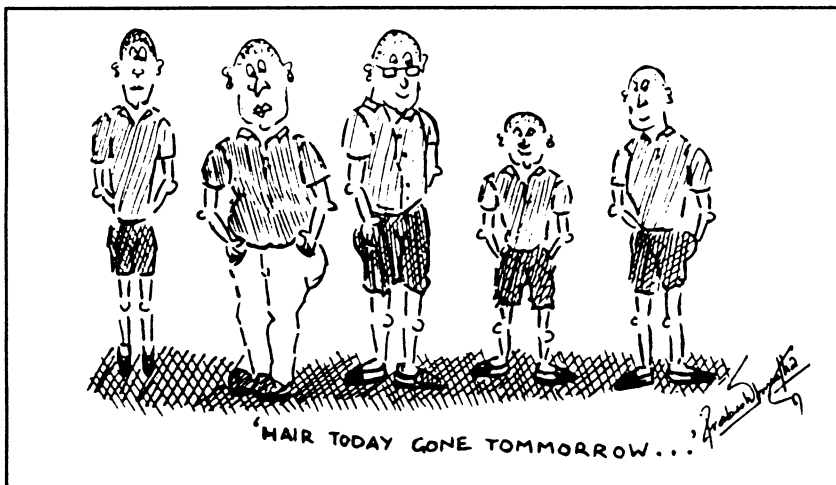
can find is in a dip in the cool waters of the pool.

Summer has arrived, and there is no trace of Spring at all. Even the birds seem to have lost interest in their mating rituals.

However, the Paradise Flycatchers and the Golden Orioles have arrived on schedule, finding the right place for their nests in which they can lay their eggs and nurture their fledglings.

Summer heralds another event for the Welhamites: the Summer Carnival. With things finally getting underway, the rescheduling has been a hint of relief to all those who thought it's too near. The new date has been fixed for the 5th of May, and it sure is not a long way off.

Welhamites are finally getting the hang of the sticks and balls, as we continue to see more and more enthusiastic guys getting all dressed up to go



Things are much hotter on the courts than anywhere else. With the recent conclusion of the Volleyball Open, there is news of Tennis and Badminton Openstoo. The scene under the rings has not

been so cool. With three tourneys coming up within the next few weeks, it is not surprising to see our die hard aspirers really striving to achieve the goals of being Winners.

Cricket has graciously exited as the most popular sport in P.H., but table tennis has taken over as the freak discovery of a much battered table and even more battered racquets. I think the latest suggestion to hit the Sports Committee is that every boy in P.H. should be given his own racquet and ball.

Waiting for the heat to subside,

Anshuman

(1)

WELHAM NOW

(1) Results of the Inter House Elocution in English:

Seniors:

- 1st Pranay Patodia
- 2nd Aatir Ansari
- 3rd Udaiveer Singh

- Ankush Vinayak
- Saumya Khaitan
- Anshuman Singh- Best Player
- Aditya Malhotra
- Gaurav Malhotra
- Pradipta Rana

Juniors:

- 1st Samridha Rana
- 2nd Shaunak Valame
- 3rd Tanmay Agarwal

The award for the Most Promising Player went to Rajeev Goswami

House Positions:

- 1st Ganga
- 2nd Cauvery
- 3rd Krishna

(3) The Summer Carnival has been postponed to the 5th of May.

(2) The Volleyball Open was won by the team that comprised:

- Yoginder Negi- Dude of the Court
- Rishi Raj Singh

(4) Our school participated in a debate held at Woodstock. We stood 2nd. The team comprised

- Parag Agarwal
- Amish Mulmi
- Shridhungel
- Rohan Sachdeva

LITERARY AFFAIRS.

InSPiRed...

I feel confused, thoroughly confused. I am trying hard to get my thoughts into motion, get them arranged; all my efforts seem futile. I seriously need inspiration, a thrust so that I can rearrange my mind, so that I can write.

Wait, I haven't yet introduced myself to you, have I? Sorry for keeping you thinking about me. I am a writer – no, not one of those Pop Fiction writers. Just a freelancer, trying to make my mark in the vast sea of creation, and, am I not giving it my best.

This heat is killing me. In my small two room apartment there is a fan and a cooler too. But the power failures have not decreased my misery. Flies hum in and out of space, out of nothing. I perspire like a construction worker. I wave my hands around in irritation, trying to swat away all these pesky insects, and gulp down glasses of warm water to cool down my temperature.

I beg my mind for inspiration. And I try probing into the corners I never even cared to remember. I think about the various situations that

I can write about. I am getting a few in my mind, but they are very regular ones – love stories with family feuds, a cop trying to avenge his family's death by dishonest politicians – you know those normal Hindi movie types.

I think I understand what my problem is. It's this heat, not including the continuous beads of sweat that arise on my brow. I take a look outside the window (the pane is broken) and find a busy world outside, totally oblivious to the humid conditions, unlike me. Anyway, what does the world care about? They are all bunches of mechanized animals whose lives have been synchronized by the drive for money. Wait, am I not doing that too?

I must continue with my writing. I cannot continue in such a morose backdrop. I ask myself, isn't there some sort of peaceful surrounding around here? As I overlook the map of the area in my own mind, I realize there is a park nearby. Wow, I exclaim, and pack my pen and my sheets, and head for relief and inspiration.

As I enter through the small revolving gate

of the park, I can already sense an aura of peace that was missing back home. The lush blossoms of the various trees already make me think in aesthetic terms.

I choose a bench that's far from the crowd seeking romantic appeal. One of the many couples stares hard at me, I think because I am an intrusion to their environment of love. I feel awkward, at this sudden attention that I am receiving so I quietly turn my eyes away. I think the couple feels more relieved now.

As I get down to start my new creation; I hear a voice as hoarse as a buffalo's. I look up, and realize it's a cop in his trademark shorts. What do you want now? I ask him, irritated. He replies in the same booming voice; telling me to get off the

bench. I ask why and he seems irritated at my sudden questioning, and brags it's the Service's bench.

Service, hell, it seems more like the bully's bench. Whatever, I meekly submit, because I need to give in my new write up soon and don't have time to waste on some drunk cop who is built like a bull.

Finding no other bench. I decide to return to the hole, my home, hoping the power's back. As I walk across a street, a car almost runs over me. Another auto rickshaw driver screams at me. But to me all this seems trivial, as I slowly gather my pace and continue walking, trying to get inspiration.

Amish Raj Mulmi
Class XII

The 'Gross' and the 'Disgusting'

All around the World, people are eating and enjoying foods that would make you vomit.

In China: Some of the delicacies are

Dried jellyfish sold in thin transparent strips.

'Vegetable caterpillar' a fungus that has eaten into the flesh of a certain kind of caterpillar and is sold in the caterpillar's skin.

Bear paws, eaten on special occasions at Chinese banquets.

In Germany: Blood from cows and goats etc is eaten in the dish 'fried blood' and is also used in making blood pudding, a type of sausage!!!

In Ireland: Since the 1600's Ireland's version of blood pudding is made with milk, butter and herbs.

In some places, fresh blood was allowed to clot, then preserved with salt, cut up into small squares and put aside for the winters.

In Scotland: Haggis, a traditional Scottish food, is a pudding made from the ground heart, lungs and liver of a sheep mixed with oatmeal and fat. The mixture is stuffed into the sheep's stomach and is then tied off. The stomach is then boiled. Haggis is eaten in Scotland on national holidays.

In Taiwan: Fresh raw ape brains are considered a delicacy. The dead ape's skull is broken with a stone or wooden hammer, and the brain is scooped

out with a bamboo spoon. The brains are considered to be a "brain food", which will improve the intelligence of the person who eats it.

To come to human meat. People have eaten human flesh since the beginning of recorded history, but it was the Carib people of the West Indies, whose name (which in Spanish is cannibal) became equated with the practice. Cannibalism has been outlawed throughout most of the World, but in some places old habits die hard.

- In Melanesia until quite recently human flesh was considered a normal, if exotic food especially on the island of Fiji where it was called "long pig"
- In Sumatra and parts of W. Africa, human meat was once sold in markets. Up until this century. The Fang people on the West Coast of Africa bartered and sold the bodies of dead among themselves as food.
- Not too long ago, the Maori tribesman of New Zealand ate the flesh of their dead enemies after a battle!!!

If you like this article, please tell the editor. It can get grosser.

-Hannibal Lector

"BAD VISIT"

"It was much below my expectations", said the foreigner with whom I had made friends maybe 35 minutes back. I smiled at this remark,

which I had anticipated already.

His name was Joe Mathew Marshal (which came to my knowledge after the interview) I was

working as a reporter in one of the daily newspapers, and frankly speaking since I had nothing else to do that day I went around interviewing any foreigner that I saw. This one was a 28-year-old husband who had come to 'my country' for his honeymoon. We go visit other countries to see the cleanliness and to learn something from it, but a question always rose in my head right from my childhood "Why do they come to such countries?" to see all this dirt and filth! Well that's beside the point.

This guy and his beloved wife 'came to see the Himalayas' but unfortunately for them the 'weather god' was not on their side. Let alone staring at the Himalayas they hadn't even got a glimpse of it. I tried to explain it to them that it would be a soothing sensation to their eyes when they see the Himalayas. (They hadn't even seen a photograph of the Great Jewel. They said they would see it for the first time with their naked eyes and also wanted the Jewel glare back at them) Explaining to them which range came after which was the difficult

part of it all. He was jotting down every 'odd name', which I emitted with gusto from my mouth. Finally it was over. I asked him how long he was intending to stay. "A day or two more" came the reply. I wished him all the best and I don't know why I gave him my email add. (I regret that move).

Four to five days later I got an email from Joe saying that they didn't get a chance to see the jewel I had so enthusiastically described to him. He said that this visit was his worst, that he never intended to step into my kingdom again and he even used the four-letter word to describe it. It has been three months now and I still regret giving him my email add. I feel scared to open my mail. Yes, I get one every alternate day, and he's always criticizing. Then something strange happened. He apologized as if he was a small boy being beaten up by his mother. I don't know what has happened but in yesterday's mail he asked me to send him some maps of 'my jewel'. Can you figure it out for me?-

-Shrid Dhungel
Class XII

The Naked Truth

She commences her daily business of mending shoes, outside the broken station, under the shade of the Peepal. Not many people seem to disembark at the station, but she noticed many that went didn't return. She knew nobody noticed her, and why should they, she thought, after all, she was one of the 'chamars', the outcast and ostracized.

She spreads out her tattered cloth, the tattered cloth; has been the same for 5 years now. Life begins in the same mechanical manner, with the Pujari that crosses her path first. A rather plump fellow with a Janau around his chest, and a saffron cloth with 'Hey Rama' written on. It marks his position that has been hereditary.

She finds his way of holding his dhoti quite funny, as she notices (as usual) that his pace becomes faster as he approaches her.

"Namaste Panditji", she says, "going to the mandir, I suppose." As if she didn't know that. "Ram, Ram, Ram," he repeats as frustration shows clearly on his face, "you stupid girl, how many times must I tell you not to speak to me. Now you have

spoiled my day." She laughs at the sight of his routine outburst.

Just then the Postmaster comes up from behind and remarks "Panditji, why do you curse her everyday? All she does is greet you". "Listen Postmaster, it is better you stay away from this." retorts the Holy one, as he walks away in a huff. "Thank You, Postmasterji," she thought to herself.

As the children approached her, wearing neat white dresses, carrying backpacks, her heart ached to be amongst one of them going to school. How she wished she could read and write, and be like the Doctor Memsahib who had recently come from the city. She thought, one day when I grow big, I too will wear a white coat like her.

She tried hard to fight back the memories that came flooding everytime she thought of her childhood. She suppressed the rage that arose every time she thought of how the villagers had beaten her parents to death, the Upper Caste Ones. And then no one even gave the young girl

who was barely 7 years old, a helping hand to prepare the pyre. Since then, she had fought her way out in life, and now after 6 years of suppression, pain and hate, she was still what her parents had been - an outcaste.

Time flew away like a swift dove as she remembered the past and soon the evening slowly crept in. Yet another day without any earning, she thought, as she carefully tied her bundle.

As she turned around the corner she banged into a person. "Maaf Karna ji" she says without looking who it was. "Ram, Ram, Ram" she heard the very familiar voice once again, this time filled with abhorrence, "What have you done. You have made me impure. How dare you touch me?" He continued to shout as people poured out of their homes to see the squabble.

The saffron clad one went furious and started abusing her, "You dalit, chamaar, I have to wash myself with milk to be pure once again. You have defiled me by allowing your unholy touch on my body!"

The crowd joined him and by the time it was over, her tattered clothes looked dirtier than ever. Her eyes were swollen up and her stomach hurt.

With great difficulty she gathered her belongings and walked towards her hut in the outskirts of the village. She couldn't even cry as she groaned in pain, thinking of the beatings that had become once a week affair.

As time passed by she grew bigger but the pain never seemed to leave her. Taunted, abused and beaten, she had slowly become 16.

One day, she skipped a period. Oh my God, she thought to herself. She had an idea of what that meant. She had heard it while sweeping the ground of some woman's house.

She tried to hide the swelling as the new life dwelled and grew in her. But she couldn't. It was the milkman who realized it first, then followed by the baniya, and then the local Mahajan. The news spread like fire in a dry jungle. And then, her troubles began, again.

Some called her a whore while others spat on her. She couldn't show her face to anyone. The Panchayat called her soon, and demanded the truth.

She knew it was futile to speak in front of these animals, but yet she spoke the truth. She knew that no one would believe her.

Suddenly from amongst the crowd someone threw a stone, marking the beginning of a physical assault more torturous than ever. She shouted in protest but her cries were subdued under the angry cries of the mob.

Then the Sarpanch asked everyone to keep quiet. As the mob quieted down, the Sarpanch asked her once more and pleaded with her to reveal to them the name of the culprit. With tears in her eyes and blood trickling down her head she began to speak, "Sarpanch, even though your community is one with no compassion, your beliefs are so rigid that anything against your religion is unheard of. I, a cobbler of your respected village have been abused by the one whom you respect as the Pujari, the one who upkeeps religion.

Uproar broke out amongst the people. "You lying whore" someone shouted at her and threw a stone.

The Sarpanch raised his hand and beckoned everyone to be quiet. "Are you sure you are accusing the right person?" asked the Sarpanch, doubtfully.

"Why, Sarpanch, can't the Pujari have dirty thoughts about someone? Why is your society so shocked, are the barriers of your society broken?" she sobbed as she cried out these words.

"Summon the Pujari", the Sarpanch shouted. A boy ran towards the temple bringing with him the Pujari, whose face was covered with sweat and his rudraksh was instantly moving in a circular motion.

"You have been accused of being this girl's child's father", boomed out the Sarpanch.

"Wh... What! Ab... Abused her. I... I... I could not do such a thing. Rama, Rama." he coughed out with great difficulty.

The Sarpanch not surprisingly thought the same, and in view of public opinion told her to leave the village immediately. She raised her bruised body with great difficulty and walked to her hut to collect her belongings. She vanished into the thin mists of the night. As the doodhwala went on with his daily chore next day, he found the body of the Pujari on the Peepal tree, hanging by a rope and by its side lay a note in which he admitted his crime.

She was miles away from the village when the incident took place, walking towards a new life ready to face 'the naked truth'.

Pradipta Rana.
Class XII

NATURE'S DIARY.

Death of the World...

Born in the wild, she learnt to survive,
Her mother taught her how life did thrive.
From morning to evening the mother did labor,
To look after the god given favors.
One day she soared up right into the sky,
When she was gonna die.
But before she did she wanted to succeed,
Succeed in fulfilling a great deed,
She taught her how to fly.
How the whole big World did go by,
When life became woe.
And hope became dumb.
The world said 'GO'
The grave said 'COME'
Before she passed she fulfilled her will.
And then her body lay still,
It was the death of another feathered creature.
Which told me the truth of earth's features,
The smoke and the gas had caused their deaths in mass.
As she flew and looked down,
All that she could see, was a busy town.
Smoke in her breath and smoke in her eye had

almost got her to choke 'n' die,
The color combination looked absurd.
Or was their something wrong with the bird.
The green had changed brown
And rest lay the substance for people to draw
The park was a sight to see.
There were more plastic bags than trees,
The automobiles were studded galore.
Even the sidewalks had it in score.
The blaring horns were just too bad
In a nutshell – the sight was rather sad.
She watched this till life dragged on!
She knew that in some time
She would be gone.
The smoke and the dust had caused her life to rust.
Nothing improved but did deteriorate.
Which got her to her evil fate,
As her life curled,
It was the death of another bird or rather the
World...

*-A witness
Karan Mehrotra
Class IX*

CRANES

Cranes are beautiful birds, tall and slender necked, with characteristic sonorous calls.

Six species of Cranes are found in our country. But the future does not hold good for these winged creatures. Being large omnivorous birds they hold a key position in the food chain of their environment. The World has seen a tremendous increase in the use of pesticides since the green revolution: sadly, the cranes in the wetlands ingest the water runoff. They are also very susceptible to disturbances in grassland ecosystems; 11 of the 15 species in the World are under threat.

The shrinking of the Indian crane habitat has exposed them to dreadful infections from domestic poultry; and their number has dwindled ever since due to several other factors too.

(6)

Thus, it is imperative we unite in our efforts to conserve the homes of these creatures over which we have been granted dominion.

For a fact, man did not weave the web of life—he is merely a strand in it; whatever harm he brings to it, only spells misery for himself.

Today, the view of the grasslands is marred with telegraph wires, the ripe forests spotted with clearings for pasture; and the waterways abused with chemicals. Only modern techniques such as satellite tracking of their flying routes offer a ray of hope to their existence. Cranes are only one of the many species of birds that are doomed with a bleak future.

However, time may inevitably question—
Where is the flora? Gone. Where is the fauna?

Gone. The end of living and the beginning of survival.

-*Lookin High up...*
Deepak Sanan

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE...

Overheard Assem to Sarbans: Listen me yaar Sarbans. How the hell do you *so manage well* to keep such *tall hair!!!*

Owais: Oye Sarbans please teach me how to do this accounts sum.

Sarbans: Oye just a minute yaar. You know what i just *taached* Amish in the morning and now I shall *taught* you in the afternoon!

Amish asking Aseem: Why did you bunk P.T in the morning?

Aseem: Oh! I forget to tell you that I had got a *sprain* in my head!!!

Puneet to Adhaar: What is that alcoholic Drink that hits you very hard?

Adhaar: You mean Taquila *stroke!!*

Sunny Klair to Ankush: (*while discussing the date of the feast of the 12thies*) Listen yaar. lets have the feast on Thursday night as *Good Friday is a Sunday(trying to mean holiday)*

Mr.Sandeep Khanna to class X-A: Your teacher Mrs. Bajpai is just coming and She has told *me to behave*.(realizing his mistake) sorry she has told *me to behave for you*.

Aseem to Adhaar: You know how much higher a rubber tennis ball bounces compared to a *leather* tennis ball.

Mr. Dhingra to the students: Have you ever thought how many millions of *miles of kilometres* the suns rays have to travel before reachingus?

RINGSIDE VIEW

The heat is getting onto all of us, as the Pool has begun to function, and remains the only sign of relief. The Cricket Inter House is finally over (a sigh of relief!) and the most awaited season of the year is finally here. Yes, when it comes to hockey, we are born champions (optimistic me!).

The cricket Inter House finals was reminis-

cent of the Australia-South Africa World Cup semifinals. Cauvery batted first and Krishna bowled well to restrict them to a modest total of 141. Though Cauvery managed 2 early breakthroughs, Krishna regained their ground and were cruising at 103 for 2 wickets, needing only 39 runs in the 7 overs. However, the Eagles fought back.

and stretched the match till the last over, when Yoginder bowled a magnificent over and restricted Krishna to a tie.

A second final was in store for all the cricket fans, when Krishna batted first and put up a challenging target of 157 runs. Sarbans amazed the crowds with a towering six, and a couple of boundaries. However, Cauvery could not put up a good show as in the earlier match, as the top order collapsed at a score of 28 runs for 4 wickets. From then on, it was Krishna's game all the way, although Rajiv scored a patient 50. The other highlight of the Cauvery inning was a brilliant catch by Pradipta. Krishna managed to stamp their authority on both the Cricket Trophies.

The Volleyball Open was a thundering success, with over 12 teams participating. There was a show of the boys' creative talents, as they gave their teams diverse names such as 'Cheaters', 'Ghantas', and the best, 'Dudly Boys'. The final was held under floodlights, as

Aditya's team defeated Shrid's in a one sided affair. Anshuman was adjudged the Best Player, Yoginder and Rajiv being declared 'Dude of the Court', and 'Most Promising Player' respectively. In the aftermath of the tournament, the Captain is busy counting the bread that he pocketed, and how many chocolates to disburse. Needless to say, he knows nothing about Magical Math.

The Activity Centre is cleared finally- Basketball practices are on in full swing. As mentioned in the earlier issue, they have a hectic month coming up, with the first tournament at Wood Stock coming up in another 10 days. Then, we have our very own Golden Jubilee, and the Afzal Khan Tournament in the Doon School. Practice begins at 5, before the rooster starts crowing. The Captain is busy juggling between Hockey and Basketball.

Table Tennis is the upcoming sport in Welham, to be precise, P.H. The entire batch plays it twenty-four seven. The Captain thus motivated,

is geared to making an undefeatable, indestructible and an immaculate team.

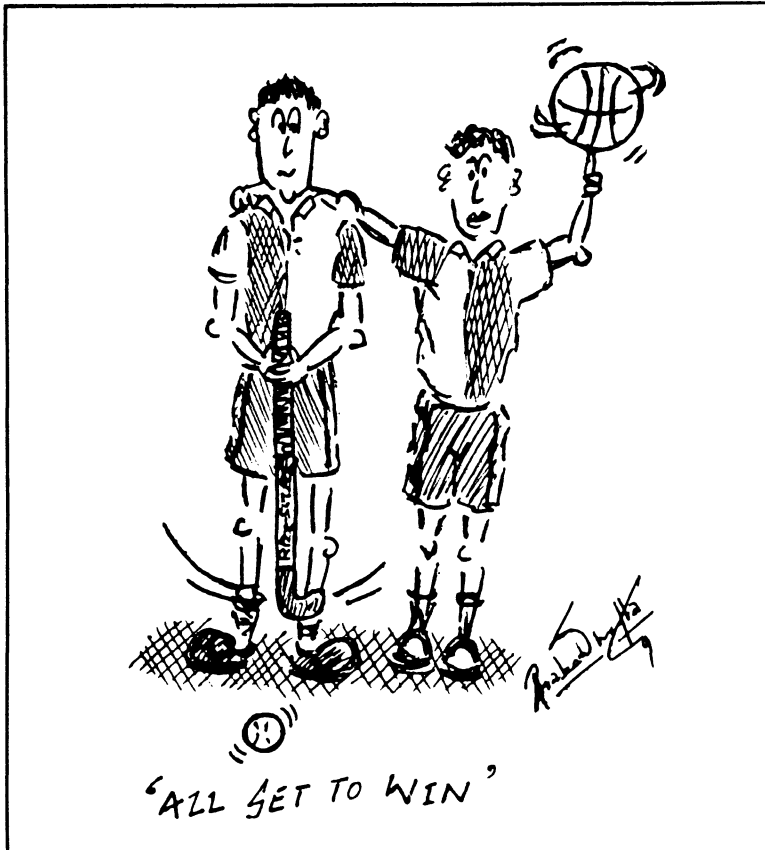
Influenced by the Volleyball Open, the Badminton Open's on its way. Wonder what the names will be like. There's good news for all the Badminton 'Freaks' at Welham. We have a new coach, who is supposedly the best in 'Dehra'!

As mentioned, the Hockey Captain has a big reputation to maintain. Each evening, the team

sets out enthusiastically to our neighbour's field. There are rumors that some of them actually go there to play!

That's it from the King without a Kingdom, of the Sports scenario in Welham, and I conclude, by wishing the Basketball and Hockey teams a successful season.

-Rohan



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