

The Elephant

No. 259

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

7th May, 2001

Think About It...

Rock journalism is people who can't write, interviewing people who can't talk, for people who can't read.

-Frank Zappa

EDITORIAL

First of all, let's maintain a two-minute silence for those bereaved by the cancellation of the Summer Carnival. It's been quite a tragic scene, with many hearts melting due to this sudden decision. However, it must be noted that the decision to cancel the Carnival must have been thought over again and again. Hence forth, I promise not to mention the words 'Summer Carnival' again in my entire editorial.

Ok then, let's switch to other arenas. May has heralded the month of power cuts, water problems, and among other things, the pain of taking out issues one after the other. Let's face it: we are a nation, which is trying

to become the next global power, and yet we suffer from power cuts that range from 3 hours (that's the least) to the whole day. This everlasting failure of the electricity board has hit the magazine's Desktop Editors the worst. With looks that could kill, the Staff Rep. has once again lashed out his fury at us though we have been working hardest for the publication of this issue.

Now that exams are nearing, the existence of nerds in our society can finally be proved. The

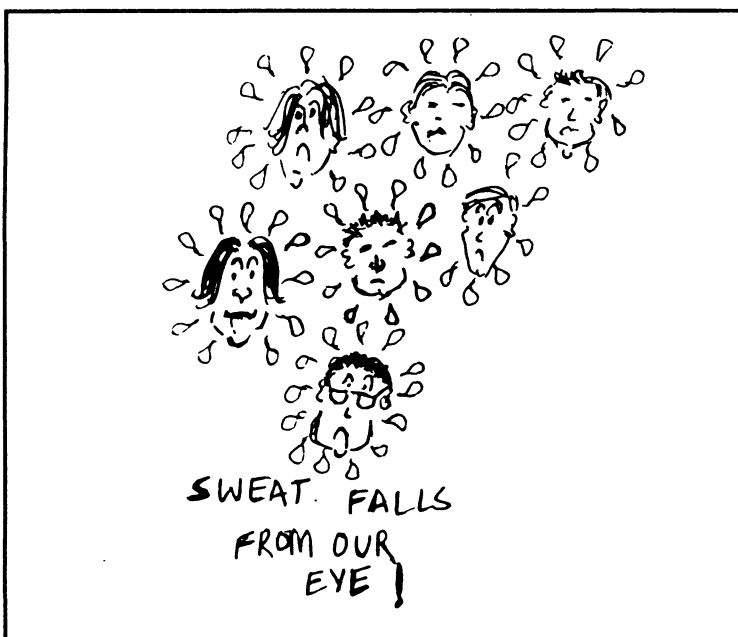
brains are finally shedding their cocoons as glasses and notes come out of the lockers and new recipes of how to make coffee and noodles in the dark are experimented. However, it is quite scary to note the way things are going, with the everlasting heat and extremely monotonous classes that even

teachers feel lethargic to conduct.

The hockey scenario has finally come to the forefront, with the team playing their Council matches and not losing any. I wonder if the winning streak is still continuing, but more than that, it is quite interesting to know that our players have been equally involved in

Basketball as well as Hockey. With the least practices ever in the history of the school, we must have a energy packed team, since they play with vigour and enthusiasm.

With smooth functioning of the IT lab, it must come as a surprise to all those who predicted the downfall of the IT era in our school. The ISDN lines have been giving excellent performance, and it comes as a welcome present to all those who have been longing to go online. Maybe we can attribute this to the new Monitor's efficiency.



With the mercury soaring to temperatures above 35 degrees, it's affecting every aspect of our daily lives, making us lethargic, lazy and lousy. And all this while, our neighbors across the street have been continually pestering us with letters 'demanding' a social gathering. I think we don't

need to get the heat rising, as we have had temperatures to burn our rears. As the time for making our brains work come nearer, I seriously need a timeout before I can continue.

-Without malice to one and all,

Text of letter dated 20th April, 2001 addressed to all Parents from Mr. S.K. Kandhari:

"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.

Born in October 1962, he is presently Principal, Sardar Patel Vidhyalaya, New Delhi. Mr. Shelat is a linguist with fluency in 7 Indian Languages. He is keenly interested in the theatre and has acted in, as well as staged many plays.

He has considerable experience in both residential as well as day schools as Housemaster, Head of English Department and Principal. He has been consultant to many teaching training programs. He is also a member of the CBSE Curriculum Committee and CBSE National Sports Committee.

His wife teaches Maths and Statistics. They have two young children.

I am sure all our parents and old boys will give him support and cooperation that was so readily forthcoming during my years at Welham Boys'.

As I shall be settling down in Dehra Dun I look forward to meeting so many of you who have become friends over the years."

WELHAM NOW

1. The Golden Jubilee Commemorative Basketball Tournament was held from the 22nd to the 24th of April. It was won by Woodstock School and Welham Boys' School were the Runners up.
2. The Afzal Khan Memorial Basketball Tournament was held at the Doon School from the 25th to 28th of April 2001. Welham Boys' stood third.
3. The Inter School English Elocution, held on 26th April, was won by Welham Girls'. Samridha Rana and Pranay Patodia participated from our school. Both stood second in their respective groups.
4. The Oliphant Memorial Extempore English Debate was held on the 28th of April 2001. Sri Ram School lifted the trophy. We came second and Amish Mulmi was awarded 3rd position individually along with the best rebuttal jointly

with Parag Agarwal.

5. The Inter School Hindi Debate was held on the 25th of April 2001 at Welham Boys' School.

6. The Chairman, Board of Governor, has announced the appointment of Mr. Mukesh Shelat as the successor to Mr. Kandhari with effect from the 1st of June 2001.

LITERARY AFFAIRS.

THE 4TH STOREY.

It's well past midnight and all else is quite. Even the slow humming of the cooler is in tandem with its surroundings. I want to stare out of the window to mitigate my state of mind, which seems oblivious to the outside peace. However, the deep lonely darkness ahead of me is not too comforting either. Should I shed a tear or two, to let my emotions flow, so that the rest of the remaining hours of darkness go unnoticed, and I be granted the gift of sleep?

As my desk ahead seems to get fuzzier by the second I slump into my chair and shut my eyes. I still cannot sleep, my past one year still haunts me...

I see myself running with my laces untied, clinging on to my books with one hand and munching a toast from the other. My vision is unsteady and I am afraid I might choke and die... or trip and fall, crack my skull and die all the same. But I take the risk and run faster. I tell myself, if I am late for school this time my death may be even more painful.

Thank God I get a bus immediately. I trot to the back of the bus purposely avoiding curious glances from the office going crowd. There is hardly any place to sit. Well, at least I will be on time.

Hardly 5 minutes have passed and I am getting restless. There is no one in the bus I know so I decide to get friendly with the bus driver.

As I make my way to the front I remind myself, how lucky I am.

"Excuse me, do you know the time?" a sweet, confident voice disengages my pursuit momentarily.

I turn around, and notice her innocence first, then her weak smile, then her nervous glance

from left to right, then her vain attempt to restate her inquiry, then her shifting uneasily in her seat, then her eyes slowly locking into mine again.

She catches her breath and says, "Do you know the time?"

I nod and smile at the same time. In my mind I quickly comprehend what I can do next. I can tell her the time in my finest of accents. I can tell her I wish I could help but unfortunately my watch got spoilt, I can also tell her that I was just reminding myself how lucky I was, when she came into my life and reaffirmed my conviction that I was indeed lucky.

Instead, I say, "Its 7:40 AM... by the way do I know you?" She is wearing my school uniform, but I am sure I do not know her. Her striking beauty has enthralled my senses beyond comprehension.

A seat opposite to her empties and I allow my weary legs some rest. I am still staring at her, and I feel she is avoiding me with a distant look in her eyes. She has to be thinking about me.

"I believe you have just joined our school?" She nods without looking at me. I think I get the point, I will have to stay off her for a while... she might have a boyfriend, but he isn't there on the bus at least. So she cares for me. She has silently given me a hint but I still think she is being unfair.

"Oh! well, the school's here," I sigh. "Yes... listen, you seem to be a nice guy, maybe we could meet some other time," she says with a touch of subtle irony as she gets up. I tell myself although I seem like a nice guy, at least she doesn't hate me. Another thing... we had all the time in the world in the bus. Why was she silent then?

Oh! well, the day in school isn't passing all well. I haven't seen her since but I have not thought of anyone or anything else either.

School's about to end, and I am contemplating my next mode of action. She seems to have some strange pull on me. Is she a black hole? Is her attraction reversible? Well, she looks electrifying... aaaggh! Too much Physics for the day...

Thank God, I am outside my class and the background noise of peals and squeals of laughter and excitement have dimmed considerably. Instead I hear her repeatedly say, "you seem to be a nice guy..." and then I suddenly look up. There she is! On the 4th storey with her back against the railing. I start to run towards the stairs. I am getting restless and impatient and I am not thinking about what I will say when I meet her, I am just running.

I am there now, on the 4th storey. No one is here. It seems it has been a long time since the last school bell but I am not going to debate on relativity now.

I wait for my breathing to subside. I check one of the classrooms. I am moving on to the last classroom now. If anywhere this has to be the place she is hiding herself. But I ask myself, why is she hiding?

"Here, you got a problem?" a voice booms

behind me... I turn around frozen in expression. "No, I am fine, how about you?" I ask him.

"Get out of here..."

"I will, you don't have to come any closer..." I begin to request him. I am getting frantic now as his pace has quickened. I trot backwards and quickly glance into the last classroom. "Look, I was looking for someone. I have found her... if you don't believe me... just wait." I tell him.

I am looking directly into the girl's eyes now. I request her to come outside. She isn't moving. I tell her again, this time, my appeal more passionate than ever. God damn it! She is staring back at me!

Rambo's heavy breathing descends upon me like a slow painful death. Before he grabs my collar and shoves me back towards the staircase. I quickly glance at her tiny soft hands. She's holding a packet of white powder. When I look into her eyes for the final time, she seems to be saying, "Well, nice knowing you!"

Oh well, yeah... same here.

*-Parag Agarwal
Class XII*

THE BURNING SOUL.

It was raining that day. The skies were dark and some of the people had run away for cover. It seemed to Rahul that the heavens were crying out at his friend's death. It was a tearing sight as the fire burning over the pyre fought desperately to stay alive. There were many people there, all bereaving over her death. While some of them seemed familiar, others seemed to have dropped in to drop a few tears.

No one saw him drop the rose in the fire. Roses, they were her favourite. Bright red roses, newly blossomed. And as he saw the fire burning away to eternity, he remembered their friendship once again.

It was at a party, he recalled. He had asked her if she wanted a drink. She didn't refuse. Then the dance over the soft strumming of guitars. Slowly, but strongly, relations developed. They became closer than they could even think of. Each tried to convince themselves that

it was only friendship, but both of them knew, they had discovered love.

The quiet evenings on Marine Drive, watching the waves battle the rocks, he had told her once, 'even if I have to battle the world as the waves fight the rocks, for you, I would. I will not allow even death to separate us.'

Destiny had in store something else, though. She had died, leaving him behind in pain, while she slowly burned away to ashes.

His thoughts were interrupted by a voice, her mother's voice: "That's him! He's the one who killed my daughter. Look at him. That's him." She yelled out, hysterically. He could sense the agony in her voice. She was in a array of disorder. Bloodshot eyes revealed the wailing, he could sense that she had broken down under this inexplicable situation

Her father clutched his wife tightly, never letting go, and stared at him with an eye that made

him think, I think he knows it all.

His thoughts went back to the moment when she had cried over the phone because her mother had beaten her up and locked her in her room for going out to meet him. He recalls how that night he had taken her favourite, a rose and climbed up her window on a bougainvillea creeper. He still remembered the kisses she had showered upon him that night.

His thoughts again got interrupted, as people started ebbing in the distance, the formalities finished. He could see people drag her mother towards the car.

Suddenly he felt the presence of someone standing behind him. He turned around to find her father there.

“Namaste” he said, trying to suppress the heaviness that arose out of nowhere. “Namaste, I think we know each other. Therefore, I gather, no introductions are required. I came here to make an offer,” he said.

Rahul tried to reach a conclusion about the ‘offer’. He asked quietly, “what offer?”

The father took out a thick envelope, and told him, “here are 200,000 rupees, and a

ticket to the U.S.A. I just want you to get out of this place, just get out of our lives, and don’t even care to come back. Forget that you knew her, forget that you ever knew us.”

He continued, “I know it was not your fault, the postmortem stated that my daughter was on continuous doses of drugs. But do you expect me to tell my wife that our daughter died because of drugs? I am giving you this money for your rehabilitation and for you to begin a new life.” With this he placed the envelope on his lap.

He picked up the envelope and returned it to her father. “Excuse me, I am not accepting this ‘gift’. I was leaving this country anyway. It holds too many memories that I want to leave behind. I hope you understand.” Saying this, he turned his eyes away.

He felt heavier than ever, as his eyes filled with tears once again. Why did it have to end this way, the way that he had expected least?

He hung his head in shame as he stared down at his bandaged legs. He remembered the party, the final drink in which he had mixed the drug.

*-Pradipta Rana
Class XII*

The Durst Factor

The allegations are flowing fast and furious. Nine Inch Nails main-man Trent Razor has destroyed him in the video for ‘Star Crackers Inc.’ and has also expressed a strange desire to ‘surf a piece of plywood up his back’. Teen songstress Christina Aguilera is thoroughly miffed with him and the media still blames his band for the carnage at Woodstock 99. But for Fred Durst and Limp Bizkit ... ‘its just one of those days.’

In his professional life Fred Durst seems to be continuously collaborating with one star or the other, forever making video appearances on albums and perpetually searching for the next rung on the ladder of fame. In his personal life however, Fred Durst has know about loneliness and independence since he was a sprightly toddler growing up in the hillbilly and rather redneck tobacco town of Gastonia, North Carolina.

In a manner that is usually associated with

the fairer sex or the totally vain ego-tripper such as David Lee Roth, Fred Durst refuses to reveal his age, only going as far as “I am older than 25, younger than 30.” Cagey, to be sure, still tells us he was born in the early 70’s. He was born in Jacksonville, Florida, and in a manner of all front men that ascend to greatness, the name on his birth certificate is different from what he calls himself today. Fred Durst was born Fredrick Allen Mayhe III but was rechristened William Fredrick Durst when he was adopted at a very early age. When in his teens, his family shifted to Gastonia where his father was a cop and mother helped at a mental hospital. “We did not have much of a relationship,” he says, referring to his father. “I had black friends and I rapped. My dad couldn’t stand me back then.”

In fact when Durst graduated from high school with “exceptional” C average he was all

set to got to nowhere. A series of jobs before the man with the reverse baseball cap realized his true vacation and starting putting bands together. "Doing rap-rock in 1990" he reminisces, "trying to mix hip hop and rock and roll – people weren't having it! Like 'dude, sing or get the hell out.'" Rap- Rock in those days was limited to being celebrity collaboration something which superstars like Aerosmith and Public Enemy came up with when they felt like bucking up the normal stuff. Nobody was interested in a bunch of unknowns like 'Limp Bizkit'. Therefore to keep his pocket 'unempty' he developed tattooing skills, which eventually led to Limp Bizkit getting the biggest break of their life. The metal-rap group Korn were in Jacksonville opening for 'Sick of it All', says Durst. "I asked Jonathan (the front-man), "hey does anyone want any tattoo's?" he said Brain and Reggie (of Korn) would. "We

went back to my house, all worked up and I gave Head his first tattoo. That's how we became friends. They took us on tour and then got us our record deal." Today the two bands are rivals.

Fred is now the vice- president of Interscope records and the band (Sam Rivers, Wes Borland, DJ Lethal and John Otto) consider themselves to be the presidents of the United States.

Durst style of music is basically Rap-Rock. It is a classical way of showing how hip-hop and rock can fuse together. All his songs are about life and how the people are getting corrupt. His music is full of explicit lyrics insults and dissing people. Catch their latest album: 'Chocolate Starfish and Hot Dog Flavored Water'

*-Kartik Mahajan
Class X*

LAMPOON

THE MAKING OF A COMPLETE MAN

Lately, there has been a lot of buzz around school concerning 'Bullying'. However, this piece is not just about bullying, it's about the general hardships one has to face along the journey from being a junior to a senior. Hardships so common that one gets used to them and learn to make them a part of our lives. This is about senior school.

We've seen it all from the rigours of the 'Rumaan Raaj' to the pains of the 'Bad Batch' and even the 'Different Batch'. Every new year has brought new experiences; every year has been a teacher. We were so scared at that time, the time of our first year in Senior School. So many new rules, so many new faces. Like puny delicate beings in the reign of hulks. We were a part of the system; our seniors had been for years. But they were not just a part of the system... THEY WERE THE SYSTEM.

We were told of the important rule of senior school- YOU HAVE TO RESPECT YOUR SENIORS. There were no second rules. Respect we knew was an ambiguous word in that context. In our first meeting with the House Caretaker, we were given the privilege of the sixties (1996). No one was allowed to give us favours for the first term.

The very first thing the Caretaker did after that was that he called a couple of us to massage his body! Damn!

The rare conversations we did manage to have with our seniors primarily consisted of painful experiences. It was a way of justifying their behaviours. These seniors in turn were typecast as being 'pally' with us. Compared to their seniors they were angels, they said. They could not even look at a senior in the eyes. "It's one vicious circle," they said. "Our seniors did it to us, we are doing it to you, you will do it to your juniors and in turn they to theirs." That's just the way it is. It was. There was nothing thing we could do about it, but Wait.

The Dining Hall was another place, where we were repeatedly made to feel like ourselves, like juniors. We were served the last. And as if all the worst pieces of the share were meant for us alone. The servers were experts in separating the worst pieces of chicken for us. And why was it that the shares always fell short for us only and the servers still managed to enjoy their extras? To keep us from complaining they did at time promise to

give us extras next time. Their 'next time' never came!

Optimistically speaking, we were the richest in the Tuck-Shop bank. That was because we never got to take out any coupons. If one somehow managed to stand second in the line, within minutes, one would see himself being moved from second to twenty second to second last! We were denied our right to stand ahead in lines, because our seniors had attached to their names that one omnipotent right, called 'Seniority'. And then there were the regular raids. Raiding eatables was all right, but what about those toothbrushes and underwears! Yes! There were actually those kind of people. After several of these raids, however we did become quite experienced and devised new ways and hiding places to zap the seniors. I remember one of my classmates bringing Parle-G biscuits, namkeens and other stuff to get them deliberately raided, while he had the Cadbury's and Hershey's safely hidden! The seniors virtually broke each and every rule in the book, and then checked us for the same. Then there were the Saturday nights. While our seniors would be watching 'those kinds of movies,' we would be out in the cold guarding. How we craved to get a peek, how we craved to go on outs, to be out of dress, to stand first in the lines. How we craved to eat the fleshy chicken pieces. How we craved to be seniors. And then, there was a big disappointment. My class was the first in the history of Welham to be junior most for two consecutive years! It felt like being reconvicted for a crime, you did not commit, or worse, since Double Jeopardy does not exist even in law.

I remember reading a poem in Class 8. The

poet justified the existence of corporal punishment and other hardships one faces in school, as it made a boy tough enough to face life. "Life, my foot" I thought then. I regarded him as a sarcastic bloody monster, who had never experienced school life. I wish he were in Welham! But as time elapsed I understood, what he meant. All these hardships that we faced in fact were just practice. Just a taste of what fate had in store for us. We were in a way unconsciously preparing ourselves for what we might face in the future. For the climate crunch-LIFE. It is not just about a junior slapping a senior on the face, because we know it is impractical, it is about a sense of respect which should be inculcated in a junior. If not for him, but at least to his being elder and more experienced. 'Respect' is a very ambiguous word. Taking undue advantage of a junior is not respect, it is bullying. Respect cannot be forced upon; it has to come from within.

Everyone knows that this stage has to pass; and suddenly someday you will make up with a start realising you're a senior. It is a great feeling. I know its like wondering in a barren desert for years and suddenly finding a river in the midst, not of water but Coca Cola! These small hardships transform a boy into a man... a complete man.

In conclusion I have this to say to the ~~present~~ 7th batch:-

*"We were once, what you are now
Bend a little, but do not bow.
Bear something if you can
Till Welham makes you a complete man."*

-Prayaas

RINGSIDE VIEW

The Basketball season has almost come to an end, much to the dismay of many fans, the Districts is the only Tournament left. The Golden Jubilee semi-finals were played between BCS and us. It was a rather controversial match but naturally the better team emerged victorious. That took us to the finals with Woodstock. The team first put up a 'deadly' performance taking a lead of 6 points but later the men from the land of

NBA took a lead and won the match comfortably in spite of the Welham coach's vigilance.

Next stop on the stream was the Afzal Khan Tournament at Doon School. We played our first match with the foreign Bangladeshi team BKSP (Don't ask me what that stands for). It was rather a close match as we took a lead of 8 points throughout the game but the last quarter saw a flip of fortunes and they managed to beat us by 2 points.

DPS came next and we made up for our loss. We played our natural game and showed the guys from Delhi to play Ball our style. This led us into the quarterfinals against Modern School. We won once again, clearing our way for the Semis. We met Woodstock, (not again) in the Semi Finals, and bowed down to the eventual winners of the tournament. I must congratulate their team on this season's achievement, as they have emerged victorious in the three tournaments they participated in. However, we fought for the 3rd position against BCS and emerged victorious. It is quite interesting to note that out of the matches played this term by us, we lost to Woodstock thrice and all were crucial matches.

The Hockey Councils have begun, much to the relief of the team as they played their first match against Col. Brown School. A tough match, with fortunes swinging both ways. Any team could have won but with Aatir on our side, we emerged victorious with the pulled up score of 4-3. Aatir 'Dhyanchand' Ansari knocked in 3 goals, while Sunny Sarta chipped in one. The second match was against GRD and we won this too by 2 goals.

(Man! this is wonderful) 1 goal was slipped in by Namgyal and the second one by Aatir converting upon an excellent pass by Anshuman (discovery). The third win was against Cambrian Hall and the score was 5-1. Aatir, Namgyal and Sunny put in all the goals. Despite not practising long enough, we are sure lucky to have the winning streak on our side. But it's surely not the way things usually work out.

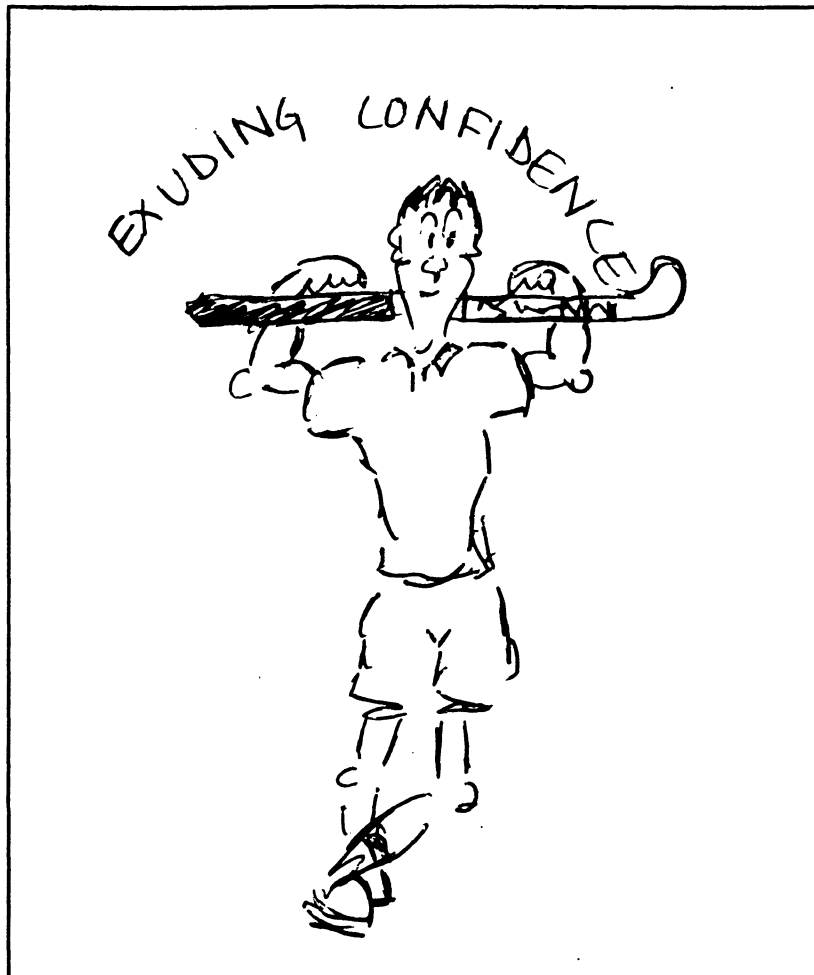
The Junior Inter House matches have begun. The first match was played between Ganga and Jamuna. Jamuna played extremely well, restricting Ganga to 1 goal by Kunga. However, the match came under scrutiny due to several decisions. Other matches are yet to be played.

Badminton, Tennis, Volleyball are lost somewhere in the jungle of sticks and balls. Come on Captains, get your teams ready. Since there is no smoke without fire, I must comment that I have heard that the Swimming Captain is busy preparing a team.

The heat's finally getting to me and I need to go for a swim.

-Swinging on the branches,

Rohan



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