



Oliphant

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

THINK ABOUT IT

"Be yourself; everyone else is already taken."

- Oscar Wilde

Editorial

It is only when you sit down to write an editorial that you realise that it is definitely the most difficult piece of writing that any fortunate Welhamite will ever write during his time at school. There is so much to write about, that it becomes almost impossible to look for the one message that you'd like to give to the school. So, the first thing I did was sit down and reminisce about every Editor-In-Chief's journey from the absolute bottom of the food chain to the very top. As an intern who has run about at the oddest hours to collect articles; to an editor who had to go over every piece of literary composition; The Oliphant has helped all of us grow into better people, and of course, better scribes. Unfortunately, all of this thinking still fails to elucidate on what exactly is it that has made this journey worth all the hard work. What is that one thing that makes me so proud that I can't help but become a narcissist in my first editorial?

I then delved into earlier editions to search for that crucial piece of inspiration. I foraged for that one ray of genius that maybe helped me leave my mark; and as I delved into each issue, I realised that there was something common in all the penmanship. That something was how much every one of the people only seemed to accredit more and more to the Oliphant for making them feel worthy; for making them feel as if they had a purpose in life. This led me to ruminate further on what exactly made our labour of love so important to people; what led these people to believe that they were doing something important?

That answer to both of my questions, quite lucidly is self-esteem. Somewhere along the journey of this magazine,

the magazine itself became a beacon of cognisance for the students of the School. From being a publication that scoured the school for writers, to something that the students look forward to every month; something that we as thinkers aspire to contribute to. It's been a journey full of vicissitudes and that's why the board is exponentially prouder of itself after each edition. It is also the undeniable reason why, despite all the criticism, the board still works arduously to release every issue. Over the years, the Oliphant has not only become important as a publication, but also allowed the editorial board to feel that they're doing something worth all the time that they put into it. All the risks that we take and all the issues that we take out are all to achieve that one goal; to value ourselves as contributors in the longer run.

Personally, I have always termed November as 'the beginning of the end'. The month where the outgoing batch recedes into academics, and the next batch takes charge. This is the time of year when people begin preparing for another year full of triumphs. Therefore, there is only one thing I ask of you as you begin resetting your clocks. Commit yourselves to that one thing that satisfies you; that boosts your self-esteem; that makes you feel valued in this paragon of schooling. Like we've done with the Oliphant, find something that makes you proud of yourself.

Don't stop until you're proud.

Signing In,
Sanshray Ghorawat

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How WELHAM Made A Change

Ask a hostel student if life in a boarding school is good or bad, especially a Welhamite and he will narrate all the pros and cons of this life we live. However, if you ask an adult who has had an experience of living in a hostel, he is likely to narrate his memories fondly and tell you that it was the best phase of his life. This is because there are certain difficulties of living in the hostel, however the benefits it offers surpass them and with time it is only the good things that we remember. However, everyone can, and should, have a different experience.

I have been living in the welham for around four years now and my experience has largely been good. I am quite attached to my parents and being an only child I have always been quite pampered (at least I hope so). My parents and grandparents have showered me with immense love and taken care of all my needs. This is why my initial days in the hostel were very difficult for me. I was in fifth standard when my parents enrolled me here. I had never lived even a single day without my mother until that time. It was extremely hard for me to live without her in particular. However, I soon became friends with my roommates and the joyride began. I was fortunate to have found like-minded roommates, whom I genuinely liked spending time with. Gradually, we found out that we had a lot in common

and so much to talk about. We have become the best of friends since then. We study (or not), play (room soccer), dance (thank you CHOD) and enjoy numerous other activities together. Their friendship is the best part of my hostel life. There is just no boredom when you are in a hostel as you are always surrounded by friends.

I also love the fact that living in welham has made me independent. I have learned to observe and understand people and situations before taking any decision about them. This has made me more confident.

But I really miss the home-cooked food. I look forward to the holidays not only because I am eager to meet my family but also because I crave for the yummy food made by my mother. Ironing the clothes and cleaning my bathroom are few other things that I despise about the hostel. But it is a part and parcel of the hostel life, that so many promises will turn us into men of great calibre.

- Siddhart Patro

VII



The Prophet in the Desert

The desert sipped him dry. He was crawling on his knees, trying to cross the dunes as the nasty winds tugged at him. They whispered into his ears, there is no need to torture yourself. Let us take you an endless journey where you don't even need to blink an eye, we will do everything for you. However, he resisted and kept his eyes open as they wind chucked burning sand into them. His mouth was parched and his clothes were now covered with grains of sand. He was on his own in this burning hell. His camel had died two days ago and his companions had ditched him the moment they saw the endless ocean of sand from the edge of civilisation. However, Tahir kept going on, wading through the devilish dunes. He had to get the answers, he had to know what was holding him back from success.

His body was broken given he was marooned in the desert since the past twenty days. His hijab and robe were hanging on a frail skeleton that would collapse any minute but his eyes still shone with the light they had when he had heard the tale of the desert for the first time. The story had reignited his dying hope, he had almost given up on the family business of selling carpets. The bard from Egypt had given him new hope. He was told that the prophet in the heart of desert holds the key to success. Along with his brothers he set out to find the answers to save their dying profession. However, he was the only one left. All Tahir could do now was crawl as he cursed his brothers for giving up on the work of their father and his father before him. He knew how prosperous the business could be, he had seen it with his eyes. His family used to wear nothing less than the finest silks and muslin, they ate the softest bread and feasted on healthy chickens. All that had come crashing since Tahir's father has passed away. The tragedy consumed the family along with their trade. Years had passed but Tahir and his brothers could not build on the business. Their shop in the grand souk grew smaller and so did the magnanimity of their

work. Soon the fine silks and muslins were reduced to rough cotton and the soft black had become the hard black bread, This was his last chance to help his family but he was not sure he would make it to the prophet let alone travel all the way back.

He thought just giving up and dying in any random dune seems bleaker than dying trying. He hoped he would make it to the heart of the desert and would meet with some miracle which would allow him to return home. It could be an oasis, a tribe of gypsies who could nurse him back to health or maybe the prophet would have some kind of magical powers. So the young and naive boy kept going, uncertain of his future. He crawled for hours till he was on his second last breath. His bronze skin was sunburnt and his heels were incorrigibly caked. He finally saw a stone protruding from the sand. Writhing through the stormy sands he reached it. He read it while the sand forced his eyes to squint.

It read, " The prophet you are looking for is long gone by, he kept quiet but for one sentence- if you have reached me, you do not lack the capability and strength required to succeed. All you need is will made of steel and belief in yourself."

Tahir's journey was now at an end, he felt miserable for undertaking such a long journey to read something of a stone. However, he found his peace inside forth got the answer no matter how simple it was. Soon he closed his eyes, thinking to take long deserved rest, he would rest indefinitely and allow the winds to take him on that journey now.

- Viraj Lohia
XI

THE MYTH OF THE ARYAN INVASION

The AIT(Aryan invasion theory)claims that an Indian origin source, the Rig Veda mentions a people called the 'Aryans' who used to wage war on chariots driven by horses. This is false. The adjective 'Arya' meaning noble in the Veda has been modified to the noun 'Aryan' to indicate a race of people.

AIT was almost wholly created by European historical linguists how went ahead and wrote an entire history of how a mother language to modern 'Indo-European languages' was created somewhere in Eurasia and spread around the old world.

The Aryan invasion is said to have taken place between 1500 to 1000 BCE. It cannot be older or more recent because other theories built up by linguists will fail if the date changes.

The Rig Veda is supposed to be composed by the invading Aryans, but it contains no reference whatsoever to a distant homeland or to an invasion or migration into India. Also, Had the Aryans migrated to India we should have had some evidence of different tools, weapons, pottery style and art forms, but that is not the case. More than a century of archaeological investigation has been conducted but there is still no evidence to support this theory.

According to the AIT, chariots and horses were introduced by the invading Aryans and that it could only have occurred between 1500-1000 BCE. This is false, horse bones of the true horse, Equus caballus have been found in Bagheri in Rajasthan dating back to 3500 BCE. Horse bones dating well before 1500 BCE have been found in the Harappan area from 3500 BCE.

The world's earliest painted images of chariots have been in central Indian cave art dates back to the late microlithic and early chalcolithic period (2500-1500 BCE). The 1500 BCE damaged bronze chariot was found in Maharashtra 200km south of the Khyber pass from a time when India was supposed to have no chariots or wheels.

In fact, the Vedic period was much earlier than the supposed dated arrival of the Aryans. The proof lies in archaeo-astronomical references in ancient Indian texts.

Herman Jacobi, both a Sanskrit scholar and an astronomer noticed a passage in the Rig Veda, V.18-19 that described a full moon on the day of the winter solstice in the month of Phalgun. He correctly dated the event to a time in the 3rd millennium BCE or earlier.

Bal Gangadhar Tilak, another Indian scholar noted a reference in the Rig Veda of the occurrence of the vernal equinox in the constellation Orion, dating the event back to 4000 BCE. More recently, people like Nilesh Nilakantchak have taken this work to new heights by examining every single archaeoastronomical reference in old texts to validate against modern astronomical knowledge. Tilak is now showing astonishingly remote dates, and while the dates may be a topic of some disagreement, that are all older than the rigid 1500-1000 BCE dates demanded by linguists to support their theory via a fake Aryan invasion theory.

- Kunga Palzang
IX

When You're Gone

I knew it was foolish of me to think,
that you would be everything I would
ever want.

I admit that I was careless at times,
But why regret now, when you're gone?

My heart used to hurt pretty bad at first,
Yet, now it doesn't really hurt.

You left me shattered in tiny broken
pieces,

And it's been a long time since those
feelings withered.

So why mourn for them now, when
you're gone?

When I was wrong a couple of times,
it made you believe that you are always
right.

We both knew who was stronger of us,
your words hurt more than any bruises
or cuts.

But why lament now, when you're gone?

The handful of moments when my arms
were wrapped around you,
made it still harder for me to move on.

For somewhere, I still am guilty of letting
you go.

But why reminisce now, when you're
gone?

- Luv
X

Take A Pause

In this fast moving world where every individual is in the race of being better and one of a kind, man has somewhere forgotten to connect with himself and has disregarded his own mental health! Negative thoughts, stress and depression are a threat to today's youth and people. Everybody tends to be suffering from the problems which can make them feel low such as peer pressure and maybe the environment around you too. These problems have been proven to be vicious and can change the mindset of the person into a destructive one.

**Although, the question still remains:
Is there a solution to all this?**

Mindfulness is one way by which one can introspect and create insight upon his own character and deeds. This method has been proven to be very efficient. It helps us to cope up with the unwanted and negative thoughts and helps to focus and creates a sense of control of conscious thoughts. It slows down the rate of thought process, hence making you feel relaxed and calms you down and allows you to think over your actions once again (which can be very crucial at times).

According to Buddhism, meditation helps to cultivate a relaxed alertness and hence balances emotions of hyperarousal and perturbation as well as of being disturbed. Buddhists pursue meditation as a path and use techniques which aim to develop mindfulness and concentration.

No matter where you are or in whatever condition meditation offers you something you require to rest your mind.

- Aryan Rasogi
XI

WORD

“Schools should have an elected student union for the student body to put forward its interests”

For

If we look at the map of the world and analyze all the previously vibrant democracies which are now turning into an authoritarian or strongman pseudo-dictatorships, we would be in for a surprise. From the United States of America to Turkey to even India, the numbers are piling up. And this sort of radical turn in our governmental institutions has started reflecting in many aspects of our daily lives. To strongman bosses in offices to authoritarian leaders of educational institutions, the signs are everywhere. And to tackle this problem of increasing power-grabbing, the subjects of these institutions have a tendency to form herds or large groups, so as to protect themselves from external oppression. In essence, these groups are what we generally call unions.

It is these unions, which usually negotiate with the administration for whatever the subject body demands; in factories, for example, these may be better working conditions or better wages. And a lot of the times, they are able to pressurize the administration into getting their job done. And if these unions fail in what they are doing, which is very rare, then the prospect of getting benefits is very dim. Thus, these unions are necessary for the subjects of any institution to navigate their way through the twisted maze of oppression, and roadblocks.

It is heartening to see that unions have found their way into nearly all institutions, from colleges to offices to factories, barring schools. It is very unfortunate that unions have not found their way into schools, where the students need representation to question the doctrines that the school makes them follow. In schools, the administration follows a policy control and authority. Battling this policy can be difficult even for intelligent adults, let alone for children with no special representation meant to talk about such matters .

One more advantage that schools would have is that they would not be embroiled in controversy when they do not listen to the demands of students. If the students of Delhi University or Jawaharlal Nehru University are not able to make their demands heard to the administration, then the news would make headlines. But the situation for schools is largely different, no one pays attention to the expression of school students, the only time students make headlines and it is for the worse is when something very unfortunate happens.

It is in this context that I say that schools should also have students' unions. In an environment when neither the administration nor the world outside is obliged to stand up for their demands, it is up to the students to unionise and stand up for themselves. It is not so that students' demands would be illegitimate; I, for one, believe they would. Less homework, fewer hours of studying can have profound psychological benefits for the mind of a student. They may sound very irrational to the authorities but to the students, concepts of syllabus completion and increasing productivity sound like fairy tales; they too are legitimate and rational just as the demands of a student are.

Thus, students and authorities can come up to some sort of compromise, but to do this a student body must be constituted, which ought to be independent of the administration and free from its control. Only then, can a healthy relationship between the administration and the students be allowed to sustain itself.

- Samanyu Raj Malik

X

WAR

“Schools should have an elected student union for the student body to put forward its interests”

Against

What is the premise of a school's regimentation? It is the submission to authority, which to a certain limit, should be displayed by all students, necessarily. However, the concept of a student union defies this rule completely, destructing the order and discipline of any school. This motion has a lot of important terms which need to be correctly defined for the reading audience. In this context, 'school' is important because it signifies the difference in the administration of a school and a college. This topic is about the implementation of a student union in schools i.e. till grade twelve. Now, what is a student union? There is a key aspect which differentiates a student union from a normal prefectorial body. While the prefects are answerable to the school with respect to their actions, a student union cannot be governed and can even protest in order to fulfil its demands. Another ambiguity arises when we speak about putting forward interests. In schools, even prefects can negotiate and present the viewpoint on behalf of the student community, but forming a student union which according to definition is tyrannous is not pragmatic. So the opposition to this topic is presenting a rational perspective which involves the redundancy of such unions in schools and specially in just, putting forward interests and it also highlights the many problems which may arise as an aftermath to formation of such a body, for example, at Welham.

The primary argument against a student union is that 'A student union disregards a school's discipline and the overall working of such an institution.'

I. In any organisation, the basic requirement for all members is to place a certain degree of trust in the leaders or those who are considered fit to rule by every participant. This is the way society works and we are well-acquainted with this relationship. The construction of a student union insinuates that the administration does not agree to the terms the students and that the students cannot trust their principal and his/her team.

When the building blocks of the school have lost faith in those who govern them, then not even a union can resolve all the problems.

II. Moreover, these bodies cannot overpower each other for the sole purpose of fulfilling their members' wishes. This will be considered tyranny or superiority of one group over another. We see this in an institution like the country, India where the Hindi majority is regarded superior despite various efforts to equalise religious power. This is one among the many aspects that ultimately prevents any country from being a perfect democracy. Something like this is replicated in school in case of a student union. Nobody is given preferential treatment be it a student or teacher. This is prevalent at Welham as well. Now consider a situation where a student union was established here. It will defy the whole working of the school. The prefectorial body to an extent is answerable to the teachers. However, a student union will go to the extent of protesting to win the agenda

Conclusively, student unions may or may not comply with school rules and this makes their implementation risky for the schools. A school is a very delicate organisation and parents put their faith in this administration. By neglecting the power of other members of a school and giving supreme authority to students, we might make way for the rise of dictatorship. We might spark internal disturbance and a fight for power within this very student union. It will be a dilapidated situation or as George Orwell puts it in Animal Farm, a situation where "Everyone is equal, but some are more equal."

- Arnav Goel
X



Literary Affairs Of Welham

Welcome to the Academy,

I like tortillas. I really do. But when one hit me in the stomach, I have to admit, I let out some words that probably were not those correct description for any kind of food. While I was trying to escape the attack of the curry (coward that I was), I was pulled to a side by Elva, who seemed perfectly at home. Now that I look back upon it, I think I made a mistake by escaping the steaming onslaught of food. Cause that was uncool. But the teleportation, or whatever magic trick that blonde hixen had pulled, had left me more than a bit dizzy. In a matter of seconds, I had been pulled to the side by a heaving (and very colourful, both in her language and the food that covered her) Elva. She dragged me up to the bright white (not anymore) wall, and -this is where you start learning where we were-punched through it.

Instead of a million shattering bricks, like one would expect, a single, 6 square foot section of the wall, drifted back a few metres. Once we were through the impromptu doorway, Elva yelled something at the block of heavy looking stone, which shut itself back in place, immediately blocking the noise. Checking her knuckles, she looked back at me, healed up on the floor. 'You okay?' 'yeah'. She then promptly collapsed in the floor. It took me a few seconds to realise that she was in fact, sitting in the lotus pose, and seemed to be meditating. Now that we're in observation mood, let me tell you a little about the place we were in. A long hallway that seems right out of a Victorian Scotland (because literally no one likes the English), paneled with wood and interjected with doors on both sides. 'Elva?' she opened one eye. 'yes?'. 'where are we?'. She got up and spread her arms, 'welcome to the academy, idiot'. And while I have to admit that the nickname was a tad bit disturbing, I was unable to stop a feeling of warmth spreading through my chest. It's not like any also ran can get into the academy. It took hard work to get inside, and probably even more hard work to stay. Again, akin to the possession of money, I pondered, while my mucky escort lead me to wherever I was supposed to be. My life before the academy, wonderful, as only nostalgia would allow it to be seen was, in fact, terrible. I was optimistically hoping for a change in the status quo, although the expression on the face of my curvy escort was not one that inspired hope.

Not at all. In fact, Elva was looking as if she was regretting meeting me more than the Church regretted the Inquisition, and I'm not even sure if that's a politically correct statement. Speaking of her face, I almost didn't notice the voice coming out of it amid pondered about the tragic demise of of the Spanish Empire... 'so the crux of that is obey me or die'. That nicked me right back to my senses. Was I going to ask her to repeat her life saving advice? No. Was I gonna die? Yes. Did anyone care? By the looks of it, no one yet. Walking aimlessly through the hallway with my escort, I thought about how my legs were aching, and how I really needed to crash. And it was in the middle of this pondering that we finally stopped in front of a door. With the number 998/1/112 written on it. Elva held out her hand and seemingly tickled the doorknob, and it opened.

The room was supposed to be the part of a studio apartment, with a coffee table, a sofa, and various modern minimalist wooden chairs, all set on a bright white floor. Instead, what I saw would have made even the floppiest of teens (by that I mean the likes of me) cringe. What should have furnished the room was pushed to a side, and

replaced by a dirty mattress and a mass of painted, albeit; messily, pillows. There was another bunch of Van Gogh quilts strewn around. In the corner was a cubicle that I was guessing to be the dustbin, judging by the mass of (mostly) empty wrappers of food around it. The walls, were dim and coloured all sorts of colours walls weren't supposed to be, like pink, yellow, green, red, orange, purple.

There was, of course, more that happens, but boy, do I love cliffhangers.

(From the memoirs of Adam Scott)

- To be Coninued...

The Paper Guy

The young paper boy
On his daily morning rounds
Flips papers over almost in joy
But is gone in a jiffy.

I wonder why our dog Stan
So hates the boy.
Does she sense the gloomy news
He helps spread ?

But my dad waits
Keenly for the daily news.
I feel sometimes
It's an addiction he can't kick.

I feel the boy easily
Could have been my brother
Forced to work so young
Denied a school life.

Maybe folks ought to read more
And ponder the world
And help ease its many pains
So no kid stays away from school



- Mrinank Chandar
X

Elysium

The sky is bluer there,
with iridescent starry spheres.
Like the bottom of a firefly,
the eventide glows,
Till the first stroke of dawn,
which blooms, like vermilion marigolds.

In the serenade of the black,
the stars are a choir,
singing infinite sonnets,
with dulcet harps and lyres.
And sometimes, the darker the night,
the brighter, the ballad's fire.

It is the Garden of Eden,
with saints and archangels.
And the Euphrates gushing by,
Cascading into turquoise swirls,
It tunes into a mellifluous lullaby.

I wonder, where this place is,
Is it a mere state of mind?
Is it as idyllic as it seems,
And as tranquil as it feels,
In this frenzied world,
I still have to find...



- Manvi Makkar
VII

Ver's'es

Speechless

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

Those cries still try to speak
Those tears still mail to you
That mouth might just remain quiet
But it does not want someone new

The way you've always loved it
It's all exactly the same
They still do call for him
But not without your name

They see his broad smile
He honestly cries behind
Those eyes still miss your sight
The pain's making him go blind

There he stands each day
Waiting just for a glance
And you might not have noticed
But he does deserve a chance

And wish I could speak for him
But his pain cannot be shared
These pages on which he writes
Are all who really cared

-Prakhar Dixit
XI

The world sees her
Sobbing there on the road;
Her paws, she had hurt
In the night cold.

Wags her tail always
Really never barks
Despairs for her child
For his face, is covered in scars

The night goes by,
The day arrives with gloom.
The wind too comes along, lasts long
Then comes the melancholy rain, heavy.

Comes a young lad in the morning
Cheerfully gives her the loaf
Pats her head, leaves immediately
The child too gives silent applause.

The young lad, now comes every day
Goes by, giving them their share
Pats again leaves immediately
Leaves them speechless, but with something to care.

-Viraj Mahajan
X

Being The Younger Sibling

Most of the kids in our school must be younger brothers. They all will be able to relate to this article better than the others. Being the younger sibling has always had its share of advantages. Be it a fight over the last piece of cake or who gets control of the television, you (mostly) get your way. I myself, am not only the youngest in my home but also the youngest in the whole family. So basically, I have led a pampered life. There have been more than thousands of situations where being the younger sibling has always been beneficial, but if I start writing about all of it, the Oliphant would fall short of pages. Therefore, we will only be going through the big-hitters.

You are never blamed for anything. You broke a glass... well, it is not your fault, it is your brother or sister's fault because being older than you it is their responsibility to ensure nothing of this sort happens. There are numerous occasions where this has saved most of us from being blamed for every mishap inside the house. We tend to get away with practically every prank solely because we're younger and, hence, not that mature. It is quite fun too, to watch your siblings get scolded and you just stand there making the most adorable face possible. Certainly, an important virtue while growing up.

Younger siblings will always get things done their way. This has two aspects, one is getting your elder sibling to do things for you, like your holiday homework done and the other is getting to do what you want just because of the fact that you are the younger one. Elaborating more about the first aspect, I always knew two people that I could always rely on when it comes to homework and assignments, my mother and sister. Till the time I was in grade 8, I always took help in my assignments from my sister. And of course, being younger has given me the birthright to demand whatever I can from my parents as my sibling watches on in jealousy.

Despite all these perks though, the best one, to me, is that I will never be the lab rat in my house. Usually, parents take time to acclimatize themselves to new

experiences while parenting. For example, filling up college applications. Parents are new to the stuff and sometimes make errors or take a long time for figuring stuff out. But for the second child, the parents have already become masters due to their hours of practice with the first one. That means all your work is done in a jiffy.

All this must seem very exciting, but we must not forget that like all people we too have our share of problems, some of which are common for all us younger siblings. One of them is 'living up to your elder brother/sister's expectation and image'. This is one problem which has affected me the most. I have always felt anxious about the fact that I was probably not doing as well as my sister. My sister had accomplished a lot during her time in school. I always kept asking myself things like, "Have I done enough?" or "Is whatever I have done going to be good enough?". But now after some counselling from parents, I have realised that my sister and I are two completely different individuals and I need not compare myself from her. With this new motivation I have complete belief that being the younger sibling always pays off.

- Aaditya C. Gupta
X





THE RISING INTELLIGENTSIA

MISCONCEPTIONS AND STEREOTYPES AROUND A SCIENCE STUDENT

The world of high school has been dominated by stereotypes since forever, separating students, forming barriers between them, based on their behaviour, interests or subject choices. They are as recent as human culture itself and are beliefs and ideas that a precise cluster of individuals hold for those that they dissent from. These stereotypes have given rise to various misconceptions, and to me, the ones formed around science students are most evidently popular. As a student of science, I know to what extent these stereotypes are true, and how they bring about a change in attitude among people for us. For example, according to non-science students, there are only two options for a science student: JEE or NEET. My father has always pestered me with the IIT tantrum, behaving as if it were the end of the world. So society has narrowed down the entire spectrum of opportunities for science students to two mainstream jobs - an engineer or a doctor.

The most satirical moment for us is when we meet someone and his first reaction is, "Oh you are a science student?" I believe most science students would agree with me here, but people think that studying science requires a high level of conceptual intellect and high mathematical skill, without which one does not deserve to sit in a science class. On the contrary, some say that science students don't have the stellar personality that students of other streams have. They feel that we are always engrossed in our books and we don't get enough exposure. The truth is that this misconception is only partially valid. If we introspect, a science student is successful in every field, as his thinking capabilities, though mathematically reasoned and conceptually driven, are above those of other streams. People have also casually assumed that a science student is supposed to know everything, disregarding the question of whether it pertains to him or not.

These misconceptions have positioned the science stream in such a place that people join it not out of interest, but out of pressure - pressure to perform, pressure to succeed and pressure to compete. These stereotypes, instead of holding kernels of truth, portray

malevolent propaganda towards science students. In school, what is ideally meant to create bridges of relation is creating barriers of separation. These misconceptions have not been given any speculation and are therefore based on dire instincts, defining a class for science students, a cater wherein they are supposed to fit. For example, people have a very shocked reaction if any science student is good at debating or sports or anything apart from academics. They have this mindset that it is utterly difficult for a science student to find time to do any of it.

These misconceptions, though depicting the positive attributes of a science student, set the bar so unrealistically high that it inhibits young people's aspirations to be a part of the group. For example, people believe that science is extremely difficult to cope with, and that it makes it even more difficult to get into a good college, and even if we graduated from a good college, the chances of getting a good job straight away are bleak. After hearing this, many interested pupils give up their aspirations due to fear of failure. Similarly, another misconception is that women do not have the required skills to study science, and are therefore not encouraged by their families to study science.

It is downright necessary to abrogate these misconceptions, starting with encouragement of involvement of women in the science sector, and further prevention of exaggeration, setting the bar where it is supposed to be, and thus keeping alive the aspirations of young, vivid thinkers who back off due to fear of failure. Albert Einstein once said, "Fear or stupidity has always been the basis of most human actions." It could not be more appropriate in this situation, where fear led to denial and stupidity led to rise of misconceptions.

- Aaryan Mahipal
XI

WELHAM NOW

- The school team was declared 2nd runners up in the IPSC under-17 Soccer tournament held at the Lawrence School, Sanawar and Pine Grove School, Dharampur from the 1st September to 5th September.
- The school stood 2nd runners up at the All India IPSC under 19 Athletics championship 2019, held at PPS Nabha from 12th October till 15th October 2019. The following won medals:-
 - Devraj Singhania** - 2 Silver medals. Devraj broke the school and the IPSC record in 400m Hurdles.
 - Vatsal Goel** - 2 Gold medals; 1 Bronze medal
 - Arya Mitra** - 1 Silver medal. Arya broke the school record in shot put.
 - Shaurya Poddar**- Bronze medal
 - Zaid, Jatin, Vatsal and Devraj** bagged the silver in 400X40 relay

The school lifted the prestigious marching trophy.
- The All India IPSC Swimming Championship was organised at Rajkumar College, Raipur from 1 to 4 October 2019. The following won in their events:-
 - Zaid Ahmed** - 3 Gold medals
 - Rishit Garg** - Bronze medal
- The 3rd Edition of Military History Seminar was hosted by Welham Boys' School on 4th and 5th October, 2019. 29 Schools from all over India participated in the Seminar in the four syndicates. Air Marshal K.C. 'Nanda' Cariappa, PVSM, VM (Retd.) was Chief Guest at the opening ceremony and Air Chief Marshal Anil Yashwant Tipnis, PVSM, AVSM, VM (Retd.) was the Chief Guest for the closing ceremony.
- The School Chess team was declared Runners up in the Inter -School Chess Tournament hosted by 'The Doon School' from 10th August to 11th August 2019.
- The Arthur Hughes English Debate was organised for both the senior and middle school. Ganga house emerged winners in the senior school while Jamuna House stood first in the middle school.
- The Inter-House Kavita Path Pratiyogita for the middle school was held in October. Jamuna house was declared the winner.
- The tennis, volleyball and squash inter-houses were held in October with Cauvery house emerging overall winners in all three.
- The cross country was organised on the 2nd November. In the senior school, Jamuna house stood first. In middle school, Ganga emerged winners and in the junior school, Krishna house excelled. Krishna house was declared the overall winner.
- The music inter-house with a range of events including percussion, orchestra, instrumental, choir and qawwali-singing spanned over two days and concluded with Ganga house lifting the trophy.
- A business quiz was organised in October. The winning team comprised:-
 - Shresth Toshniwal**
 - Vishwas Dubey**
 - Aziz Khan**
- The school participated in the MGD MUN' 19. The following won awards:-
 - Sannidhya Aggarwal** - Best Delegate
 - Aditya Mehra** - Outstanding Delegate
 - Aaryan Mahipal** - Honourable Mention



LASAGNE

Lampoon

/lam'pu:n/

Verb:

publicly criticize (someone or something) by using ridicule, irony, or sarcasm.

Generally, this opus is filled by (un)deserved criticism of the various facets and happenings of the school. Every single, hidden and minuscule till the extent of being microscopic peculiarity has been dragged into public light by my predecessors and dissected to the core. So much so, that my expedition to unearth any more such peculiarities proved futile as even the leftovers were hungrily lapped up by my immediate predecessors. This time, I wish to deviate from the usual trend. This time instead of prefects, teachers or buildings, the general population of the school will be in the crosshairs. This time the targets are the very people whose validation we seek on our humour. It has become the habit of the school to descend into wanton rants and tantrums at the very second it is pushed out of its comfort zone. This Lampoon will lampoon the petty things that Welhamites complain about these days. Without further ado, I present to you, Mon amour, the Lampoon.

1. Not ENOUGH access to TECHNOLOGY yaar

"We have no access technology; all Delhi schools allow phones!" This is the most rampant rant on any new boy's tongue-tip. Constantly found bickering for a 'Bring Your Own Device', what we don't understand is that there are sufficient IT classes slotted for them. We get sufficient opportunities to pamper ourselves with the wide arsenal of gadgets and that our school provides; house laptops, kindles and even a drone for 'Welham Newz!' (Jeez, that one hit home). But all this fails to satisfy a Welhamite's appetite for internet longevity. While any given student would be found utilizing his time in the IT-Lab satisfactorily, mowing down people on 'Krunker', or playing 'Agar.io', which is basically Pac-Man with cuter art design. The seniors plan more elaborate heists as they are generally spotted trying to stuff in a movie while a pawn stands guard. Or checking their Instagram direct messages longingly for the 4th time that same morning, hoping to catch a message from their girlfriends who are as un-fictitious as students actually showing up after 'attendance is compulsory' announcements. Both of those exist! The sad part is that a Welhamite always complains about being technologically handicapped but when we are finally left unhinged in the IT Lab, we waste time in such a spectacular way that it would do MHS proud. Until and unless we peek deep down inside and learn self-control, any amount of access will remain less to us.

2. SOmEone StOLe it!

This one's a classic. No one, from the fuming teachers in the academic block to the house wardens with slick oiled hair has been spared. The baffling thing about us Welhamites is that we will be as carefree with our belongings as we possibly can and then when the thing gets misplaced, boom, Someone Stole It! The latest dual-use technology out there, it operates both as an excuse and as a rant after losing something. Countless faceless heroes have used the 'lost' excuse to bunk assignment deadlines and escape the wraths of teachers. Cutting an indignant face and saying that 'someone's stolen it' while your notebook lies in your desk is the biggest contingency plan in all of history since expelling Pakistani artists by Indians after terror strikes. We say things like 'the school's discipline is deteriorating' or 'stealing is very common' on the loop in our forced and aimless over-lunch conversations. But how do we contribute to the remedy? This excuse is common because it is very believable. It seems likely to people that things can be easily stolen in our school. And that is the part we should seek to change. We should move towards being a school, where stealing seems a distant idea. After all, a dual benefit would be that at least the creativity of excuses will skyrocket.

3. Marching

Even before people flip over to November on their calendars, a palpable panic can be felt in the entire school. To combat that terror and the grassy November scent students start arming up with excuse chits and start joining the Pipe Band. Just to escape the mundane military exercise. The aversion to marching has grown such that its practices have been ostracised to the polar parts of the day. Traditionally, we always 'stretch ourselves' and juggle marching practices, our academics and our exhibition practices but this sudden unwillingness of the school to get out of its comfort zone is preventing that this year. What we have to understand is that the entire purpose of a boarding school is to train its students to multitask. If we start running away from things here, at this small level; we will most definitely run away from the big things in life. This exactly explains why the sporting population of the school is dwindling and answers the age-old question, "Why are the fields so empty?"

This Lampoon may feel coarse and granulated in reading; as if it's vaguely targeted at the juniors or aims to promote hyper jingoistic school spirit. But I say with the purest and sincerest of intentions that my sole intent was to translate the actual happenings of the school in their rawest form on paper. Snakes and Ladders is our favourite game, after all, and I wish to climb the final ladder with the rest of the school. You are our biggest enemy; and you seem unfazed.

Your move.
Aarav Upadhyaya
The Lampooner

Rumour Has It

- Prakhar Dixit is in The Oliphant for the Humour Section.
- Vedant Agarwal is now getting the Accounts Subject award. (Never late for class)
- Aditya Mehra and Aaryan Mahipal were not seen using their laptops during games time.
- Gaurang Bhati has suspended Khatwang Gupta.
- Ishaan Kapoor is scoping to join The Oliphant.

Through the keyhole

- Shaswat Sinha: Are you going to the Benaras University of College
- Raghav Goyal- Have you heard of Piccolo Escobar? (He lived in Dehradun)
- Aaryan Mahipal: (to MGD MUN delegation) Guys we're travelling by AC couch to Jaipur (Please be our english COACH)
- Sarthak Tayal (during announcement): Pipe Boys Band to report outside- (We are speechless)
- Suryansh Dalmia: I am a fan of Past Maalane (He got you going Psycho?)
- Karan Dalmia to Prakhar Dixit- Bro, we are winning the house toffee (giving us a severe case again)
- Akshat Jain: My printer is a rich kid (Hope the publisher is doing a good job)

Ever Wonder Why?

- Air pollution has been haunting Shikhar these days.
- Sannidhya ran the cross country with all his might (Running the final lap)
- Pradutt Ramesh outshone everybody in the basketball match against Ganga (The presence of a certain someone)
- Ishaan Kapoor joined Archery as a sport (Location-Orchard Field)
- Sanshray Ghorawat dropped Chemistry and took up Political Science (Behtar Post)
- Namagyal Khampa is planning to join Woodstock. (BKC)

Seperated at Birth

LB Sir	Bala
Vishwash Dubey (Azar)	Dream Girl
Aaryan Mahipal	Buffalo Bill (Silence of the Lambs)
Younus Bhutia and Manas Munjial	Rick and Morty
Sanshray Ghorawat	Courage the Cowardly Dog
Hiten Garg	Arnav Goel

What's In

Escorted Self Outs

Marching only in the morning

Peanuts

Folk Dance

Aggravators getting suspended

COO

What's Out

Self Outs

Marching all day

All other tuck

Prep Time

Perpetrators getting suspended

CH-19

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