

**THINK ABOUT IT**

“All that you touch and all that you see is all your life will ever be” - Pink Floyd

We are so busy with our daily lives that we seldom stop, pause, and ponder over those aspects of life that we may not be pursuing, but help us chase our dreams nevertheless. We take so much for granted because we have seldom experienced a call for their help go unanswered. Gratitude, the readiness to show appreciation, or return the kindness, goes a long way in filling the emptiness we all feel in our hearts from time to time. In the perpetual cycle of commitments, we must not forget those who give us the strength to fulfil them.

Over a cup of coffee with a teacher (courtesy, Toby's idea), I was introduced to a thought-provoking concept; the Ovarian Lottery. It is a humbling thing to ruminate over for someone who dismisses the drumrolls of destiny. Some of us must have grown tired of being told that we live a privileged life, but have we ever wondered how different things would have been if we weren't born in the nationality, or in the same social class, gender, or family that we have? Probably each of the above situations would have placed us in a world far removed from our present one. Without assessing the miraculous possibilities of improvement, or disturbing chances of deprivation, have you ever acknowledged your circumstances; not where you could have been nor where you want to be, just as you are?

In our culture of worshipping success, we often overlook friends, family, and seniors who have helped us. Perhaps the only thing that can give you a deep and long-term sense of fulfilment is the acknowledgement that you mattered to someone's life, their success and created a beautiful bond. Other rapacious notions of success are just too self-indulgent and transitory. Take for example the largely thankless job of teaching; it only ever takes one odd student to express in mere words his appreciation to make

a teacher's day. This modest tribute fuels the selflessness of teachers the world over. Then why are we so miserly with our appreciation? If words are so cheap, why not be more articulate with our gratitude? It is amazing how far a simple thank you can go for validating someone's unsolicited duty to be a good human.

Personally, I don't get up everyday profusely thanking someone for everything I have in my life, but simply being aware of the fortune that accords me so many opportunities accentuates my success in them all the more. It is always difficult to gamble with what you value. Appreciation is a way of telling yourself and who you value that they are important to you.

We, for some strange reason, save this gratitude for the very end (sometimes at the risk of even missing the opportunity!) and I too have fallen prey to this folly, fortunately, not fatally. Mr Saurav Sinha has been at the behest of this magazine twice, and I have had the opportunity to be associated with The Oliphant during his time as the teacher in charge. He has always called what you hold in your hands our labour of love and taught me why. His command over the legion of words and much else along with a unique perspective and wicked sense of humour have been the foundation of what The Oliphant has grown to be. On behalf of this institution, I would extend my most heartfelt gratitude to Mr Saurav Sinha.



Winner of the Lottery,

Shresth Toshniwal  
 Editor-In-Chief

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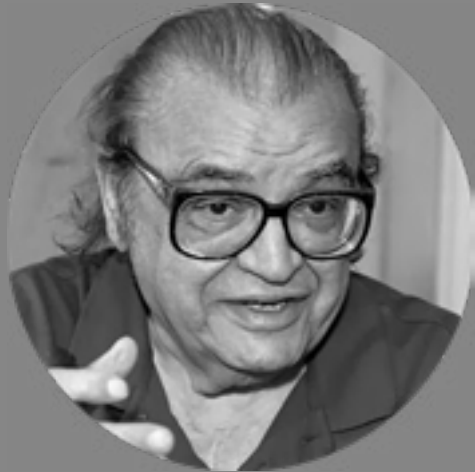
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# Author Review



Crime, oil and water.

Mario Puzo. A name that sends ripples through the heart of every book maniac, ever. Many claim that Puzo's books are the paragon

of the Mafia crime genre. Indeed, he has given the Italian Mafia in America more attention than it probably requires. The life of this literary legend is little known, and the events that shaped his life also seem to have a direct and magnanimous influence on his plot and story.

Born on October 15, 1920, in Manhattan, Mario Puzo spent a large part of his childhood in the library and working on the railroad with his siblings. This resident of Hell's Kitchen had immigrant parents from Italy who believed hard labour was the most honourable way of earning. Hence, the man's fascination with literature was not very well accepted by his mother. Undaunted, Puzo continued being passionate about writing, although did not concentrate on it much during his childhood. After a long and well-decorated stint in the US forces during World war 2, Puzo returned to the US, an ordinary veteran with a new reality to adjust to.



His first story to be published 'The Last Christmas' was well received but never gained much popularity. His second book (The Fortunate Pilgrim) also got a good review, but none of them aided his escape from the financial crunch. But it was his third book which spurred 3 movie adaptations and topped the bestseller list for 67 weeks in a row! The Godfather demanded 5 years be written, and even then, Puzo's publisher released it before Puzo could complete the final rewrite. It is said that it was his childhood interest in the Mafia that prompted him to imitate a don, and also write about the Borgia family, acclaimed by many as the original crime family.

Mario Puzo had a unique and distinct writing style that was uncommon for his time. The narration was always in the third person, prompting a belief that an outsider was narrating the incidents. His dialogues were a work of art. He exemplifies the use of the minimal and original use of dialogue, that is never without a purpose. Every character has a distinctly unique manner of speaking. The dialogues themselves, bring out the unique psychology of every individual who is part of his narrative.

His style of writing even accommodates the most minuscule of details, his description, especially of the gory scenes, leave not a speck of doubt in the mind of the reader, while also promoting imagery that is distinctive. He is commemorated for writing fiction that is so real, it is hard to believe that the events so masterfully produced in the novel, are not actual occurrences in post-WW2 America. It seems that Mario Puzo coined the loyalty theme much before, and much better than what Hollywood could ever imagine. Loyalty to oneself and loyalty to one's family and friends are the underlying tracks that guide the plot to a conclusive and wonderfully creative ending.

All in all, it is my opinion that calling Mario Puzo a legend would be an understatement, and to categorise and underplay his exquisitely enthralling and masterfully produced narrative would be an insult to not only crime itself, but to English literature at large. In the end, any book written by the legend, be it 'The Family' (a personal favourite) or 'The Godfather' (an undeniable pleasure), is an offer no one can refuse.

Mrinank Chandar  
X

# MOVIE REVIEW

NAME: **AVENGERS: ENDGAME**

DIRECTED BY: **JOE AND ANTHONY RUSSO**

RATING: **8.9**

Avengers: Endgame, the much-awaited climax to eleven years of buildup is finally here. And it would not be wrong to say that it has not failed to win hearts. Satisfying is the word which can perfectly describe the movie, as it is a fitting end to first three phases of the Marvel Cinematic Universe.

Avengers 4 or Avengers: Endgame is somewhat of a sequel to Avengers: Infinity War. It follows the heroes as they go back in time, retrieving the Infinity Stones, and undoing the events of Infinity War. In the process of doing so, they unleash a chain of events which have repercussions of epic proportions. Avengers: Endgame also plays a very big part in bringing the new generation of superheroes into the limelight, as they replace the holy trinity of Marvel, namely Captain America, Thor and Iron Man.

The storyline is a treat the eyes and succeeds in keeping you in suspense till the very end. You can never predict what comes next. Easter eggs have also been placed with care, with various events from the comics getting a "cameo" in the movie. It is satisfying to watch and is enough to fill you with nostalgia.

The action scenes in the movie are worth mentioning. The intensity of action continues to rise with every significant event in the film, and that is something that you will definitely love to watch. The overall choreography and VFX which has been used in the fight scenes is phenomenal. The way the action scenes have been directed is also deserving of a mention. From swinging hammers to lightning bolts, everything fits in perfectly into the larger setting and context of the fight scenes.

Alongside all of the darkness and grief that the movie is filled with, it succeeds at keeping up the style of comedy that we have become so used to with the MCU. The occasional quips and jokes that you are treated to are a much-needed escape from the usually morbid setting of the film.



Overall, watching the movie is an absolute delight. The movie keeps you on the edge of your seat in every scene and in anticipation of whatever is going to happen next. It is ambitious in its approach and tries new things. Avengers: Endgame truly is a "marvel" to watch. It is a masterpiece of an end to a saga that has us crying, laughing and rejoicing the past 11 years like nothing else. And of course, the final cameo of a legend says farewell in the best way

Abhisar Balodi  
IX



# The lost World of Comfort

I know there's something there. It's a place better than here, there's no destruction. I could feel the light talking to me. As if it was telling me that in it, there's the Sun and its warmth, the Moon and its ethereal glow and the smouldering shade of the sunset. I've been seeing this since I was 6, but nobody other than me has ever seen it. They don't believe me. I have never been able to grow close to anyone or rely on friends or family since then as if I lost the power to trust people.

The light was an entity I could trust. Since I was young, it has been assuring me that life would grow better soon enough and I just had to enter it to find the secret. That is why I wait to tuck myself into bed every night so I can go closer to the battery; and I began the final climb yesterday.

The air turned black all around me, the scintilla of the moon vanished. I looked around, only to find corpses, blood and swords."Quentin, come here." I heard my mum call me. It was hard to find her in the dense cloud of dust. I felt someone touch me. "Mom?" I exclaimed. "Thank God you are okay." She clenched my arm and led me somewhere. I found myself in an abandoned house with a strong, musty smell. It must've been closed for decades. I looked out of the window and gazed at the faint ray of light shining on top of a hill a few kilometres away. As the smoke cleared, I picked up my backpack and ran away towards the direction of the hill. It was a quest for finding something better than I've ever encountered. After crossing a few barren places splattered with blood, came the forest. I've heard people talk about the

supernatural occurrences that happened in this forest which may be enough to blot to the sun. My blood ran cold when something brushed past me. Its presence could be felt, but I reassured myself that it was the wind. I had a meatloaf and some fruits to snack on and I started eating. While walking in the forest, everything grew familiar. It didn't seem eerie to me anymore. I heard a shrill cry of an animal, which was sitting on a tree and squealing in pain for help. I hastily took a piece of cloth out of my bag and tied it around its wound. I carried it along with me.

Soon came a point where I was just left with a hike to complete my desire and reach my destination. It took me quite a while to brainstorm a way to climb the steep hill. I flashed my torch around in search of a rope. There was serendipity in walking an extra mile to look for resources.

I explored an iridescent waterfall which had an easier path beside it. I found steps which led me up to the battery which I had relished so much. The beauty was alluring and the thought of success was even more satisfying. Just when I reached the last step-almost touching the fluorescent door-I woke up. My alarm rang and my dream vanished. I was still craving for the dream to actually finish, to let me have a look at the world behind that door. To check if everything was normal, I went downstairs. I saw that my family was well and smiled instantly. Then suddenly, I realised that the dream was real. The battery, in fact, was my home.

Manvi Makkar

X



# WHAT WELHAM TAUGHT ME IN AN YEAR

2nd of April, 2018, the day I joined Welham. With all my stuff in my suitcase, I was planning to say goodbye to my parents. That day, my father told me that from now onwards he would have to learn to look at my back as it will indicate that I will be facing my future, and will be waiting to see my face as a better man. It is for this purpose that I have been sent here.

Initially, things were very tough. I had to cope up with a lot of discipline and regimentation, as well as make an effort to do things which I thought I was not ready to do. I was absolutely wrong. Today, as a full-fledged Welhamite, I have experienced a very long journey of 365 days. Those days were not easy at all, but the school made me tough enough to face them with a heart, compassionate enough to feel and strong enough to endure. I can adjust with all sorts of people now and survive under pressure too. Many good things have developed inside me as well as a lot of bad things have got out. People can now see a spark of responsibility in me. I have also attained the ability to manage my time as well as utilize it well.

I have learned to be respectful to everyone, be it teachers or seniors. But most importantly, I have learned to be independent. If a single year can change me so much, just imagine what a gentleman I will be when I pass out.

The world is very small and mean; learning to survive here is an art. Some people feel as if there are no differences between day-schools and boarding schools, but they are absolutely wrong. You might score 100% studying in one of the elite day-schools in Delhi but there is something totally different about boarding schools. Here, you become an all-rounder; excellent in sports, co-curricular and academics! I feel that these qualities can be developed only here, and nowhere else.

I got a lot to learn a lot and I am very grateful for having spent a year here. I urge all my fellow Welhamites to grab every single opportunity thrown at them and utilize them to become a gentleman who knows how to strive in this world and move from strength to strength.

Aditya Gupta  
VIII





# Oli 24 X 7

## WELHAM NOW

- The school participated in the Mayo College Girls School Model United Nations Conference 2019. We also lifted the best delegation trophy for the first time at MCGS.
- Following are the awards:
- Award for the Best Project
- **Chirag Bansal** - Best Delegate- UNSC
- **Viraj Lohia** - Best Delegate- EC
- **Sanshray Ghorawat** and **Avi Kripalani** - Best Position Paper and Special Mention- IPC
- **Shreyansh Jindal** - High Commendation- UNHRC
- **Samanyu Raj Malik** - High Commendation- SOCHUM
- **Dhruva Jindal** - High Commendation- UNEP
- **Chirag Bansal** - Special Mention in field research.
- The School hosted the 33rd All India Golden Jubilee Basketball Tournament in April and Welham Basketball continued to lift the trophy for the 8th time. **Hiten Garg** was Most Valuable Player for the tournament and **Sai Sharan Vats** was adjudged the best defender.
- The school proudly congratulates **Prateek Tibrewal** who has scored 99.78 percentile in JEE Mains, bagging the first position in the Uttarakhand state and securing an All India Rank (AIR) of 239 in 2019.
- 10 boys from our school participated in the PPS Nabha Model United Nations Conference 2019. The Delegation won the Outstanding Delegation Trophy with numerous individual awards.
- **Aditya Mehra** - Best Delegate
- **Sannidhya Aggarwal** - Best Delegate
- **Yuvraj Gambhir** - Best Delegate
- **Argha Gupta** - Outstanding Delegate
- **Mitansh Narang** - Special Mention.
- The CBSE grade XII results of the School are as follows: Grade 12 Batch Toppers- **Divyansh Aggarwal** (98.6%), **Mukund Kedia** (98.2%), **Prateek Tibrewal** (98.0%); Heartiest congratulations to all the students!
- Stream Toppers:-
- Humanities - **Divyansh Aggarwal** (98.6%)
- Science - **Prateek Tibrewal** (98.0%)
- Commerce - **Akshat Chamaria** (95.6%)
- The School hosted the 15th S. Kandhari Memorial Hockey Tournament this year. **Vatsal Goel** was adjudged the Best Attacker and **Jatin Dahiya** lifted the highest scorer award. Congratulations to the award winners
- The Welham Dance team lifted the trophy at the Izhaar-e Hunar performing arts competition hosted by Hopetown Girls' School.
- Taking a step towards this term's agenda to focus on technology, the school is now on instagram.

Through this article, I will share the life of a day border. Many people say that being a day border is fun because we have the best of both worlds. We are allowed to go out of school whenever we wish to, be with our parents and there are no punishments or PT. We get to study in this school while playing for as long as we wish to, be it in the courts or the pool. We can take a holiday whenever we wish to and stay awake till whatever time we want (but I suppose that the boarders have an upper hand in that), during exams we have a comfortable place to study in whatever way we want. Day students can participate in almost all of the activities (sports, clubs, classes, community service) that boarding students can, we don't have a compulsory studying time, we have access to all possible devices that you can think of. All in all, the life of a day boarder can be described as pretty amazing one might suppose. But is it?

When you think about it, a day-boarder has to deal with a lot of pressure, both, at home and school. Unlike the boarders, we can't delay taking to our parents. Life is a permanent PTM, especially for those of us who take gaming too seriously. One bad move and your parents get a call from the staff room. We miss all the fun of being a boarder. Remember that crazy thing you did with your best friends at the night before founders? Those late night talks that will make you friends who last a

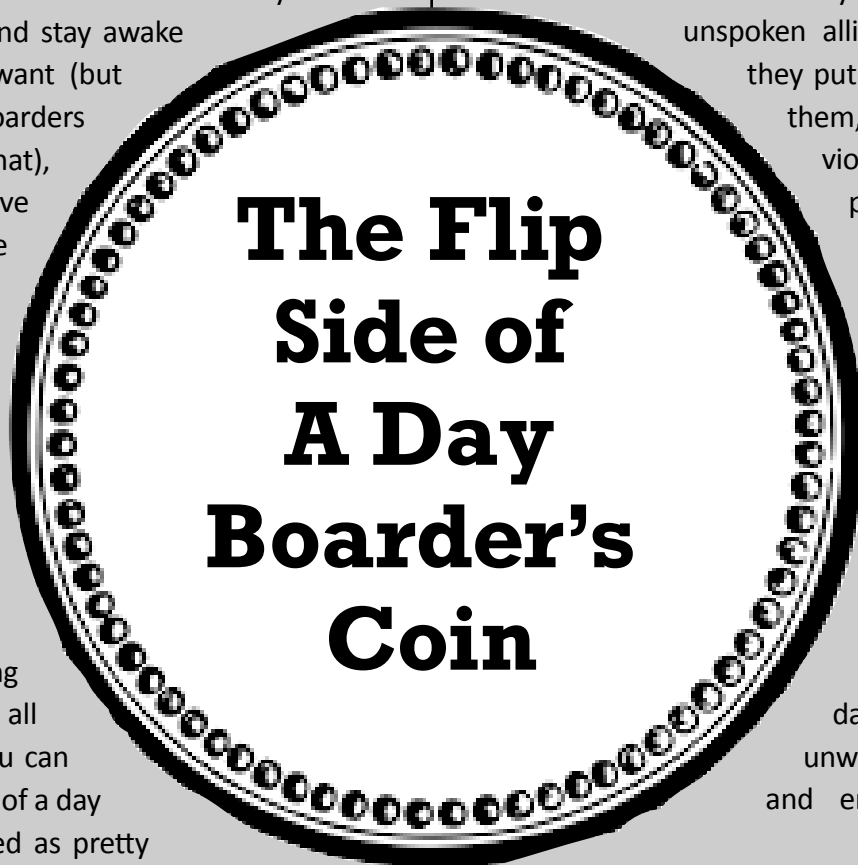
lifetime? That one time you fooled the guard and brought in a treat for your mates? Never gonna happen with us. But all that can be put to aside when you consider the various perks of living in the North Block (or outside, no judgement). And it mostly does. As a day border, one thing I admire the most in my boarding friends is the unity that they

have. Call it what you like, but this unity, this unspoken alliance of children where they put their differences behind them, along with each other's violations of the graceful protocol at Welham.

This cooperation between people who start squabbling the moment the teacher walks out of the room is something that has me in awe. In fact, when I think about the difference between a boy from Welham and a boy from a day boarding school, these unwritten rules of friendship and enmity come to mind.

Hence, it is my belief that the greatest regret anybody at Welham can have is the lack of this comradery. And it is this belief, that I hope continues with the Welham legacy.

Samar Sahay  
VIII





# Literary Affairs Of Welham

## THE WOODS

“Get off me, or I’ll kill you” said my warm and certainly deadly pillow. Before I could choose, I was shoved aside by what was definitely not my pillow, causing a certain degree of alarm that prompted me to scramble to my feet. Looking around I realised that I was not at all in my ever-shifting bedroom. No. I was in a forest, the kind in which you find candy houses. And also, more importantly, the ‘thing’ I had mistaken for my pillow was, in fact, a human being, and a very pretty one at that. I helped the poor girl to her feet, and as a thank you, she pushed my hand away. Dusting herself, a red-head looked at me with a disgruntled sort of anger, like I had just spilt some coffee on her. “Jeez!”, she looked at me, eyeing my bare torso. Suddenly I was acutely aware of my semi-naked loincloth-clad body. I resisted the urge to cover myself, because of self-respect. And male ego, of course. Not that the goods were substandard... But anyway. She was still staring at me; gathering my courage, I complained (or squeaked) about how awkward this was getting. She smirked, obviously amused at my discomfort, and abruptly turned and started walking away. After a few steps, she stopped and glanced back. ‘Come on now’. I took a step forward and stumbled. ‘Wait, aren’t you going to ask me who I am...and stuff?’. She turned and walked right up to my face. “I would, but I don’t really care. In fact, I would be more than happy to leave you alone in the woods, but the elders won’t like that. So either you can come with me, or die”. This was the second time she was giving me that option, and as tempting as it was, I was in no mood to freeze to death. At least not tonight. So I meekly nodded and began tracing her footsteps.

As I watched her hair shine in the dark forest, I noticed mildly disturbing things about the said forest. First, there was no moon. Instead, the silvery glimmer that illuminated the blossoming tendrils around the forest path seemed to emanate from nowhere. The forest path was as disturbingly fresh as if we were the first to tread on it. For the more observant of you who must have realised that I was not wearing any shoes, the forest floor seemed a bit strange. And then I realised the problem. There were no rocks. The floor of the forest path was

an untamed mass of grass but not once did a stone jab at my feet. Weird. My ghastly reverie was broken by the human pillow, who suddenly stopped. “why are you walking behind me?”. I faltered. “Ummmm, I like your hair?” when in doubt, flatter. She smiled (note: sarcastically), “hah, nice try. Anyway, I’m Elva Stone, you’re soon to be escorted for the Academy. The only reason I’m bothering to talk to you is that I’m curious about your test, and seeing a long way ahead, a conversation would be preferable”, I tried for a smile. And failed. “oh. ohk. I’m Adam Scott...”, I was at a loss of words. Also, a branch had just whacked me upside the head, and the pain was a minor distraction. After around half an hour of walking silently along the forest path, Elva said

“So what was your first test? Was it physical, or are you, like, one of the brainy types?” I grinned.

“Oh, it was physical. Let me tell you from the start.” I was about to launch into a thrilling narrative of death-defying, hair raising, story about how I got into the greatest school in the world. But then, the girl (I refuse to call such an irritating person by her name) interrupted ‘or maybe let’s not. What I meant by conversation was something interes-’ that’s when I stopped hearing her, because that’s what a super talented martial artist would do when they hear the woosh of a thin throwing knife cutting through the air. A plus point of having senses as good as mine is that time seems to slow down when my brain senses something interesting going on. Example, a deadly knife. And in this case, that interesting phenomenon was the silvery threat to Elva’s life (neither that nor the contradiction actually held a very dear place in my heart, but God gave man morals for a reason).

My vision focused upon the double-bladed knife with the only defect in its reflection of the moonlight, I reached out just in time to prevent the undoubtedly poisoned blade from violating the neck of the pretty little redhead beside me. Luckily, I succeeded. Even more, luckily, I caught the side of the blade that was covered in a hilt. And on the ultimate stroke of fortune, in the process of leaping forward, I had avoided the impalement of my own precious noggin’. All in all, it was pret-



ty good. But it seemed like life was not good enough of a gift for the filly I was gaurding (if you'r macho and you know it go to therapy), for she immediately sensed what I was doing. And then proceeded to snatch the knife aimed at my important head out of the air (like a slow motion movie) and through it back at the direction from which the knives had originated.

It was pretty cool, but only if you can imagine it. Because seriously, I'm not that good at descriptions.

And hence commenced a friendship based on the genuine need of two people to survive in the highscool of the supernatural. And while she wasn't that great, atleast I got to tell my story to her, the one who's description I was about to commence upon, before 'her snottines' interrupted. I guess I can say thanks to the knives. Cause I'm desperate for social contact that way.

Mrinank Chander

X

## Reflective Trails

You have not seen much of life  
 But you know it looks different  
 Every time you see the day  
 At times the dark engrosses  
 and on others it is light which triumphs  
 Maybe too straight a path  
 Is what you wanted  
 when you entered  
 the zig zag way  
 Every turn beguiling  
 An illusion which presented  
 Yet another delusion  
 Captive is the thought  
 To the shadows of reality  
 Awaken from the slumber  
 And immerse into your self  
 that the story to be enjoyed  
 Is the one which you write  
 Keep going and remember  
 Life is yet to see much of you

R. Srikanth

## Snips and snails and puppy dog tails

*That's what little boys are  
made of*

Between the years of babyhood of gummy grins, chubby cheeks and talcum powder and the self-assured swagger of a 'cool dude' we find a delightful magical creature called a boy. They come in all assorted sizes, shapes and colours but they all have this amazing ability to enjoy every second of every minute of every hour of every day with their choice of weapon called 'noise.' A boy is a composite. He has the appetite of a horse, the digestion of a rhinoceros, lungs of a participant on a TV debate, enthusiasm of a fire cracker shyness of a shrinking violet and the fearlessness of a Kamikaze pilot rushing in where angels fear to tread. Mothers, especially Indian Moms adore them, their elder siblings just about tolerate them and little girls detest them, well it's a question of time before there is a change of heart!! Teachers are at times convinced that they are juvenile delinquents who need to undergo lobotomy and the very next day change their minds when the class boys greet them with 1000 watts smiles and genuine delight. At times there is a reversal of roles and we adults learn life lessons and skills from these pint-sized beings. You can lock them out of your class but not out of your heart you can get them out of the library but not out of your mind. May their tribe increase! At the risk of being accused of plagiarism I must add that couple of years ago I was convinced that I would create history by dying from an infected tooth so I went to the dentist who gave me a dog eared and food stained magazine. He thought that it would divert my mind from the pain and the article about a boy somehow has stayed etched deep in my memory. If Madhuri Dixit can inspire M.F Hussain I too can call a little boy my muse!!!

Natasha Verma



# That Last Bit...

The defining period of our life is, without doubt, school life. Different groups of people emerge into a society based on the schools they have attended. So far, I've figured out that even at Welham there are two types of people. I think of a typical Welhamite, as one who has attended Welham and passed out; and then I think of a true Welhamite, a person who lives up to the name 'Welham'. Majority of us live in a world where Welham only offers us sports and academics but there is a lot more than this institution provides. We do not expose ourselves to the other half of Welham, this half is none other than the co-curricular activities in school. This is what builds up our character and enhances our personality. It adds that final touch of charm to a Welhamite.

We wake up for P.T, go to school, go for sports, attend prep and go to bed. The excuse that most people give is that there is a lack of time to beyond the definite curriculum. This is where the thin line of difference between a typical and a true Welhamite is drawn. Be it the one hour between lunch and sports or the time after dinner when everyone wants to enjoy and relax. The utilisation of such time by reading books or maybe following our interests broadens and improves our worldview and adds various other dimensions to our life. These activities are the building blocks of our adult-self. Even a little conversation with friends about life and problems, discussion on ideas on a certain

topic or sharing news and information; provides a fresh view of things. We live in a microcosmic world and have limited competition; but winning here is not enough. It is important to recognise the competition beyond these four walls which bind us to compete in Dehradun. The activities that we participate in, are only a tiny fraction of the hobbies one can pursue. Hobbies are important as they are the differentiating factor in society. A person can be on par with you in a sport or a subject but your hobby is your passion. Your opinions and your style can be very different from others as hobbies have a lot of room for creativity, take music or writing for example. Without interests and hobbies, there would have been very little diversity in the world, as these things pave the way for different schools of thought. In conclusion, to add that touch of glam to our demeanour it's important to take part in more activities. At Welham, we should have the ability to take out more time for co-curricular. Welham and co-curricular and two lines, which only intersect when an immense effort is put in and this effort will only bring us closer to befitting the definition of a true Welhamite...

Arnav Goel  
VIII

## A Newcomer's Goodbye

The atmosphere completely changed with my transition from junior school to grade 7. The many changes in my daily life had me feeling excited and nervous at the same time, and it seemed like middle school was a new world which I would soon enter.

In the beginning, it naturally took me some time to settle, mostly because of the new place I was living in, which was very different from before. There was an initial fear of reportings and the other horrors that I thought entailed middle school, but later I came to understand that it formed a very small part of the vast boarding school culture that would make a man out of me. I was a very shy boy, and so I found asking for help, a very difficult job. I still remember that the first day was a Sunday, and I was free for the whole day, just playing and having a lot of fun. Slowly, the days started to pass, filled with sports, co-curricular, and of course, academics. The more opportunities I grabbed, the faster the days seemed to pass. In fact, I got used to the daily routine within about a week or so.

It is only after coming to middle school that I truly learnt to take care of myself, something that is the essence of a boarding school. I had to take care of things that I was not aware of in junior school. Before entering the Shikhar hostel, I used to believe that seniors would constantly taunt me, but it turned out that they supported me and tried to help me in every possible manner, be it academics, sports or even co-curriculars. I had learnt in a single year; what I believe I couldn't have learnt throughout the course of my education had I been in a day school. A tiny example would be taking care of your own laundry (mostly hankies, though). I learnt the importance of planning, and how to balance my work with all the freedom that comes with shifting into grade 7. All in all, grade seven was a rollercoaster ride of extra tuck shop bucks and favours, much more freedom and a teeny tiny bit of reportings for when you overuse that. I hope class 8 has something new in store for me, for if it is one thing that Welham has taught me, it is to never believe that the new experiences have ended.

Keshav Aggarwal

## Rainbows In THE DARK

In the world of liberty,  
A boy lives in chains.  
His father lives on the border, soaking the dastardly  
bullet's pains.  
His mother, a teacher, deals with children newborn  
and in puberty.

He liked to imagine, he dreamt a lot,  
In no harsh reality could he be free.  
But in his dormant mind,  
His sombre dream came miraculously true.

His inner brain,  
Saved his Gran from getting stiff and blind,  
From falling apart in dust and slime.  
His hallucination took no time, and it took no time.

He saw his mother falling from a cliff,  
It was written in her destiny.  
But he didn't believe in its certainty,  
For he could write that page himself.

It was a crime,  
The laws of the universe forbade it.  
In the existence that is beyond space and time,  
Destiny didn't like it.

To keep the balance of life,  
Death took his father.  
A graceful fall for the honour of his nation,  
A glorious death in the battlefield.

His world was demolished,  
And his dreams of the future,  
Had become nightmares of the past.  
The few days he had left, seemed to be his very last.

The ending is not always happy,  
Everything is not always warm and sappy.  
Just like the invisible night cry, of the solitary lark,  
All we have are rainbows in the dark.

Triyambak  
VII

# WORD

## *House Spirit is Overrated*

### For

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House Spirit, a sense of pride and belonging that forces you to sit out debates or cheer for your football team when you would rather be refining your skill set. Personally, I feel house spirit is overrated because firstly, in our school, it is forced upon the juniors by the seniors; it forces us to put the house before ourselves and our priorities and it also decides what society you live and have to put up with.

The one place where house spirit is predominantly visible is sports. Teams battling it out on the field to lift their houses up the ranks, spirits running high, and the whole house sitting to cheer for them. Now, a majority of them would have been forced to sit there, shouting their lungs out while they could be doing something that matters to them. What is the point of cheering if it doesn't come from your heart if the emotions resonating inside you are just curses for your house if you are just doing it because a senior is monitoring you? True, he cares for the house but he will never get the support that he requires from his juniors. True house spirit is upheld when the whole house without being told is cheering when the job is being done of its own accord. There is no point in trying to instill house spirit. Therefore forcing kids to cheer for the house when they don't want to in the name of house spirit is testimony to the fact that house spirit is overrated.

Also, the major reason house spirit to me feels "overhyped", is because the huge influence it has on the decision that I make and the society that I choose to live into. It isn't rare to find instances where we are forced to put the house above all; even ourselves. A countless number of times, the most irrational of decisions

have been taken in the name of house spirit, even if it means giving up your dignity or personal growth. Even though we continue to say that our contribution at the school level begins only from the house, that argument doesn't feel true at all. Our seniors may be the most devout worshippers of the house spirit, but they fail to acknowledge the fact that the house cannot always supercede personal priority. If I am a nice debater and the Arthur Hughes debate and my mock tests fall on the same date, I will, of course, be coerced to do the debate rather than do the mock test that matters to me. And the reason I will be coerced in doing the debate is not that I am the best person do it or that my presence is necessary, I'll be made to do it on the pretext of my mock test not having actual weight, even though it may matter more to me. Then, of course, we have the inevitable argument that is so sentimental, it'll make you cry. Whenever I have refused to do something for the house due to personal commitments, I am always reminded of the fact that my house has given me a place to live, friends to stay with and of course, the best colour in the world. It's not as if people should be allowed to give up house events in the name of personal commitment every time, but what I mean to say is that the house should not come at the cost of something that helps hone my own skill set. It should never come at the cost of saying that something that matters to me more can be done later; because, no, I don't want to do it later if it matters more to me than the blue, yellow or red. If that isn't overrated, I don't know what is

Dev Gupta  
XI



# WAR

## *House Spirit is Overrated*

# Against

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“A Welhamite, just by the virtue of being a Welhamite, is a ‘Gun’s and Roses’ song. He’s a little bit of this (school spirit) and a little bit of that. (house spirit)”

Do you feel it too? The goose bumps we get during the Founder’s Edition of Welham News, the adrenaline rush when our Basketball team storms through the backdoor of the Activity Centre amidst deafening bells and a berserk crowd, the uncontrollable excitement at how ‘beautiful’ the school turns at WELMUN. You might, we all do. We all feel really deeply about these events. After all, they are our school events. Sometimes we feel an extension of these emotions towards our houses, too. This idea, of belonging to and respecting the abstract idea of the identities of our houses, as if they were actual persons, is what House Spirit actually is. So, why do we dance like barbarians at House Feasts and feel our troubles going away? Or go that extra mile for our houses on the sports fields? That is so because we feel a sense of thankfulness for our houses. And we feeling indebted to things bigger than us, and in this case, our houses is the base of my argument. So, is this feeling for our houses an overrated phenomenon? I would prove to you otherwise ,that house spirit can never be overrated as we all are ‘naturally’ compelled to feel for our houses and how the self-checking mechanism of collective student prudence does not allow unhealthy and disproportionate attention.

So why do students feel for their houses in the first place? The students feel so passionately and deeply about their houses because they feel an unwavering sense of gratitude towards the house. Whatever sort of responsibility or connect that a student feels for his house stems from gratitude. After all, the students invest so much of themselves into the school. They give away their precious childhood years into the school, the most formative years of their lives. When they come to school, they are subjected to unparalleled levels of discipline; a jam-packed

schedule that seeks to develop every faculty of their body and mind; they are pushed to their limits, pushed to ‘stretch themselves’. So, when they see, how their handwork has paid off; how much they’ve grown and developed, they feel an incredible sense of gratitude to this abstract concept of school spirit or house spirit. And from this feeling of gratitude spawns this desire to make the school proud, or do something for the school. This is quite similar to how we want to make parents proud. Since every student grows in some way or the other, every student is compelled to feel at least a basic level of gratitude towards their house. So, both the student who feels really passionately for his house and the student who is not very impressed by the idea of House Spirit, still feel it. In different levels though, but everyone starts to ‘naturally’ feel for his house. They don’t need to be indoctrinated with anything. Thus, House Spirit is not this esoteric emotion that only the elite of the house feel. Every single person in the house feels it, alike. And since every single member of the house experiences it, the self-checking mechanism of collective student prudence comes into play and eliminates the chances of any toxic actions that are taken in the name of house spirit or any amount of disproportionate importance that is given to it. Therefore, house spirit as an idea will neither ever precede its reputation nor succeed it. Therefore house spirit can never be overrated.

Also, we feel a subconscious and symbolic connect to our houses. Since we live in these houses, they become our ‘homes.’ We live in them, brace for the approaching storms of examinations, plan and carry out certain ‘midnight operations,’ celebrate victories and curse losses. So all throughout our stay at Welham, it’s as if houses are living entities, watching over us, guiding us, caring for us. After all, our ‘houses’ are ‘homes’, right?

Aarav Upadhyaya  
X

# Ver's'es

## WHAT IF IT WERE ME?

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

I was shaking and shivering  
When came the summoning?  
The guards shoved me across the castle  
As I crossed the ramparts, I could feel his stone cold gaze

As the ropes and planks were creaking  
All I could imagine was his laughter ringing  
As I tumbled down the chasm  
Today the boy king would choose who would fall

When I reached the hall  
I saw a man in rags, down on the floor  
On his knees he was begging, to be the one to live  
I stood silently and thought, we are dead men with heads still on

The king was relaxing on his splendid chair  
He sat to serve justice,  
In night-clothes and ruffled up hair.  
He was a boy not fit to rule.

My life was in the plan of his hands,  
The king had already confiscated my titles and land.  
Being alive was the last shred of dignity I held  
And I hope to hold onto it.

Sulking, the decision he passed was execution  
The air slipped out of my lungs  
As I walked down to the platform in vain  
Then his justice killed the man in rags

Suddenly from the parapet, the boy said,  
"From blood I am bored, leave you are pardoned."  
Blood rushed to my face  
But as I walked out cold crept up my spine.

Aghast I was, for justice had been reduced to folly  
All I could think of what if it were me?

Viraj Lohia  
X

'True lovers, destiny cannot tear apart,  
Those who consider their other a work of art.  
True lovers, destiny will not year apart,  
Even though, they might realise love with a soulful start'

My withering grandma had thus said,  
As her sickly form rested on the hospital bed.  
What she meant I did not know,  
And for years, the meaning itself did not show.

But then, cupid struck his arrow,  
And I was longing for a 'him' with all my substance,  
down to my bare marrow.  
Words cannot describe the perfect being that is him,  
And angelic laws I cannot break on a heartsick whim.

But an angel he was, pure of heart and soul,  
Unlike little me, broken from within, alongside a heart darker than coal.  
My longing he sensed, his I did not,  
For, who spares the reciprocation of love even a second thought.

And so we came together, closer than close,  
We idled together,  
In love's lucid overdose.  
But men change, just like the weather.

And so it was, that he died.  
He lived on this earth, for the the disease was not lethal,  
But he had a hollow inside.  
Maybe it was the bottle, maybe it was the people.

The man I knew was long gone,  
His soul was now taken by a drunkard greater than dionysus thee.  
Maybe it was the bottle, maybe it was the people,  
But what if it was fair little me?

Mrinank  
X

# Peer Pressure Is Good for Students

'Peer pressure' is always considered a negative term. Simply because 'pressure' is always considered a negative term. Our tendency to think in regards to peer pressure has always been subjected or limited to the negative side of this force. Why I call it 'force', will be answered through this very composition.

Before we move on, I find it crucial to understand the most probable incentive of the coining of this term. 'Pressure' is what makes all the difference in this term because peer just means a friend. Pressure can be simply defined as the force exerted by something on something. This pressure often acts as a burden and causes something to crush or shrink. A common usage of this term in this context is someone committing suicide due to mental pressure. So, pressure is a metaphor over here and 'peer pressure' is often taken to be the negative vibes passed from one friend to another which causes a downfall in the life of the friend who gets affected.

Friends affect the lives of friends. This can be the most non-negotiable way of describing peer pressure. However, a typical human brain is programmed in such a way that it sees this 'affect' from the eyes of an optimist only. Is it because of today's generation, that words like affect and pressure are classified as negatives? In the growing world and the time where youth is considered to be 'spoiled', the imagery

created after listening to 'Peer pressure' is always the one where the kids are into wrong acts or heading towards the wrong destination. Today's world, where the younger generation is always exploring, meeting new people and making new friends; I guess that it is understood that this segment of the society is more affected by friends than parents. When we talk about peer pressure affecting students, we always ignore the possibility of some good deeds transferred from one student to another. Peer pressure can also fall under the category of learning for it is nothing but a child observing their fellow colleagues and learning different things through the same.

Here comes the point of divergence. This point of divergence separates the adversely affected students from the good ones. Every teenager is quite familiar with the basic etiquettes and is mature enough to differentiate between the good and bad. The bright students would endure and not resist the temptation to do wrong stuff if they are put under pressure by their friends. This temptation and the mental endurance strength is what separates the successful people from the average ones. Everyone went through the same stage but some endured while some crushed under this pressure.

Shreyansh Jindal  
XI





# LASAGNE

## WESTEROS IN WELHAM

Danerys	Ma'am Bindra ( <b>Mother of the dragons</b> , Breaker of chains, Queen of the seven kingdoms...) - Burn them all!
Missandei	AB Ma'am (Dracarys)
Greyworm	OP Sir (Position not the stature)
Drogon	Mr Mahesh Kandpal
Jorah Mormont	Mr. Rajgopalan Srikanth (Lord of the friendzone!)
Rhaegal	Saurav Sir
Lord Eddard 'Ned' Stark	Dr Bhandari (Protector of the realm....)
Varys	RW Ma'am (Lord of the whisperers)
Hodor	Bobby

## TOP 5 REASONS FOR NO ASSEMBLY

1. Community Service
2. No new teacher to introduce
3. Missed classes rescheduled during Class Teacher's Period.
4. Krishna House on duty
5. The reluctant Vice Principal



## Rumour Has It

- Rakhee Ma'am was seen smiling twice in a week.
- Shaurya Poddar's Suppandi haircut has now become permanent. (Courtesy: the Sunday Night Fever)
- Rahul Gandhi and Mr Om Prasad were very good friends during their schooling days. (childhood friendships and habits die hard)
- Avi Kripalani has taken a solemn oath to never go back to MCGS.
- There is a new guard at the subway gate these days along with the new Biometrics system for Grade 12.
- After the swimming pool, now the gym is out of bounds for students after 6 pm because of a special someone.
- Principal Ma'am and MC Ma'am are to receive an award for maximum awards received!

## SEPARATED AT BIRTH

Shresth Toshniwal	Arvind Kejriwal
Sarthak Tayal	Ferb Fletcher (Phineas and Ferb)
Mrs Monica Chandel	Daffy Duck (Looney Toons)
Vedant Agarwal	Tim Cook
Aarav Upadhyaya	The Moon (Craters)
Mau	Mr Srikanth
Namgyal	Minho (Maze Runner)
Shaurya Poddar	Farhan Qureshi

## Through the keyhole

- Prakhar Dixit- Amitabh Bachchan was the former CM of Uttar Pradesh. (And Yogi Adityanath acted in 'The Great Gatsby')
- Shrey Agarwal at Sunday Night Fever- Are you making a white sauce pizza? (Benaras special)
- Sanshray-Bro, who is India playing against in the IPL tonight? (Too much into MUNs???)
- Varun Khandelwal- Don't do dust pollution. (The Oliphant salutes your concern)
- Dev Agarwal- We handling well against Lawraance School, Riverdale (Netflix servers just crashed)
- Samanyu- I used to slaps nowadays.

## Ever Wonder Why?

- Devraj Singhania did not go for the MCGSMUN. (SAT or SAS?)
- Gaurang Bhati didn't dance during the SAS dance.
- The office of the Head Of Academics has a new look. (another extension of the Principal's Block?)
- **Son-shrey** is not seen in Jamuna anymore. (Is it Cauvery now?)
- Exams were preponed to the first two school (one really important assembly?)
- Parth Dangwal is seen around the gym more often these days. (shortage of rods?)
- Shaurya Poddar did not go for the "Socials" to Welham Girls'. (Bad Haircut or Bad Rejection?)
- Anish Aditya Prasad has recently developed a liking for Choco Pie. (Is Chilly Panner next?)

### What's In

### What's Out

Shikari Shambu (Guard)

P.M. Modi (chowkidar)

Apple watches getting lost

All other watches getting lost

P.T. off

1st two schools off

Parth Dangwal and OP Sir

Aryan Chauhan and OP Sir

Dev Agarwal and Chintu

Dev Agarwal and Hiten Garg

KTMUN

WELMUN

Night-Outs

Suspensions

BST in assembly

BST in classes

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