

The Elephant

No. 265

WELHAMBOYS' SCHOOL

22nd October, 2001

Think About It...

Tyranny is always better organised than freedom.

-Charles Peguy.

EDITORIAL

The recent onslaught on the barren Afghan wastelands by the mighty U.S. has allowed us to witness the sad truth and the futility of the various international peace organisations that propagate peace yet cannot do anything to prevent the obvious. True, the U.S. might be fully justified in retaliating against the September 11 attacks, but does that allow the world to face another setback in the form of a new war? Especially against a country that has been ravaged by nature and man alike, as the grim reality of war closes in, we must believe in working for peace, and must put an end to all dangers to human existence as a whole.

The chill has set in a bit earlier than usual this time, and it sure has drastic consequences. Boys can be seen running around for their woolens and getting out their quilts. One another change-marching! It is a real pleasure to watch the different houses giving in their best as the authorities find different ways to tackle the uncoordinated ones and be a part of the glory. Boys can also be seen walking the way they march, sometimes even chanting the sacred hymns of 'left' and 'right'.

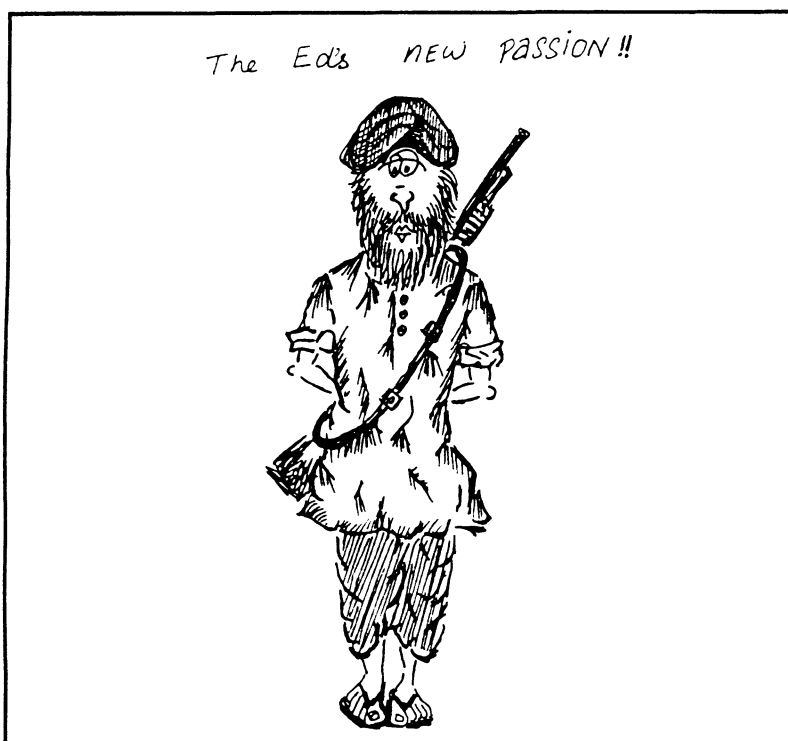
The best part that marching signifies is that Founders' has finally arrived. Many of us are looking forward to it as this time we can expect some serious changes in the occasion. The whole atmosphere has lit up with a different kind of attitude, the one where everyone feels it is essential

to give in something to make the Founder's better.

Our athletes have finally come out of their cocoons as we see die-hard runners practising hard at their events. Recently one replied to my question of how many laps had he run- "15 laps"! Oh my God, something entirely unbelievable has taken over our boys, as we people of all

shapes and size are running around the dusty tracks. We hope to see some serious competition this time.

Our basketball team has once again shown that they are truly a bunch of 'never say die' people and have returned after a highly successful tournament. Though they didn't win it, we must remember they were two key players who missed it. However, our captain, who has just healed from a nose fracture, played like a true captain and led his team all the way.



It has been Founder's all this time, and at the rate that we are going, I think we will surely

have a successful one.

- Anshuman

WELHAM NOW

1. The Inter School Arthur Hughes Extempore English Debate was held in the Activity Center on 10th October.

Parag Agarwal secured the second position and Amish Mulmi the Most Promising Speaker. Welham Boys' stood 2nd.

2. The Inter-School Science and Computer Quiz was held on 11th October. R.I.M.C. took away the trophy.

3. A Hungarian Folk music troupe "Vilagok Hangja" was performed in the Activity Centre on 12th October. This was appreciated by all.

4. The Inter-School English Quiz for classes 7, 8 and 9 was held on the 15th of October. Our team comprising of Shaunak Valame, Gaurav Chopra and Chirantan Singh stood 3rd.

5. The IPSC Basketball tournament was held in

Nabha, Punjab from 12th to 15 October. Our team was Second Runners-up.

6. The Inter-House Senior Squash was won by Cauvery house.

7. The Milo Salwan Marathon was held in Delhi on 14th October. Each section comprised 1000 - 1500 participants.

----In the under 14 section Gurankit stood 22nd, Anant Jhangwal stood 23rd, Vaibhav Raj stood 24th, Vipin Kumra stood 25th, Rishi Raj stood 26th and Ayush Bahety stood 27th. The race for this section was of 2.7 km.

----In the under 17 section Maroof Ahmed stood 15th, Faizan Ullah stood 27th, Abhishek Kapoor stood 28th, Tanmay Agrawal stood 29th, Saurabh Chaudhary stood 30th and Dhruv Malhotra stood 31st. The race for this section was of 5 km.

----In the under 19 section Sagar Sharma stood 38th and Pawan Rana stood 49th. The race for this section was of 10 km.

LAMPOON.

The day in the life of a

6:45 a.m. "Aye!! Gettupp for Pitti (P.T.) Oye!" are the first words that hits his ears early in the morning. 'Now why the hell, cannot this P.T.I. let us sleep, and sleep himself. And god, why cannot you make it rain in the mornings?' are the first thoughts that come to his mind. "What the HELL"; the word is one of the first, he speaks, "Sir, my back is paining. I fell off my bed last night." His first sentence is a silly lie. And to think of it, his day has just kicked off....

(2)

Obviously, not convinced, the P.T.I. shoots off his trademark scolding, that he uses on hard nuts like him. He says something else but means this - 'Yesterday, you gave one excuse, today you give this and tomorrow you will give another and for day after there will be another one forthcoming!!' Reluctantly, he moves out of his cozy bed and out in the field, only to see the smiling faces of the HMs & Co. flocking around 'HIM' to make an *impression*. Then suddenly

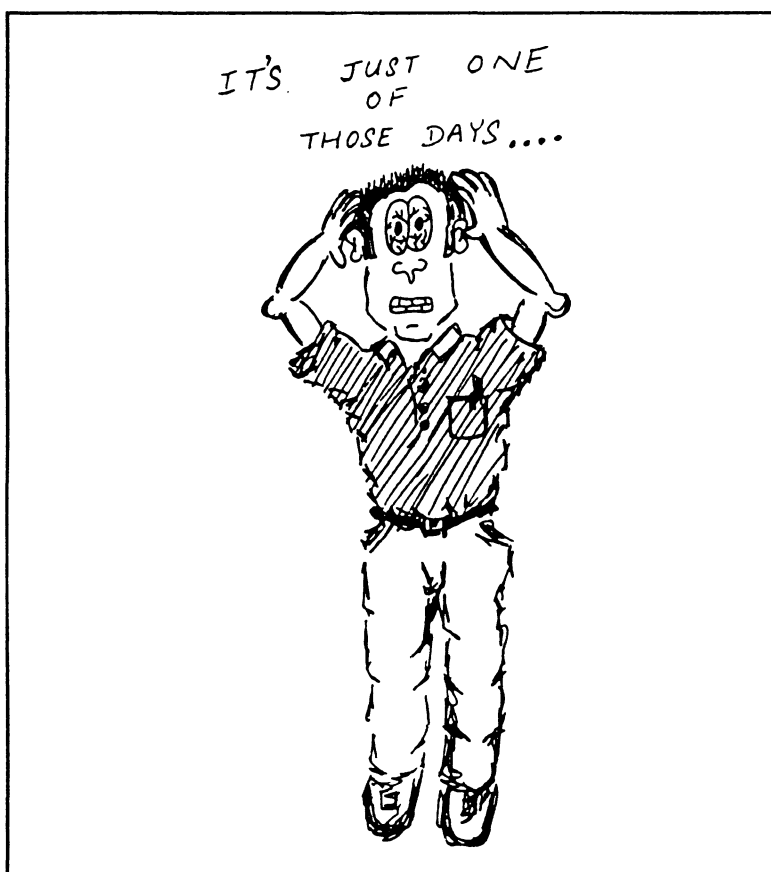
he is almost knocked off his feet by a running man, followed by his troop of young marathon enthusiasts. His silly mind tries to recall an instance when he has seen this man, not running, or even out of his jogging gear. Never! 'This school is going nuts', are the only words he can think of, as he goes out for morning jogs with others like him – half asleep.

His feet drag along only with the grim hope to see a beautiful face on the way. And then he reaches the 'Mecca of morning jogs', where he is sure to see one. The speed breakers between their gates, break his speed. Suddenly he is conscious of every step he takes. One 'bird' flies past him, followed by a couple more, then another, and yet more. Wow! His day is made....

Back to the hostel, he sees his inviting bed. It seems to be saying, "Come baby, lie down on me. You can dream all over again." He does not stop himself. This time he kisses the girl, and was about to make his next move, when he gets up with a start. He glances at his watch – 8:05 a.m.! He grabs and puts on whatever he can, and zooms off to the classes block, cursing the 64 flights of subway steps on his way. 30 mins late, but that is better than not being there at all! He crosses the bearer with the late book, who smiles at him, as if saying 'Best of Luck!' The Teacher – a sarcastic 'Good morning.... then a sudden explosion – 'Get out of my class!!' Needless to say, it fails miserably, but it was worth a try.

At breakfast lines, a prefect calls upon him. It's then that he realizes that he is wearing bathroom slippers! He is sent back with the obvious remark – 'Report after lunch.' For break-

fast there is 'vada sambar'. Disgusted, he is about to bite one, when another disaster strikes. He remembers he has to deliver the assembly speech that day! Hysterically, he looks around and sees a class five Hindi reader, left by some careless junior. That's it! He flips through and reaches a page on which it's written – P. T. Usha, 'Ek Kali Ghodi.' That instance, he sets some sort of a world record by translating it into English, within 10 minutes with the title – P. T. Usha, 'The Black Beauty!' He blurts out his speech on the stage, without much applause, of course. But only he knows how he managed it! (Now who wants to know how many medals P. T. Usha won early in the morning?)



The 3rd school just comes & goes. Not that he did not go for it, but he was so busy doing other things that he hardly even noticed. He played 3 matches of book cricket (U.S.A Vs Afghanistan, Nepal Vs China and India Vs Pakistan). He wins a couple of them and the fourth school passes away with celebration. At fruit break, it's the same old fruit.

the school gives out everyday – Bananas. He chooses half a dozen, well shaped bananas and eats them, not because he loves them, but because he hates them so much that he cannot bear to see many around!

In his fifth school he becomes overactive. The kind of activeness, the Multimedia Lab is known to put boys in. Half the class gets wasted deciding what to do, and other half looking for games in the computers. His sixth school is free, amazingly today he decides to spend it in the L.R.C. He grabs the Times of India and flips right

over to the Entertainment page. He immediately curses Osama Bin Laden, not because he is responsible for killing thousands, but because he is responsible for occupying the Entertainment page with news about the war, which otherwise would be filled with colorful photographs of Hollywood/Bollywood stars!

Lunch has nothing special to offer. And then the dreaded time comes – ‘after lunch’. The afternoon sun shines treacherously over him, as if to settle some personal grudge. The prefect is about to make him sweat in the sun, when he is reminded of the new rule: no physical punishment. ‘OK, so you want a task?’ ‘Yes! Yes!’, he answers, relieved. But his excitement is shortened, as the words of the prefect ring in his ears – Write 5000 lines, ‘I will never ever be stupid enough to wear bathroom slippers and come to eat my breakfast!’

Nothing much happens after lunch, except of course he is back in his dreamland. 3 hours of undisturbed dreams and this time he kisses the girl. He wakes up at teatime, but is too sleepy to walk till there. He then goes to play football. He plays, showing some of the moves he has managed to learn by seeing “gymmy”. But then he overdoes it,

and out goes the ball, over the wall and into the slummy. Now he becomes a subject of everyone’s anger. He goes back to the hostel, in desperate need of a bath but the string of events is not over yet. As he is about to wash himself, there isn’t any water left to do so. There he is, with soap and shampoo all over his body and with no water to wash. He has to wash himself by the chilling water of the cooler, and to add to the dilemma he gets late for the dinner. He somehow manages to sneak in from behind the dining hall. His hair uncombed and dripping with water, as if he’s stranded there by a sea storm.

At prep time, as he sits down to start the ‘task’ given to him, the electricity goes off. Not knowing quite what to do, he comes back to the hostel and tries to get another shuteye. But how could he with the temperature soaring, and the mosquitoes buzzing incessantly in his ears? Electricity comes back at midnight, and he sits down to finish his 5000-line task. Before doing so, he ponders over the events of that day. He smiles, and then says to himself, “what a boring day...!”

Prayas J.B.Rana
Class - XI

LITERARY AFFAIRS.

A kid I will always be.

When I was a kid,
I used to wonder,
“How do the grown ups feel?”
This was a thought
Always at my heel.

I’ve grown up a bit,
But I wonder still,
How would it feel?
To be older still.

A day I shall,
Really be old,
And will I then be,
Just as bold?

And though in age,
I will be old,
A kid I’ll always be!

Atul Sharma

Love me tender.

He stood at the ruins where his home had stood once. There was an eerie feeling in the air,

which made the hair on his body stand. He was back, once again to the place where his child-

hood memories remained.

It had been twenty years since the unfortunate night. The night that would change his life. The night that would never allow him to live freely. He looked at the night sky, reflecting all its grace in the stars that shone in the heavens. He saw the great hunter, Orion, he remembered it well. His mother always pointed it out to him, as both of them sat underneath the tree. He walked slowly, surveying the ruins, moving towards the backyard. His eyes fall upon the tree; it had amazingly withstood time, and he remembered once again, memories that he could never forget. He walked towards the gigantic structure, dug at its base, and kept digging till he found what he was looking for. A lighter, a silver colored lighter. Though time and dirt had corroded its beauty, it had not lost its shine, for it had given him his freedom. Freedom, he thought again. He then places the lighter to where it belonged, like his memories, buried.

A tear rolled down his cheeks as a hand placed itself on his shoulder. Familiar with the touch of his beautiful wife, he turned around and quickly wiped the tear from his eye. He didn't want his wife to notice his tears.

In the car his wife asked him the same question that she had asked him for the past five years. "Tell me what happened that night?" she enquired, "If you only tried to share it with me maybe it would ease you and make your heart lighter."

He suddenly stamped on the brakes; opened the door and walked towards a clearing by the road. He sat down and lit a cigarette. In the light of the cigarette, she noticed the pain in his eyes; the same pain she had seen all these years yet never understood the reason for it.

"Did I do something wrong?" she asked herself, not able to bring voice to the thought.

He pulled at the cigarette hard and as the smoke filled the air, he started in a slow painful tone "I was born in that house. The tree was where I spent my happier days. There used to be swing there on which my mother and I sat while she sang

in a beautiful tone. Mother was a housewife who loved her family dearly. My father was a war veteran, and traumas of the war made him take to drinking. My first memories go back to when my father woke me up one night. He was drunk and stinking of booze. He dragged me to the kitchen where my mother was on the floor crying. She had been brutally hit and her clothes were torn. He then ordered me to sing 'Love me tender' and then continued to brutally assault my mother."

"Next morning life was back to normal. My mother showed no signs of last night's brutality. Yet the marks remained. I knew she had hidden them, yet she didn't want me to know."

"I thought my father would get over this sadistic act of his and stop beating up my mother, but he never did. Every night I was locked in my room where I would crouch in a corner and stay awake till the cries did subside."

"Every morning my mother tried to smile when she saw me, after all no mother would want her child to know of her pain. But the cuts and the bruises were something she could never hide. Every day when she sat in the swing with me her eyes looked ahead for a bright future for her son, but by evening her eyes would become cold and expressionless. There were nights when Dad did not come home and Mom would be up all night sitting in the porch with me and showing me the great hunter in the clear night sky. She would say, 'I want you to be like the great hunter. Strong, yet protecting those who need you.'"

"One night, when I was 12, just as the usual routine continued, the beating stopped. A cold silence filled the house. An odd shiver ran down my spine, yet I managed to creep out of the bed and look into the kitchen. My mother was sitting in a corner staring at the motionless body of my father. I ran to my mother and wrapped my arms around her. But all she was whispering while looking at the body was, "Its my fault, all my fault." After a few minutes she got up and told me to go call the neighbour, and by the time I returned the house was ablaze. I tried to run inside to bring my mother, but the neighbour stopped me."

"After the fire was over, I was taken by my uncle who made me what I am today."

He slowly got up and walked towards the car. His wife wiped the tears off her eyes and sat down quietly in her seat. Then as the car moved on she placed her head on her husband's shoulder and fell asleep. What she couldn't see, was the blank expression in her husband's eyes as he recalled what actually happened that night.

He remembered coming out of the room and seeing his mother dead on the floor, his father crying over her body. Fury took over his mind and he grabbed the booze bottle lying on the floor and smashed it on his father's head. Then he sprinkled kerosene on his unconscious father's body. He

gave a last kiss to his mother and took out the lighter from his father's pocket. He then set fire to the house. As the flames rose higher, he could see his father coming to his senses, only to find his clothes on fire. He was so drunk that he could not even walk out of the house to save himself. He cried out in the same old slur that he would ask him to sing 'Love me tender'

Those were the memories that had been troubling him ever since. And he knew that it was no small burden he carried, it was the plain image of his mother motionless on the floor, while his father burnt in all 'dis' grace.

Pradipta Rana
Class XII

The 'Innocent' Killer.

"I'm innocent, I tell you. I've been framed. I didn't do it." I was crying and shouting at the same time. The warden came, gave me a nasty cold stare, and walked away. I went back and sat on the bench, my face hidden in my hands. I started weeping and did not stop for a long time.

After I stopped, I calmed down a bit. I got up and went to my bed. I lay down and stared at the only bulb in the cell that gave off a dull light, as if a reminder of death. As I said before, I was framed. They accused me of killing John Blake, my neighbour. "I did not do it." I cried out in anger and almost every other criminal in the penitentiary woke up and cursed me. As if I cared!

I still remember the whole incident. John called up asking for the shovel I had borrowed. I said I would be there in a few minutes. When I went there, he stopped me to join him for a drink. I agreed and stayed for more than an hour.

I left and reached home in a jiffy. My wife was awake; she asked, "Where have you been?"

"At John's dear. Go to sleep. I have still got loads of work." she left without a word, and I sat down to work, about fifteen minutes later, the phone rang. It was John. I had left my cellphone at his place and he asked if he should return it. I told

him that I would come and hung up.

I put on my jacket and went out. It was chilly outside and I jogged till John's house. I went inside, said thanks for the phone and the formalities. Then suddenly we heard an explosion at the backdoor! We ran and saw a man dressed in military fatigues. He pulled out a shotgun when he saw John and he fired, the impact of the slug sending John flying to the wall. He slammed against it and fell down. The killer threw the gun towards me and yelled, "catch!" I did so. He then pulled out a revolver and aimed it at me! He smiled and fired... not at me, but at John. He exhausted his revolver at John, cursed softly, and left.

I was stunned at this site, was glued to my place, and could not even move! I thought of calling the police, but just then I heard the siren of a patrol car. The cop who came in had a gun pointed at me and cried, "Freeze." I did so and was soon put in prison and was sentenced to capital punishment

All these thoughts rushed through my mind like videotape fast-forwarded. I closed my eyes and again began to weep. About ten minutes later, the warden opened the door. It was time. He came in and cuffed me. I walked slowly outside where the sun was rising. I saw a man with the rifle and a commander who was glancing at his watch every

now and then.

I took my place near the wall where I saw many holes. Bullet holes? Who cares? I was to die in a few minutes so I didn't bother to notice it. The warden came up to blindfold me, but I refused saying I was content.

The shooter took his place. He looked familiar... hey! I knew him. He was the killer! He gave a sly grin as if in triumph that he had succeeded

in his goal to frame me. "He is the killer! In Christ's name he killed John, not me!" I yelled and yelled.

I heard one word, "Fire" and I felt an explosion in my chest. I went on my knees as I felt the world round me revolve. I muttered one last thing "I'm innocent", I heard another bang, and all went black...

Samridha S.J.B. Rana.
Class IX

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE...

Shabeer - The people of which country call them English?
Aseem - I think *France*!!

A junior to Mr. Khaira - Sir, please wait.
Mr. Khaira - 58 kgs!!

Aseem (to his classmates on seeing some birds near Tapti) - Oye guys, look at the geese!!

Mr. Khaira to the class - Boys, today is F-R-I-D-A-Y, so we are going to go to FRI!!

Aseem to Shabeer - Hey guys, I don't feel like *playing marching* today!!

Mrs. Anand - Sir, could you tell me how to zap a surd??

Mr. Khaira - I don't know.

Mrs. Anand - Tell him to find a corner in a circular room.

Mr. Khaira (after thinking for a while) - And can you tell me how the surd zapped the man.

Mrs. Anand - No, Sir.

Mr. Khaira - By finding the corner!!

SEPARATED AT BIRTH.

- 1. Tridip Bhattacharya
- 2. Ankit Vinayak
- 3. Anvesh Kumar

Supandi (from Tinkle)
Rasik Goel
Mr. Parvesh Kumar

RINGSIDE VIEW

It's been half an hour since I have been probing my mind for an elaborate beginning to a new Ringside report, yet I can't seem to just find a suitable one. So without any preambles, let's just begin, say, from the beginning!

The Basketball team is back from Punjab Public School, Nabha, where they played the I.P.S.C. schools' tournament. It was a remarkable

trip for a team whose 2 key players were missing. We were second runners-up in the overall standings, and it was by mischance that we lost the semi-final match against Mayo Boys'.

Our first match was against Lawrence, Lovedale, and we thrashed them by a margin of over 50 points. Aatir scored 31 points, while the rest of the team supported him ably. In the next two

matches with Assam Rifles, Shillong, and D.P.S. R.K.Puram, we won by an easy score of 46-21 and 52-30 respectively. Negi played superbly in his comeback after a nose injury, scoring more than 20 points in both the matches. The quarterfinals came next, where we played against a tough team, Daly College, Indore. However, we comfortably beat them with Abhishek "Begu" skirting the court in both halves, scoring 24 points.

As mentioned earlier, we lost our semi-final match to Mayo Boys', by a mere margin of 6 points. Aatir and Yoginder were both fouled out, though Gagan weaved a charm around the spectators by his graceful moves. We secured the third position by playing a very closely contested match with Punjab Public School. They lost by 6 points.

For Basketball freaks, we have another tournament, "the Fixed Five" coming up. There are supposedly different rules for this contest, don't ask me about them.

The Squash inter house matches were recently concluded, with Cauvery lifting the trophy. Subhashish played an excellent game while it was Sunny who got them the game. Krishna were off to a winning start against Ganga and Cauvery, Ganga house were playing without their star player Karan

Manchanda.

The Salwan Marathon was recently conducted in Delhi, and 14 boys from our school participated. All our boys managed to secure a position within the first fifty. The total number of participants were 1000-1500 in every section

Speaking of athletes, we can finally see the never-say-die trainers in practice as they run around under the guidance of the new Athletics Captain, Rana Raghubir. We hope they will put the unstable main field to its best use. The Heats for all track events will begin from the 22nd. Talking of tracks,

we can also see the houses practising hard at their marching. No doubt the field is dusty, yet the houses are hard at it to have a go at the trophy.

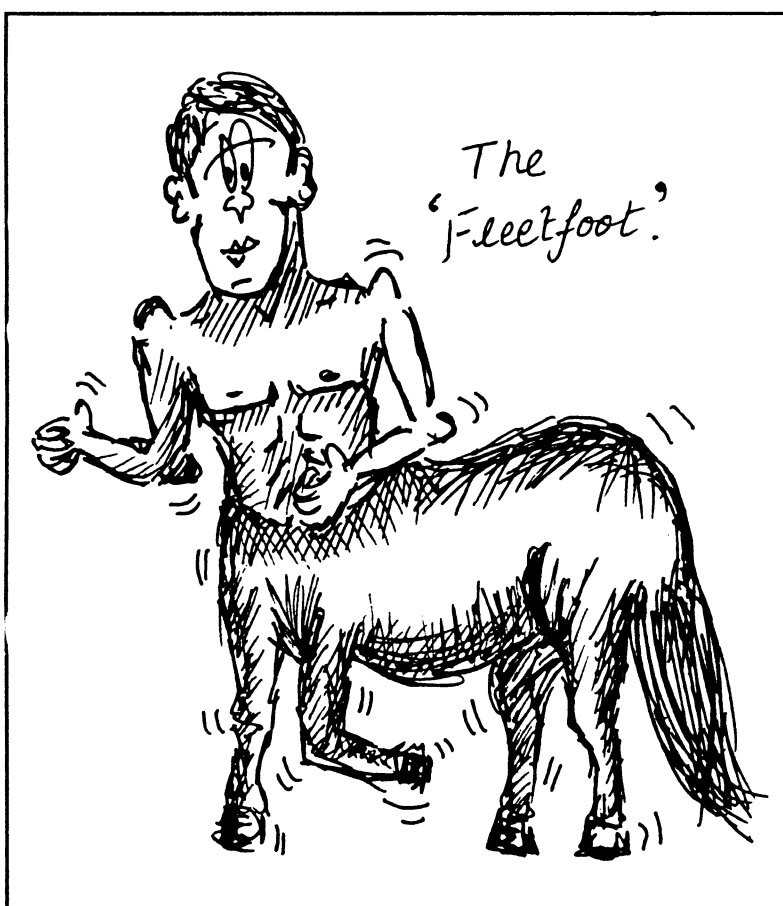
The tennis inter-houses have just started, and in the first match Krishna beat Cauvery easily. Volleyball inter-houses are on the horizon, beginning this weekend.

The cold has slowly seeped in, and as

I burn away the midnight hours to write this, I have decided its time for my tracksuit and my quilt to make their appearance once again and save the day.

I forgot the monkey cap!

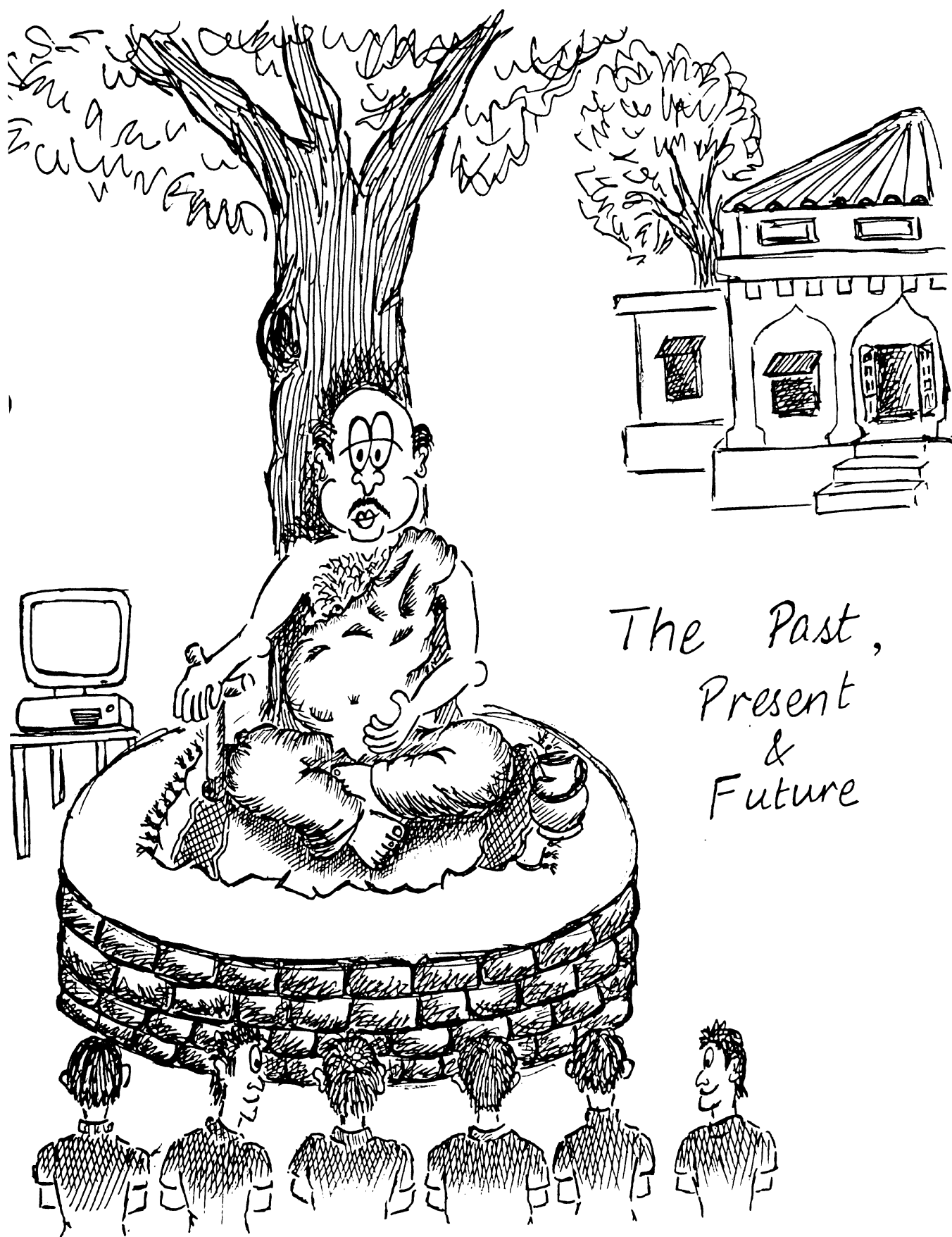
-Rohan



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