

Oliphant

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

THINK ABOUT IT

"Arrogance is the camouflage of insecurity"

-Tim Fargo

Editorial

It is only after suffering the effects of a poor academic culture at the end of March that we begin to contemplate its importance. With the new term, the new promises of vigour (and disappointments of old at the Scholars' Recognition Day) we stroll into April, with the effects of a salubrious spring absent both from the climate and our academic calendars. The hubbub surrounding new boys and the new classrooms, to the various events pawing each other for practice time and practitioners, leaves a Welhamite caught in a tussle between his dreams and priorities.

It is not that academic achievements are a rarity in school; for that matter, achievements of any kind are as numerous as they are stellar. But I am compelled to be commending the same people over and over till habit deems achievements as expectations. This has led to 'concentration of growth' as a student to a select few, who are invariably given the responsibility to carry the school's name forward. This is detrimental not just for the majority, but these stalwarts too. The perspective of the "non achievers" is confined to the glass walls erected by the fear of failure that manifests itself in the guise of excuses, ranging from disinterest to disdain. This kills many nascent aspirations just to save an idea of our identity that holds no weight anywhere except within ourselves. Yet, this isn't the end; people put on a pedestal by virtue of their accomplishment are also consumed by the respect and appreciation they receive. Thus, a corollary fear of losing that cultivated image and exclusivity from the crowd retards growth that happens when you

risk failure to learn. It is like a person at the foot of the mountain is too scared to climb and the seemingly satisfied person at the top is petrified of climbing down and lose his place. Both remain unhappy and no one benefits.

I won't be a nihilist to say striving for excellence (or even the impression of one) is facile, but in a school, the underlying aim is not to earn but to learn. We are in school to make mistakes and learn now rather than to hide our imperfections just to appear the better man. Our insecurities are not something to be hidden, because you are not hiding them; you are hiding from them- that too only till someone better comes along and forces the inevitable confrontation with your fears.

This issue and this new term is about change: changing your outlook beginning from how you look inside, changing not always yourself but the culture if need be, and changing old habits after learning from the past. With this spirit of change, we have added new features in the Baisakhi edition, the Thoughts Page is a place to voice your thoughts on something whose discussion is passionate and widespread. I hope the discussion on Bring Your Own Device (BYOD) helps gather what the school thinks before formulating the policy for the same. A greater number of illustrations have been added to accentuate the sentiment conveyed.

Shresth Toshniwal

Editor-In-Chief

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Editor's Note

Spring in Welham does not only signifies change in weather with blossoming flowers and melting snow, but it also signifies transitions, new beginnings and some nostalgic ends too. As we celebrate the Spring Festival, we also celebrate this aura of growth and freshness which envelopes the school.

With new boys joining school, juniors becoming seniors and the Batch of 2019 passing out, the school is currently in a metamorphosis which is powered by the mixed feelings of excitement and apprehension. Feelings of all boys who have taken a new road this year, not one which is less traveled but certainly one which will break you again and again, and change the definition of you by the end of it. This transformation I talk about is not singular but cumulative and therefore each welhamite adds to it in little ways he can; it offers opportunities to everyone, sometimes it rings the bell at your door and sometimes its invisible, but who wins how much out of it is all a matter of knowing what is important and the willingness to act on it. After experiencing the Welham life for six years, I have come to the conclusion that grabbing these opportunities is all this place is about. It does not matter what it is, but grabbing it and holding on to it is what makes a difference, because that is what will define you as a person.

Each year, as the Oliphant grows and develops, it also reflects the change taking place in school

and being the school magazine it has an integral role to play in representing the thoughts and ideas of the students. It not only has to cover the opinions and lives of senior ones but students of all grades and sections, participating in different activities, experiencing different challenges and having varied thoughts about the school and life at Welham. Hence, every change in quality, content and structure in this magazine talks about how Welham as a people is changing, it doesn't say it out loud but you can read it between the lines if you look close enough.

With that I use this platform to motivate all new and old students to express their thoughts, their feeling and share their experiences because that is how a people grows, how a school grows and how Welham will grow from strength to strength.

Wishing you a very happy Spring Festival !

Devraj Singhania

Editor

The Oliphant

SCHOOL CAPTAIN'S DESK

As Baisakhi celebrates the success of farmers for their good harvest, our Spring festival is an occasion of celebrating the success of fellow Welhamites for their academic achievements in the past year. Thus, I feel the right note to start would be to congratulate all the achievers for whom it is the time to enjoy the ripe fruit of their handwork. For the ones who have succeeded, it should just be another milestone in their rather never-ending pursuit of success and for the ones who have not this shall be a lesson for the future, because success is not final, failure is not fatal; it is the courage to continue that counts.

For me, this April will mark 5 years of my stay here at Welham. Five years of Bethany food, five years of walks by Marine Drive, five years of having the best time in the school as a junior, five years of bonding with fellow Welhamites, most importantly five years of making Welham my home from just my school. If I quantify what I learnt in the past 5 years, I think it will surely surpass all that I have learnt in the remaining past years of my life, and I owe it all to just one place: WELHAM.

Amidst all this joviality in the air, the only thing that concerns me is the little portion of regret in the tears of those passing out, otherwise largely contained with nostalgia. It is the regret of not trying everything that the school has to offer, the regret of not putting in all they had, when they could have. It is rightly said, "You miss 100% of the shots you don't take." As my last Spring Festival celebrations draw closer I am aware of the swift receding time of my stay here at Welham. But, for all of you who still have a little more time left within these red walls, you shall all try

giving your best to all that you do, in order to fulfil all your aspirations. And do this not for yourselves, not for your near and dear ones but for Welham, the place which has made us all what we are or what we are going to be in the future.

April also reminds me of the arrival of those few new members of our Welham family, who have joined us and set on their journey to become well turned out gentlemen, ready to face the world outside. Each year, thousands of students from across the country aspire to get into these red walls, but only a few chosen ones get the pleasure of it. The journey to excel within these four walls is much more difficult than the journey of getting into these four walls, and thus it is not the time to comfort yourself, rather to prepare yourself for the future. I wish you all a memorable and comfortable stay at Welham, and hope that you make the most of it.

To end this on the right note I'd like to tell you something about this place. The walls of Welham are funny; initially you hate them, then you get used to them and when enough time passes, you depend on them.

May Welham go from Strength to Strength!

Chirag Bansal
School Captain

This term is primarily important for all the Basketballers and hockey players as our school hosts the two most important tournaments in the history and the calendar of the school in this spring term. The Golden Jubilee Basketball Tournament and the Kandhari Memorial Hockey Tournament are the highlights of this otherwise short term. These days the first thing you see in the morning is Welhamites going for their sports practises and I feel elated waking up to this inspiring sight. Waking up early and working hard for something that you want is very uncomfortable but honestly it's very effective for success.

Our Basketball, Hockey and Cricket school teams are working very hard for their upcoming season and beginning the year with victories would set a very positive tone for the rest of the year. We begin this season with the cricket team participating in the Kasiga Cricket Tournament and with the tremendous amount of effort that they are putting in I hope they will improve on their previous performances. Basketball is not just a sport in Welham, it transcends beyond it, in simple words it is a legacy that every batch proudly embraces and strives to improve on. The purpose of leaving a legacy is the need or the desire to be remembered for what you have contributed and our basketballers reciprocate it year after year with the guidance of their charismatic coach Mr. Ajay Kailkhura. However, for most other sportsmen, they leave a more modest legacy that may or may not necessarily change the

school and watching the Golden Jubilee Finals for the past seven years has helped me to foster that mentality. Although 2019, is a bit more special as it is for the final time I'd be watching the epic final and with this very hope I wish the school Basketball team all the very best.

Hockey is another sport that's very close to the hearts of all Welhamites and the very reason it is so loved is because of one of our former principals, the late Mr. S. Kandhari, it is in his honour that we play the Kandhari memorial hockey tournament. This will be the 15th time that we will be hosting this tournament and like every passing year the hockey team can be seen sweating and hustling in the mornings and evenings to be able to win the tournaments they participate in. Swimming in school has been gaining popularity from the time it started in 2014 and it is endearing to see our swimmers practising in their off-season so rigorously and I am confident that with this dedication and effort our swimmers will win a lot of accolades next season.

Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement. Nothing can be done without hope and confidence. So with this concluding statement I hope we go from strength to strength this season and throughout the year.

Bistrit Gurung
(Sports Captain 2019-20)

RINGSIDE VIEW



MOVIE REVIEW

Name: **Molly's Game**
 Director: **Aaron Sorkin**
 Rating : **7.3**

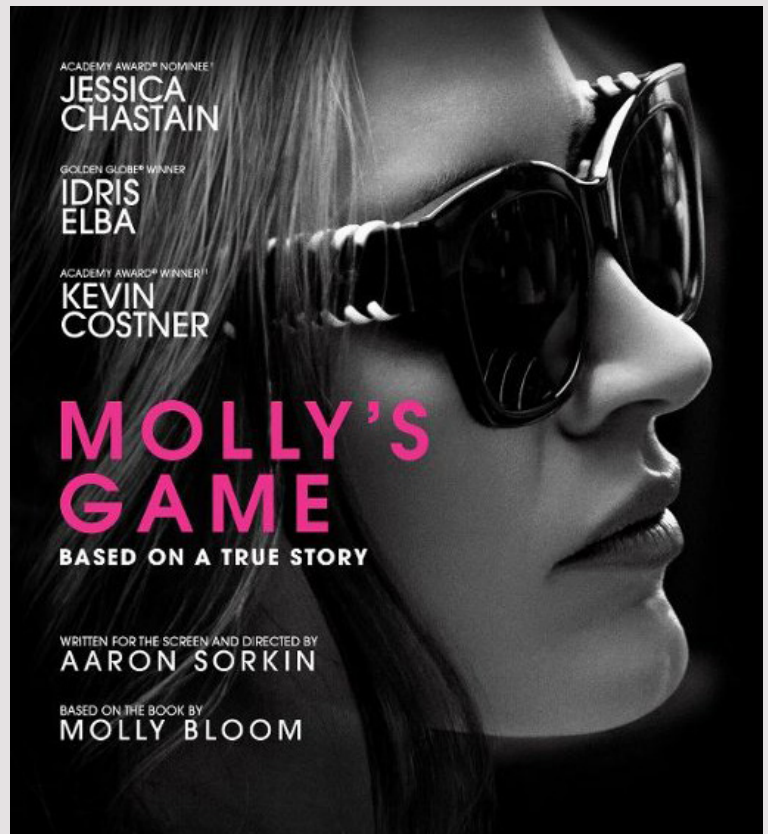
Molly's Game is an Aaron Sorkin movie, based on a true story. It pummels you with sharp, rapid-fire verbal jabs. Sorkin confidently dances circles around you, dizzying you with repartee, occasionally dropping your jaw with powerful verbal combinations. The script comes at you aggressively, with the hope to leave you thinking with its sheer speed and impact of the dialogue, and unsurprisingly it succeeds.

As a first-time director, Aaron Sorkin delivers the same speed and ferocity with the creative camera work and cuts in the opening scene of Molly's Game. The sequence is a vortex of clever explanations through narration and visuals. Immediately it is evident that Aaron Sorkin knows what he's doing behind the camera.

The remainder of the first hour zooms along in a similarly spectacular fashion. Jessica Chastain plays Molly Bloom, the poker princess. She exhibits the class, composure, and tenacity required of someone who ran the most elegant poker games in the country for billionaires, athletes, and actors. And, most importantly, she smoothly rattles off all the light-speed Sorkin dialogue in a natural-sounding cadence. Jessica Chastain is the perfect Molly. Without whom the movie won't work as perfect as it did.

While Chastain delivers her powerful performance with swagger, the usually sparkling Idris Elba (playing her fictitious lawyer), fails to shine as much. I don't blame Elba, who has consistently proven to be a more than a capable performer. His part feels underwritten. As skilled as Sorkin is with dialogue, he does not always create the most compelling or complete supporting characters in his stories.

Although, Elba does deliver one devastating speech with great earnestness. It's a moralistic touch to the movie, but he says what is needed throughout the movie. It filled me with gratefulness, to say the least.



The poker scenes bring a lot of fun to the table (sorry, it was right there). Each character represents a real-life celebrity or at least an amalgam of a few real-life players. I had great fun guessing which character was which celebrity as I watched. Then I looked up the names later (obviously). That part was fun too.

Halfway through, the movie hits a lull. It drags. It's never boring, but it doesn't hit with quite the same fury. Not every scene feels necessary, so the length becomes noticeably extensive. Apart from the other things it needs, one thing it definitely needs is a trim.

After regaining its footing, the movie seems to be on the way to a satisfying conclusion. Then a bizarre ice-skating scene leads into an unwatchably awful three-minute therapy session. I nearly covered my eyes and plugged my ears. Tough to forgive that one.

Despite the one awful moment, the movie offers far more good than bad. It's fun, it's smart and above all of that it's a commendable directorial debut from a long-time writing superstar, Aaron Sorkin, and it's one of Jessica Chastain's finest performances till date.

Aditya Mehra
 XI



The Oliphant

WELHAM NOW

- The Welham Family warmly welcomed its new members; the new boys. The orientation program by the prefectorial body was held in the Activity Centre on the 2nd of April.
- The Middle School Representatives' Investiture was held on the 14th of March.
- The newly-appointed middle school reps are:
 - Jamuna House- Shubhankar Dhulia & Shivam Rastogi
 - Krishna House- Maulik Khanna & Vishal Kumar
 - Ganga House- Parth Tiwari & Sanyam Khasa
 - Cauvery House- Kartik Agarwal & Atishya Jain
- On the 6th of April, the School was enlightened by the presence of Dr. Madhubala Joshi, the Polar Woman of India. through an enriching talk on her stay of half a year in Antarctica
- A group of 42 boys escorted by Mr. Arun Sharma, Mr. Justin Burret Mr. Manoj Barthwal, Mr. Hari Om Tripathi and Mr. Laxman Bhandari summited the Har-Ki-Dun trek, 24 completed the summit, They were the first team to complete the summit this season and made news by being the first group to summit from 28th December, 2018.
- A Military History workshop was conducted by Mr. Shiv Kunal Verma for classes 7 and 8 on 6th and 7th of April respectively.
- The Archery Range was inaugurated in School by the Duchess of Fragnito, Ms. Patricia Gail Maude Roxby Montaldo Di on the 22nd of March. The renovated Shooting Range was inaugurated by Maj. General P.C. Bhardwaj on 22nd of March, 2019.
- On the 24th of March, the school witnessed an engaging presentation on golf, by The Golf Revolution, a US based golf coaching company.
- The Debating Society has started 'Vox Welham' (the voice of Welham) a weekly series of debate for the students. Team Oliphant wishes the Debating Society best of luck for this endeavour.
- The Oliphant congratulates Shaurya Poddar for featuring in "Those Ones" section.

HAR KI DUN

THROUGH THE EYES OF A STRAY DOG

The sun is setting behind the white mountains. A rumbling noise wakes me up and I look in the direction to see a group of boys streaming out of buses. Ah! A chance to get some food perhaps. Sitting near the entrance of the hotel I look at their faces, trying to get the attention of someone in order to score a biscuit. Chocolate is good too but it makes my belly ache after. Its almost night so I half-heartedly make my way towards my den, it is under a yellow board that says "Sankri".

Morning comes and the sun feels nice on my fur. I'm sitting near the shop next door, looking at the boys come out of the hotel. They are carrying heavy bags on their shoulders. Perhaps filled with food? The man from the shop wants me to go away. But I like the sun! So I just ignore him and continue licking my paws. In response he hurls a stone that hits me on my ear. I whimper as I see red blood oozing out and dripping onto the dirt below. A few boys from the group come to me and pour water on my ears. They even give me biscuits! I like them. So I start following them as they make their way out of the town into the trees.

As we walk, the trees get denser and patches of snow start appearing now and then. Nothing eventful happens apart from me being sleepy after all the biscuits I've had. This group of humans are actually nice, unlike the cruel shopkeeper. We were resting in a clearing when suddenly a moving ball of white whizzes past me and hits a boy sitting near me. He counter attacks, and this begins an epic snow fight. I'm sitting at the periphery of all the action and wonder how this species got to the top of the food chain. Apex predators yet foolish. But for all I care, at least it's amusing.

It's been about two days since we left the town. More and more patches of snow can be seen as we climb higher. I meet a few strays who are going down, and they tell me that it's full of snow up there. When the humans set camp in the evening, I have to admit, I haven't seen so much snow in this region.

As night approaches, I sense something off. I strut around the camp and see all the tents empty. Where could they have gone? Ah, there they are. The boys and the other men are all gathered and taking amongst themselves. I hear snatches of conversation — "Bad conditions", "no group in the past four months". What are they talking about? The general mood seems very tense. At dinner I try to cheer them up but instead,

they go back to their tents and start packing their bags. This day is getting weirder, I think to myself.

I lay outside the main tent and sleep with an uneasy feeling. Sure enough, I wake up to the sound of shuffling feet. A group of boys are walking out of the camp. Where could they be going in the middle of the night? It is pitch black and the only things illuminating the non-existent path is the light of the moon and torches.

We make our way high into the mountains and all that can be seen is now covered with glowing snow. The humans have trouble walking, their feet sink into the snow with every step. Even their pointy things on their shoes aren't helping much, while I on the other hand am light enough to barely manage not to break the ice.

The boys tire quickly, yet they seem determined in their resolve to climb this mountain. I wonder what these humans find so fascinating in climbing mountains. I personally would never give up a warm snuggle for a cold treacherous trek like this. I tell you, these humans never cease to amaze me.

Night is breaking into morning and we're still climbing the narrow edge of the mountain. The humans are exhausted, but the only things that keeps them going is the hope of making it to the peak before the sun does. Another few hours of trekking and we finally make it to the summit. The valley looks astonishing with the trees dotting the slopes and snow lining the trees. I finally might be able to see some sense in coming all the way up here. At least you get a view, a breathtaking one at that!

We make our way back down, which is even more challenging thanks to the melted snow. After some excruciating few hours, we finally make it back to the camp. Upon arrival, we are greeted with applause. I wag my tail and soak in all the attention which I suddenly seem to be getting.

During dinner, its the complete opposite of yesterday; people are laughing, cheering, and enjoying. They are happy. And I for one haven't eaten as much as I am right now. No reason for me to be unhappy. XD

Anish Aditya Prasad
XII



Literary Affairs Of Welham

GRUDGE

The little boy was seething. Well, to be fair, he wasn't so little any more. He deserved more respect. Or at least that's what he thought. But that wasn't what had happened just a moment ago. How dare the teacher scream at him. But he didn't really mind that. What made his blood boil was the laughter that had followed. The old hag had taken pleasure in his humiliation.

As he walked in the hot midday sun, his shoulders burdened by books and his back burning in direct conflict with the heat, he seethed about the events that had taken place just a moment ago. He had been sitting quietly in the corner of his class, minding his own business. The other boys were having a little fun with the teacher, poking the old lady here and there over what she had said. Nothing serious. After all, 6 hours of studying merited some fun at the end. At on that thought, the fledgling lad impertinently cracked a joke at the expense of the teacher. It was nonchalant and small, not meant as a destructive means of hurt, and it evicted a small chuckle from the student behind him. But it ticked the already abnormally upset teacher off. Instead of flagerantly scolding the astonishingly indecent boys who were responsible for wasting the maximum time of her class, she decided that this poor boy would be the place where her frustration of the past 6 hours would be directed. The job of controlling a bunch of boys for half a day was... frustrating, to say the very least. So she scolded him. She said older him good. She promised vengeance on the day of the PTM, she called him a bookworm, she questioned his low score in the recent test and she called him out on his unmanly company. And in the most colourfully embarrassing manner possible. So embarrassing, in fact, that the entirety of the class laughed on it for more time than the boy, or anyone, for that matter, could have borne to be laughed at.

The boy, a bit lax in the rarely encroached upon field of cold blooded thinking in the face of direct conflict, stayed

silent. He was smart, and he knew that the threat of the PTM had a possibility of being more than that. But that did not, in any way whatsoever, mean that he was over it. The laughter of his peers had made the sin committed by the teacher unforgivable. The blatant encroachment on the unholy temple of the youth's ego could not be forgiven. And so the boy, in a manner below his age, swore childish revenge. Initially in his mind, but soon he was plotting the plan for taking down the teacher under his breath. And once she had left, the topic of his undoing in the eyes of the authority was all that his fellows wanted to talk about. And yet, he was still loud about how he would crush her in the next class. He would shout at her and insult her. He would do anything it took to regain the respect he had lost. Unbeknownst to him, this made the others glad for another reason. Entertainment. Little boys can be the cruelest in the world. And like the Romans, their favorite sport was battle. Hence, the conflict between the poor boy and the teacher would be the perfect little piece of entertainment for the next class.

The boy in question, off course, was blissfully oblivious to these minute wants of the eccentrically cruel brains of his peers. No, he kept thinking up hairbrained schemes to take back what he had lost to his distasteful educator, the respect of the class. In his mislead mind, this purpose was a noble revenge, and he wanted to serve it sizzling hot. He romanticized about the valour with which he would snatch the respect the teacher commanded from right under her nose. He gleefully decided that he would work hard in her subject, so she would be unable to use marks as leverage. But all this was to last for only a few moments, for all would soon be well in the world of the boy. A hearty lunch in Welham Boys School tends to do that to people.

-Mrinank Chander
X

I Am A Wanderer

Travelling the world
With each tread
Careless of the worries that hurled
Which darkness lead

Being in different places
Spending time
Observing life's new phases
Making my story rhyme

The sand dunes of the desert
The snow peaks leaning
The blue waters of discomfort
All have a meaning

There is a way
To get through
To put worries at bay
To stay true

Experiences have value
To teach
Is there anything we can't do
Within our reach

I am a wanderer
And will stay that way
I will be the conqueror
No matter how life will betray

Mohin Viraj Gandhi
X

THE VULNERABLE DAYS OF FUN

As days pass by, we slowly grow mature and learn. We start to look up to adults and want to be like them even before we grow up enough. We aim to be good role-models and radiate perfection. We try to stop making mistakes and be smarter, but are really we growing out to be smarter? I believe neither are we being good role-models; nor are we developing into smarter individuals.

As life takes us down the road we stop at many places and pick up a few things. However, to stop being a child earlier than we should is not one of them. Being a child is a special part of every human being's life because it is the time where we can divert our energy, wherever we want to. There aren't bucketloads of expectations coming down at us. We can do whatever we want to, and not what is expected out of us. During childhood, we don't have to be strong for anyone or hold ourselves back because we think that what we would do or say is wrong. We can make mistakes. Something we tend to forget once we join a boarding school. Being in an institution like Welham, we have an added responsibility, to carry ourselves well and to set a good example. We are surrounded by people in our age group or juniors who look up to us even if we don't realise it. Though there is an adult presence in our lives but they don't make our choices for us, we come here to learn to make good decisions for ourselves. However, in the process, we become more wary of making mistakes and stop exposing ourselves to new things or things we actually want to do. Often, we stop being the children we're supposed to be, something that should never happen. When we are too scared to be vulnerable in front of our betters because we don't want any errors in our work, we are under constraints as we are not exposing ourselves to new ideas and stopping ourselves from thinking. Eventually stopping our growth as individuals. That is why making mistakes is an important part of our lives. Without mistakes we will be able to learn how to grow to better and bettering ourselves is what every human wants to do. I personally started working on my interests in this time span, allowing me to grow better every day as I learnt to take my mistakes in my stride.

When we try to stop being children and become adult-like role models, we want to be productive but this idea is counter-intuitive to its purpose as we will never be able to set the example we want to. Without being a child we can never discover ourselves because we stop being vulnerable, as being vulnerable helps us become better. In turn, it makes us stronger. Being a child is not a weakness, instead it is a way to absorb strength.

-Viraj Lohia
IX



BROKEN WINGS

In a world full of flight,
A new-born sparrow opening his eyes,
To look at such an elegant sight,
But he doesn't know, dismay is everywhere; not light.

Thinking of the world as a dazzling place,
Without knowing his fate,
Behind the world's beauty,
There is torment and cruelty.

The sparrow was filled with hope to fly,
But it was indeed a lie,
He gathered will and tried,
Flying through the clouds, up in the sky.

As usual, happiness flies away,
All emotions; hope, will, love,
They all get buried,
And life becomes meaningless.

A hawk looking for prey,
The sparrow was in sight,
Sparrow was happily flying,
But it didn't last long.

The sparrow was going to look at the real face of life,
Falling down from the sky,
He survived, tears falling from his eyes,
But death was better than suffering.

The sparrow got rescued,
By the Samaritans whom you would scarcely find
He was scared and he cried
But they were friends who would make you smile.

The bird is still with them,
With broken will and wings
Maybe living the last of his days
And still not daring to look up at the sky.

-Trayamabak Pathak
VIII

A Night To Remember

A shiny night of November,
The night we met under the star.
Your eyes faded in the moon's glimmers,
And Cupid gazed at us from afar.

The melody of your voice, like the hustling
wind,
Has never left my ears ever since.
Just like the scent of your skin
And the love you evinced.

Remember, the long walk we had,
As we saw the crescent dwindle away.
Your hand had a steady grip on mine,
How bad I wanted to stop time

As the clock struck one
We shared a long hug to bid adieu
It's the first time we ever shared
And somewhat the last one too.

The following night brought huge dismay
As I saw her leaning into you.
I thought I was the only one
But I was nothing but a fool to you.

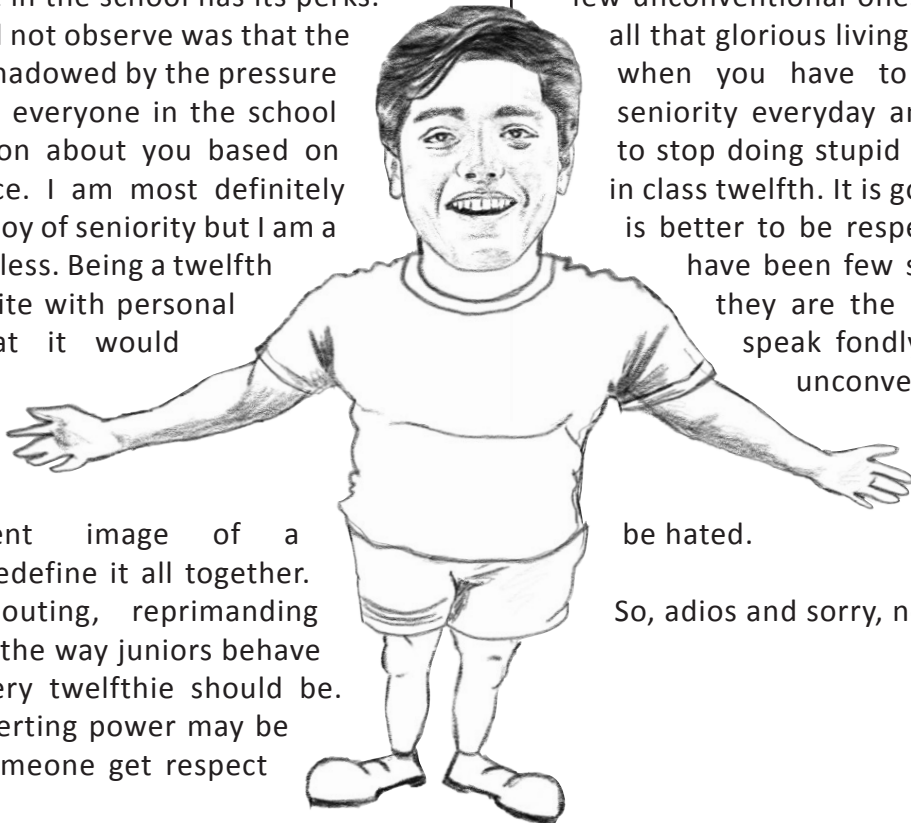
- Manvi

Not So 'Tall'

Being in class XII is something that everyone waits for, simply because they believe they will finally be able to make the changes they want to see. Apart from that, who doesn't want to be the senior most person in most rooms he walks into. When Welhamites think of a twelfth-grade student they visualise someone tall, authoritative and the juniors also to aspire to build a persona like that. However, they do not realize that a person is tall and dominant because he is a twelfth grader, he is not a in class twelfth because of those qualities. Thus it has almost become an expectation from the senior most class to be the locus of authority.

Claiming or asserting authority was never my desire. As a junior, we were shown that being the senior-most in the school has its perks.

But what we did not observe was that the perks are overshadowed by the pressure of the fact that everyone in the school forms an opinion about you based on your appearance. I am most definitely not the poster boy of seniority but I am a senior nevertheless. Being a twelfth grader I can write with personal experience that it would have been infinitely better if we move away from the current image of a twelfthie and redefine it all together. Necessarily shouting, reprimanding and controlling the way juniors behave is not how every twelfthie should be. This way of asserting power may be able to help someone get respect



but that is out of fear, but that is the worst kind of respect as soon turns to hate. Most seniors believe usage of corporal punishments on juniors is a legacy, which is fading away. If that is the legacy that seniors want to carry forward, they are living in days of the past, which has little acceptance today. A twelfth grader is someone who is strict when he needs to be and still shares a friendly bond with his juniors and treats them like a brother. The ideal twelfth is someone who does not let his ego get in the way of his friendship with a junior, no matter the opinion people may form of him.

People might believe it is an incredible feeling to be a twelfth grader, looming over

others and enjoying the privileges. As one of the few unconventional ones, I can tell you it's not

all that glorious living in the cage of seniority when you have to have to prove your seniority everyday and be constantly asked to stop doing stupid things because you are in class twelfth. It is good to be respected but is better to be respected and loved.

There have been few seniors of this kind but they are the ones of whom we still speak fondly of. I am proud to be unconventional. My voice may not be deep, I may not tower over others but I know I will not

be hated.

So, adios and sorry, not sorry.

Tushar Gupta
XII



THE RISING INTELLIGENTSIA

NOT JUST ANOTHER ‘-ISM’ WORD

As the title suggests, it isn't merely another one of those actions that has been turned into an ideology or a movement that has plagued societies at every level for long, and rather, has played an important role in the perception of identities in society. The dictionary describes reductionism as a procedure or theory that reduces complex data and data to simple terms. Yet, the dictionary meaning is unable to unearth the true essence of how derogatory this term is, and how it has led to our identities becoming exclusive in the eyes of others. In its truest essence, in terms of how it comes into play in our daily lives, reductionism can be viewed as an act of passing judgements about people, and then reducing their vast personalities to mere labels or tags. It condenses the very soul of a person into exclusive terms and labels, and refuses to see what lies beyond the facade that we have chosen to see; this is akin to the way communalism refuses to see the people other than just the followers of a particular religion, or the way white supremacists view people as only blacks or whites.

The crux of the issue lies with the freedom of interpretation, that our advanced intellect provides us, and a freedom that has also become auxiliary to the freedom of expression. It is like every two way relationship. First, you express your opinions freely, without fear of suppression and censorship; then comes the hard part, the part where you interpret what other have put forward. The task of interpretation is soon becoming an 'art' in the current world, where, reading practices have shifted from actual reading to merely labelling. This is the root of reductionism; every woman to ever speak on a public forum is deemed as feminist, every person criticising the government is simply tagged

as an anti-nationalist. The very appeal of reductionism is that by making things exclusive and simple, it makes the contents of what has been spoken, or put forward, seemingly transparent. It is similar to having your interpretation laid out on a plate for you by society.

The Indian society seems to have been plagued by this 'infection' for very long. Issues like communalism, the caste system, or even the recently emerged anti-nationalist wave that has taken the nation by storm, are all testimony to the fact that all Indians, with the exception of the infant is a reductionist. Every citizen of the country has liberally used his power of interpretation, without deliberation, to instantly, create sections of people, seemingly segregated by the similarity in their thoughts, notwithstanding, the actual content or the person that has so mercilessly been hidden beyond the tag. It is a classic case of alienation and suppression of people who want to bring in change. Without thought for what they say, or how their thoughts may be differently put than others, society has tagged people, and then segregated on the basis of who they want, or who they don't. So, when a black man goes about protesting for his rights and equal value, legally, the white-supremacists within people, do not think to consider whether the approach or the demand is constitutionally and ethically justified; but what they rather choose to see and label the person as is similar to all the other blacks who have resorted to violence to gain their rights. Recently, the government passed a circular that prevents government funded teachers from being critical of the government. This again shows how simply, people, even the government is simply pushing aside the cause of their insecurities, rather than living with it or trying to find a way out.

The government, through this has shown that it has interpreted the criticism directed towards itself as harmful, even when it comes from people they fund. Rather than taking it as a signal asking for reforms, what they decide to rather do is to try and suppress anything that they think may be harmful towards them, and not see it as a call for something that acts in the interest of the greater good, and hence they choose to act against an important principle that drives democracy.

When you magnify this problem at a more microscopic level. Closer home, reductionism is again creating issues in the student society. As has unfortunately become the norm, every person in school is given a tag, and what is demanded from them in school becomes restricted only to the tag of 'intellectual', 'sporty' or 'teacher's pet'. It has unfortunately turned out to become the claws that allow the crabs in our society to pull us down. This system of tags has resulted in the opportunities provided

to students very limited, and in the end, our aim at becoming all-round gentlemen fails when we begin to accept the labels that the people around us give us. It has made working in such a school system, where your forte is exclusive only to either co-curriculars, academics or sports. This exclusivity in our lives that is created by the people around, is adversely affecting all our lives, and I think it is time that we stop accepting this reduced versions of ourselves that people come and feed us. It is time that we allow only ourselves to judge the person that we are becoming, and that nobody can come and reduce us to mere tags and labels, without even getting to know who we actually are.

Sanshray Ghorawat
XI-Science

MY FIRST DAY AT WELHAM

Welham is legacy a boarding school, and it truly is a challenge to become a part of the Welham family. I don't know much about Welham as I am still new, so I don't have much to say about this school. Though the experiences until this moment have nevertheless been memorable, to say the least. My first day at Welham Boys' School was not so great because most of the time I was just thinking of being separated from my parents. When I entered my room it was nice and only had several lockers and bunk beds, I actually felt surprised when I saw all the other new boys in the same mood but they were good company. I didn't know that seniors played a huge role in our boarding life until they came to my room; they talked to me and tried to console me seeing my tears. They didn't leave until they were successful. They told me about their stories, their experiences, which enlightened me about the world that lay beyond the scheduled, boring portions of school life and it helped me a lot. When I woke the next day I didn't realize that I was still in Welham, and it was surprising to see the housemother at 6 in the morning waking us. She told us to get ready. I brushed my teeth, washed my face and got ready for school. There, I got to know

my classmates, they were pretty good to me, and like my housemates, made me feel better about this new schooling experience. I was a bit shy to express myself, but after a little "Welham" style of ice-breaking, it didn't take me time to open up.

Then my new class teacher told me about herself. Everything was going amazing up to this point, classes were neat and clean, I was easily able to adapt with my classmates. I also made new friends. Later, Ma'am Bindra addressed us. I had breakfast, the food was surprisingly better than expected and the servers were very kind to me, it was like a fine dining experience. Then I went to play soccer but unfortunately, it isn't football season, so I chose to see the other on-going sports. Post games time I got ready for prep, and then we had dinner. This was my first day in Welham. I enjoyed my first day though, I missed my parents a lot, but I'm told it's normal, and I wouldn't trade anything for this life, here at WELHAM.

Siddartha Patro
VII

"We talk as if there was no genius before the internet!". Technology is ubiquitous but it leaves the user at a vulnerable end, thus formulating a question concerning its usage. The curriculum that we follow does not require the usage of internet and, the other important parts important to our education include current affairs and general knowledge, which can be acquired offline, via newspapers. So, there is no great "requirement" of BYOD in our school as it is often portrayed.

Aryan Kathuria

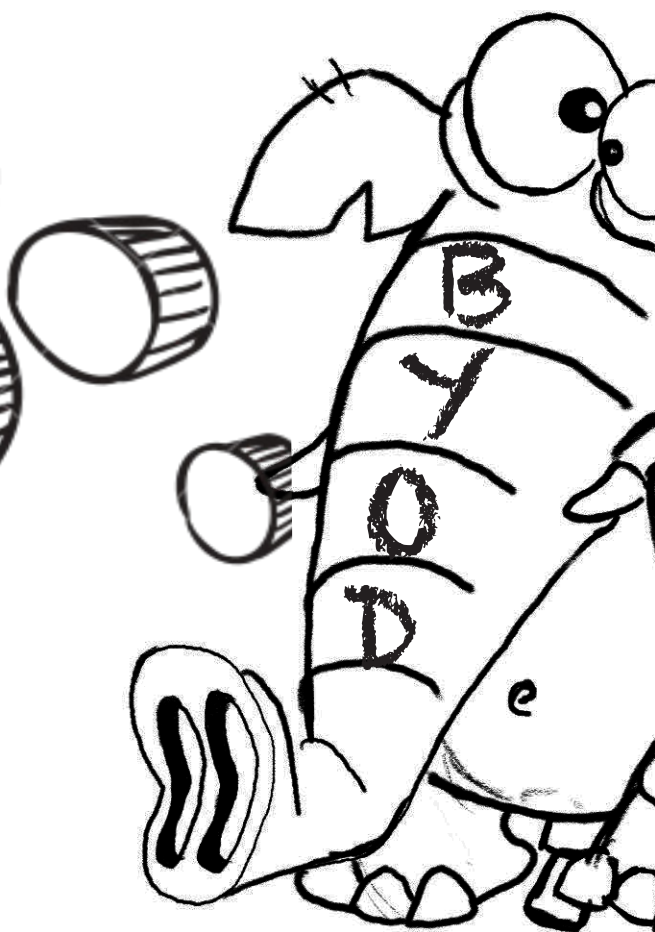
I believe that BYOD would bring about a change in the school. Boys would be well- informed going on around the world. They would have connections with people who they meet. But the timings are to be kept in mind and academics have to be prioritized. Like any system will also have certain disadvantages but the pros will outweigh the cons.

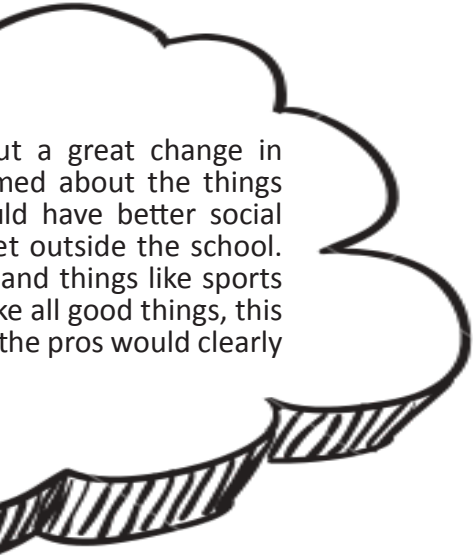
Vansh Khetan

The BYOD system is a great one, provided that one had to go through to get access to it. Given the increasing use of technology, like college applications, preparation for a system that should only be kept in mind that junior students require gadgets and this can be compensated by the other facilities.


The discussion of whether devices should be allowed or not is completely out of sync with the needs of the day. Technology is an essential part of learning and any attempt to shield students from it will inevitably fail. We need to move on and figure out how to educate students on being responsible in their use of devices, else they will either succumb to the lure of tech addiction in the future or grow up with a severe handicap in comparison to their peers. The question is not whether devices should be allowed, but how their use should be optimized.

Mr Saurav Sinha



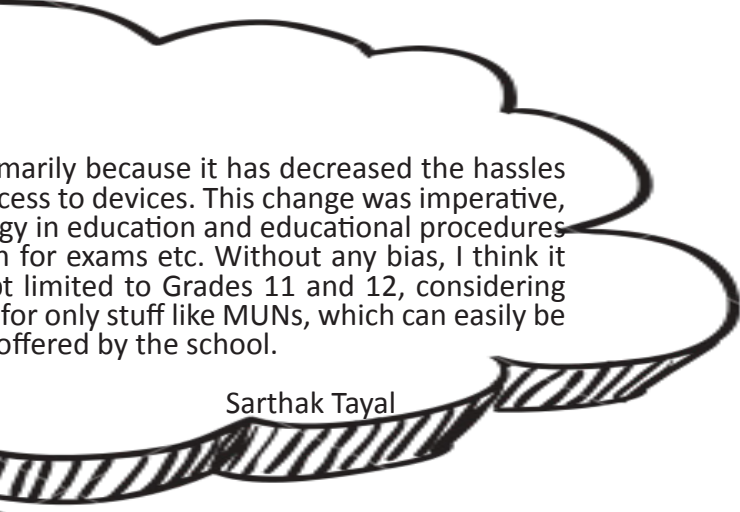


ut a great change in
ned about the things
ld have better social
et outside the school.
and things like sports
ke all good things, this
the pros would clearly




From being accused to being the primary cause of the declining sports culture to being the ultimate productivity killer. In my opinion, BYOD had actually put the self-control of our fellow Welhamites to test. BYOD has benefitted a few, spoiled a few, but it is not the policy that is to be blamed, rather we ourselves. I request everyone to use their devices judiciously and help reduce the damage done to the minimum.

Chirag Bansal



marily because it has decreased the hassles
cess to devices. This change was imperative,
gy in education and educational procedures
n for exams etc. Without any bias, I think it
t limited to Grades 11 and 12, considering
for only stuff like MUNs, which can easily be
ffered by the school.

Sarthak Tayal



I think it is extremely important for us to first modify BYOD according to the ways of our school otherwise soon the other way round will occur. Initiatives such as these carry huge potential to change the very culture of the school and therefore their implementation and adaptive policy are paramount. Moreover, BYOD is something which highlights the essence of how 'student driven' our school is which furthermore increases the role of student responsibility in the program.

Devraj Singhania



WORD

Is Rationality an Iron Cage?

For

The world has changed. This change has been rapid. Industrialization and capitalization are relatively very recent concepts. Since the inception of all civilizations and cultures, there has been a traditional will to act cooperatively. People used to live together in integrated societies which increased the social bond between them. The people had an obligation towards one another. Another aspect in this form of society was that there was no dearth of thinkers, people could think freely and had a lot of creative intuition. When industrialization and capitalism came about as ways society should function, this traditional will, to do something good went away and was replaced by every decision being based on a cost-benefit analysis. Efficiency and precision were maximized. Everything was done to increase production and overall gain. Thus came about the age of rationality.

As soon as we entered this age, there was no space for any natural creative intuition and anything which was not remotely related to material gain was sidelined. The people were forced to study subjects which guaranteed them a job and were discouraged for following an unconventional career. When we say that rationality is an iron cage; the iron cage represents the restrictions placed on the human mind after the rationalization of this world. And when we look at the changes that have taken place after rationalization, we certainly notice this change.

The social studies have been discouraged and the sciences have started being promoted. However, if we take a look at our past, people used to study history, rhetoric, logic and a lot of politics. This is what

rationalization has brought about; it is a change which has been brought to train people to get a job, rather for their own knowledge; which certainly suggests the setting up of an iron cage around society. The active promotion of subjects like science, which have the backing of rationality on their side and are fairly objective studies is one of the best examples of the iron cage for it limits all creative thinking. Philosophy and sociology (both of which were one of the most studied subjects in ancient Greece) have been reduced to subjects which are regarded as the ones studied by bohemians and hippies.

It is not so that rationalization did not bring about any positive effects on society. It did, and they turned out to be a lot more than the cons. If industrialization had not come about then how would the world have survived considering the ever-growing populace? But it is also true that some limitations have been placed over the creative capabilities of individuals. People who vie to have an unconventional occupation in our present society are very casually discouraged and let down. Why has all this happened? You will find your answer in rationalization. This essentially proves that rationality is an iron cage.

Samanyu Raj Malik
Class X

WAR

Is Rationality an Iron Cage?

Against

Humans, despite having extensive cognitive capacities, would have had been as wild as animals if they didn't exist in structures and did not abide by certain codes.

I say that because physically, humans are weak creatures. They need to exist in colonies, foster relationships and interact to survive. Else humans in the wild are perishable. So, structuralism naturally becomes a part of our existence as an evolutionary mechanism. Rationality provides us with one such structure to bank on. Rationality, as a formal school of thought, emerged only after the Cognitive Revolution. It is very simply a measure to acquire knowledge. Rationality is the quality of being based or being in accordance with reason or logic. It is the maximization of good out of every situation, so it encompasses morality and ethic as well. While the opposition will tell how rationality confines you, I'll tell you why it on the contrary widens our horizons.

Firstly, rationality induces objectivity into our lives. As when we look at something rationally, we look at the entire broad picture. It is particularly important to our judicial processes, since they are based on objectivity. In society we need a self-checking mechanism that is completely unbiased. We require it to check certain policies, resolve conflicts, uphold fundamental rights and review certain actions of the government. When we have such a mechanism, it enables us to minimize social inequality and even

make reparations for our earlier mistakes. So in a way we end up becoming better human beings. Thus we become a fraternal society and expand our boundaries of cooperation and social harmony. Thus rationality facilitates collective social growth and fraternity. Secondly, all scientific theories and experiments are based on rational explanations. All the studies on physiology, the atmosphere, the universe, anything that comes under the sun is explained using rational thought. Science is our only window to the universe and rationality is the shutter to that window. The inferences that scientists draw from experiments, that expand the boundaries of the human brain, are solely based on pragmatic and rational thought. Secondly, rationality fuels curiosity and curiosity the mother of philosophical as well as scientific thought. Philosophical cultures like romanticism in the 18th and 19th century Europe, logical ideologies, spirituality are aimed at answering certain unanswered questions of those times and the answers stemmed from rational thoughts of those times. Therefore rationality is not an iron cage, its an open ocean bounded only by the shores of ethic.

-Aarav Upadhyaya
Grade X

Ver's'es

JUDGEMENT DAY

Two poems. One heading. You be the Judge and Jury

I, the wanderer, walk down
Unaware of the result
Countless heads stand ahead
Yet no one to consult

Happiness is evident on faces
But fear lies deep within
Souls I see are shivering
And Christ still has a grin

Two paths are visible
At a distance not so far
The one wide open leads to darkness
Though the other is ajar

The assistants of god come close
To hold me by my wrist
As if trying to read my palm
And fill my entries in the checklist

The voice of the crowd
i hear is increasing
sweating within the nerves
All apology scripts are creasing

Suddenly
The whispers turn to thunders
And on the pulpit he rose
The infamous judge has arrived
To finally say adios.

-Prakhar Dixit
XI

As soon as I heard your voice,
As soon as as saw the scythe you had honed,
With my fate prescribed, you carried the heavy
tome.
I could see you gliding thorough the hallway with
poise
I knew the time has come.

the day of judgement was here
I could hear the bells of justice ringing,
Its was finally the time of reckoning
everything was in perspective and clear
My life flashed by me and I could feel the air getting
thinner.

Retribution was at hand,
There were debt to pay,
Life was full of warnings, none did I hay.
I broke ground no one could withstand.
Now you are here to collect payment it full.

Read the sentence, send me to never lands
And make me pay, for the mistakes made
For the guilt is mine to claim.
Spill my blood and mark this land
As here comes judgement day.

For air I gasped, looking around for a loved face.
But all I got was a stone cold hue.
I has slipped through shadows But light would always
chase
As life passes judgement and collects all dues
For here comes judgement day.

-Viraj Lohia
X

AM I A Bad Kid?

There is a person I know of. He failed the key primary school test for two times. He failed three times for the middle school. He applied for Harvard, ten times, rejected. He failed in the universities for three years. When he applied for jobs he got rejected thirty times. When he went for police, even they rejected him. And today that person is the founder of a billion-dollar company— Alibaba.

Contrary to the general notions running in your minds, I am not trying to cite the examples of those round pegs in square holes who later become quids in, I wouldn't dare to bring that ginormous list to your notice for I am sure, it's beyond what these few pages can hold. I, in this article am going to talk about my journey through Grade 11th.

I did not study in grade 11th; perhaps my mind was conditioned by the words of my seniors who told me 11th is the last year to 'party', or perhaps it was my high grades with considerably low efforts in grade 10th, Well the real reason was that I was overconfident based on my marks of the previous years! For all those who know me would know that I am an academic achiever, but for a fact will also know that I failed in numerous subjects in grade 11th. I accept the fact that grades is a necessary part of one's schooling. Good marks, signal focus, discipline and work ethics, which are some of the crucial character traits and I hope my juniors learn from my mistakes and realize that track records and consistency in your performance do matter.

But does getting bad marks make me a bad kid? Does failing in exams mean failing in life? Today every time I meet someone, he/she enquires about my grades. Why don't people concern themselves with questions like what other skills did I acquire all this while? Or, did I have the time of my life? I believe the time you enjoyed wasting is not wasted, because ask me and I'll tell you that I still prefer a happy me than a scholar you. For what it's worth, I may not leave this school with an array of A grades, but I will surely have qualities that will stand me in good stead in whatever I pursue and wherever I go. I do not believe that one's failure is a factor of one's intelligence, but an inability to be weighed down by that failure is. CGPA and GPA

are far less effective in measuring ones emotional quotient, passion, potential, leadership qualities than one's memory. We have had the likes of Al Gore, John McCain, John Kerry, Joe Biden, George H.W. Bush who were miserable students but great leaders and on the other hand, prodigious students like Richard Nixon who turn out to be forlorn leaders and fail in the long run. For every straight A student who turns out be successful there are scores more who failed in school but performed exceptionally well in the long run.

I am not contradicting myself as I do not deny that academic results do open doors to certain careers, but all I stand for is they are not the only route to fulfilment and prosperity. I believe that there are plenty of opportunities out there and it's the people with the audacity who do not care about their grades, the ones who don't spend their time mugging up, and blurting out, who rule this world. By this I am not justifying my lackluster performance in grade 11 but all I am saying is that by giving students the impression, be it unconsciously, that the exams they give are going to make or break their futures is instilling a sense of failure in young minds.

Getting marks is very important but if you don't get them the world won't come crashing down. What matters in life, is pursuing your goals with a sense of purpose. It's about having ambition and directing that ambition toward a problem. We all choose to apply ourselves differently, and to different things and in an ideal world that is how we would be measured. Not by the grades one gets. My grades don't define me. Because at the end of it all, it's all about those people with the most passion who nail it in real life! "Everybody is a genius. But, if you judge a fish by its ability to climb a tree, it'll spend its whole life believing that it is stupid." - Albert Einstein

-Shaurya Poddar
XII



LASAGNE

DUDE OF THE MONTH

The omnipresent figure in all facets that govern any Welhamite's life, the Dude of the Month, deservedly is Mr. Om Prasad. Sir, seems to have the sixth sense of a superhero, testimony to which is his magical appearance at any site where things seem to be a little out of 'Protocol' (with grace of course). Even with the role of housemaster, he never fails in his additional duties of ensuring that no wrongdoing takes place within these hallowed walls.

Despite, having never explicitly showing his political allegiance, sir seems to have taken the "Main Bhi Chowkidar" campaign by the BJP to heart, and is available wherever the school needs him to be. Unfortunately, with every "Main bhi chowkidar" we have a free tag of "Chowkidar Chor Hai". Sir's towering demeanour, is unfortunately not consistent with his actions on ground, and that only goes on to show what an extremely cooperative man hides within the wall of 'subtlety'. All of these efforts seem to be directed at increasing the number of offices he occupies, to two to be precise. (the one right next to his current one). The other role that Mr. Prasad, very amazingly handles is the role of the KBS' Student Welfare In-Charge. He has surely ensured better welfare schemes for his beloved students, which ranges from a brand new hostel to the drastic drop in the number of disciplinary issues originating from the KBS (pun totally not intended). The cherry on top seems to be the fact that 'his' school captain is ruling two

schools right now. The placement of his prodigy as the head of the current prefectorial body, has further increased his influence.

In class, the history 'pundit' (pun intended) inside sir never seems to rest. His passion and love for history and teaching combine in his history classes. Honestly speaking, last year's 10-C couldn't have asked for a better history teacher. His passion for equality in the Indian political system (representation in the legislature) is evidently seen in his monologues with great passion. Be it water on Holi, or organising a school event, his name seems to be second only to the 'other' person in charge of student welfare (development). But thankfully, his prayers have now been answered as he will be looking forward to the next term; as the new "Head of Discipline".



The perfection with which OP sir seems to have taken the system, very literally, in his control is enough to fill anybody with awe. His 'interesting personality', ambitious nature and 'affectionate conduct' are enough to make him a Dude in the eyes of The Elephant. Though we would love to further elucidate on OP sir, this amazing man has us at a loss of words, please excuse us while we bask in his 'glory'. Honestly, he is worthy of being the face of Monday.

With love and adoration and much more.
-Tom and Jerry

LAMPOON

Every student, in his life comes to a point of crisis, where he has to choose from the array of (not so appealing) subjects Grade XI has to offer. This transition is also accompanied by a wide range of elderly advice; but unfortunately, the 'precious' advice given to us by the elders at school (more of propoganda, less of advice) only proves to be of little help.

On the other hand, when a kid sits down with a pen and paper, and closely analyses his real options (which do not remain many), he eventually comes to a 'socially acceptable' conclusion. With all of this in mind, the Oliphant brings to you, as readers, a genuine deciphering of the crisis at hand :-

Science

Stimulus - IIT

High point - Prateek Tibrewal

Mantra - Literature is garbage

Housing the so called 'brightest' of the lot, the science stream tends to lose its brightness with a reduction in the number of stars it has in its sky (whether it is a shooting star or the twinkling just stops is a different discussion all together, the 'bright ones' probably realise their true place in the hierarchy of subjects). This stream (with evident hatred for literature, or not?) supposedly offers a wide 'scope' for the future making it the " parents' favourite's choice "; who only want able men (engineers and doctors) in their family (but our students, sadly, fail to realise that it is not a 3 idiots script). Additionally, any student who has been a scholar throughout is said to have betrayed his teachers by taking any stream other than science. Consequently, every 'sciencee' moves around with an aura of dedication (and false ambitions) since the first day of grade 11, to get into an IIT and crack the toughest of national level examinations.

Furthermore, the Science students have managed to create the impression that they are the only ones who need to study and think, and that anyone else who is seen studying, surely has an exam the next day.

The Oliphant, having first hand experience, despite best efforts has recently lost another one of its own to this quicksand. With best wishes to all sciencees we hope that there apple too falls one day and hope that it does not take a thousand attempts to light the light bulb.

'Human- at – ease'

Stimulus - Bell for Lunch

High point - XIIth Humanities

Mantra - " We don't need no education "

Also known as Humanities, this stream is said to comprise the 'left-overs'. However, the reality of this stream tells a very different story. One part of the section, acts as the typical grade XI student wandering around and upholding the true spirit of what we consider to be a cliched 'Arts' student; while the other looks at the serious law students taking the CLAT classes (multiple incentives).

Another basis of division for the Humanities students is whether or not they choose to suffer from Dr. Bhandari's handwriting and enter the 'abled' work force. The other half tries to prove their worth to anyone who is willing to listen and potentially try to avoid being asked as to what was the reason for their choice of this specific stream(lack of choice would be the evident answer). This is a stream which strongly believes in quality over quantity and, despite the constant doubt in their 'quality' , the quantity of humanities students continues to grow, quite literally "From Strength to Strength". If you ever need to consult a Humanities student, you will surely find one in the LRC at all times(their official classroom!).

Commerce

Stimulus - Stock Market / Economic times

High point - NONE

Mantra- The buck stops at money.

“Some people have mansions, others have ambitions.”

The Oliphant presents to you the stream for the ‘real left-overs’. People in this stream have realised the significance of a strong ‘parental support’ in the life of a student. As per convention, all students upon joining the commerce stream live under the misconception that they have gained extensive knowledge on how the market works (only until they open any page of The Economic Times to realise the harsh reality) and they believe that investing in the stock market is solely, their birthright.

Additionally, commerce is a stream, often thought of as the ‘obvious choice’, declaring the other two options to be absurd and not worthy enough for their business minds. Subsequently, Commercees are also keen believers in the concept of ‘the process of elimination’, who believe one stream to be out of their league (the other is too!), and one below their dignity.

What makes this stream unique is its’ students’

‘talk more, do less’ policy, and their inability to accept their true value. Striving with the motto, ‘Money does matter’ the students of this stream believe that they have attained superiority over at least one of the other 2 streams .

They say, “ ‘Indian’ Parents will always manage to stick at least one leg in the lives of their children no matter how old they grow.” Teachers being our parents at school, strive to be no different. Therefore, The Oliphant Board extends its selfless advice for all Welhamites, of all grades.

Wishing the best of luck to our new Grade 11th and the ones to come.

The Lamponer

Those Ones...

- Mr Ankit: You can either be a mummy boy or a gullyboy.
- Prakhar Dixit: I write for myself, not for the ones who are drowning in the despair of separation.
- Dr. Bhandari: You can go to the clouds, or the moon, but not out of my class.
- Akshat Jain: The door that people use to get into other people’s heart is the same door by which they are thrown out.
- Bistrit Tenzing Gurung: No matter how talented or consistent you are, you will never be able to own success, because success is rented and the rent that is due everyday is hard work.
- Rudresh Bhandari: If you have the aptitude, then along with the right attitude, you can reach any altitude.
- Shaurya Poddar: Life has to be enjoyed, not survived.

RUMOUR HAS IT

- Dev Agarwal was seen memorising the prayer before the morning assembly when Cauvery House was on duty.
- Mr. Dhingra is the new Editor-in-Chief of the Wavelength (with the entire XII-Science on the board)
- The members of the basketball and hockey teams are dreading the socials scheduled in April and May. (No pain, no gain)
- The name of the school is going to be changed from Welham Boys' School to Welham Basketball School.
- Suryaveer Singh is planning to leave the school. (Me before you....)
- The Biology Lab is reportedly being given to Grade 11 Humanities, due to the unusually high number.

Seperated at Birth

Shashwat Bansal	New Bethany Caterer
Prakhar and Sanshray	Tom and Jerry
Rahul Gupta	Kabir Arora
Shiv Singh Sekhon	Theon Greyjoy (Game of Thrones)
Gaurang Bhati	Buttercup (Powerpuff Girls)
Aryan Garg	The World Record Egg
Avi Kriplani	6ix9ine
Arya Shahi	Geronimo Stilton

Through the keyhole

- Vivek Agarwal to Anish Aditya Prasad: Bro, this new single 'Without Me' by Haisleey is awesome.
- Samanyu Raj Malik : Guys, which that new suckerbrothers song?
- Sarthak Tayal to Anamika ma'am: Ma'am, do we have to do it on a flat screen?
- Rishabh Rastogi: Do we have Dhingra sir's double block period up next?
- Harkirt to Akshat Agrawal: Why didn't you speak in the exchange interview?
- Akshat Agrawal to Harkirt: That's because I don't do grammatical uncorrection.
- Vishwash Dubey to Shresth Toshniwal: Bro, I don't speak wrong. I have good contaant.
- Lakshay Agarwal: I have a dreams to get into a good college like UIUC!

Ever Wonder Why?

- Gaurang Bhati is generally seen roaming around in the school, often late at night. (Or early morning)
- Piyush Daga seems to be avoiding Harshjyot Singh these days. (Political muscle...)
- Aryan Garg is reportedly getting the Entrepreneurship Subject Award. (The factory visit or the products?)
- The Academic Block is out-of-bounds for the School. (swimming hours for a special someone)

What's In

What's Out

Juices during sports time

Fruits during sports time

Prefects' Assemblies

Principal's Assemblies

Biometrics machine and prefects

Bobby Bhaiya and Ayesha Ma'am

Devraj Singhania

Manshvin Kartikeya

GOT

Dynasty and Peaky Blinders

Basketball Practices

Any other school activity

Ayesha Ma'am and Rakhee Ma'am

SV & OP

PR Sir

Rahul Sridhar Sir

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