



The Elephant

No. 295

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

25th November, 2003

Think About It...

You can't have everything. Where would you put it?

-Steven Wright

EDITORIAL

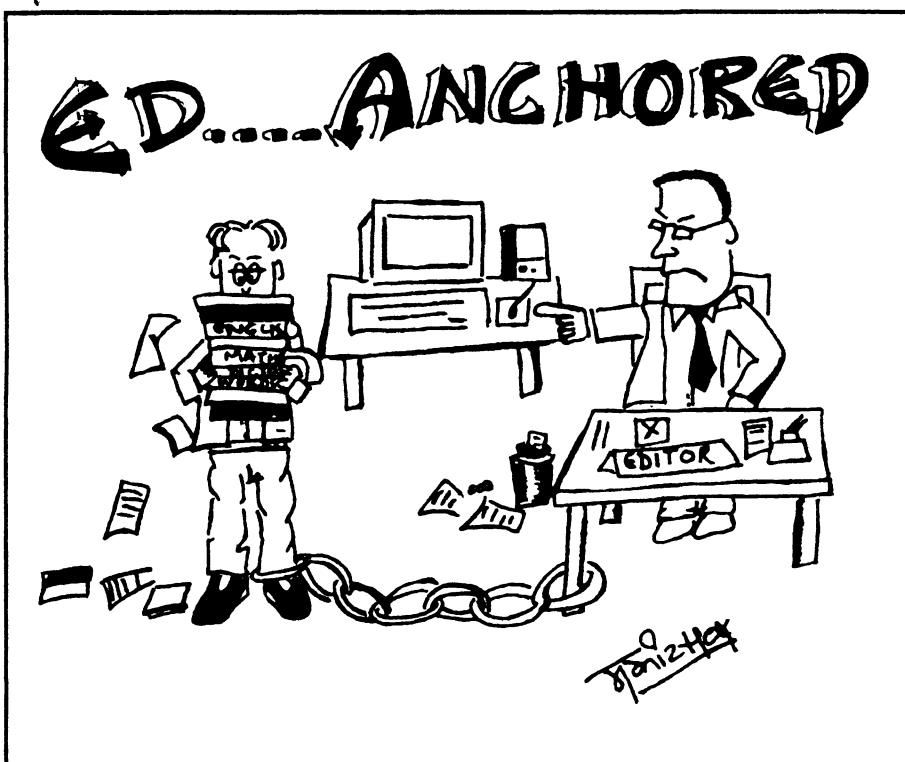


Eleven years of like the Roman circus. In a way I'm hoping and scoping just what the community needs – A has finally resulted Change.

in my being blessed with the position of the editor. Someone once told me that writing an editorial for the first time was an extremely difficult

task; no matter how hard you tried you never got the perfect start. Now that I seem to be getting the flow, let me go on, for the rave has just kicked off.

People, when they eventually start getting comfortable with the style of one editor, suddenly realize another is selected to please discerning readers. Very much



The bold step of appointing another staff rep has been done with the pure objective of raising the standard of the magazine. If something goes wrong one can carry

on with the tradition of passing the buck onto the herd of Boomers I have for the editorial board (of course excluding me and the staff reps!!). At present I'll just choose to keep my fingers crossed as they prepare for the worst and hope for the best!

Now for some serious retrospection. I somehow fail to

understand how some people feel that the Oliphant is a sub-standard magazine. I mean, we are still the same people on the board, still writing the same kind that we used to write two years ago, when we were nominated with great difficulty, and still trying to put in our best. Then where are we going wrong? Either the reader's taste has changed or our standards have failed to rise which is definitely not the case. Sitting back and commenting is probably the easiest thing to do so I suggest you get moving and give us some of your expertise so that other critiques fail their jobs.

Founder's was a big hit. An unbelievable number of parents and guests showed up. Sports Day did not fail to surprise us with the diverse talents present within Welham. Many moments of glory and agony were witnessed but I guess it's all a part of the game.

The play was unanimously appreciated for its humorous theme that left the audience in splits of laughter. The fete was...okay! Perhaps it suffered in comparison. The Jam definitely was better than any other Jam attended outside school.

The icing on the cake was the recent Children's Day celebrations. The effort put in by the teachers to put up the excellent show made the students hang their heads in shame. We did not put in even half the work they did, to put up a show for Teacher's Day. Well, now that they have set a bench mark, I'm sure we will put up something even more amazing next year because I guess... we owe them a little more. The lady teachers dressed in Welham Girl's uniform did even better than their originals.

Exam fever has hit the school. Late nights, blood shot eyes, dazed and psyched faces – these are the common sights present at this time of the year.

I guess I have overshot my limits. I've been reminded that being editor does not mean writing all eight pages of the magazine. So this very issue is my personal tribute to the board I have. Who said being ED is a monotonous job? When you do things you love, you will love the things you do.

This fine day today matters most,
The past has been great
therefore relevant...
The future is unknown
therefore irrelevant...

-Karan.

Welham Now

1st November, 2003– Two special trophies were awarded: The Chairman Board of Governors Trophy for the Best All Round House for the year went to Ganga house. The Kandhari Trophy for the Best House in Sports went to Krishna House.

Children's day, 14th November, 2003.-

The Twelfthies played a cricket match against the Staff. Our Staff team was the unexpected but deserving winners of the match. In the evening we were also exposed to the hidden talents of our staff which were mind blowing and included an energetic Uttaranchal folk dance, a Bhangra number and of course a magic show by our own magician Mr. Upadhya. We also

(2)

witnessed a play by the staff in which, for a change, the teachers mimicked students. Mr. Mitra, Mrs. Vandana and Mr. Rehman sang for us, while Mr. Khanna recited a hilarious poem. The function was largely appreciated. The evening's events were compered by the evergreen Mr. S. S Khaira.

The new Oliphant Board for the year 2004 has been appointed:

Chief Editor: Karan Mehrotra

Literary Affairs: Samridha S.J.B. Rana

Nature's diary: Manu Sanan

Ringside View: Shaunak Valame

Desktop Editor: Ajitesh Kir
Creative Designer: Manishek Gupta
Welham Now: Nishant Joshi
Staff Representative: Mr. A. Tripathi & Mrs. I. Lahiri

Sports day, 31st October, 2003. -
The Colours awarded were:

Soccer:

Prabesh Shrestha & Vivek Baltharia.

Tennis:

Shomit Bakliwal & Daksh Tyagi.

Basketball:

Saurav Mittal.

Hockey:

Arjun Manchanda, Aijaz Rasool & Karanveer Sohi.

Athletics:

Adhar Ohrie, Kunga Namgyal, Ayush Agarwal,
Manishek Gupta & Faizan Ullah.

Table Tennis:

Raj Karan Chawla.

Badminton:

Puneet S Oberoi.

Squash: Abhishek Kapoor & Karan Mehrotra

Gagan Jyot, Surya Badhuria and Asad Sultan were
awarded Sports Blazer for excellence in Basket Ball.

Jamuna House won the Marching Cup.

Cauvery House won the trophy for athletics for seniors
while Tapti house won it in the junior section.

Deepak Agarwal emerged as the 'Fastest Welhamite'
winning the Senior Section's 100 metre sprint.



Literary Affairs Her

I was walking down the road the other day, contemplating the reason for my existence; I came to the conclusion that I had none. I was a worthless minimum wage worker who had no family, no friends and no life beyond the dingy office where I sat from nine to five everyday and punched numbers into a computer. Alcohol and pills were the objects of my affection and every evening I spent my earnings on almost nothing else. That day I read in the newspaper, about a man called Ravi Kumar who lived in Ahmedabad. He was a man just like me from what I could tell. He had no family, no friends, had a job which he despised and was in tune with all the latest pills and alcohol in the market. He had committed suicide two days ago. 'Not a bad idea I thought to myself'.

Walking back home from work that day I decided I was going to be the next Ravi Kumar. I was going to kill myself. The newspapers would be full of it and magazines would be carrying reports on how people like Ravi and I were resorting to such extreme measures because of the quality of their lives. How was I going to do it though? I decided to keep it simple and overdose myself with the the next lot of pills that I was on my way to pick up. Suddenly I saw something gleaming from the corner of my eye. It was a single ray of light reflecting off something shiny. I turned and looked, and all I could see on the opposite side of the road was a small piece of shiny glass or

maybe a diamond hanging from a figure's neck. I could make out nothing of the figure other than that it was a female. She was bending over and looking for something on the side of the road. I walked up to her and asked if she needed any help, to which she hesitantly replied in the negative. I stood there for a minute or two and just looked at her. I was sure that I had seen her before somewhere, but where? I just couldn't put my finger on it.

We were the only two people on the road that night. She began to get a little wary of my intentions and kept glancing at me every couple of seconds. I asked her again whether she needed any help and this time, probably out of fear of my doing something crazy, she said that she had dropped her house keys and couldn't find them. I bent over and helped her look for them. "Damn authorities", I said "I wonder what we pay taxes for if they can't even have decent street lights".

"I was just thinking the same thing", she said.

"Interesting" I replied.

"I'm Priyanka, nice to meet you".

"Rahul, nice to meet you."

One thing led to another and by the time I realized what was happening, I was having dinner with her the next day... and I was still alive.

Priyanka was a single happy go-lucky girl, with the most positive outlook towards life that I had ever known anyone to have. She was a voracious reader and enjoyed music ranging from The Doors to Miles Davis. She lived in a single bedroom apartment at the southern end of Delhi and worked with a large multinational firm as a financial analyst. I, on the other hand, was a worthless excuse for a human being walking around with no purpose in life other than drinking every night and killing my body with pills. I used to be normal at one point in time. I was an artist. I would paint for hours on end and the friends I once had, tried hard to convince me to become a professional painter. It was on my birthday eight years ago that an event took place which made me what I am.

My friends had gathered whatever little family I had and put together a surprise party for me at my apartment. A fire broke out in the building while I was still at work. Everyone was in my apartment getting ready for the party, completely oblivious of fire. The building collapsed in a matter of minutes because it was old and weak. I lost everything that day. My belongings, my home, my family and my friends. Till today I have not managed to come to terms with the fact that I have nothing. I left my job and devoted myself to pills and alcohol. I sat in my sorry excuse for a home for nearly two years and did nothing other than drink and get high. I ate through all my savings and so was forced to get a job to sustain my **addiction**.

It had been three weeks since I had met Priyanka, and quite truthfully they had been the best three weeks in nearly a decade. She was divine and I could feel myself falling in love with her. I had never felt it before. It was something that came from within, a feeling which was better than a pill stimulating the dopamine in my brain. I could find no other explanation for what I was feeling and I knew that I had to tell Priyanka that I was in love with her and all I wanted to do was to spend the rest of my life with her and I was willing to do anything to keep us together. Importantly, she made me feel good about myself which I hadn't felt in as long as I could remember. She managed to make me lose my addiction without even knowing about it.

I took her out to dinner that night. It was a beautiful restaurant that specialized in Lebanese cuisine. There was a live Moroccan folk band

playing. It was on the banks of a small lake which had been fitted with pressurized fountains and intricate lights and would throw up a show every twenty minutes or so. The food was fantastic. We ordered baked chicken in sesame seeds and fish in sweet lemon sauce on a bed of rice with baby carrots. At the end of our meal, I looked at her and said, "Priyanka. I have something to say to you; I don't know what your reaction is going to be, but I would hold it against myself for not having told you if I didn't do so. I love you and no matter what, you will always be the single most important thing that has ever existed in my life. I know I have absolutely no right to say this judging by how long we've known each other and I will completely understand if you get up and walk out of this place and never want to see my face again."

She looked me straight in the eye for a few moments which felt like eternity. She sipped her glass of wine and wiped her soft red lips with her napkin and said, "Rahul, to tell you the truth..... I feel exactly the same way about you. I was contemplating telling you but had the same fear of you walking out on me. I love you Rahul." We had made a Commitment, a word which I had been afraid of, for nearly a decade.

It was six months since we had been together. She had had an unbelievably positive effect on my life and I now found myself in a better apartment, with a better job, wearing better clothes. I had friends and most importantly I found myself in the vicinity of happiness once again. We both sold our individual apartments and were living together in a large two bedroomed flat. We were both happy together and knew that we were made for each other. I started painting again and like my earlier friends, she too tried to convince me to take it up professionally. I told her that I would think about it and I ultimately did take it up. I reduced the number of hours I was working at my office and spent more time painting. My exhibitions were hugely successful and my paintings sold for sums that I could never have dreamt of. I had become a celebrity and I was enjoying every moment of the fame especially with the one I most cared for by my side.

It was almost three years of our being together. I had made millions off my paintings and she had been promoted several times. We were living in a posh and richly furnished apartment in a high rise in the heart of the city. I was planning something special for our anniversary. I was going to take her

to Singapore for ten days of fun and relaxation. It was the 15th of July and the next day I was going to show her our tickets and hotel reservations for Singapore. She was going to be home late that night and on my way back from a meeting with some gallery owners I decided to take a walk around the neighbourhood and gather some inspiration for a new style of painting I wanted to try out. I must have been out for an hour or so and it was nearly 10:30.

I went back home and opened the door. I stepped in and turned on the lights. I was dumbfounded. Everything that belonged to Priyanka was gone and more importantly... Priyanka was gone. She had walked out on me on the eve of our anniversary.

The next day the newspaper headlines read 'Artist Rahul Khanna plunges to death from the 27th storey after an overdose of sleeping pills.'

-Kartik Mahajan

The War

"We fight wars so we can have peace"

If that is so then I ask –where is the love?

When I reached the spot, following my orders to pick up corpses lying on the battlefield, I was left stunned. The battlefield was an ocean of dead bodies which stretched to the horizon. Blood on the ground was as abundant as the air above it. There was an awful stench. A detached leg lay beside me. The war had left it inanimate but blood was still oozing from its end. Around me there were many such isolated limbs. The vultures overhead had crowded over the piles of bleeding corpses the war had rendered to them. Death and destruction had triumphed and the vulture's celebration required hand-less and leg-less bodies covered with blood. I wanted to shut my eyes to shelter myself from this view but I realized that suddenly I had no control whatsoever to move any part of my body. I kept looking ahead at this terrifying sight.

My name is Howard, Howard Green. I am an US marshal posted in Vietnam. I am fighting the war for my country against the Vietnamese.

Looking at this sight, I feel a certain sense of shame in introducing myself. Suddenly, the patriot in me has taken the backseat. The human being, who all this while had taken refuge behind the cloak of a patriot, seems to have emerged out of the darkness. He seems to shout out, 'How many of these people have died due to the bullets shot from my gun? How many of these people have died because of the bombs I dropped?'

My heart was sinking. I was feeling dizzy. Amidst the dreadful silence, I could still hear the sounds of a thousand bombs which were deafening me.

In the distance I saw a figure move. In a frenzy I rushed towards it. He was a soldier lying on

the ground behind enemy lines. In my zeal I didn't care which area I was entering. I just knew that out there, someone was badly hurt and required immediate help and that he was a human being just like me.

I reached him and made him drink some water. His eyes seemed to bless me. I realized that he was my enemy if I looked from the view of my country. But I refused to look at him as an enemy. I accepted him as a fellow human being. 'Acceptance' and 'fraternity' were the only words which made sense to me. Somebody had attempted to kill this man just like the rest of the ten thousand of us had attempted to kill all these other soldiers. What did we have against them? Were they being punished because they were born outside the international boundary of our country and had their own ideas and way of life which were different to what we Americans believed? How do we know that the way we live is most appropriate one for humanity? If we are the most powerful nation in the world then do we have to act like tyrants?

No, I was not going to be another brick in the wall which separated our superiority from brotherhood. No, I can't be the cause of so much suffering and pain. When a whole lifetime gives us so little time to love then how could I have so much time to kill and destroy? Did the brutal conquerors really emerge victorious? Do we really need war? Do we really want war? Now I was getting all my answers.

Soldiers from my country were at quite a distance from us. I got up and waved to them. I wanted to attract their attention so they could come and help me to take the wounded soldier to our hospital. They couldn't figure out that it was I calling out loud. I shouted for their attention.

Then, one of the soldiers from my country suddenly shot me. The bullet went through my chest cavity. The pain was immense. I shouted, I cried.

Within a few seconds, along with the wounded soldier I died. Together we both broke free from this cruel and fragmented world.

Due to war, my motivation is retarding
Kill me to liberate me, love me to save me.

Retaliating against war,
Nishant Joshi.

The Odyssey

“Good morning ladies and gentlemen. Please fasten your seatbelts as we shall be landing in Tribhuwan International Airport shortly.”

I woke up and removed the eye pads from my eyes and stretched. Twelve hours of flying! Caught the Trans – Atlantic from New York to London, a thirty six hour transit, then British Airways to Frankfurt, and finally the flag carrier, Royal Nepal (or RNAC for short) for the direct flight to Nepal... after a five hour delay! Sometimes, it just makes me wonder how often the same plane can be delayed for hours. Just like the person at the flight counter had said, “Sir, it cannot be helped. RNAC is Real Nonsense, Always Cancelled!!”

I was gazing out of the window catching a glimpse of the mighty Himalayas, when the person sitting beside me woke up. Oh my God! He had gone on and on last night about Einstein’s theory of relativity and how he thought he could contradict it and all that hogwash! But, surprisingly, he just woke up, rubbed his eyes, pushed me aside (very rudely of course) and started clicking photos of the Himalayas.

Soon the plane started to dip and we were greeted with sights of lush green hills and paddy farms. The plane dipped even more and we entered a valley. The scenery changed from paddy farms to a more ‘civilized’ state. We could see many buildings, not very tall, but scattered around. Then the plane steered to the left and the runway was in sight. Just

two of them. One for take off and the other for landing. The plane descended and after a rather bumpy landing, we screeched to a halt. After some time the doors opened, and to my surprise, there was almost a rush to get out first. I descended and walked to the arrival counter. After going through the rigmarole of filling out the forms and other formalities, I got out of the gates, only to be swarmed by a huge bunch of people!

“You Mr. Peter, no?”

“Are you Mr. Tim?”

“Me from Hotel Annapurna. Want cheap room?”

It was then I realized that these people had come to get people who had reservations and were shouting out as if some Rock star had arrived. Since I didn’t have any reservations, I went towards the taxi stand. They were all old models of Toyota Corolla’s and most of the drivers were sleeping inside! Gross!!

I went to the nearest Cabbie and asked him, “Do you speak English?”

“Yes saar. Where you go? I take you? Come with me. Me very fair price”

I put my luggage in the carrier and got in. “Where we go saar?” he asked. I took out a piece of paper and muttered, “Take me to Hotel Star”

... to be continued

- The Wandering Hermit

What’s In

Cricket

Teachers in Welham Girls Uniform

FM’s Thunderbird

Student’s lecture

Bearers with cell phones

Reporting to the chowkidar

What’s Out

Atheletics

Welham Girls’ in Welham Girl’s uniform

Dean’s Splendour

Principal’s lecture

Teachers with cell phones

Reporting to Prefects

What's Hot

Sports Blazer
Dean of "The Whole School"
Principal's hair cut scissor

What's Not

Twelfthies Blazer
Dean of School
Barber's scissor

Separated at Birth

Ajay Jadeja
Mr. Kandpal
Ritwick (chotta Kaustubh)
Rajnikant
Ahit Agni Bhattacharya

Saurav Thapar
Karan Rewari
Kaustubh Dwivedi
Prateek Singh(Pops)
Rasik Goyal

Through the Keyhole

Umamah to Mr Pant: "Sir, what all will be coming for our end of term exams?"

Mr. Pant after a deep thought: "Fifty percent will be trigonometry and trigonometry will be the rest fifty percent "

Dhruv Malhotra leaning on the P.H railing Mr Gosain shouts

"Arrey thee you want to commit 'the 'self suicide.'"

Marching Time Mr. Gosain to Cauverites
"Arre thee. March in *pairs of three* "

Dude(s) of the Fortnight

After a scintillating evening by our teachers which lasted for two hours on Children's Day before dinner. I guess it's a unanimous decision that they are the dudes of the fortnight. From practices after lunch and after dinner which left us bemused as to what they were doing, they pulled off a stunner of a performance which left the audience begging for more (literally). The 'chicks' from across the LOC



were the treat of the night (and not to forget our very own Mr. Joke with a coke M.C). The play was really hilarious and the other items were great, especially the last dance.

Hats off to our staff who put in so much hard work and effort to entertain us on Children's Day. After all, they are... the dudes of the fortnight!

An Unusual Dream

My unusual dream was so weird that it is hard to imagine it real. It happened as it happens in movie.

The name of some odd stories came, one of them on its own got chosen. Then suddenly, there were

red, blue, green and yellow lights all around me.

The oddest thing was that I was a superhero in the dream. I could shoot webs, ice, fire, and create tornados, storms and hurricanes. I could run as fast as a blink of an eye, become invisible and have mind power as well. Now what happened was that two or three huge monsters came to attack me. I used my mind power and made them attack each other. After that I realized that they were all robots, made flexible out of rubber and the only way to get out of that dream was through the main door. The key to the door could be created when I fought with more than

fifty people (which I didn't think I could). I kept on fighting and running and at last when I reached the doorway I found that there were many thorns dropping all over. I ran as fast as possible and as I passed the door my eyes opened and I saw Shashi ma'am standing angrily in front of me!

-Keshav Vishwanath
(5-A/Tapti)

Natures Diary.



Cities to Cin 'k' tus.

Ignorance is bliss... That's well said but many a foreseeable catastrophic event can no longer afford to be ignored for we cannot ignore our very end.

Venice, a city located in Italy, stands as a charming proof of a one thousand five hundred and eighty two year old architectural marvel built upon approximately a hundred Blands in a lagoon. A picturesque waterway lined with quaint buildings in mellow shades makes Venice a beautiful and romantic city.

Scientists have however found proof that the Adriatic Sea which shows an unbreakable bond with Venice now poses a treat to the city as its rising waters are steadily engulfing the imposing building and squares. The ingenuity of the city's structure (being built on Blands) makes the city vulnerable to adverse climatic changes including the overflowing of water bodies in the lagoon.

The only hint of imminent disaster is an increase in high tide instances which have gone up to two to three times annually since 1900 at S.T Marks square, the lowest spot of the city. The authorities choose to ignore the inevitable disaster in the absense of sufficient evidence and thus make the situation much more grave.

In 1993 a weary scientist who was helplessly watching the intimidating waters swallowing the city, came upon the paintings of a painter who used lenses to project images directly onto the sketch and thus make accurate paintings of many buildings in the early 1700's. His pupil too used the same technique in the late 1700's.

This intriguing piece of information propelled scientists into action. They compared the older, later and the modern pictures to arrive at a conclusion about the rate of the rising waters. The brown green algae belt, considered the best indication of an average high tide level was of particular help. After closely observing the paintings of both the artists and searching through collections and albums they found a few paintings of the same buildings which had remained unaltered. Merging the data using a computer imaging process, they discerned the sea level in 1727 and traced the changes till present. The result was appalling. The brown green algae belt had risen a total of six meters since the mid No seventies longer could the situation be allowed to worsen. The bricks and plaster would soon give in due to the soft crystallization of water. The only recourse was to pump sea water deep into the

soil to raise the city- a traditional concept, not really feasible. In the end the waters would never change, the people would have to.

Shanghai has also been proven to be sinking-not by rising water but due to the sheer massive weight of the buildings and skyscrapers multiplying unstoppably. It has already sunk by

more than two inches and is expected to sink another four by next year! The message is distinctly evident "man has made himself a burden on mother earth...and she is crumbling under him!"

- Manu Sanan.

Tit Bits

While debates on human cloning rage on, the scientists in the lab have already created mice with human ears, frogs without heads, fish with human genes, plants with human and animal genes and have put viruses in animals.

Nasikabatrachus Sahyaduris, a particular species of a frog recently found in the Western Ghats is one of those animals whose ancestors have hopped around the feet of -Dinosaurs.

RINGSIDE VIEW



In the name of all match fixers I promise that I shall write for the Ringside View column respecting and abiding by the rules that govern it, in the true spirit of Ringside Viewer ship, for the glory of writing and the honour of myself, committing myself to this column without doping and drugs.

As the new Ringside viewer it was proper for me to take that oath. Now for some of the latest inside stuff from the Welham sporting arena.

Our amateur Tennis team (no offence) played in the Uttaranchal tournament on the tenth and eleventh of November managed to serve quite a few aces for the school. Shomit Bakliwal and Asad were seeded 7th and 8th respectively in the state. And all this without a coach!?! Way to go guys! However, the doubles didn't turn out all that well. It just happened that a person wasn't happy with his partner's 'baseline game' and even his partner I guess, as they weren't supposed to be playing together. Flaws apart, the whole Welham

community is proud of the 'not so amateur -as they - seem' Tennis team.

The hottest gossip however, was the introduction of the 'Sports Blazer', presented to those who have excelled in the field of sports. Asad Sultan, Surya Badhuria and Gaganjyot Juneja have been awarded this for their outstanding performance in the field of Basket Ball. But the unacceptable part about the Sports Blazer to some was that it was BLUE -. And the Welham monogram on it was same as that of the Prefect's Blazer! Some felt it should also have been awarded to the Squash team which reached the pre-quarter finals stage in the Nationals. So they weren't given the Blazers. Why? Because unlike the basketballers they had not passed from the District level to the State level and played for Uttaranchal. But anyways, I really feel that this new introduction will prove to be a step towards us promoting sports. After all, it's such a unique thing.

Another 'latest' happening was the introduction of the 'Kandhari Trophy for the best sporting house' which was awarded to Krishna house for winning the Soccer, Hockey and Cricket

Inter-house tournaments. So it really seems that the sports department is aiming to set high standards even in the 'not- so- famous' sports.

One can see the Athletics squad practising day in and day out to put up a good show for the I.P.S.C's at the R.I.M.C this December. One advice to the all you athletes in the squad- better not miss practices or else it will be a déjà vu of the District Tournament. Our Athletes had to

compete in men's section as on the first day we did not show up. However, our gallant lads put up a great show, Aijaz Rasool claiming the silver in 200ms Finals as Manishek long jumped into 5th position amongst people twice his age.

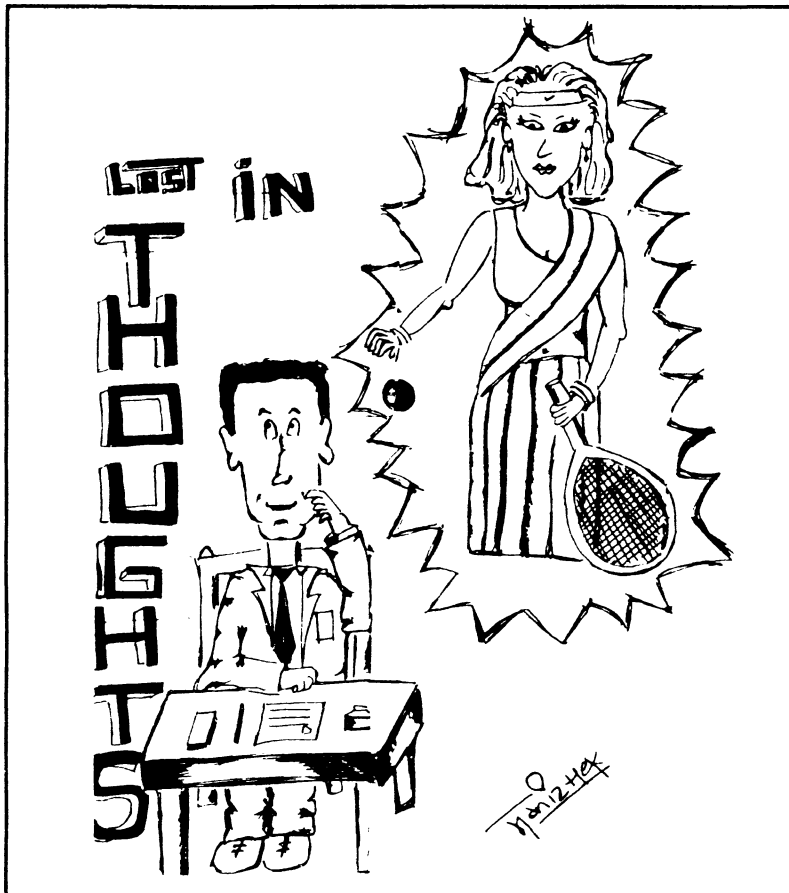
I love to write all about Children's day too but I am restricted to writing only about sports. So, the

twelfthies played a cricket match against our staff. The twelfthies made 151 runs in their 30 overs but the staff managed to beat them with minus three wickets in hand:

I would also like to wish our new 'Baski' coach Mr. Rana best of luck as he is the latest addition to the Welham community. The basket

ball team had reached the semi finals of the Council's tournament by having beaten S.J.A in the quarters 71-51, Bala Hissar 69-26 and S.T Thomas by 40 points, but lost to Riverdale in the semi with just a basket 77-75.

I'm all alone in my room today as everyone else is busy watching the crucial New Zealand ODI which will determine the second Finalist in the Tri-Nations tournament.



And when the soccer matches aren't full of controversies it's the players who make the headlines. Alan Smith, England and Leeds player is in jail as he threw a bottle at a Man Utd fan. Rio is facing ban as he missed a dope test and Ronaldo is on the verge of divorcing his wife. Well, that's all from this controversial Ringside View. Sorry there isn't much about the International

scenario as I have been too busy staring at Anna Kournikova in Rohit Bal's creations.

Still Ooh-ing and Aah-ing over the femme fatale, who is a sports icon for all the un-sporting reasons,

- Shaunak.

EDITORIAL BOARD

Chief Editor : **Karan Mehrotra**

Literary Affairs : **Samridha S.J.B Rana**

Welham Now : **Nishant Joshi**

Cartoonist: **Manishek Gupta**

Staff Representatives: **Mr. A.Tripathi & Mrs. I.Lahiri**

Published By : **Welham Boys' School**

Registration No. :- **20208/86**

Desktop Editors: **Ajitesh Kir & Prateek**

Ringside View: **Shaunak Valame**

Nature Diary : **Manu Sanan**

W.O.B.N : **Mr. J.Gosain**

E-Mail: **oliphant@vsnl.com**

Web-page: **www.welhamboys.org**

Printed at : **EBD Webseva, Dehra Dun.**