



The Elephant

No. 302

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

14th August, 2004

Think About It...

He who wants a rose must respect the thorn.

-Persian Proverb



EDITORIAL

Here we are again at the start of this new term. The past has been great, the future looks brighter but the present is

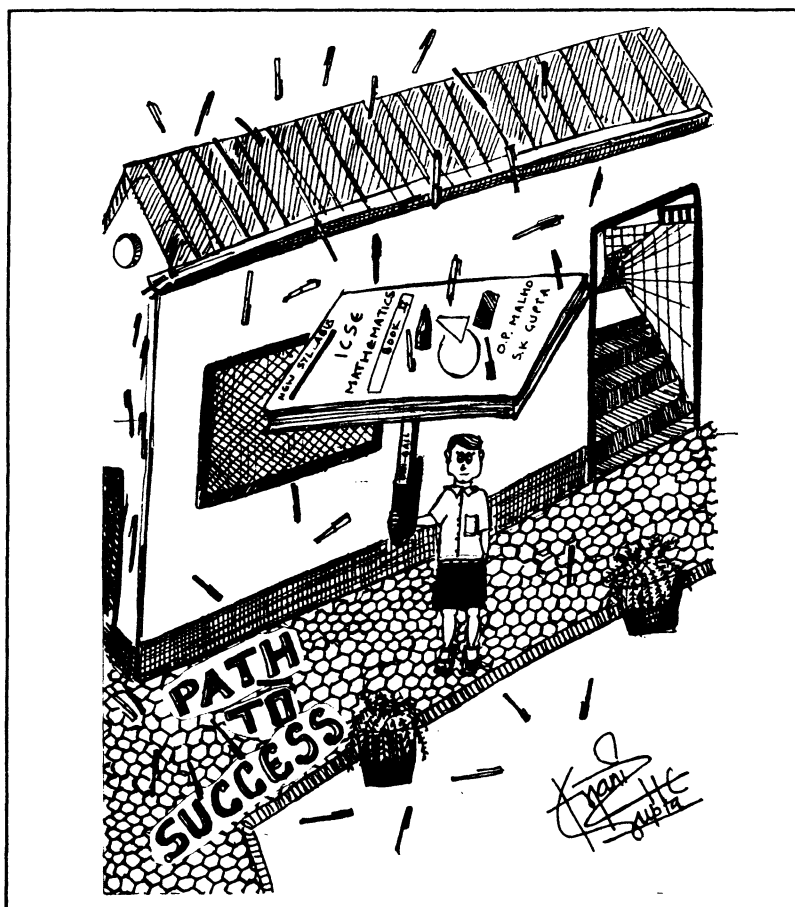
moving from strength to strength! The School again managed to get a commendable score in both, the ISC and the ICSE examinations with the

simply mind blowing!

The new term has left people wonder-struck with the infrastructural developments that have taken place in school during the span of the last two months; apart from the usual white washing, paths have been constructed all over the school campus, the tennis courts have been redone, new cupboards have been installed in all the rooms in Triveni, lockers for keeping books have been provided

in the academic block and the squash court's wooden flooring is being completely changed.

Apart from the infrastructural changes a lot of new teachers have joined us here at Welham. I take this opportunity to wish them a good innings in this premier institution.



maxima being 95 and 91.4 respectively. The ISC economics results were simply superb with two boys getting a 100 percent and quite a few in the late 90s. The hunger for higher education in India is almost as staggering as the number the system throws up: at last count India had 214 universities, 12600 colleges, 50 lakh

aspiring students, 3.3 lakh teachers and between 1997 and 2001, a 16 percent rise in enrollment. Yet even in the digital age where the boundaries of what is defined are expanding daily. Admissions of mediocre students into premier colleges have become a utopian dream. The going seems to have got really

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tough and only the best are surviving!

Welham seems to be hell bent in producing the best. The new summer schedule has taken the boys by surprise. Never did they ever imagine that they would be sitting through 3 preps. With almost 9 hours of compulsory study a day there is hardly any time left to think about anything else!!

The sports scene in school is yet to pick up. The only team that is actually burning fat at the moment is the school soccer team. All thanks to the rains. The team is busy gearing up for the upcoming soccer tournaments and hopes to lay its hands on a few trophies this season.

Talking of rain, it has played a significant role getting the boys a few more winks in bed as it has constantly been pouring during PT time. What more could a Welhamite ask for from the Rain Gods!!!

Freedom seems to be the only thing that at the moment is stuck in everybody's minds. What does freedom mean to me? It's a question everybody must ask himself or herself. Does it mean losing complete self-discipline or does it mean being freed from all our responsibilities? With over fifty years of independence to our credit we as a nation are still struggling with social issues. When are we going to move out of our little shells and start accepting changes? I can confidently state that we are proud to be the world's largest democracy. We as a nation can derive immense satisfaction from the fact that we have managed to retain our unity

and sense of nationality despite our bewildering diversities. The self-sufficiency we have achieved in food is no small feat. We can also be legitimately proud of some of our achievements in the frontier areas of science and technology. All of these are crucial factors in assessing the strength of the foundation on which we hope to build the edifice of our future.

However there is a con to the feel-good picture. We must look beyond what we want to see, to see what the reality is. The reality is disturbing; indeed so disturbing that it should infuse in us an imminent sense of crisis. 50 years after independence we have 300 million people living in poverty and going to sleep hungry. This means that the entire population of India in 1947 is today living in poverty, which is by any standard the starkest definition of deprivation.

Where is our planning? Where are our management skills? It's time we woke up and did something for the betterment of the country.

No matter what our country is, the bottom line is that I'm proud that I am an Indian!!

In this issue the Oliphant team has conducted a little question-answer session with a few students and teachers on what freedom means to them.

I beg your leave here. I hope I have been able to accumulate enough matter in this issue to keep you amused for a little longer time than usual.

Happy Independence Day... Jai Hind.

Patriotic,
Karan

Welham Now

The 2004 ISC and ICSE results were out on 18th May.

Eighteen Welhamites went to Spain during the holidays for a soccer camp. They were escorted by Mr. Biradar for this camp, which was organized by Real Madrid. The notorious soccer club's under-21 coach surprised the training session.

Gagan Jyot Juneja, Maroof Ahmed and Surya Pratap Singh played for the Uttaranchal Basketball Team in the National Basketball Championships at Chettur (Andhra Pradesh) during the holidays. The team was knocked out in the league state.

The school re-opened on 18th July while regular schedule resumed on Monday, the 19th. However, the tenth graders joined school early on 15th to take their exams.

Mr. Das was sworn in as Housemaster of Triveni. The Welham Community wishes him best of luck on his

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new venture.

The Welham community welcomes all the new teachers who have joined this term to strengthen the faculty. They are: -

Ms. Priyanka Bhattacharyya – English

Mrs. Prathibaa Kandhari – English

Mrs. Neena Singh – Geography

Mr. Mohit Sinha – History

Mr. Vivek Nath Pandit – Sculpture

Ms. Natasha Kandpal – Psychology

We all hope that they have a wonderful stay at Welham.

A team of six boys and a teacher (Mr. Joy Arora) left for Daly College, Indore on 25th July. They participated in the Regional Round Square to be hosted there.

There was a cancer awareness talk on Monday, 26th July after assembly.

A philately exhibition was held on 31st July in the L.R.C, which was hugely appreciated by all. It was followed by a philately quiz.

A friendly soccer Inter-house (the first of its kind in Welham) was played on Saturday, 31st July. All 20-minute league matches were played on Saturday while the final was played on Sunday. Krishna team won and was given a cake as a reward. Such inter-houses are scheduled to play every Saturday.

Our school hosted a qualifying round of the Frank Anthony English Debate on Friday, 6th August. Doon school qualified while our team comprising of Shaunak Valame and Samridha S.J.B Rana came third. Samridha was awarded the second best speaker.



Literary Affairs

Excerpts from a Diary

14 August 1947: Ah! Finally the day of reckoning is upon us. Something that started more

than a century ago will finally end tomorrow. We shall finally be freed from the clutches of the British Raj. Volumes of blood have been shed and countless lives have been lost. Yet we fought as one. No Hindus, no Muslims, only as one... Indians.

Swaraj. It sounds so beautiful, and now that we are going to get it, it sounds more beautiful and even tastes sweet. It shall be a day to rejoice and I can see it now: children running all around carrying the 'Tiranga' shouting 'Jai Hind', radios blaring out our national anthem, and the elderly walking around with their chests puffed out with pride because we shall be free.

Yet, I for one am not happy. True, I am thrilled and delighted that we shall be independent, but at what cost? Those *firangis* shall be kicked out, but I'm afraid

they'll have the last laugh. They finally succeeded in their master plan – divide and rule, and the result: the breaking up of our motherland and creation of a new country for the Muslims. This atrocious deed has led to chaos and turmoil all over the country. People killing each other just due to a difference in religion? What happened to the love and unity we had 42 years ago in 1905 when Bengal was partitioned? I was a teenager then, and I remember how our elders tied *rakhi* on each other's hands and walked around the streets, Hindus and Muslims hand in hand. And now those same people are thirsty for one another's blood? The other day I saw a group of people walking down the street when all of a sudden, a few Muslims came... a fight followed. The result was horrible. Four Muslims and three Hindus were killed. A few days ago I read a newspaper article, which stated that all Hindus in the proposed state of Pakistan were flee-

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ing back to India and Muslims were going to Pakistan to avoid being killed. I also read that in Karachi, a Hindu girl was raped and then brutally butchered – while a crowd stood watching her dignity being snatched away forever. A Muslim and his family were burned alive in their house in Delhi yesterday. I just pray to God that in this fanatical frenzy, the people do not forget who the real enemy is.

15 August 1947: Finally we are free! We were given back our freedom at midnight, and Pt. Nehru gave a very inspiring speech. Yet, today's newspaper disturbed me. Hundreds of people were killed yesterday. I understand how the relatives of the deceased feel... because my son-in-law was killed last night. My daughter is in a state of shock and my wife has not stopped crying. Why? Why was he killed? He did not kill anyone, so why was he killed? His mutilated body was found near the bus stand in a duffel bag. His poor mother fainted

when she heard the news. I don't know why, but I want to kill every Muslim I can lay my hands on. There is this burning fire inside me that wants to take revenge for making my daughter a widow. Yet I cannot do so and the only thing I can do is wish that that Muslim murderer burns in hell...

...Now that my nerves have settled down, I can think rationally. I just hope such barbaric acts do not happen again. Now we, as an independent India shall go forward and rise from strength to strength. I hope the future generations take good care of our country and make it even better than we have envisioned. A country where the politicians are hardworking and not corrupt. A country where there is peace and harmony. A country where there is opportunity for all. A country where everyone can truly and proudly say 'MERA BHARAT MAHAN'.

Samridha S.J.B. Rana

Has the Nation Uttered?!

"A moment comes but comes rarely in history when the soul of a nation long suppressed finds utterance."

- Nehru (15th August, 1947)

And so began an era in the glorious history of newly born India. An India, which had never before been known as a single entity, nor had it been capable of such singular representation owing to the vast kaleidoscope of Indian cultures in all their diversity.

The formative years were marked by chaos – the highest tax rates in the world, the longest constitution then, and a fraudulent brand of socialism did more than damage the country. And then, of course there was the politics of the country, steadily sinking into the quagmire of greed and treachery. What remains baffling is how India manages to remain poor inspite of the highest potential in almost all fields.

I personally feel that we have failed to imbibe a sense of being an integrated nation from our forefathers (i.e. if they had any). How can we even hope to progress when we are yet to free ourselves from the snares of religious dogma and antagonism?

Prestigious institutions like the IITs, established with the vision of helping the country with their expertise, have now redefined their roles, strengthening foreign countries and economies. The country is doomed if educated members of society

have themselves renounced it by migrating to greener pastures, without any guilt. India as a developing nation in relation to its capability stands as a horrific disaster. The unemployment rates in our country are incredible; the magnitude of dishanded politicians in the country is astounding

; the number of cases pending in the courts of law is astronomical. Various cults have sequestered the once-united country into masses of humanity, all professing different tenets, and segregating society. While some promote acrimony, others prohibit inter-caste relationships. How are we ever to take a step together if different strata of the country live in different eras and have different doctrines?

Our GDP may grow tremendously and corporates may be on a bull run, but what about the majority of the nation, which glamorous statistics do not represent? In no way do I see us as a part of ONE country. However, it is not the time to sink into despair and retrospection. We all may be a part of the country but the country evidently is not part of us. I can only shamefacedly agree with N.A. Palkhivala who rightly described the present state of the country as "a caricature of the noble democracy which our forefathers strove to bring to life in 1947".

Although the times are grim, we must take heart and vow to efface the plethora of problems the country is ensnared in, and restore her glory

with a united effort. I repeat again and again that nothing would be as ignorant as failing to recognize the gravity of the situation, which can be most suc-

cinctly summed up in Dalai Lama's words as 'a time where there is much in the window but nothing in the room'.

- Manu Sanan
XIIth Science

The British in India

"Britishers, a gift for India."

Whenever someone makes this peculiar statement, people normally do not agree with him. Actually in some ways the Britishers were a gift for India.

Let's take the example of the railways. They were a gift for us from the Britishers. Now, the railways employ the maximum number of people in the world. If one looks at this from the view of an economist, the Britishers are indirectly responsible for the income of many people. In addition to this, many people use the railways, as it is comparatively cheaper than air travel.

Another reason why the British rule was a gift is that it gave us the parliamentary form of government. Just think about the administration of India without this system. It would have been very difficult for us to form a system of administration with a bunch of illiterates who lack political conscience. Till now we use the parliamentary form of government.

Western education was another gift of British rule. I agree with the fact that they educated the Indians to employ them as clerks in their own companies, but that was the cause of the growth of the administrative sector. Due to the British, the Indians started to educate their children in English schools, hoping for a good career for them, as the British were good paymasters. The establishment of the

English language in India was also a gift from the Britishers.

In addition to all this, the telegraph was also brought in by the British. In ancient times, Indian kings used to send people on horseback to deliver messages. This method was very inconvenient as it took a considerable length of time. So the Britishers started this faster and more efficient method of telegraph. Although, this was for their use, it greatly helped the Indian economy.

At the time of Independence, India had a very low level of technology and skills. As we all know the Britishers came to India as traders and businessmen so they even set up industries. This brought a sense of technology to India. Some part of industrialization was also due to the Britishers. First, they used to import raw materials from India to feed their industries but later they found this very inconvenient so they set up some industries in India. This raised employment and provided income to us.

Now I hope I have been able to convince you that the Britishers also had some 'plus points' though I'm sure you might still have more negatives to prove me wrong. After all, every coin has two sides. The Britishers who came to India as traders also helped us. In other words in spite of harming our economy, they gave us many things to be proud of.

- Shailendra Khemka
Class IX

Aicha

"Aicha. So sweet, so beautiful. Everyday like a queen on a throne."

A blossoming flower, a shining star. Her cherubic face surpasses the beauty of anyone in the world. Her blue eyes seem as deep as the deepest oceans and capable of drowning the whole wide world. Her innocent child-like smile can make anyone's day. Her radiant face can illuminate the night.

But this boundless beauty is confined within

a veil. This angel is forced to love her face. Consequently the light, which could revolve the world, is hidden forever.

Aicha lives in the slums of a city. Which one? She doesn't know. Actually she doesn't know a lot, the reason being that she is not allowed to move out of the house alone and mix around with people. So she sits in a corner of a dingy room alone all day long, almost forsaken, while her father and little brother toil non-stop in the sweltering sun for their livelihood.

But it is probably impossible to subdue the virtue of this girl. She has a liking for music and sings cheerfully all day long. Her song fills up the room and the divine tone brings her in communion with her consciousness. Her harmonic voice has the potential to soothe billions of hearts in all corners of the globe. She somehow realizes this and dreams of doing so.

But she knows her dream will never come true. This is so because she has been instructed that her voice should only be heard by her family and herself. Therefore to be morally right she has to crush her dream.

The joy in Aicha's life is certainly her brother. She loves her father, but she loves her little brother more than she could ever love herself. The brother works day-in and day-out. When he returns home, to the virtuous Aicha, she feels rejuvenated and thanks God for small mercies. The only joyful

memory she has of her life is of the moments spent with her brother. Of course, she'll cherish these forever.

Soon Aicha will be deprived of from being able to spend her life with the only two people she has ever loved in her life. Her father has promised her to someone and she will have to marry him to keep her father's word. Who is the person? Aicha does not know that. All she knows is that it's a tough life ahead. All she knows is that, that's how society works in her country and all she knows is that she is another victim of the injustice caused by society...

Aicha is an Indian and India has been independent for 57 years. That means every Indian has been free for the last half a century. Every Indian has been free. Free from the tyranny of the British, but where is our freedom? Despite not being slaves we are still slaves...

"Aicha, Aicha passing me by....."

- Nishant Joshi.

Freedom???

(We conducted a survey of teachers and students asking them what freedom exactly meant to them and this is what we got.)

Mr. Lahiri(Pincipal) – Responsibility.

Mr. Basu(Vice Principal) – Choice.

Mr.Gosain(Dean of Academics) – Autonomy to work independently with conscience and sense of responsibility.

Mr. Kandpal(Dean of Activities) – Right to work, independence to work but with accountability.

Mr. Das(Housemaster of Triveni) – A choice to do things I love to do constructively. It does not mean disturbing someone else's freedom.

Mr. Chopra(Administrator) – Ability to be one self.

Mrs. Anand(H.O.D-English) – Liberty to express my opinion and to be heard.

Mr. Upadhyay(Primary Section teacher) – A lot of responsibility.

Ms. Meeru Pande(English teacher) – To decide ones own course of life.

Umamah Burza -...Living freely without any interference by the one in power.

Uday Mansahia -...Freedom??? What is that?

Mohit Shrestha -...Freedom is in the blankness of my mind.

Deepak Agarwal -...State of peace in my mind.

Geet Kashyap -...To go ahead and do what your heart says is right.

Utsab Shrestha -...is a dream... a utopian dream...

Asad -...It means that I am free to do whatever I want to do and others do not stop me.

Daksh Tyagi -...To dream.

Gagandeep Singh -...Freedom is my birthright!

Ankit Vinayak -... The liberty to do anything I consider right.

Neeraj Sakia -... The right to be myself, where ever and whenever I want.

Parth Prashar -... Total freedom is an urban myth, but 'partial freedom' is co-relation of magic and peace.

Siddharth Khaitan -... Crossing the LOC!!!

Ajitesh Kir – Freedom to me is when I don't give a damn!

Karan Mehrotra – There is nothing known as freedom. The only day I shall have freedom will be the day I shall be on my pyre... completely free!

Kunga Namgyal – To breathe freely

Zorawar Singh – to fly like a free bird

The Unknown Soldier

All armed and ready
The brave heart amongst all
Through the darkness of war
And expressions of anger

Hiding from no one
Fearless of death
He just carries on
Dodging elements of death
For the cause of the unknown

He just moves forward
Into the bright starry night
For him the future's uncertain
But the end is always near
He proceeds until dawn
In the shallow stream
He washes his face
The next moment
He is lying down with only one leg
The other claimed by enemies
His cry, the sound of silence
His condition, the result of violence
That rules the world
There he lies above and suffering

It's all over for the Unknown Soldier
It's all over for the Unknown Soldier
It's all over for the Unknown Soldier
It's all over for the Unknown Soldier

- Mohit Shrestha
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Round Square Conference at Indore

The theme this time at the Asia Round Square was 'Heritage and Culture'. It was hosted at Daly College, Indore.

In keeping with the theme, we stayed for one night at the Daly College and were off to Mandu, a historically rich but economically poor town situated on the edge of the Malwa Plateau, 100 kms away from Indore. As the ice-breaking session had already taken place the day before, we were distributed into groups and allotted rooms. The mixing up was done on basis of the Round Square's basic principle, 'International Peace and Understanding'.

To help us better understand the importance of Mandu, we were divided into groups according to our interests, and to deepen our interests specialist resource persons guided us. We visited several

places including the Jahaz Mahal, Hindola Mahal, Jami Masjid, Rani Roopmati's pavilion and Baz Bahadur's palace. On the lighter side of it, we enjoyed an evening watching the local dances, and all the participating schools also made presentations. We enacted a small set of jokes and also a skit on the poverty of Mandu.

Rounding up the trip, we attended the school's assembly and after that made our presentations. Each group presented on their respective interests concerning the monuments of Mandu, the pleasure resort of Akbar.

Not only has this trip made us realize the world's bitter realities but also it has taught us the art of teamwork, and not to forget, new friends.

- Sudipt Juneja

IX-B

Love

The most powerful of all emotions
is found in friends and seldom in relations
A feeling without which
No one can ever exist
A bond so close and so strong
can only last forever long
True feelings are so rare
And only with friends they are shared
A hurt heart can only unfold
Before someone who understands

Before someone who cares
Before someone who listens
Before someone one can trust
To be loved so that a beautiful feeling!
So full of meaning
The most valuable gift
I would like to give
To someone whose really broke
And in life would like to lift

- Pramila Dutta

The Journey of a Peddler

It is yet another 14th August evening, and I am walking into the darkness without knowing where to go. Convinced that I have no reason to drag life any longer, I am all prepared to bring my inevitable end a little closer than the destined date. Though I am all prepared to kick the bucket, there was one little problem. I don't quite have the courage to slit my throat or slash my wrist. This date holds a special place in my life. Every year it reminds me of how big a loser I have been and how I am to blame for all I that I am today.

13 years ago I was just another schoolboy sitting for his class 10 examinations with hopes of

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touching the stars and a dreams of making it big. Studious by nature and determined by instinct, I had all the traits of a lower middle class lad. Never did anything waver me from my goals and never did I imagine that anything would. In other words, I was living my father's dream. He wanted me to become what he couldn't due to the financial conditions of the family. My father, a construction worker, could hardly make two ends meet, but never did I ever hear him saying that he would not be able to educate me any longer. He would not eat for two days so that I would be able to buy a new exercise book.

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My mother was a typical Indian orthodox lady who was still caught up in the social beliefs of her society. Hardly did I ever see her with the veil off her face. I often wondered if I would be able to recognize her if I ever saw her in the market place.

I finally emerged victorious in my battle to achieve excellence. With a first division in my examinations I was the talk of the settlement. Happy with my performance, my father let me go on a cycling trip with a few friends. I was indeed privileged to have got permission to ride his cycle, and with exactly 44 rupees in my pocket (i.e. a day's wages of my father) I set off for the open country.

Never did I ever imagine that this trip would be the start of what I would term as 'the life of repentance'. It was on one of these days on the cycling trip, Harish came up with an idea of experimenting with smoking. Simple by nature I refused at first, but then later succumbed to the pressure. The whole idea of having smoke coming out of my mouth fascinated me beyond everything and I invested a major part of my money in buying high-class filters. Since I was only doing this once I wanted to do it with style.

The rest of our days in the country were spent huffing and puffing. With a sense of guilt of deceiving my father I went back home in a very disturbed state, but then nobody had the time to see if I was disturbed or not. In my kind of society nobody had the time for emotions and I learnt to move on with life.

In school I suddenly wanted to become popular amongst the 'cool guys' who whiled away their time either troubling the girls or indulging in inappropriate activities. With an urge to become popular, all my determination and will to be the best began to fade and I started to be the new 'bad boy' in school. Just to be amongst that peer group I started smoking on a regular basis, feeling like a man after every drag I smoked. It wasn't long till I hit the drugs scene. Easily available *charas* and *ganja* had managed to find their way into my cigarettes. Many a times we needed to go on a stealing spree for cigarettes since most of us could not afford to buy the numbers we consumed. By the time I hit twelfth grade I had become a well-toned drug abuser and a better skirt chaser! My family, still unaware of my activities, thought of me as a serious, studious boy. I knew I was wrong. I knew I was deceiving them. I knew the consequences could be disastrous but then my conscience had probably lost itself in the smoke

haze of marijuana.

The first shock I gave my family was the 12th grade fail certificate. My father was so convinced that the council had made a mistake that he was even ready to pay an additional fee to send my paper for a re-check. Finally it sank into him that I had made a blunder somewhere. Then my late night missing sprees, secretive behavior and lost looks got him more suspicious, but he trusted me far too much to have suspected me for anything like drugs.

It was during my class 12 that I became friendly with this girl, Kavita, who too was studying at the same school. We were good friends and there was nothing more to that. Well, the truth was that there was never any time for anything more than that. Kavita often asked me to go along with her for a walk and at times even spend an evening with her staring at the setting sun, but I was far too involved with other narcotic activities to find any time for her. Though I always turned her down she always smiled and walked away. Never did I once see her demanding something. Not that I was blind not to have noticed her love for me, but I was too afraid to commit because I knew I was a loser and would never be half as faithful to her as I was to my drugs. She was too good to be true and too pure to be desecrated. I was afraid to look at my own eyes in the mirror—how would I ever look into hers? She was willing to accept me the way I was and on the other hand I wasn't ready to give her some time out of my drug schedule. No matter what I said and what I showed I... I knew I loved her.

Then one day my life changed. It was the eve of the 14 of August. The whole country was out on the streets preparing for the Independence Day. I was as usual chasing my high and peddling drugs to earn my living when all of a sudden a police raid caught me unawares. I didn't even have the time to wrap up my little bag that carried all my drugs. What was worse was that I was caught red handed. Not prepared for a life of imprisonment I didn't know what to do. A hundred questions flashed through my mind and a thousand images of being tortured propped up making my vision blurry. Too shocked to say anything further I quietly had myself led away by the policeman into his jeep. On my way to the police station I took one last good look at the city where I had been brought up. The same city that had taught me to break barriers to reach the top. The same city where my father worked to keep me in school. The same city where my mother swept

houses to keep our stomachs full and the same city that had taught me to pedal drugs in order to sustain my existence and addiction.

The only person I was allowed to see while I was in prison was Harish. I made him promise that he would look after Kavita in my absence. Since I was too ashamed to see Kavita I sent her a little note promising how I would be a good man once I was out of prison. I also confessed my undying love for her.

It was only 3 years later that I got to know about Kavita and Harish's marriage. But then that was life...I was let down...I let her down...she let me down...maybe the same way I had let everybody down.

Getting to know about my imprisonment my father suffered a stroke and died just a month later. My mother quit the city to find a job to sustain my newly born sister and I was left to the mercy of God. No friends came to help me or see me, for that matter. It was then that I realized that its only when you need the most support, there is actually no one to lend a shoulder.

These were the lessons that life was teaching me and I had no choice but to accept my fate. I was to blame for all that was happening to me. A special credit in this went to Harish.

It has been ten years since all this has happened. Where is Harish? I have no clue about it. As a matter of fact I don't even know the city in which they have released me. During my long ten-year in-nings they had changed my prison maybe a few hundred times so that I would lose all contact with my old city and not start the drug business all over again. Indians are all busy preparing for the Independence Day celebration and a lot of old memories are coming back to me. Things that I don't want to recall are all coming back as if it had happened just yesterday.

With no one known and nowhere to go I am walking into the darkness. I know what I'm going to do...

HEADLINES: AN UNIDENTIFIED DEAD BODY HAS BEEN FOUND ON N.H. HIGHWAY 37. A LETTER HAS BEEN FOUND IN HIS JACKET POCKET WHICH IS PRINTED BELOW. THE MAN HAS PROBABLY PREFRRED TO REMAIN ANONOMYOUS.

14 August 2004.

Dear Mother.

I am so sorry for all that I have done. I have lived a life that was not worth living and have been nothing more than a burden on you. Once upon a time I too was too a small innocent boy with dreams and hopes. How did this little boy turn into this waster is a mystery to me too. I know I am to blame completely and I deserve what I have got. I have no complains from you and no regrets for what I have got.

It's time I beg leave for wasters are not supposed to live as long as I have.

Forgive me ma.

I am relieving you off another burden. Consider this as my Independence Day gift to you. HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY...

Yours Truly,

ANYBODY HAVING ANY CLUE REGARDING THE IDENTITY OF THIS MAN TO IMMEDIATELY CONTACT THE CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT.

- Karan Mehrotra...

Do we Youngsters just care about Ourselves?!

"It is only the youth which changes aptly with change". All that elders think about youngsters' interests are – eating out, going to fancy restaurants, shopping, listening to music, driving fast cars, and so on, but they forget that we teenagers are much more responsible than

they were. The youth of today can think for himself and also care about others. Elders are just jealous that most of the social organizations running today are being run by the youth. It is always the youth that ushers in change.

Let's have a glance at history. The Viet-

nam War which went for so many years and led to so much destruction and the killing of innocents, led to the dawning of the so-called, "Hippie age". The youth of America were totally against the U.S.A. butchering away at Vietnam. They held protests against the Vietnam War. The Woodstock festival was held where all famous music stars and others sang songs for the ending of war. The youth or the hippies went against the government by asking for a policy change. Soon the war ended. The hippies ruined their lives by taking to drugs but they sacrificed their lives for the cause of others. Not to forget the "Cultural Revolution" of China. Students at Tiananmen Square protested against communism and fought for a Chinese democracy. There were many demonstrations held against the government, led by the youth. Now who says that we, youngsters are irresponsible and don't care about others??

We'll I agree with the elders when they say that the teenagers are very interested in shopping, music, going to discothèques and so on, but when drugs come in I'm not so sure. Aren't they using drugs? Aren't they the ones who destroy the youngsters by supplying the drugs? Today, teenagers are the main targets of drug peddlers and smugglers. Elders say that we youngsters just care about ourselves.

Somebody please go and tell the elders that the Round Square consists of youngsters. The RSIS (Round Square International Service) makes homes, toilets, and shelters and provides food to the people who have been devastated by natural calamities. We are the ones who look after old people, who are pushed away from their homes. 'Help age India' is run by the youth, who look after the aged. And still they say that all the youngsters care about is themselves.

We youngsters enjoy life, as well as don't forget that we are endowed with some responsibility, which we have to fulfill. The students at Delhi University refused to burst crackers at Diwali, simply because they were made by factories using child labour. And still they say that all we youngsters care about are ourselves.

The youth always makes the difference. May it be politics or pertaining to day-to-day life, the youth always change aptly to 'change'.

'It is repeatedly observed, that when youngsters are given responsibility they rarely abuse it.' - Kurt Hahn (Founder of the Round Square)

- Ajitesh Kir
X B

What's In

Umbrella
Washing machines
Curtains
Aspen Crew Joggers
Academics
Mr. Das' cell phone
Mr. Das' whistle
'Unofficial' Dean of Matrons
Soccer

What's Out

Raincoats
Dhobhi ghats
Bedcovers
Nike Joggers
Sports
STD Booth
Mr. Biradar's whistle
'Dean' of the whole school
Hockey

Through the Keyhole

Uday Mansahia writing to his girlfriend in USA: I am preparing for my SAT and TOEFL just for you!!!

Karanveer to Ankit(wanting to say go and stand under the tree): Hey Ankit, go and *understand*

Independence Day Special

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the tree!!

Omit Gurung was seen dashing out of the dining hall)Mr. Tripathi to Omit Gurung: What happened??

Omit Gurung (meaning to say Umbrella): Sir, I left my *underwear*!!

Uday Mansahia: Dude when is the '*Mark Antony Memorial Debate*? (Meaning Frank Anthony Memorial Debate.) Realizing his mistake: I mean that *Amar Akbar Anthony debate*!!!

Mr. Kandpal to Sherrif Bajwa during the physics class: There is one major problem in this school, nobody speaks good English. Now see this answer. It's the *correctest* one!

Mr. Gusain to class 10A: Now *take it for granted that this is you first warning*!!!

Samridha Rana (heights of exaggeration): Guys, I have a tunnel from under my house to China!!!

Separated at Birth

Kunal Ohrie
Ankit Bansal
Mrs.J.K. Anand
Navandeep Matta
Sushant Singh
Abhishek Bharti
Gagan Jyot Juneja

Ruud Van Nistelrooy
Vishal Choudhary
Aunt May (Spider man's aunt)
Arshjyot Singh Bedi
The boy in Pepsi's ad-'Toss ka Boss'
Ram Prasad (bio lab assistant)
Arjit Trehan



Natures Diary. **57- and still Settling.**

"Master plan to make Delhi slum-free" reads a June 26, 2004 English daily headline. "The union ministry of urban development plans to prepare a blue-print to make Delhi slum-free in five years. The plan will be ready within a fortnight," the daily continues. Another tall claim? Potents of another disaster? The government's track record of "slum relocation" immediately provokes such questioning.

The first case was the resettlement of the slums of Yamuna Pushta and R.K. Puram to the depressing grey landscape of Bawana

Resettlement colony at the outskirts of Delhi. Clogged drains, putrefying waste, no sewage, children defecating in the open and unemployed residents are some of the benevolent characteristics of this colony provided by the government.

Furthermore, there is none of the ration promised by Shiela Dikshit, and no regular water supply. The little water that is supplied is contaminated, and results in numerous cases of cholera. Being in the outskirts, the men who were daily wagers are rendered unem-

ployed.

If these are the conditions in which these people are being resettled, what will be the fate of the people of Harsud, a 700-year-old town in Madhya Pradesh which is being evacuated so that it can be submerged by a reservoir of the Narmada Sagar Dam? Surprisingly, the reservoir of the Narmada Sagar Dam which will irrigate 1,23,000 hectares of land, will submerge 91000 hectares! This includes 41,000 hectares of prime dry deciduous forest, 249 villages and the town of Harsud.

The people of Harsud are razing their town down themselves. The able-bodied are frenetically busy, tearing away their own

homes, auctioning the houses at unbelievably low rates. They still remain under the illusion that they will be better off in their resettlements. Since Independence, big dams have displaced more than 3.5 million people in India alone. What is to be interpreted from such outrageous governance that allows governments to crush their own people with such impunity? What are our weird connotations of 'progress' and 'national interest' if they allow the violation of people's rights on a scale so vast that it takes on the texture of everyday life, rendering them invisible?

- Suyash Gupta

XI - H



RINGSIDE VIEW

Half-time is over, and as we all gear up for an even more tiring but exciting second half, I am even more keen to show you some more of my skills this time on the field as well (hopefully!).

New terms mean new rules and there are a couple, which the hardcore sportsmen of our school will certainly not like. Rule no. 1: No sports team will be sent for matches during class hours. Rule no. 2: Whenever any school team is to be sent for participation in tournaments, our team members will be scrutinized. If they are found to be lagging behind in their studies, they will not be able to participate in any tournament till their grades improve. Rule no. 3: The three-prep system also limits the games time in which sports teams practice for the upcoming tournaments. Practically, these rules restrict our freedom to practice, but then Welham is not a sports school!

Some recent developments, however, in the sports arena have left me gaping in awe. The squash courts are being renovated with new flooring and lighting systems. The tennis courts too have been re-done. A new layer of cement has been laid and painted blue giving it a deco turf-like appearance. The tennis courts are also getting new removable nets. These projects, combined, have cost the school

a cool 13.5 lakhs!

After the Euphoria of Euro 2004, our soccer team has hit the pitch with its seemingly endless practice sessions. As the team gets together after a whole year, they are busy practicing for the occasional friendlies and the upcoming Jackie Football Tournament at St. George's, RMC Cup, the Councils and the IPSCs if the team performs well. But the team should do well in comparison to last year when they hardly had time to practice before the tournaments began, as the school re-opened late. The captain, too, has a plan up his sleeve as he hopes to introduce a league-type inter-house.

Though most of the practice sessions were rained out we had hardly sneaked in enough practice when we played our first friendly with Bala Hissar. We won by 1 goal courtesy Vishal Choudhary midway through the first half. We played our next friendly against Mussoorie Public School. This match proved to be a goal bonanza for the spectators. We won 4-2; the goals coming from Dhairya, Gagan and Maroof (2). Our first away game was against RMC. These days as I am having an Inside View, not a Ringside View, I can say that we played really sloppily as we could not adapt to their ground conditions. We

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lost 4-1, our sole goal coming from a well-hit penalty by Mohit Shrestha.

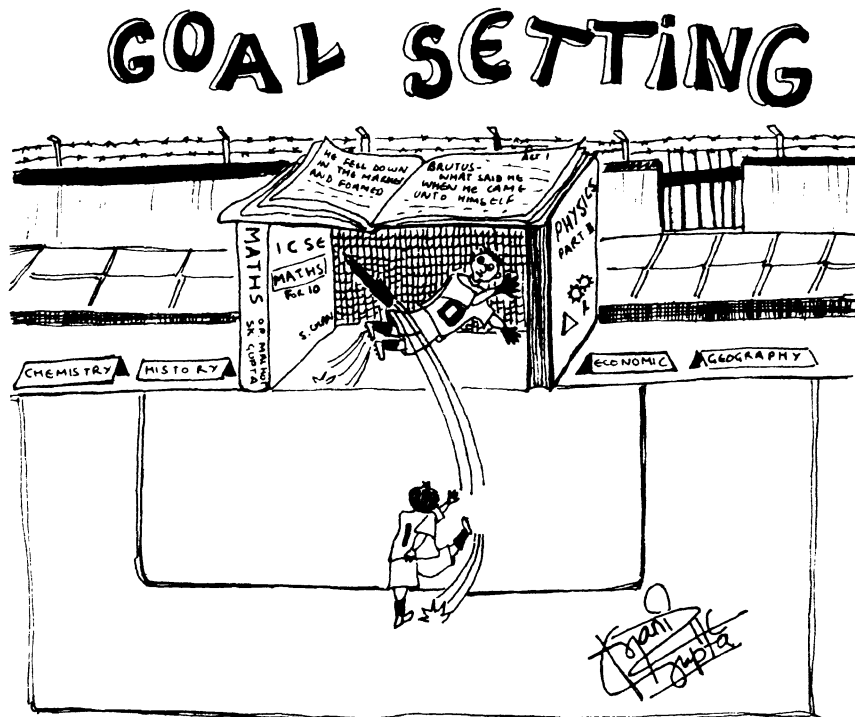
The team's first match in the Jackie Invitational Tournament at SGC was against Mussoorie Modern School. We played in a downpour and under foggy conditions on a field, which was all but covered, with grass. Our opponents had the support of their spectators who had come down to watch their team play. Somehow they also fielded two of their coaches but we emerged victorious through all these conditions and silenced the jeering crowd. Goals from Maroof

champs 2-1.

It was for the first time in 3 years that our soccer team has been this good. Although we had a great chance of qualifying for the quarterfinals of the tournament we were not allowed to play due to Rule no.1. So this

means we're out of most of the tournaments, not only in soccer but any and every sport. I just wonder how Welham can become a major force to be reckoned with in sports if we do not play any competitive matches?

Well, my hopes have already been shattered, but hopefully we won't come to such a point that this column



and Mohit (penalty) saw us beat the three time becomes history

- Shaunak Valame

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