

The Elephant

No. 263

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

13th September, 2001

Think About It...

He who fears death, dies everytime he thinks of it.

Stanislaus Leszczynski.

EDITORIAL

There's a jinx that's suddenly come down upon the 12th. I don't really know what else to call it, however, it is unanimously felt in the hostel that some one has cast an evil eye on us. Injuries during football matches, people getting seriously unwell and to serve as an icing – exams.

It is a sad fact that our three classmates have been seriously injured; while all our good wishes are with them, we will surely miss their contribution in their respective fields.

Football has been given a new name after these Inter House matches; I have yet to meet a single person who does not feel apprehensive about entering the field and leaving it safely. However, the enthusiasm hasn't died down and all matches are being played in the true spirit of the game.

The new Principal has begun his 'change' strategy. The first prominent change that made a marked difference was the Teachers' Day celebration. It was quite a pleasant event as boys went around distributing incense sticks and greeting cards. The idea of the School Captain taking assembly was an innovative one and we certainly wish more teachers – student interactions in the future.

Another new idea of the Principal was the Leadership training camp at Chakrata. Class 11th

was given extensive briefing about true leadership qualities and managing affairs. We certainly hope to see the changes in them.

There are loads of outdoor trips coming up in this month's schedule. First is the annual trip to Gwalior followed by boys going to Mayo Girls' and Delhi for Badminton and Basketball fixtures

respectively. Another upcoming event is the 'Marathon' in Delhi. We sure hope all the representatives the very best of luck.

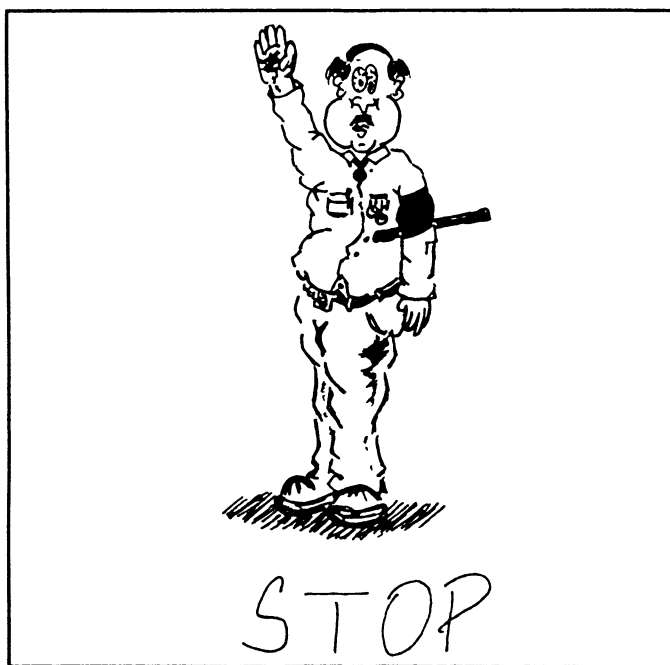
Surprises galore as the buttered slices take on a new look and we are being served butter cubes. Innovative indeed, it has been one of the most unexpected changes brought about in the dining hall. Let's hope there are more to come including better grub.

There has been much going around in school and there sure is one thing, which is the installation of an extension phone line at the Jubilee Gate. Better and quicker communication.

That indeed is another sign by the new Man in Charge to bring about necessary changes. Watch out people for he is serious. He might joke around a lot and talk to all his students by getting himself down to their level of thinking but he has a vision for us and our school. And he means business.

- Anshuman.

(1)



LETTERS TO THE ED...

Email from Ijlal Shamsi, Batch-2001:-

Hi,
I have now settled in my university and I am going to do a double Major BSBA (Bachelor of Science in Business Administration with emphasis on marketing and BSMIS (Bachelor of Science in Management of Information System) this is related to computers etc.

Usamah Burza, Saurabh Gupta, Mohnish Rathi and Bishesh Shrestha are all quite close to me and I am also in touch with them.

Please note my address and phone number:

Ijlal Shamsi
Appartment #218a
University Meadows Apartments
2901 University of Missouri-St. Louis
St Louis, Missouri 63121

Phone 1-314-516-7551 (if no one answers just leave a message after the tone)

Ok I think this is all for now
Ijlal Shamsi (batch 2000)

WELHAM NOW

1. Results of the Inter House Hindi debate held on the 30 August 2001.

1st Anupam Biswas
2nd Tanmay Agarwal
3rd Gaurav Rohatgi
Ganga stood first with Cauvery second position.

2. Results of the Inter - House English Quiz for Classes 7,8 and 9

Wining House: Ganga

Team members:

- a. Shaunak Valame
- b. Raunak Tibrewal
- c. Sankalp Asthana

3. Results of the English Handwriting Contest held on 27th August 2001.

Group A-classes XI and XII

1st Sumit Gupta
2nd Sagar Sharma
3rd Navneet Agarwal
Consolation : Anant Golyan

Group B-classes IX and X

1st Maroof Ahmed
(2)

2nd Tanmay Agarwal
3rd Abhishek Kapoor
Consolation : Abhinav Kumar

Group C-classes VII and VIII

1st Dhariya Karwa
2nd Chirantan Singh
3rd Sarthak Johar
Consolation: Prateet Singh

4. Results of the Meera Sunderam English Essay Writing Contest held on the 21st of August 2001.

1st Ajitesh Kir
2nd Vipin Kumar and Shivesh Tyagi
3rd Kandarp Swarup and Vishal Singh

5. Akshit Batra, class 5 stood 2nd in the Inter School English Elocution competition held at Welham Girls' School on 18th August 2001.

6. Akshit Batra stood 1st in the Inter – School Hindi elecution held at Hopetown School on 31st August, 2001.

7. The Inter–House English debate for seniors was held on the 22nd of August 2001, with Cauvery winning the trophy.

Awards were given to –

- a. Best speaker – Nakul Sachdeva.**
- b. Most promising speaker – Pranay Patodia.**
- c. Best Rebuttal – Nakul Sachdeva.**

8. The Inter–House English debate for juniors

was held on 5th September.

Awards were given to –

- a. Best Speaker – Daksh Tyagi.**
- b. Most Promising – Gaurav Rahotgi.**
- c. Best Rebuttal – Daksh Tyagi.**

9. The Junior Inter – House soccer trophy was awarded to Krishna House, with Krishna playing the final against Ganga.

LITERARY AFFAIRS.

THE 'HATE' LETTER.

Dear Alison,

When I sat down to write this letter I presumed it would be the same kind that I usually wrote to you, a typical love letter. But then a sudden realization sparked within me; that was years ago! Sometimes, I wonder at the bewitching effect you had over me then, and that I had over you, perhaps! Whenever, I look at this 'trunk' of letters, it is hard to even imagine that I read them all, and replied each one. But look at this quirk of fate. Ally, as I sit here writing this letter to you, the trunk with all your letters is burning right besides me. I burnt them! Come to think about it Ally, things are different now. We are not the same people we used to be, at least I know I am not. I know you hate me, just as much, if not more, as I do.

First our story seemed like that of a typical romantic movie – two star crossed lovers meet under unusual circumstances, devised by fate itself, fall for each other, exchange love letters, get married, have two kids, and live in a bungalow.....happily ever after. 'Happily over after,' that is one phrase, I have acquired a strange dislike for over the years. It never happens the way, they say it usually does, at least not to me! You know Ally, I still remember the exact time and place we came across each other. It was exactly at 3:36 p.m. the 17th of July.... I do not know if you remember that or not, but I do. Now I hate even the mention of that place, and at 3:36, I have trained my dog to go outside and urinate! Yes, I hate you so

much, and even more. I do not want to dig up old memories. They would only increase my craving for those euphoric days, which I know I can never go back into. Perhaps, it is the realization that makes me hate you all the more. The same person. who came into my life like a rainbow. walks away leaving me in the midst of a storm! I wanted someone to love me when I deserved it the least. because that is when I need it the most. You deserted me, when I needed you the most. Everyone makes mistakes and I am no different. I could have lived in this cage of misery for the rest of my life, still with that feeble light of hope that you will forget me someday. Was that not punishment enough for me? Then, why did you marry. Ally? How could you be so emotionless? What about all those promises we made? What about all those dreams we weaved, all the feelings we shared. all those imitate moments we plunged ourselves into. not giving a damn about this world? What about them Ally? Ally.... isn't it ironic. that even with my heart filled with so much hatred, I still call you that? But that passion you had planted deep within my soul, still surfaces itself, and I have to suppress it everytime. I do not want that love to affect this hate that is within me now. I want to kill it before it takes me back and make me the man I used to be. I hate that man. I love the new me, because the new me hates you! I want to keep it that way. because I can face the reality then. The reality is that my life is not a life anymore, I died the day you left me; I have been a living corpse since then. And now I know

that reality never comes in as a straight line, it comes as circles. The old me persisted on getting your love back, the new me has realized that it is not possible now. The old me would have cried and let the melancholy eat himself from his insides. But the new me will not suppress the frustration and hatred that has built up within him, he certainly will not. He needed some outlet, and he sure did find one.....himself!

It is very strange, how circumstances can change a person. A couple of years ago, I would not have even thought of killing an ant, and today I am killing myself! Whenever I heard of someone commit suicide, I used to wonder as to what could be so disastrously wrong with his life, that he had to end it. Now that I have been through these experiences myself, no one knows it better than me. No, I am not afraid to face life. But the fact is that I do not have one! Alison, have you ever had an ugly cicatrice? The ones that come up after you are cut or heart. If you leave the scab, the ugly thing will remain for days, but in the end it falls off itself and the wound is healed. However, if you pick at it, the scab will go nevertheless but leaving a mark that remains forever. I see our relationship just like that! First, I wanted to forget it all and let the cicatrice of time heal my wounds. But now, I want to pick at it, I want to scratch it so much that pus oozes out, I want it to infect your whole body. I want our love

to remain forever. What I have done will hit the headlines tomorrow, and no other woman will even think of betraying her first love. Alison, I want to destroy you! But I want you. You should live a life of guilt and disgust. I want your conscience to eat at you, I want it to poke your soul so much that it bleeds and sinks down to insanity. I want you to know that you have been the sole cause for not one but two deaths. Yes, two. I know that my death alone would not make much difference to you. So I had to kill him too.....your husband! I cannot believe that you preferred that wimp to me. The bloody twerp was crying and pleading like a woman before I slaughtered him. Yes, I slaughtered him like a scapegoat, like you slaughtered my heart. Open up the parcel that has been delivered to you Alison. It contains two human heads! One of your ill-fated husband, and the other of your ill-fated lover. Both have died for a common cause. YOU!! I know what I have done is not right, but what is not right might not necessarily be wrong.....

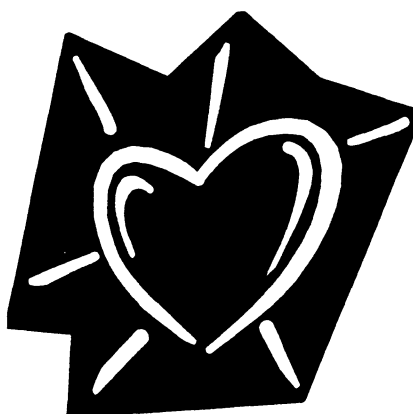
Yours,
Stanley.

P.S. – See you in hell!

-Prayaas J.B. Rana.
Class XI

the truth about love, sex and relationships....-DC-

Relationships, some ordinary, some special. Ordinary ones at times become special, but special ones do not turn into ordinary. Ordinary ones come and go. Special ones remain forever, if not in daily life than at least always in the heart. Sex can be bought, but love is priceless – it can only be paid by giving love in return. In the world of today - boyfriends and husbands, girlfriends and wives – they all come and go. Break-ups and divorces take place everyday, but if they do, then it ain't true love. 'Break-ups and divorces do not take place in True Love.' Love is something that one will never forget, love is something that will



always perpetuate, and something one will never hate. Even in case of problems in the relationship, meetings stop, your beloved separates – but the love remains forever – in a deep corner of the heart, which cries for the memories of the beloved, still waiting for its love, and believing that someday, if the love is true, its beloved will return. Ultimately, the intimacy remains....

People think that the love of their life should be beautiful, should be sexy....but one should not judge the book by its cover.

What lies in true love is the person's heart, the person's thoughts, and mainly the presence

of qualities and feelings that you expect in your beloved, appearances can be deceptive.... Love is of many kinds, love 4 parents, love 4 friends, love 4 relatives – sisters, brothers and the rest – and there is the love 4 your beloved. The beloved can only be ‘one’, and that ‘one’ is the ‘chosen one’. The one that god has chosen for you, whose first step into your life gives you the strange and funny feeling. A person handling more than one is not right in thinking that this is love. The ‘flirt’ enjoys today, but suffers tomorrow. He breaks hearts, and regrets later. But the ones who ‘love’ might suffer today, but the day will come when the one who suffered shall be praised, he shall be granted his love. Someone has said – “Fools fall in love, intelligent people flirt.” I would say that the

one who said so is the biggest of all fools.

They say sex rules. but they, who say so, are bigger fools. Sex is just an experience that everybody experiences and it should be experienced at the right age and at the right time. Hugs and kisses, sharing and caring, they all overpower and outrun sex. Don’t believe me?? Ask the one who knows....ask the one who has experienced both....

Some say falling in love is a headache, some say it is a blessing. Believe in what your heart says and you will know what a blessing really is. Agreed, falling in love is a headache, but the fact remains.....unless the love lasts.....it feels simply ‘GR8’!!

‘The Welham Q – Pid.’

EVER.....

Ever felt lonely, sitting in room
 And your life is cold, like the moon.
 Ever felt the need for friends before
 And that when you looked out of the window,
 Felt the world empty never like before.
 Ever had a dark spot in your heart,
 That you don’t want to give explanations for.
 Ever felt the desire to take a blade
 And slice your wrist just for the sake.
 Ever had too many questions, that you didn’t have
 answers for.
 Ever felt love is not there, when you crave for it,
 And that it was the wrong time and the world a
 deep dark pit.
 Ever felt your friends lavish at you,
 And when you look around there is no one to stand
 up for you.
 Ever felt that every mistake that someone makes,
 it is you who is liable for.
 Ever wanted to cry, but did not have the heart for.

Ever felt yourself wanting to shout.
 But your screams were suppressed in your mouth.
 Ever felt guilty for the sins you have committed
 before,
 And felt your eyes craving for someone you have
 never met before.
 Ever felt like running.
 Running from everything and everyone that you
 have cared for.
 Ever felt your life shattering
 Like a mirror on your wall
 Ever felt that the next step you take you might just
 fall
 If you have had these feelings before.
 Don’t worry the truth is there are millions more.
 Who like you have the desire to say ever.....

**Pradipta Rana.
 Class - XII**

The ‘JAALI’ Secret Six of Welham XI.

1. Shashank Agarwal (Jeetu)
2. Aman Agarwal (East 'n' West)
3. Saccham Regmi (Zimba Frigme)
4. Akshat Chetrapal (Jasoos)
5. Harsh Kemkha (Gandhi)
6. Tushar Gupta (Consti)

Jaali NILAY
 Jaali PATOO (Pirated version)
 Jaali MAHAJAN
 Jaali ABHIJEET
 Jaali BAM (Diwas)
 Jaali MADHAV

- MUMTAZ -

It was about nine o'clock at night and I had been working overtime and was on my way back home. It had been only two weeks since I had shifted to Aligarh. I was at Chandigarh earlier. I had a good job, with a good pay, and had been given a nice accommodation with four servants and was living a luxurious life. But I was a bit nervous about being late and my sweet wife, Ruqusana giving me a loving black and blue welcome. I had just been married and had never been given a chance to explain or justify what I did.

My house was on the outskirts of the city and as I was closing up I saw what seemed to me to be a small white cloth flying in the air. As I got nearer, the white cloth appeared to be a small girl of about the age of five, an angel, with beautiful curly hair, with a small frock on and black sandals. She had a doll in her left hand, dangling by one arm. I stopped my car close to her, as it was quite dark and traffic in Aligarh after eight was nil. She looked quiet scared, I got out of the car and asked her, "Beta, are you alone? Where are your mama and papa?" She said with a tear trickling down her cheek. "I ran away from home because my mummy hit me". I consoled her and made her sit in my car and decided to take her home and help her by giving her name and picture in the newspaper so that she could get back to her parents and anyway Ruqusana liked children too, as we had none of our own, well we were going to.

During the journey I asked the girl her name. "Mumtaz," she said. I saw Mumtaz's wrist, they were thin, and looked soft and tender they had small red and green bangles on each arm. We reached home, I asked Mumtaz to stay in the car

because I wanted to give my wife a surprise. I went in the house; the gorkha saluted and opened the gate. I called Ruqusana, who eagerly came along to see who was in the car – but there was no one there.

I looked guilty as Ruqusana gave me a glare; I asked the gorkha if he had seen any girl. He promptly replied, "Nahin Sahib". I asked him to search outside the house and look around in the near by places. While the cook and the rest looked inside the house in the hope of being able to find her. I opened the car, and I saw Mumtaz's green and red bangles lying on the seat. I gave them to Ruqusana who said, "I knew you lied to me, but at least you have told me that you want a daughter." I explained the whole thing to her even though she thought I had lied. I slept late that night, and ever since then when I cross that spot, where I first met Mumtaz, I see a white cloth flying in the air. I have often stopped by and examined the cloth, it looks as if torn from a frock, and I have also often heard the sound of the bangles.

After six months, I had a daughter whom we named – 'Mumtaz.' The same night I saw the girl again but this time in my arms. The same innocent eyes, that same curly hair, I did not believe it. Then I heard the bangles. I heard a soft tender childish voice saying, "Papa, remember me?" The voice began giggling and made me smile. I lifted Mumtaz up and pressed her gently against my chest, I saw her giggle and smile even though she was a new-born. I felt that we both knew a little more than the rest. Didn't we?

- Fatch Pal
Class - XI

NATURE'S DIARY.

A Planted Thought.

My business is growing trees. I get the plants from private or government sponsored nurseries, sometimes at considerable cost and sometimes at subsidized rates. Eucalyptus, Seesham, Gulmohur, Jackaranda, Laburnum - anything that is available. I also plant bamboo and teak, acacias - indeed, anything that will grow, and

(6)

I am not averse even to planting fruit trees. Please do not think that this activity is confined to the 5 acre land that I own. I plant trees in any open space that I find. On watered areas adjoining the national highways - on pavements where old trees have died, on the periphery of playing fields, temples, cemeteries. I am assisted in my business by my ten

malis who by their expertise, experience and after-care, minimize mortality.

Surprisingly, I meet with very little opposition when I plant trees. Trees are excepted without reservations. If on the rare occasion I have been questioned, I say, "Brother this tree will give shade and fruit to your children - not to you and me - I have only a few years to live", no further questions are asked, because what I have said is true. The sapling will take ten years to become a tree, and I am now 75 years of age and can expect to live but for a few years more.

Many people have said over all these years that I have become eccentric - decidedly odd. Or else why should I have sold of my flourishing paper mill, and why should I now spend so much money in buying seedlings, hiring malis, on transport and my time with no return. I have not cared to explain my reasons to anyone before, but I think the time has come to tell all because I have just been to see my doctor who confirmed that third heart attack which I could have at any moment might well be fatal. I believe him.

I married late and our son was born after 12 years of marriage. Both my wife and I were devoted to him, and, with the flourishing business it

was easy to ensure that he had the best of everything. He was a perceptive boy - playful, yes, but somewhat serious. I guess we were no laughing couples ourselves, but he did make both of us happy, happier than we had ever been in our individual lives.

When he was seven, he began to accompany me to the paper mill, and, surprisingly, became acquainted with the process of manufacture and the earning capacity of the operation. "A chip of the old block," I would say to my wife with pride.

One morning my son and I took an extensive walk through the bamboo grove and the forest from where the raw material for the paper was procured. After that we went to the factory and then returned home, I am more tired than he. When I went into his room, while he was almost asleep, he asked, "Papa, what is going to happen when there are no trees and no bamboo? So much wood is being cut everyday."

I had never before thought of such a possibility. Never in all my many years.

So now I plant trees. And will do so for the short time that is left to me.

- Tree Man.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE...

Sagar asking Mr. Khaira:- Sir, do you give cent in the projects?

Mr. Khaira:- Yes, I give *cents, perfumes* and *dollars* also!

Sharan to the Basketball team while playing a game:- Hey guys, *speaking and talking, speaking and talking* while you are playing.

Mrs. Anand to Shabeer - You embarrass me by going *through the keyhole*.

Tarun Jot goes to the girls of Welham Girls' outside the gate of Doon School after the Population talk by the Editor of Economic Times to pass a letter for a friend to some girl and on not being allowed by the teacher throws the letter at the girls and irritatedly says:- *Jisko leni hai, le lo!!*

W.O.B.S.

Extract from a letter from Maj. Sameer Duggal (batch of 1985) to Mr. Shelat:

"I am an Armoured Corp officer in the Indian Army presently posted as the Staff Officer to a Lt. General. Prior to this I served in Op Meghdoot

(Siachen Glacier) and was also there during OP Vijay (Kargil). I passed out from Welham in 1985 (after 10 yrs). I have been visiting the school on and off and seen it flourish and I am sure you'll take it to greater heights."

RINGSIDE VIEW

With Rohan out to Scindia for the weekend I am filling up his shoes for this issue. So you'll have to bear with me.

It has almost been a month in school and quite a lot has been going on at the sports scene. The football team was into action immediately with R.I.M.C tournament on their heels. The tournament started on the 15th August. (The team got hardly a week to practice) with the team playing Haryan Public School first. The match ended in 2-0 in HPS's favor. We lost the next two matches to the Sports College, Rai and Motilal Nehru School of sports. We next faced Mussorie Modern School, which turned out to be quite a violent and controversial match. After this tournament, the team had been looking forward to the Sanawar Tournament. Unfortunately it was cancelled, and I am sure quite a few people were disheartened.

Shifting the scene to the Inter House matches. In the junior section Krishna dominated the section and faced Ganga in the final. A strike each from Nishant and Maroof saw Krishna being crowned champions.

In the senior division Cauvery and Krishna clashed first. It was a very close match and saw Cauvery having most of the possession. A second half-killing strike by captain, Pradipta Rana saw Cauvery getting full points. The next match was

between Ganga and Jamuna. Ganga easily overcame their opponents with a 6-0 win. Saumya Khaitan came up with a brilliant hat trick. Ganga next played Cauvery; a match billed as the clash of the Titans. Though Cauvery drew first blood Ganga came from behind to rally to a 4-2 win. Jamuna put up a strong and impressive show against both Cauvery and Krishna losing 3-0 and 3-1 respectively. The last league match was between Ganga and Krishna. Krishna had to win with a large margin to enter the finals. But the Ganga team had

other ideas and demolished the Krishna side 5-0, with Saumya netting the ball 4 times. The final will see Cauvery trying to avenge their defeat to Ganga.

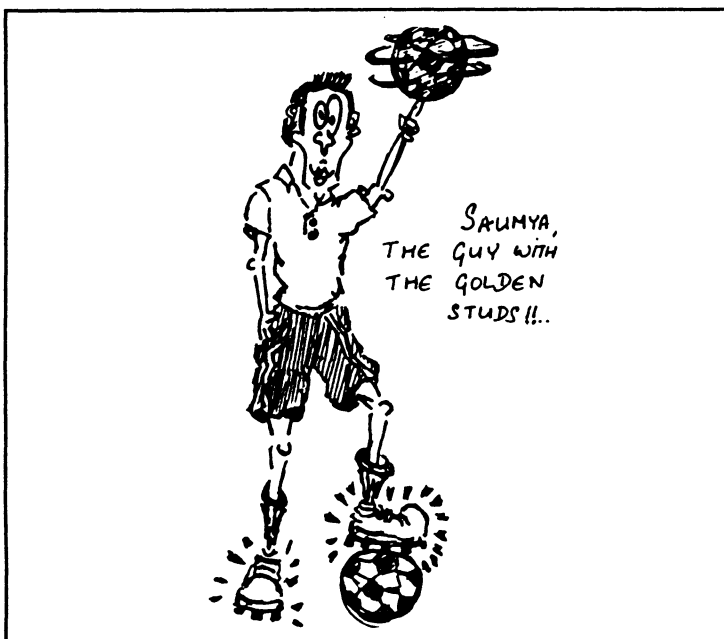
The basketball practice is going strong. The Ramjas Tournament is round the corner and you can see the teams sweating it out on the court. Best of luck to the team.

And for all the tennis fans, the US open is on and is witnessing Pete Sampras's resurgence.

The badminton practices are also going on well. The team will be leaving for Ajmer for the IPSC Badminton Tournament on the 12th of this month. Hope they do well.

In the end I'll just say this to all the players that the game is a lot bigger than you think and it isn't over until its over. Fight till the end.

**Peace and strength,
Aatir.**



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