

THINK ABOUT IT

"If you don't know where you're going, any road will take you there."

-Anonymous

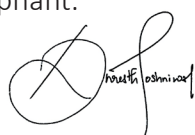
Editorial

I (very) recently started "hitting" the gym. While it is futile to justify the proximity of this initiative to the season of wet hopes, I must admit, I feel quite underdressed in my own skin during my time there. I've had wry revelations about people who go to the gym (especially those who are the reason of my embarrassed presence), ranging from the palpable diversion of lifeblood from the brains to the brawn, the peculiar gait one acquires within days of joining and several others about ulterior motives and popular ambitions. But as Brené Brown put it, being in the arena; sweat, blood, and tear, I was bemused by what I experienced. I never had so much of support from the people I was intimidated by.

Sans any false illusions about the brotherhood they share, nor underplaying the sacrifice of one's own workout as a cover-up for exhaustion, I choose to appreciate the simple human act of helping one another. I do not believe in praying to stone and beautiful architecture; I offer my prayers to the living – coexistent, cowardly, and confused. It really is about yourself, you do not know what lies ahead of you and you have no control over it. All you have is now and the choice of who will be with you. Since you don't know how you might need someone at some point, just help them all! Perhaps the only thing other than uncharted waters that you will confront will be the irony of empowering your own competition.

It's funny really, after Sadhguru said it, the purpose of education is to enhance human potential but how do you do that when you are constantly competing, because in competition the aim is to outdo the other. Often, we don't even know who we are competing with and why. The system thrusts what must be done, largely failing to explore or facilitating chances to explore our human potential. The fear of failure and losing our edge nudges us into selfish pursuits, rendering us seemingly incapable of helping someone. I don't know how the Welham Gym has figured that out but it leads me to the crossroads of morality and practicality, which is the theme of this WELMUN issue.

Teaching competition in schools may be immoral but to do away with it may be impractical too. Thus, morality and practicality are perennially at loggerheads, one forms a major part of all that we say, and the other, everything that we do. I cannot (dare not) prescribe the path because just like our goals, our shoes are different. So this WELMUN, should you be practical and work towards your award, or try to live up to the United Nations' morals by actually trying to save the world or sit back and enjoy the Oliphant.



Morally Adulterated,
Shresth Toshniwal
Editor-in-Chief

School Captain's
takeaway from
Y.I.E.L.D

05

Literary Affairs of
Welham

06

Why not the
front row?

09

Word War

10

Lampoon

15

BOOK REVIEW

Name: **Democracy On The Road:
A 25-Year Journey Through India**

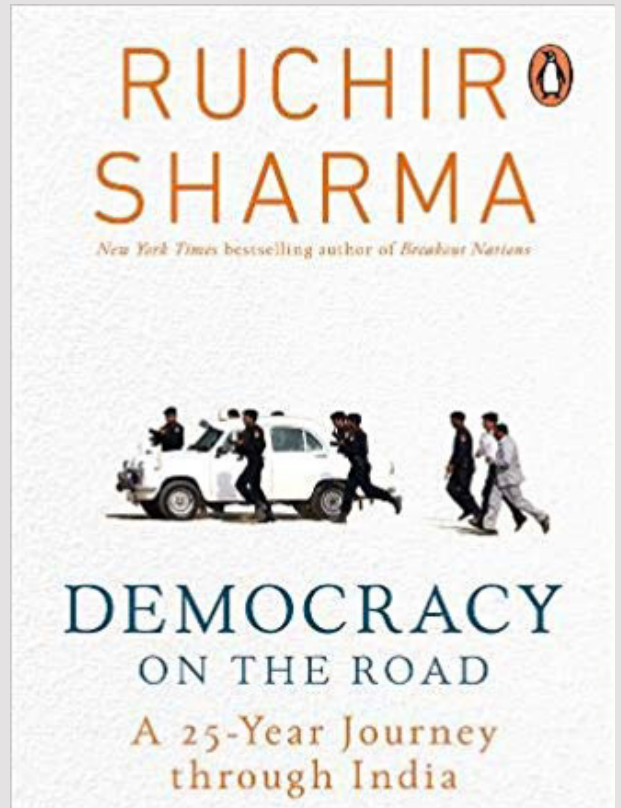
Author: **Ruchir Sharma**

Elections are the time when India really comes alive. The rallies, the roadshows; every inch of every wall covered with posters, pamphlets and whatnot. The cherry on top is that everyone has something to say about our 'celebration' of democracy. From the ideological hardliners to the tea-sipping intellectuals to the political pundits of small-town India, everyone will be willing to give you their version and opinion if you approach them. This book takes on the daunting task to explore India when India becomes its true self, during elections.

Part travelogue, part political commentary; the book is an absolute delight to read. The book follows Ruchir Sharma and his cohort of journalists from the Indian print and electronic media. It covers every national and state election from 1994 to 2014. It takes you everywhere from West Bengal to Gujarat and also on the campaign trail with various political juggernauts of India, from A.B. Vajpayee to Sonia Gandhi.

"In India, you don't cast your vote, you vote your caste" is a saying that almost all of us would have heard. Every region in India has its own caste structure. And whether we accept it or not, caste plays a huge part in how India votes; perhaps even more than certain developmental politics. We may have hit the era of BSP (Bijli, Sadak, Paani), where politics is dominated largely by developmental promises and welfare schemes (at least more than before), but we will never truly leave caste behind as political factor. The book makes a great attempt at gaining insights into the caste factor everywhere the crew goes, which is one of the best parts of the book. Any attempt to understand how a unit would poll is rendered meaningless unless the caste equations are closely examined. And hence, a large part of the books' success is that it takes into consideration these crucial aspects that make Indian elections what they are.

The book is packed full with India's political history,



exclusive interviews with politicians and also anecdotes from the author himself, which really help in painting the bigger picture for the book. In the end, the book is an absolute gem to read and it is precisely Sharma's ability to blend the personal with the political which makes this book so. A must read for everyone who wants to try and understand the colourful process of elections that so many of us may hate and criticise, but all of us are certainly proud of.

Samanyu Raj Malik
X

STRANGER — THINGS —

DIRECTED BY: MATT & ROSS DUFFER | **GENRE:** SCIENCE, HORROR, FICTION | **RATING:** 9

The much awaited third season of Stranger Things, released on the 4TH July, was an epitome of what we call a 'keeping you on your toes' thriller. To me it's a masterpiece, right from the cast to the various subplots introduced in the series that were branching from the main genre of the show. There has been a lot of thought into the season, and it has transformed into a great act that has won millions of hearts including mine.

The season portrays a return of the Mind Flayer, but this time it infects people, flays them and spreads. This season has a lot of budding romance between the cast, which to some extent is very interesting. It shows how The Russians have infiltrated Hawkins, made a base under a local mall and have opened the gate once again, releasing the Mind Flayer. The season proceeds with a series of events leading to saving Hawkins and removing the Russian threat from U.S.A.

The show keeps your eyes at its peak through and through. The most impactful part of the season for me was the romance between Millie Bobby Brown and Finn Wolfhard. Their romance between the two was funny and filled me with nostalgia at some parts. Similarly, the conversations between Hopper and Joyce filled me with mirth and laughter. In this season, Erica has been playing a feisty role, a mean sister whose habit of back answering elderly people creates a comic effect.

Personally, in a comic role, I found Hopper's satirical remarks the best. According to me, one of the most complexed characters to understand was Will. With questions arising in my mind about his sexuality and him still behaving like a child, it made it very hard for a viewer to understand him completely. And the act of understanding him made me more inquisitive about him as a person, and this made me follow Noah Schnapp on social media. And this is the mark of a good show, which makes a viewer curious about what kind of a person the

actor might be in real life.

I also liked the part where dramatic irony has been portrayed in an amazing manner, having a huge impact on the story. Here, I am referring to the scene where Maxine and Eleven go shopping, where Maxine is trying to bring about a change in El, where on the other hand Mike, Lucas and Will are also at Starcourt, buying a sorry present for El.

The fact that each episode ends while developing a feeling of suspense and curiosity draws them to watch the next episode.

The third season pulled off much better than the second season which faced a lot of criticism. This season was a comeback for those who thought that Stranger Things was dead after Season 2.

The ending of the season in particular, brought tears to my eyes. On one hand, Eleven loses Hopper (or so she thinks), and her mental trauma filled me with nostalgia, but on the other hand the shot where Mike and Eleven have to part was the most depressing moment of the show.

The only place where I felt that the Duffer brothers could have done better was the length of the season. Many people, including me, have had this complaint that the season was too short and we all finished it in a day, whereas people want to watch shows that would draw their interest for a longer period of time.

Otherwise, overall I would suggest that it is an amazing series worth watching. The long wait of two years had been tough for Stranger Things fans but the results were worth it. I can assure all readers that you would not budge while watching it, where emotions of thrill, suspense, anticipation and nostalgia will fill you.

-Aaryan Mahipal
XI



Oliphant 24 X 7

WELHAM NOW

- Today marks the fifth edition of the Welham Boys' School Model United Nations (WELMUN).
- The School hosted (co-hosted by The Doon School) the Yield 2019-IPSC seminar on youth leadership from the 19th to the 21st of July.
- The School participated in the ICT conclave held in Punjab Public School, Nabha on the 17th and 18th July, 2019. The following emerged winners-
 - RoboWar-Shaurya Poddar and Ujjwal Goenka; Car Mania- Devansh Agarwal and Shubham Sikaria
- The School hosted the Varun Puri Inter-school Story telling competition on the 27th of July, 2019
- The Inter-House Middle School Hindi Debate was held on the 30th of July, 2019. Krishna House emerged victorious.
- A group of 9 students escorted by Mr. Arun Sharma and Mr. Justin Burret took part in the annual Cycling Expedition, from the 31st June to 11th of July. The boys cycled from Manali to Leh covering a total of 490 km .
- The school participated in the Asset Talent Search Program and the following won the highest distinction, the Gold Scholar: Arnav Goel, Shubhankar Dhulia, Sanyam Khasa
- On the 25th of July, the school was delighted by the presence of Mr. Prahlad Kakkar, the mogul of the Indian Advertisement industry. The students thoroughly enjoyed the interactive session followed by a few of sir's chucklesome advertisements.
- Going forward with the initiative to integrate technology with education, the school introduced tablets to class 9th. Powered with the famous IGNITOR software that delivers enriched textbooks from multiple publishers embedded with rich media and interactive quizzes.
- The Oliphant would like to congratulate Mr. Srikanth for taking over as the Head of Mathematics and Mr. Ajay Bahuguna for becoming the Housemaster of Ganga-B and Mr. Ankit Sharma for becoming the Housemaster of Cauvery-B.
- The Inter House Ramanujan Middle School quiz was held on 30th July. Ganga House emerged victorious.

School Captain's Takeaway from Y.I.E.L.D

For our prefectorial body, this term started with meeting the student bodies of various IPSC schools, attending Y.I.E.L.D, a unique leadership seminar jointly hosted by the Doon School and Welham Boys' School. The purpose behind hosting such a seminar was to create a platform for sharing student leadership practices and helping them attain clarity on the notion of leadership at school level.

Apart from coming across very interesting leadership practices, the forms in which student bodies are formed and exist across schools and the varied ambit of authority with the bodies across school, we all had our unique takeaways with regards to notions of student leadership and best suited leadership styles. I feel it is imperative to share a few of those with you, in the form of my expectations as the school captain from you all.

Role Vs. Responsibility

First and foremost, I'd like to elucidate on the difference between leadership as a role and leadership as a responsibility. One of the most widely acknowledged misconceptions, within our red walls, is that leadership is limited to the post we hold. It is vital to understand that leadership is a matter of personal choice, and it has to be voluntary, rather than been forced. In my opinion, limiting ourselves to the post we hold is the biggest dis-service we can do to ourselves and our community, which is the school in our case.

Self-driven/motivated Leadership

As stated earlier, we don't have to limit our notions of leadership to our roles. And when we talk about leadership, as a responsibility, the most important aspects of it are self-leadership and taking ownership. We've had seniors in the past, who served as perfect examples of self styled leaders, in all positive ways. Thus, I feel self-driven leadership isn't something new to our legacy of leadership, but is surely something which has faded into oblivion.

Strengthening leadership at various levels and establishing leadership hierarchy

I am very proud of the fact, that our school has one of the most empowered prefectorial body, across schools in the country. But, what's concerning is that leadership has been strengthened well, only at the apex of the student body(Class 12th). Though, strengthening top level leadership is vital, but empowering leaders at various other subordinate levels under it, is of equal importance. In this modern age, a very important part of leadership is delegation of work and creating an efficient chain of command. And in order to create an efficient and effective chain of command, it is necessary to empower leaders at various levels of it.

Chirag Bansal
School Captain



Literary Affairs Of Welham

Manifesto Of Revolution

Abeo was walking peacefully down the market street. Or at least that was what he wanted the rest of the world to believe. Internally, his mind was a seething mess of thoughts. Indeed, when one might look closely at him, one would notice, from the worry lines that were prematurely forming on his forehead, that this dark skinned lad was having thoughts that were far away from his youth. His sobriety, which surprised those who knew him, was stemming out of a random pamphlet he was using to cover a hole in the walls of his shack. His grip on his plastic bag loosened, as he looked at the sun drenched marketplace around him. There was a cacophony of colours all around that made this place his home. The thought gave him a pang of emotion as he looked around. So what if the market was a haven of colours. Behind the decaying walls, the people were sickly and dying. There was disease, famine and a scarcity of everything. How had his people allow this to become of themselves? How many of the other, seemingly normal Nigerians had read that pamphlet? It was impossible to tell. But it had been read. There was anger in the air, shimmering in the heat of the day. The youth were tired of the assurances of their elders, that they had it better. They knew that a better world existed out there, in the place where all the bounty of the land they owned was sold.

But, it didn't matter. Because at that moment, he felt his bag of groceries snatched out of his hand.

They have taken what is rightfully ours. They have taken advantage of the weak.

Abeo would be weak no more. With the swiftness of a youth who could not afford the luxury of slow responses, he gave chase.

Without a single thought for the consequences we would have to face for their actions, these Western men have come and impoverished our populations.

Abeo had a family to feed, and he had used the last of

his daily wages to buy that food. How dare the thief take food from another who had greater need of it.

First, they enslaved our ancestors with chains. Then, they enslaved us with their contracts.

Abeo remembered the government official who had come to tell his father that they no longer owned their ancestral land. When questioned about what they should do for a livelihood, he started ranting schemes. He was just a child at the time, but the anger of the unfairness of it all gave strength to his malnutrition muscles.

They spit on our religion, and they killed our culture. They forced our southern brothers into infidelity.

Did that man have no respect for God? Had his parents not told him that the path of Heaven was one without sin? Or had they too converted, killing a child of Islam in favour of following the sinful religion you were payed by the missionaries to follow?

The thief turned into a dark alley, which Abeo knew was dead end.

They turned our own kind against us. They bribed our rulers, and bought out the worst in our noble brothers, the blessed sons of Allah.

There was a man in a police uniform in the way. He was collecting his tribute from the shopkeepers, as if they didn't already pay taxes. The infidels had corrupted the very minds of good Muslims. He was obese in his stolen wealth, and despite seeing the obvious thief running away from Abeo, did nothing to stop him.

Negative...

I see the brown leaves fall off
From the branches of the silver oak
Leaving the trees naked enough
Does hatred in them soak?

I see the clouds taking over the sky
Covering the rays of the sun
Showing supremacy to nature
Does hide and seek seem to be fun?

I see the jungle babblers
Being happy in a fight
Wishing each other a Happy spring
Does being in a relationship excite?

I see the rivers flowing
In the direction of the lands
Making sounds as if they're happy
Are they a part of a band?

I see the fireflies
Glowing and giving hope
To the darkest of the jungles
Will they stay the end of the night?

I see the frogs
Hopping in joy after rain
Feeding on insects
Don't they feel the pain?

I see muddy paths
Leading passengers to nowhere
And yet they leave footprints
Isn't this view quite rare?

and lastly,

I see humans

Humans with the worst heart

With feelings that are negative

Pulling lovers apart.

Prakhar Dixit

XI

OUR FORGOTTEN HERITAGE

Today every country in the world is proud of its national heritage and is actively making attempts to promote it, except ours. It is an irony that a country which is so rich in history and linguistic heritage is not making active attempts to promote the language which is spoken by most of its residents. Although we are proud of our mother tongue, we are not very comfortable when conversing in it. If a person does not know very good English, an inferiority complex kicks in, which owes only to the societal elements around us.

Why is it an obligation for today's youth to be fluent in English to get a good job? Why is our society trying to suppress those brilliant talents, which if allowed to flourish, can do some wondrous things, just because of the fact that they are not adept at speaking a foreign language? If one has to work in the public sector, it is mandatory for them to be excellent in English. Each country has learnt to respect its own mother tongue, but we are an exception. We feel embarrassed when we speak our own language.

Even though the British have left India and technically freed us, I don't feel truly free in today's India. If we look at the issue closely, the Britishers are indirectly controlling us. We are under passive but constant intellectual domination from a foreign power, one which we should have discarded decades ago. The situation today is such that people are sadly judged not by the characteristics and talents they possess, but by the language they speak.

A humble request to all my readers: please respect your mother tongues, be it Hindi, Tamil or Telugu. It is only through this, that we can regain a sense of national pride which we are in dire need of.



THE RISING INTELLIGENTSIA

The Irony of The Indian Liberal Intelligentsia

From Fascism to Whatnot

The last few months or so have been bittersweet, to say the least. From Mahua Moitra's viral "7 early signs of fascism" speech to Pratap Bhanu Mehta's lecture on the end of liberalism, we saw it all. But at the essence of all this jibber-jabber lies the question which comes up every seven to eight years- Is liberalism dead? If not is it dying, and what should be done by liberals to redeem their true identity and what their kind have always stood for. Let us analyze the possible answers to this question.

Firstly let us evaluate whether liberalism in India is alive or not. Pratap Bhanu Mehta laid it out very beautifully in his lecture that liberalism is dying in and around the world. I will focus majorly on two points out of all of the ones he pointed out. Firstly, liberalism is dying because it has not been able to establish a tightly knit political community because of its very nature, which welcomes everyone. Due to this the liberal creed is scattered and thus cannot move towards a singular goal. And second, if liberalism does succeed in its quest, it will lose. This is because if liberalism becomes dominant over other ideologies, it will lose its essence and not be able to stick to its basic beliefs.

To get to the bottom of this, we must know the truth about the liberal of today's India. The liberal of today's India is elitist and totally out of touch with current reality. They have morphed into a sort of glitterati who sip champagne and write meaningless pieces on whatever the liberal conscience deems right. The truth is that they are being attacked from all sides, from the government to the common man. The government even came up with a nickname for them- Lutyen's Delhi. To put it into

simpler words, to redeem himself, the Indian liberal will inevitably have to accept his reality and make massive amends to his personage.

It is clear that the Indian liberal intelligentsia will have to be revamped. The question that emerges now is how to accomplish this huge ambition? What I believe is most important is that liberalisation of the Indian narrative has to be made a long, drawn-out process and should not be delegated to one-hit wonders like Mrs Mahua Moitra. The case of Mahua Moitra is a rather peculiar one. She rose to fame with one very ironic speech. She delivered an eloquent speech about the democratically elected Indian government becoming fascist, while in the halls of a democratically elected parliament. It is thus clear that the Indian liberal will have to attempt to change the narrative himself, without relying on one of his glorified messiahs.

In conclusion, history tells us that liberalism is perhaps very resilient and has the calibre to survive turbulent times. But the situation in India is different; here it is the liberals who are the root cause of their own defeat. If they want to survive, amends are to be in order.

Why Not the Front Row ?

It wasn't quite long ago, I vaguely remember, there was a workshop I had to attend, utterly sublime in nature, albeit it held great relevance at that point of time. If I remember correctly, I was late (very late in fact) for the workshop, as I whizzed into the LRC jolting down a few of those book worms clinging onto the magazine section, I abruptly open the AV room door. Just as I caught my breath from that onerous dash I made from the Football field to the LRC I had another task at hand; to find myself a seat in that crammed AV room. While I was hunting for a seat in the jam-packed AV room, to my amazement, out of all the things I noticed, the front row was completely empty.

A few weeks down the line, somehow, I got reminded of this experience, (not the awe-inspiring workshop) but the front row being empty. This got me thinking, was it a coincidence that both these days the front row had seemingly been reserved for me; though that doesn't sound very probable now. But as I sit here today, scribbling away my thoughts putting them in black and brown, my brain quite surprisingly began to identify a pattern in all of this, as if all of it was like one great scheme.

Looking at the bigger picture I realised that it was never about the front row or the back row, it wasn't about a workshop or a classroom, rather, this very pattern I noticed, to its veracity was perhaps about human nature. Everywhere I was, I sensed this pattern, be it the lack of participation in classrooms, students unwilling to taking the front row. Likewise, the assemblies, where day after day there was an infrequency and spareness that I felt, a lesser number of hands going up as the questions passed. It was like a void that had been created.

Unfortunately, the even more paradoxical situation I found myself in was that it simply wasn't that the students didn't crave attention, but that the way they

decided to do it was quite strange. A huge lot of us aspire to become part of the various sports teams in the school, but strangely, its been quite some time since the fields were fully filled. Likewise, even though a lot of us aspire to represent the school in debates and MUNs, not a single hand goes up to a simple question asked in the assembly. None of us want to at least begin where we need to.

What could've been the reason behind this void that had been created; my mind dared to ponder. Maybe, I want to be on the safe side that is why I blame it upon human nature and psychology that causes such behaviour, on the other hand, it quite clearly could be peer pressure. Even so, if I were to be completely honest in this adoxography. You could say that the reason is 'mentality'. Indeed, if I wasn't busy enough being on the safe side, blaming such behaviour on our strange rationales (it's unquestionably the easiest thing to do) I would've realised earlier that the answer to this is completely different to what I would have loved to think of. There isn't really anything more that I would like to say to you, not in the least because the contents of this article will give you clarity, but because I'd like you, readers, to think about what your rationale would be in such situations. The last thing I will say to you is; ask yourself, why not the front row?

Shubhankar Dhulia
IX

WORD

Nationalism Will Prevail

For

When liberal parties started to lose support all over the world, the reasons were clear. The approach to build a global world, failed. This became current American President Donald Trump's style of politics; vehement, xenophobic, and based on populist-nationalism. All nationalist leaders and parties base their economic policies upon national capitalism. Recent happenings in the global political arena certainly suggest an uprising nationalistic fervour. From Victor Orban of Hungary to Recep Tayyip Erdogan of Turkey and to Vladimir Putin of Russia, all are living proof of this statement. The who's who of the European political discourse are populist-nationalists. And we can speculate that it is reactionary to the globalist movement which has overtaken the political conversation by storm all through recent years. The loss of jobs and ultimately the outsourcing of jobs all owe to the globalist movement. Let us explore how nationalism ultimately knocked out globalism in the long run.

To do this we need to analyze what really makes a nationalist leader. The first characteristic of any populist-nationalist is projecting strength. Vladimir Putin of Russia and Kim Jong Un and many others hold extravagant military parades as a symbol of their strength.

The second characteristic of a populist-nationalist is the demonizing of enemies. Indian Prime Minister Narendra Modi and President Donald Trump both indulge in the demonizing of their enemies. While Modi took it out on Pakistan and opposition parties, Trump took it out on immigrants and Muslims. Viktor Orban in Hungary also used xenophobia and islamophobia to gain votes. The BJP's rhetoric after the Pathankot attack was based on enemies being demonized and the #traitors are among us was spread like wildfire.

The third and final characteristic of nationalist leaders is that they try to dismantle institutions, which is integral to the working and functioning of the country. Modi's UAPA bill to declare people terrorists without due process is a good example of this.

Let us take a couple of examples. Brexit is one of the biggest examples one can give to cement his stand on this issue. If we look at the bare bones of the Brexit movement, it is a classic nationalist one. And it was nationalism which ultimately led to a win for the Vote Leave campaign. Key issues that the Vote Leave campaign latched upon were issues of national identity being kept intact and that the resources of the country be diverted to national development and not foreign development. And it is not only the UK, but eleven countries in Europe have rightist governments.

And we do not have to look too far to understand that nationalism has won the battle. In our very own country, India, it was nationalist fervour which won Narendra Modi the 2019 general election. Hostility towards Pakistan and a promise not to sell the country out to foreign companies were key issues which ultimately decided the verdict of the election. Questions have been raised on the economic ideology of the Bharatiya Janata Party government. The answer is that the BJP actually follows an ideology of "national capitalism", which is basically normal capitalism, with a pinch of nationalism along with it, which ensures that the people are never afraid of international companies outsourcing their jobs. It is important to understand that buying online from a foreign company like Amazon while living in India will lead to tax being paid to the Indian government, while the data of the purchase will go to Amazon. The economic nationalism that the BJP aims to show is a lie.

All of this suggests that international borders are being strengthened, and that international hostility and xenophobia are increasing drastically. Issues like Brexit and right-wing governments in a continent with the track record it has cannot be ignored very easily. The revival of Nazism and Fascism through neo-nazi parties also cannot be ignored. Thus, because borders are being strengthened around the world, and xenophobia is growing at an unprecedented pace, nationalism will prevailed.

Samanyu Raj Malik
X

WAR

Nationalism Will Prevail

Against

Tribes living along the Nile River thousands of year ago were faced by a similar, peculiar problem: the Nile flooded frequently. No tribe could solve this problem by itself, as it commanded only a limited number of men. Only a common effort by all the tribes to build canals could restrain the mighty flow. This is one of the earliest examples of different units of mankind coming together to solve problems that affected all of them. Call-back to the 21st century, we are again living along a river, this time a cyber river, a river of ecological crisis, and a river of nuclear dystopia. No single nation can regulate these rivers on its own. We need overarching global commitments to solve our problems. All major problems are global in nature like mass migration. Nationalism is just not the right framework to address such problems. I'll give a few cases to highlight my point.

Humans have lived on Earth for hundreds and thousands of years. But complex societies and civilizations have existed only for around 10,000 years, in a period called the Holocene, where the climate has remained relatively stable. There is scientific consensus that the composition of Earth is changing at a frightening rate as the extreme weather conditions like typhoon and floods become common. When it comes to climate no country is sovereign. Worse off, a lot of countries are at the mercy of other countries. Even if Maldives reduces its carbon footprint to zero, it will still be submerged under water if Brazil doesn't cut its carbon emissions. Unlike nuclear war, which is mutually assured destruction, the dangerous thing about climate change is that it'll have a different impact on different nations. Nations like Russia can potentially benefit from it. As a majority of the country is locked under ice sheets, when they melt, it will reveal fertile plains which can become the next breadbasket of the world. The Russian controlled Arctic sea lanes could become the next artery of global commerce. Therefore, island nations might be much more pressed for reforms in carbon emissions but Russia and Iran might not be so enthusiastic. Thus the average global citizen might bear the brunt of imbalanced efforts to save the world. Climate change is the most menacing threat we've ever faced as humanity and nationalism can't

solve it. Nationalists put the interests of their country over some vague commitments to the world. Brazil's alt right president Jair Bolsonaro often says that the Amazon rainforests are the property of Brazil and even if he is clearing the forests at an alarming rate, the world should not have problem. So either nationalists have no solutions to climate change or they just end up denying it.

Let's talk about the incoming technological disruption and see how it will impact the lives of people worldwide. We often hear that Artificial Intelligence will create more jobs than it takes but consider this: earlier when people lost their jobs to automation, they shifted to other low-skill workplaces. Like when a carriage puller lost his job to the primal prototype of a car, he shifted to working in a textile mill. But today, all blue-collar jobs will soon be taken over by automated machines. The future blue-collar jobs will be perhaps software engineers and other sophisticated high-skill jobs. How would 50-year-old Walmart cashiers learn coding? These people will constitute a global, economically redundant class.

Nationalists rather believe that if they shut their borders and expel the migrants, the jobs will come roaring back. The jobs will not come roaring back because they are lost to automation. And there's an alarming quiet about it in mainstream politics. Nationalists instead galvanize people against immigrants.

Human beings can have different levels of loyalty. There's no problem in being patriotic and being proud of your identity. But at a time where our fate, as humanity, stands in the balance, I think the imperative is to contribute to the looming problems of tomorrow. If the US bans research in genetic engineering, that doesn't stop Chinese scientists from doing it. Without overarching authorities we can't stop this race to the bottom. A big source of information for this article was the works of Yuval Harari.

Aarav Upadhyaya
X

Drafting in the Moré Plains

It had been hard going the moment we wound around the last bend of the climb from Pang, our halt from the previous night. The climb had been like most climbs- keeping the crank turning in a very low gear, the usual huffing and puffing, the odd break for a sip of water and a chance to catch one's breath. But the More Plains were something else. A plateau staddling Sarchu and Leh, with an average elevation of over 4800m, it has always held fascination for me. Previous motorcycle trips I have done have left me agape, mouth open inside my helmet, staring in awe of the stark beauty of this, planetary landscape. Indeed, here, the earth does remind you that she is indeed, a planet. No signs of human intervention, save the highway we move along. No curiosity here about what was around the next bend- there are no bends in the More Plains; just an arrow of a highway dissecting barren plains- too rugged and stony to be called meadows, but with a glint of green that denies classification as desert.

We set off, a long string of riders and soon there are huge gaps. Solitary figures scattered along the tarmac with Tanglangla, all 17000 feet of it, looming on the horizon. A strong headwind kicks up, making progress slow. I see three riders up ahead. As I gain on them, I recognize Rakshit, Rishit and one of the guides, Jai. Flashes from the Tour de France flood my brain. I think of how those riders take shelter from the wind, riding close behind one another. This is why the peloton (French for 'platoon), which is the main group or pack of riders, makes such quick progress. They 'draft' or 'slipstream' behind other riders and teams often take turns to do the hard work at the front. Such drafting can eliminate drag and even reduce it to as low as 5-10%. Migratory birds do this.

Geese, swans, ducks often fly in v-formations, as do military aircraft to increase fuel efficiency.

I tuck in behind the wheel of Jai. Raskhit is now behind me, surfing through the wind tunnel that we are carving out for him. Rishit is doing the hard work up front. After a while, he begins to slip back, letting Jai take over. Rishit now goes to the back of the group, where he enjoys being pulled by the low-pressure bubble formed behind the line of riders. A few minutes go by. The relief on my legs is tangible. I stay inches away from Jai's rear wheel, and only occasionally have to peddle to keep the momentum going. A few minutes later, I sense Jai slowing and swoop out of his slipstream to take the lead. Immediately I feel the extra load. The wind that I was sheltered from hits me and my nose feels numb. I feel a bit like a mother duck with her ducklings in tow.

We live in an age where collaboration is seen as a crucial 21st century skill. This, to me, was a real lesson in collaboration. The four of us are making such good progress, that when I glance behind us, the next rider is a dot in the distance. Cycling, to me is one of the world's most misunderstood sports. Often looked at as a solo activity and one that draws loners. But, here we are, four riders, each taking turns to 'pull' the others and then peeling off and latching onto the back. I begin to ask myself, "Do I have someone who helps me slipstream on a hard day? Don't we all need a team of friends around us?" Sometimes, I feel, the ego gets in the way and we start believing that we can go it alone. There are those who feel that shared success is no success at all.

In the Tour de France, riders race each other up and down the length and breadth of France, climbing high into the Alps and Pyrenees. However, the overall winner need not necessarily win the most stages. Here, it is total consolidated riding time that counts. No solo rider can ever win this race. It is purely a team sport, with less experienced riders acting as 'domestiques' (quite literally 'servants') whose task it is to do the more menial tasks of ferrying drinks and energy bars from team cars to teammates. The rider with most chance of winning a stage/ being in the yellow jersey (which is worn by the overall leader of the tour), will be protected by his teammates, who will allow him to conserve his energy by riding in their slipstreams, before launching him at the timely moment for a victory.

That evening, we sit sipping our tea in our camp at Tso-Kar, watching the last of the sun's rays sink behind a rocky ridge high above. Jai is busy oiling an overturned bike. We joke about how Rakshit later launched a quick getaway after having drafted behind us for kilometres, winning this stage with cunning. We talk about how cycling is known as high-speed chess, what with all the tactics, rules and unwritten codes of behavior; about how it lends itself to so many analogies. After all, it's only at the summit of a hard climb that you can begin to truly enjoy the heady descent unfolding below. That ride through the More Plains and the entire expedition, had been a physics, geography and life lesson rolled into one. To all those of you who are contemplating doing it next year, my two pence: don't think twice, just do it!

-Justin Burrett

Glorious Effects of Hugging

Committee getting hectic? Heres a story for you. Mukesh, a 23 year age old participated in MUNs extensively. Here is his testimony -

"My name is Mukesh and I have been trying to win awards for more than a year. If I don't win an award here, I— I might quit MUNing altogether..."

Unfortunately, due to high levels of cortisol, Mukesh fell prey to depression and is no longer with us, a MUNer i mean xD. Wanna let out a bit of steam? Go get a hug. Hugging is scientifically proven to relieve stress and help build trust. So if you're out lobbying and think you have no chance with the delegate of USA? A hug might solve your problems, diplomatic and some more ;)

Pro tip: Don't force a hug and make it awkward or you might let your C's cost you a potential ally. Of course, i mean Cortisol :) Also, if you run out of people with clean shirts and cleaner intentions, there's always the watering hole for the thirsty aka the well.

Anish
XII

Ver's'es

MY MOUNTAIN OF ADAMANT

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

My mountain of adamant is a reference from the book 'The wrath and the dawn' by Renee Adieh. It is a re-imagination of the 1001 nights. This mountain is magnetic in nature and pulls all ships towards it and they sink.

At first, it was small,
in fact, it accounted to almost nothing at all.
But it was there, and it stood,
An eternal rock standing in an ever-changing wood.

But then there was a rumble, and the molehill grew tall,
it seemed the little boy, was going to get the forbidden
candy after all.
'I am right, and you are wrong', the stubborn little heart
would say,
thus, the mountain grew tall and strong,
while the child learnt to sing his own song.

Trees of pride and creepers of hubris
took root in the decade-old mountain,
The occasion? Applause for standing up to his headmistress.

In the core of the child, amongst the mountain ranges,
among mammoth hillocks of emotion and intelligence,
just beside the Valley of Offence,
rose the Mountain of Adamance.

It was no different from the rest, growing with the boy.
Anger and happiness, pleasure and pain,
None of these rivers was scant,
Flowing from the snow caps,
of the teenaged mountain of Adamant.

The island of sirens, with their beckoning voices,
could drown out the earthquakes in one's core,
with their weat entices.
Such was the magic of his one true love,
with a simple kiss, she could slice the mountain in half.

In the end, the mountain did not perish,
but surely, youth was the part it most cherished.
It grew and crumbled, and grew again,
sometimes it brought pleasure, and sometimes it bought
pain.

I won some, and the ranges grew, I lost some and they
shrank,
Surely, there was love, and surely there was hate,
but in the core of my cold dead body,
stood My Mountain of Adamant.

Mrinank

My conscience you would not heed
But your lively demeanour is all I need
So life can course through these rags of mine
After all, I am a puppet of thine.

With you I have spent my life,
Seeing you laugh and seeing you strife.
You pulled my strings,
and I dancing to every one of your whims.

You would cherish my wax smile,
And I, you, hoping you would be forever mine.
But all that I had was that silly smile,
And words that remain unspoken.

You pull me, my every splinter, fibre and string,
But failed I am, by these wooden limbs.
I want you to feel this, I want you to know,
My love for you.

My love for you lingered,
But yours waxed and waned with age,
I was your childhood sweetheart,
but now, I see you care for others like I did for
you.

I grew old, rusted and crooked
You threw me aside, into the smoke.
As the wax of my face burned,
A frown formed but I hoped,

My love would finally emanate.
O My Mountain of Adamant
I want you to feel this, I want you to know,
For to love was to be destroyed.

Viraj Lohia
X



LASAGNE

Devraj Singhania Secretary General

The one who has been creating loads of 'hip' for the conference, Devraj is hell bent at making his edition of WELMUN the most special one. For Devraj, the post of Secretary General seems like a consolation prize after missing out on a more desirable position. It is for the first time in WELMUN history, the Secretary General isn't chairing a committee, and we feel we know why (the Activity Centre might just be the answer...); and you may just spot him sitting at certain spots longer than usual... We would also like to warn the delegates of the amount of confidence Devraj has, even when he doesn't understand any bit of what is going on (But don't believe what we say, just your eyes bcoz u never know...) We wish the Secretary General a 'hipped' conference.



Chirag Bansal Director General and Chair DISEC

The boy who tries to carry himself as highly as he can in an attempt to increase his height by a mere inch, Chirag has been very disappointed after seeing the delegation list of the other brown school. He has taken his motivation to work for this MUN from his ancestors (Dir- Gens) who have also been of little help. It so happened that in an attempt to match his level with the Secretary General, Chirag thought of not chairing a committee but sadly, it didn't turn out the way he hoped it would. Although chairing a committee, Chirag has been clever enough to keep a 5 member Executive Board who will be able to cover up while he wanders in other committees doing 'productive' work.

Aryan Garg Under Secretary General and Chair ECOSOC

The most 'useful and hardworking' member of the Secretariat, Aryan ensures that he makes his mark wherever he goes; be it with his \$2000 suits or room decorations. Considering his proposal to fund the entire conference in exchange for a higher position; things certainly do not seem to be going his way this time (again). His efficiency at work is reflected by his constant efforts at getting schools to confirm even after allocations have been given to the school. Having been associated with ECOSOC since quite some time, he is the perfect example for the saying that experience doesn't always bring you excellence.





Aryan Kathuria
Chair UNW

After Aryan was given UN 'Women', there remained no shred of doubt that committees at WELMUN are allotted with no specifications or biases in mind. His position as chair was cemented last year when he snagged some glory for himself and become one of the rare holders of a WELMUN award from school. The moments of glory that he has received later are as rare as welhamites with WELMUN awards. Considering his Executive Board, Aryan has a mountain of a task of ensuring that his committee runs. The Oliphant wishes the 'delegates' best of luck handling this committee.

Shreyansh Jindal
Chair COH

The school's 'Mr. know it all' Shreyansh always has the 'right' answers to your questions. Often seen buried in his laptop screen, the man can kill at a sign of a breach to his privacy. Shreyansh is known for his ability to reach a parallel universe at any point in time (engrossed in his thoughts) and officially represents the wannabe Sherlocks of the world.

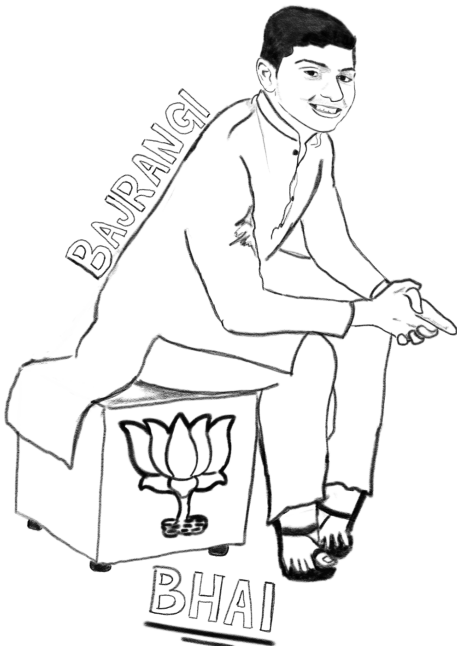
Not to mention the shock the two members of his batch went through after his name magically appeared in the list of chairs for WELMUN this time and therefore it is even more imperative for Shreyansh to be at his best because well, as a great man once said, "if something can go wrong, it will." (Those two people are probably laughing louder than others ryt now..)



Naman Kapoor
Chair AIPPM

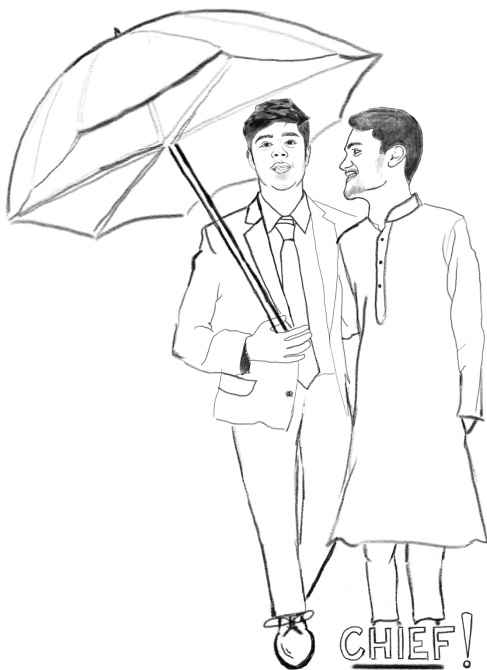
Undoubtedly, the most controversial Executive Board at this conference; AIPPM deserves to be chaired by a figure as influential as Naman. His position as chair of AIPPM comes as no surprise, more so if you look at his Instagram posts. Often considered as the better choice for the Secretariat, he chose to sacrifice his position for the bling that Aryan bought to the table.

Clearly the most 'hardworking' member of his board, Naman always 'tries' to ensure that his board (very capable of course) finishes their work on time. The Oliphant wishes the AIPPM best of luck (they need it).



Ujjwal Goenka
Chair UNPBC

The chair who most definitely will have to move out of his comfort zone this time; Ujjwal will have to adapt to the world outside his laptop screen. Having lost a very efficient Director to another position, Ujjwal will once again have to face the Rapporteur taking charge in his committee. Until now, his only contributions to the conference have been the website and the formatting of the background guides, and it will be interesting to see how he runs his committee. Ujjwal's photoshop skills are commendable (delegates will get to see that the face on the WELMUN website is quite deceptive). You have been warned delegates.



Sarthak Tayal
Chair IPC

Sarthak was lucky enough to have an EB member who was capable enough to 'help him' make the Background Guide but he has now, sadly left the IPC's Executive Board.

Now, Sarthak is practically the man left with virtually no Executive Board (Sorry Avi). This also happens to be the first time when Sarthak will work (also, without Devraj). Our sympathies lie with him. Sarthak did not have many options when it came to chairing a committee considering his vast WEL-MUN experience. Leading him to chair the most 'crucial' committee at WELMUN (If editing a magazine equals chairing). Not much can go wrong with the committee.

Shresth Toshniwal
Chair UNSC

A year too late, Shresth finally made it here (not that it matters now). Pushed to this committee under unavoidable circumstances, he doesn't seem very enthusiastic. Though he has been entrusted with such a big responsibility, he seems to be more concerned for the conference edition of his beloved magazine than the conference itself. His late arrival also ensures that the "SC" legacy continues no more, with the next 'scoping' candidate being demoted to the Director's position.

Having been forced to become a chair because of his 'No MUN' policy, The Oliphant is obliged to wish its Editor-In-Chief best of luck.

In our Memories

Khatwang Gupta

Shaurya Poddar



DUDETTE OF THE MONTH

KT MA'AM

Disclaimer: The person described in this article does exist, and isn't as fictitious as it seems. This article aims at breaking as many stereotypes against the person as it possibly can. The Oliphant prays that it is allowed into the conference after this article is read.

The unmistakable shrill voice, the rimmed spectacles oozing intimidation, the unquestionable likeness to Dolores Umbridge and many other signs of power make Miss Kiran Tripathi this month's dudette. Her journey at Welham began after a very successful term under the principal at her previous school. Her arrival at Welham rung warning bells. Her rise up the ranks at the school earned her the rare position of being a non-vacation staff member, making it abundantly clear who was running the show. Despite not having as prolific a presence in the everyday workings of the school, as our previous dudes and dudettes, Ma'am KT has still managed to make it to the top, and that too without much competition. The sole hidden gem of the school's staff, the only thing this Miss Umbridge lacks is the comfort in working behind the scenes (even when the entire scene is under her iron rule- bending only to dragon fire)

She takes her work extremely seriously and is also seen helping other staff members with their roles. The latest beneficiary of this unsolicited 'help' is the MUN Coordinator who succeeded her as she took on something closer to a certain someone's heart and duty (the only place where Mr OP decided to let someone else take care of history). It goes without saying, that this does come with its perks. The best one being unrestricted access to any part of any MUN, not only for her, but also for her family. The other part of the year when she comes alive, is our 'one of a kind' conference, and ma'am take great pride in being an integral part in organising it. With her strict, controlling policies, who better to be heading the Military History Seminar than Kt ma'am?

Being a lady who believes in moving with the times, her foray into social media has shown us that even the old timers can dare to adapt to this rapidly

changing world. With her expertise at handling the Welham Board Toppers Instagram account, she sure has shown us that she is one of those 'modern' teachers the school is trying to create. Speaking of technology in classrooms too, ma'am is sure to maximise her use of the notes stored on her phone (however, only to ask students transfer them onto paper). The effect it has on the learning of us students is yet to be determined, and yet it still works as a great way of advertising her as a teacher of the more 'modern' era

Other than being a dedicated worker for conferences, ma'am also makes sure to keep her class room environments as fun as possible. The first thing you notice when you walk into her class, is that you'll never see anybody taking a nap in her class, owing to her amazing voice; that ensures that everybody pays attention to what she says. Despite her rigid control over class and her amazing teaching styles, it is saddening to see that most of her students seem to occupy the benches outside her class, rather than inside. A delayed arrival to class is all it takes for students to be subjected to this ordeal. Although, the students shouldn't be solely blamed for this, when you are somebody with as rigid beliefs as ma'am the fear is inevitable. Like we said, the likeness with Umbridge is unquestionable.

The other very noticeable thing about KT ma'am is her additional position as the "Other Umbrella Lady" of Welham. Throughout the monsoons, one can see her roaming around, parading her pride and joy. The famous blue umbrellas we all see during WELMUN, have their status only due to ma'am using them so often. The seasonal smile on her face as she advertises her "brainchild" to the rest of the world is something to look out for.

The Oliphant hopes that KT Ma'am continues to excel at her work, and persists as a beacon of help for her colleagues and students alike.

- Tom and Jerry

RUMOUR HAS IT

- Ganga A has a new Housemaster. (Return of the fallen)
- Shaurya Poddar finally passed in maths. (Rumours are rumours)
- Vedant Singh is making another painiting. (Yet another makeover for the Principal's Office)
- The Head of Academics took a decision.(finally!)
- Jamuna house is run by the external forces, more than the internal ones. (C aptain exists?)
- Avi Kripalani is starting a Broken Hearts Club after WELMUN. (Did he ever have one?)
- Shivansh Gupta possesses the God's eye when it comes to stalking instagram accounts.
- Prakhar Dixit is a part of the Executive Board.
- The Academics Captain has started failing in exams.(Jamunaites' hopes for the G.O.T.Y.A (have been shattered.)

Seperated at Birth

Gaurang Bhati	Kabir Singh
DB sir	Anand Kumar (Super 30)
Justin Burret	Man Baby
Principal's Office	Flash the sloth (Zootopia)
Varad Venkat	Abhishek Upmanyu
Mr. Siraj Ansari	Surinder (Rab ne bana di Jodi)
Eeshan Garg	Snorlax(Pokemon)
Piyush Daga	Fugga(Super 30)

Through the keyhole

- Dhruv Jain: Who's the new PM of UP? (Yogi Boris Adityanath ...maybe)
- Akshat Jain to Sarthak - Can we go to Welham Girls' for spectation of the quiz. (They would be lucky to have you)
- Pavit during the English class: Self-introspection is a necessary part of one's life. (The Oliphant understands your obsession with yourself)
- Dev Agarwal- Pradutt Ramesh is going to German for study.
- Sahswat Bansal to Shivansh Gupta- I have pity on you. (-_-)
- Suryansh Dalmia- I'm a part of the ecosocks.
- Sannidhya Aggarwal- That guy is an Indo-Maharashtrian Bengali.
- Akshat Agarwal- If i become the edi-chief of the yearbook, I'll make it a monthly magazine.
-

Those Ones

- Ma'am Bindra: We don't hope, we assure.
- Shivansh Gupta- Give it to me, and forget about it.
- Avi Kriplani- Here I sit broken hearted, came to shit but only farted.
- Sarthak Tayal- Silence can say a lot but it can't do a lot.
- Shaurya Poddar- You can envy me, but you don't want to become my enemy.

What's In	What's Out
Principal's Assemblies (finally)	School Captain's Assemblies
Mr. Ankit Sharma	Mr. Arun Sharma (P.T)
Maths Classes	BST Classes
Pradutt Ramesh ('failures' triumvirate)	Gaurang Bhati, Shaurya Poddar (not really out, yet)
Vedant Singh	Sanon Bhowmik
White, yellow and red roses	Valentine roses
Ms. Neha Khurana	Legal studies

Editorial Board

Editor-in-Chief:
Shresth Toshniwal

Editors:
Sarthak Tayal
Devraj Singhanian
Chirag Bansal

Creative Editor:
Ujjwal Goenka

Cartoonist:
Gaurang Bhati

Editorial Team:
Sannidhya Aggarwal
Sanshray Ghorawat
Shreyansh Jindal
Prakhar Dixit

Correspondents:
Mrinank Chandar
Aarav Upadhyaya
Viraj Lohia
Samanyu Malik

Teacher Incharge:
Mr. Justin Burett

Special Thanks:
Mr. Rahul Sridhar
Mr. Girish Prasad