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Staff Editor's Note

could see in their faces a hope that I might buy in to their enthusiasm (based I guess on reading my name on the Ollie board put up in school), and on the other, trepidation (based on their past experiences and the general negative attitude towards the magazine that had pervaded the community). community its magazine back, for reviving an almost extinct part of my childhood, and for reminding me that all one needs to achieve one's aim is a belief in oneself and consistent effort. As one grows older and associates with older people, cynicism seems to become the default state of mind, and reasons

The biggest perk of teaching is that you get educated for free! This is my firm belief based on the 6 months or so that I have spent here since returning to the school I grew up in, the place that has always been in my heart through the various places across the globe I have called home from time to time.

Nowhere has this education been more rewarding and intense than in the publication of The Oliphant, or "Ollie" as we call it with affection.

I had the privilege of editing this magazine for 2 years as a student Editor in Chief in 1989 and 1990. It was therefore with dismay that I realized that somewhere along the way, amidst a myriad of new activities competing for the time and effort for the students, this erstwhile pillar of the Welham community had been relegated to a sideshow performer in the scheme of things at school.

Perhaps the time had come; if it weren't so, such a brilliant group of boys wouldn't all have somehow found themselves on the editorial board at the same time. A week into my stay here, during the Prize giving ceremony, I saw virtually every member receive multiple awards for outstanding achievements.



Editorial Team

Having worked in the corporate world has instilled in me the ability to recognize an opportunity to piggyback on the talent of others, and so without wasting any time I quickly assembled the team together.

I still remember that meeting very clearly. The guys had a strong desire to resurrect the down and almost out Ollie from the once a term afterthought that it had become to its rightful position as a platform to inform, express, celebrate and occasionally parody life at Welham on a regular basis. On one hand I

By the end of that meeting, the boys had made a pledge: The Oliphant would become a part of school life once again. I could go on about how diligently they have worked, how many issues they have taken out, how students have begun to ask once again "When is the next Ollie releasing?" but I won't. I would however like to say something to my fantastic editorial board -Well done boys! Your perseverance and dedication have impressed and inspired me in equal measure.

Also, thank you very much. Thank you for bringing the for why things are wrong, the most common topic of discussion. Good on you for showing us instead how things are made right. Sheikh Safwan and team, take a bow!

And now I leave you all with our labour of love, The Oliphant. Enjoy!

- Mr. Saurav Sinha



Think about it "IF A THING IS WORTH DOING, IT'S WORTH DOING WELL."

Old Proverb

So here we are again.... Hey, what if there wont be an 'again', well as for me there won't but guess what, after taking out nine editions this past year it doesn't really matter, for deep inside I know that I made the most of this opportunity.

You see the 'editorial page', you feel it's filled with the same old messages, you stir your eyes away and this page is left unread as if it never existed. It screams to be known, it screams to be read, well, I am not speaking of my editorial page but the 'editorial page' that lies in each one of you. I am speaking of that auspicious power stored within you that tries to search for an outlet but unfortunately is pressed back inside by your conscience. So what do you do about it? EXPRESS YOURSELF!

I have had the best of experiences working in the Oliphant. It sure was a struggle, getting Oli back to it's 'fortnightly' glamour or arranging the many editions we came out with, but hey reader's, I'll let you onto a little secret, it is only these struggles which you will then cherish later in your life, for you will have gained knowledge those worn-out books never were able to provide.

Now, coming back to this edition, we have in store for you the tackiest of sections the Lasagne has to offer. But wait, Oli is not only about jokes and so, for those who seek to improve their intellect we have prepared for them a very sizzling 'Rising Intelligensia' dish with a very thought provoking Word War this time. Not to miss the Twelfthies Unleashed, read about your twelfthies who bothered you the whole year, and take your bit of revenge by laughing behind their backs on the extensive secrets we have unveiled for you.

Very often I hear people call me lucky and to them I say – 'it is the power of my will intermingled with positivity that has made me so but I am not lucky for I am the 'luck'! So readers, coming to the very end of my journey as the Editor-in-chief, I must admit that writing this editorial was harder than I had anticipated. It is this beauty of 'ends' that makes it so, for one really does not know how to reach this point. Very often, I walk alone along the Welham marine drive to take in the richness of the aura around, to capture the moment, but maybe that's how it is supposed to be. All of this is like air, which you cannot capture in a picture for the very simple reason of it being air.

Stare into that winter moon one of these days and cherish the crisp moonlight as it conquers the stars. Think of the role you must play in life while I very silently take my exit from these juvenile pages of Oliphant... for the very last time!

Signing Off A Proud Welhamite



Sheikh Safwan Editor-in-chief





FROM THE ASHES, EMERGES A PHOENIX. IN A PUFF OF SMOKE, IT RISES TO THE SKY IN A FIERY BLAZE AND BURSTS INTO A MILLION FIREFLIES LIGHTING UP THE NIGHT SKY. THERE ARE THOSE WHO MARVEL AT ITS BEAUTY, OTHERS THAT CHASTISE IT AND A THOUSAND THAT DON'T CARE. AND THEN THERE IS THE PHOENIX

I came to Welham after my father's death; timid, afraid to say what needed to be said, afraid to stand out, satisfied with my identity as a face in the crowd. Fortunately or unfortunately, I had the ability to speak well in public. My public speaking career began with an extempore speech wherein I had to talk about my favorite book for a minute. I spoke for two. The book I spoke about was Robinson Crusoe; the story of a man all alone on an island, trying to survive. Sometimes I feel that I was on an emotional island after my father's death. This school brought me 'on the road'. No man is an island. or maybe every man is an island till he begins to form bridges that connect him to the others. Some bridges burn down, while others become so strong that you can no longer tell where your island ends or the the other's begins. The bridge may also be an illusion that never existed. You'll never know till you take a leap of faith. Friendships in Welham are all about that leap of faith. Now with so many bridges around me, I possess the strength to say what needed to be said, and to stand out. I am not

satisfied being a face in the crowd; I want to be 'the' face of the crowd. If your tenacity allows you to read the entirety of this article, learn from it that being herded is for sheep. You, my dear Welhamites, are lions. Rise to your full stature and brandish your claws.

I also came to Welham with absolutely no understanding of what fun is. I thank my friends for teaching me the importance of fun. The word of a man with no experience carries no weight. Be desirous of everything, all at once. will mind. You ought to.

I began writing this article sitting at the Balcony of Shikhar, my home, at three in the night. It is pitch black. There are only two lights around me. One is the dim glow of my laptop screen and the other is the radiating, pulsating energy that this school emits even when it sleeps. If you decide to take the leap of faith and open yourself to experiences, you may pass through many black nights. But this pulsating, throbbing energy will give you light in your darkest days. I know my friends were my light when I burnt my bridges. As a token reference to interstellar, but fittingly so, 'Do not go gentle into that night' because your youth, especially your years at Welham, are meant to be bright roman candles exploding into the night sky

SCHOOL CAPTAIN'S DESK

Don't shy away from nervousness, embrace it. Why does an adolescent feel nervous when approaching a beautiful girl? Because the opinion of that girl, to his mind is the most magnificent creation of the universe, matters. Things that matter will scare you. If they didn't matter, you wouldn't mind. However, it is mind over matter and you

into a thousand stars. Do not be an onlooker, do not be a critic, and do not be a humble admirer. Be the phoenix.

I see the first rays of dawn. Growing old by the day,

Harshun Mehta School captain, Welham Boys' School 2015-2016

Letter to the editor

Dear Editor-in-chief

Firstly, I would like to congratulate you on the kind of success the magazine has seen this year. Your efforts have really made a mark.

I am really concerned about the layout of the Welham Now page as these days it is not that detailed. People must get a broader picture of what is happening in the school. Also, since the picture resolution has gotten so much better than before it would be great if we could have more of the images of school activities.

In the end, I would again like to appreciate you and your team's efforts for the success that each and every issue of the Oliphant has gathered this year. !

Viraj Mehrotra Oli Fan! XI- Hum.

Reply

Dear Viraj,

I am glad that you have been enjoying the Oliphant editions, for truly a lot of effort goes into taking out every edition.

As for your suggestion, making Welham Now detailed means repeating the information again and again, for the same events are covered through the various reports written by fellow students. Thank you for your suggestions and we hope readers like you keep writing.

Thank You

Editor-in-chief

LAST MAN STANDING



ABHISHEK KUMAR

I still remember my first day at Welham; I was with my Mum and Dad, crying and yelling at them for having brought me here. It was then Shashi Ma'am who came up to me, befriended me and took me with her to meet my "to be friends". A few moments later, I realized my parents had left me again.

It's been ten years since then and I am months away from leaving this place. A lot has happened in these years, school has changed, principals have changed, and most importantly I have changed. I've had wonderful experiences here both good and bad, which I will take away as my memories.

I don't know whether I will miss this place or not, but I will certainly remember this place. I came in crying and that's the way I'd like to leave, with tears rolling down my eyes but only this time a lot smarter and wiser.

I started my time at Welham by counting the days left for me to go home. And here I am counting once again only this time to go away from home.

PUSHPENDRA SAROJ

Firstly, it is an honor for me to write the last man standing but when I look back at the ten years that I have spent in this beautiful place, I find it difficult to define them in just ten lines. I've spent more than half my life in this school and would like to thank the school for transforming me from a shy boy to a confident man.

When I write this article, the moments I have spent here flash in my mind. The memories of being pampered in Junior School,



independence of Middle and the Senior School are some, which I shall cherish throughout my life. I thank Welham for whatever it has given me, and for the great moments I've spent in this school with friends, teachers and many more people who will always be remembered.

Thank you Welham!

ASHISH VARDHAN

A wonderful 10 years at one of the finest institutes in the country has finally come to an end and I'm still unable to say a final goodbye. Here at Welham it always felt like home. Not a second home but surely a first one. I had joined the school in the 3rd grade and I used to cry hysterically when my parents used to drop me back to school either after an outing or the holidays. But just as I used to start crying I used to find my friends beside me who were there to join me. Now when we sit together we look back at those times and laugh about it. From the late night Shayaris we used to hear from Junaid in the Oliphant house to the late night talks in the gazebos, from the early morning hockey practices to bunking PT, I can't forget any of it. I will miss each and

everything that Welham has given me. Welham has taught me to stand on my own two feet, take my own decisions and to never regret any of it.

Shashi ma'am, I can never forget you for being a mother like figure to me in school. Special thanks to Mr. Ajay Bahuguna for always getting me out of the trouble in the Middle school, without you I wouldn't have ever survived in school. Thanks to all of my teachers for always supporting me in all my endeavors and to all my friends for always (not) supporting me in anything. I love you guys and believe me, you people will always remain single no matter what, especially you Prithvi. All I am is because of this school. I will always miss you Welham and you will surely remain my first true love.

PARTH BABBAR

It's funny when I try to remember my first day at school. Now that a decade has passed it's funny as I think about what will happen when I leave the premises of this place I call home. I still remember the days when things were simpler, when everything in life was served to us on a platter. But I have learnt to dream, to aspire for things bigger than any individual. We need to broaden our horizons and have the will to change the dreams into reality. I realized that whenever you find yourself on the side of the majority, it is time for you to pause and reflect. I learnt the 3 C's of life: choices, chances and changes. You must make a choice to take a chance or your life will never change. I will always remember Mr. Bharthwal who, as my football coach, made me realise my aptitude in sports and transformed me from just a kid with a football to the football captain of this great institution. A large part of what I've learnt in my life can be credited to the tenacity of this sport. Another influential person in my life at Welham is Mr. Sanjeev Rana. As my housemaster, he has made me realize my true

potential and has motivated me to be composed. I am certain that this school will grow from strength to strength as I strive to make a spot in the big bright world.

Twenty years from now, you will be more disappointed by the things you did not do than by the ones you did do, so throw off the bowlines, and sail away from the safe harbour. Explore. Dream. Discover.

SAGAR SINGH

The last day of school will be the same as the first for me; tears will be rolling down my cheeks. When I joined this school I had no idea for what was to follow, but now that I am graduating I know happen in the journey which lies ahead, for I will be making my own future now.

There are a lot of things that I am going to miss about this place, but all those moments that I have spent on the main field, all those football practices are moments I will definitely never forget. All thanks to my coach and my friends. The best moments in this school are all those times which I have spent with my best friends, and most of the times the topic we wasted our time talking about were topics such as the big people talks (bade loge), I guess when we meet after our graduation nothing will change. High time guys, we need to stop having these conversations. I wish my time in this school could have been a little longer, for I am going to miss this place a lot. I would like to thank all my teachers who have been part of my life in this

school.

AKASH HARLALKA

On 1st April 2006 a shy and introverted 'baby elephant' entered the grand gate of Welham with mixed feelings. Now, that very baby elephant has turned into an avid Munner and the Table Tennis Captain of the school. All this has been possible because of Welham. Welham has shaped me like a potter shapes his clay, it has shaped me into a wonderful piece like a blacksmith shapes a sword. Here the potters are my teachers who have made a gentleman out of me from the borderline student who barely passed, to a boy standing in the center of the stage, head held high, receiving awards for his academic prowess.

The blacksmiths are my seniors who shaped me into who I am today. Some things about this school will never be forgotten; the after dinner rounds of the marine drive, the swapping of exam scripts in the Activity Centre and much more.

A decade has passed by and I do not want to use that very clichéd line of not being able to express myself but unfortunately that sums up my feelings today. All good things must come to an end and so must my time here too. But what I have learnt staying with my peers will always stay in my memory, I would just say-

It was good, we had fun.

MOHAMMED MIR SHAHZEB ALI

I was a naïve seven-year-old boy barely four feet tall when I first walked through

the Oliphant Gate. I had no idea what Welham had to offer me. I can still remember saying goodbye to my family with tears rushing down my face. I was afraid of Welham and had no idea of what adventures lay ahead of me. Since day one Welham has made me stronger and has helped me become who I really am. Welham has made me realize that mistakes are the most valuable things that one can make because you can't learn anything from being perfect. Welham has taught me that its okay to fail and that you only fall so you can learn to pick yourself back up. Welham has given me friends whom I will remember for the rest of my life.

Today after 10 years I'm 17, 5 foot and nine inches tall and I have to say goodbye to my family and I am still afraid, but this time of leaving Welham. So when people ask me what Welham means to me, I often get confused but now I have an answer, WELHAM is simply home.

PRITHVI AGRAWAL

I still remember the first time I held a basketball in my hand and how I struggled to dribble it on the courts. I had been in class five and had very recently been inspired to play the sport. Little had I known that in the passing vears I would learn to master the sport in the premises of Welham. Under the guidance of various captains and of course the basketball coach Mr. Kelly, I learnt not only the skills of being a sports person but also the skills of being a true gentleman.

Welham gave me a life

thousands desire and I am grateful for this institute for having fulfilled each one of my dreams. Although it is very vague in my memory but I still try and recall the nights I would spend staring at the stars through the windows of the Narmada House, dreaming of all the things I would want to achieve. Well, I have achieved my dreams for now but in the stars I only see Welham.

AVIRAL AGARWAL

My ten-year journey at Welham has been special; the journey that started when I could hardly reach the captains board in the squash courts has culminated into my name being written on that very same board.

When I walk from the Oliphant Gate towards Bethany I see the same eight year old 'me' who struggled to settle in the hostel in Woodseats. When I walk a little further I see glimpses of Renuka Ma'am scolding the same 'me' and trying to make a better person out of me. Certainly those moments have shaped me into who I am today. A walk little further enables me to see the 13 year old 'me' enjoying his freedom in school and finally when I reach Bethany there is a rush of memories; from having spent the toughest of times with my friends to creating the best everlasting memories in Krishna A. all shall be remembered when I leave school. From being scolded by my old warden Mr. S.P Sharma to the day we played Holi with him, have left an indelible mark on me and I will cherish them all.

Welham you will be missed!

SURYANSH SINGH SURYAVANSHI

Ever since I joined Welham I had an urge to leave it, but now that the moment has come for my departure all I seek is a little more time. No matter how good or bad my experiences may have been, they will always be cherished as each of these taught me a lesson I'll remember throughout my life. I would always remember my teachers who have played an important role in shaping my character, especially the Junior School teachers who were always there for me. My journey at Welham is nearly over and I would suggest all the juniors to cherish the memories they make here.

Now that I am on the end of my journey this quote rings true to how I feel-"Live the moment to its fullest because we may not get another opportunity as we may only live once"

Good Bye Welham!

NIKHIL KUMAR

It seems only yesterday when I had entered through the Oliphant Gates thinking of this place as a jail. I was crying and begging my parents to take me home but little did I know that a day were to come when I would be begging God himself to grant me a little more time in this haven.

Be it my time spent in Junior School or the long walks along the Marine Drive, the reporting's by the seniors or the late night never ending talks, I will never forget the moments. I will cherish every moment I spent in Welham. There is a part of Welham in my heart that will remain with me throughout my life. Thanks once again my parting friend!

PRANJAL AGARWAL

I can say that I'll miss playing in the junior school lawn, I'll miss the late night walks around marine drive, I'll miss hiding from teachers and making maggie and I'll miss a billion other things but what I'll miss the most are my friends. At Welham the bond you foster with your friends decides what life is going to be like. And I am proud to say that I have had the most wonderful friends, friends who have been there with me to laugh at the most nonsensical jokes, friends who have been with me through thick and thin. These last ten years have taught me countless lessons. They have transformed a rug rat into a man.

Today as I graduate I am nostalgic and disconsolate and it is all because of this school and its people. Today as I graduate I am content and proud and it is all because of this 'school and its people'.

JUNAID JAN

I was just 7 when I left the mountains of Ladakh to enter the gates of Welham. I was just 7 with little knowledge of myself, the school or anything else. A young boy all alone in unfamiliar surroundings. It took some time for me to adjust to the place but over time I grew to love it and now as I stand months away from leaving, everything seems beyond my comprehension. Leaving school is a lot like death. you know it's going to happen eventually but you still can't fathom it. Ever

since the moment I joined I knew there would come a time when I would have to leave but now as that moment comes ever closer it all seems like a bad dream. I've had a wonderful time the past ten years and have made friends whom I hope will last a lifetime, the moments that I have spent in this school shall never be forgotten. From playing football during the evenings on the skating rink to the basketball practices I once used to attend, from playing with the school band to becoming a Director in WELMUN, all these moments shall never be forgotten. Alexithymia is a medical condition in which one is unable to express ones feelings. As I leave Welham and everything that I've grown to know and love changes, Alexithymia takes root in me. I am unable to express my feelings at the moment for they cant be translated into words. All I can say is that leaving Welham is the dream which you hope will never end.

Left, Right, Left...

It all started during the cold winter mornings of February, a new prefectorial body, a new year, but the same old determination to win and to win at any cost. Cricket was the first item on the agenda and Cauvery House led by the newly appointed Sports Captain Ali Khan managed to cling to the title despite the absence of the Cricket Captain Umair Wani. Sixes and Fours were all the rage and students had to constantly look towards the sky just in case one was coming towards them.

The winter gave way to spring and Cricket gave way to Hockey and Basketball, the team was finally honored with the MVP award at the Afzal Khan Memorial Tournament after he led his team to victory, a feat which has now become an annual feature. The Hockey team despite of suffering various setbacks such as injury to key players looked within themselves and found the courage to face their opponents with valor and reached the finals of the tournament, a final that was not lost but won by the opposing team.

The rains created puddles on the field and Welhamites could be seen sleeping comfortably in again that the team matters more than the individual. While the football team struggled to find its form the Tennis and Shooting teams emerged victorious at various events and brought much glamour to the school.

With the inauguration of the swimming pool there has been a steady increase in the number of Welhamites that occupy the pool, however there is a special part in the pool reserved for those who enter the pool before the sun rises and leave after it has set. The Swimming Team this year began its

The morning is cold, wisps of fog skim off the surface of the field. The sun has just begun its ascent to the heavens above and suddenly you're hit by a flash of color. Squadrons of red, yellow, blue and green march against the orange backdrop of the sun. Their bodies are tired yet there is a steely determination in their eyes. Yes, we're back to that time of the year again, Founders' is inching ever closer and the marching practices are in full flow with each house sweating it out trying to win the coveted trophy.

both the teams had a tremendous burden on their shoulders as they were not only expected to repeat the feats of last years teams but do them one better. In these tense situations there emerged leaders from the crowd. They say when the going gets tough the tough get going and both teams proved their hardiness by bringing laurels to the school. Prithvi Agarwal the Basketball Captain after years of valuable service to their blankets but the sound of a football swishing past the goalkeeper and into the top corner was what defined this monsoon. The football team started on a high with Under 14 team emerging victorious at the IPSC but unfortunately on the senior side, which suffered a loss of key players and was fraught with injuries, could not repeat this success. Krishna House emerged victorious in the interhouse matches proving vet challenge for the tag of invincibles from the Basketball Team by winning every meet they attended. Medals were brought back in the dozens and a point came when there was no difference between participation and winning. Yugdeep Shokeen earned bragging rights over his housemates as he continued to add medals and trophies to his already formidable tally. Jamuna House that comprised most members of the school

team emerged victorious in the inter-house.

Bringing back medals by the dozens was not an achievement for the Skating Team it was a hobby and this year they continued their display of dominance winning, winning and then winning some more. Anmol Gupta and Ratik Khandelwal two very senior players, who have seen it all and done it all led the team from the front and both managed to secure places in the

as

Uttarakhand Team for the National Games with Anmol Gupta being named captain.

After all the sporting events in school were done and dusted the field was marked with white lines to signify the oncoming athletics season. Practices were in full flow and hard work paid off with the team emerging victorious both at the Wynberg Allen Athletics meet and the District Championships. Ali Khan was adjudged the Best Athlete in the Under 20 category in the District Championships, meanwhile Ayush Tulsyan was the Most Promising Athlete in the Under 16 Category. Practices however continue despite these wins as the schools aims to net a bigger fish, perhaps the biggest of them all the IPSC championship.

With the Sports Day looming ever closer, anticipation grows as to who will emerge victorious, who will have the last laugh and whose lips will kiss the silverware. May the odds be ever in your favor.

Left, Right, Left...

Signing Off, -Ali Khan XII-Comm.

TITLE – TUESDAY'S WITH MORRIE Author – Mitch Albon

Death is the final resting bed for the body. From the moment we are born, we are made aware of the fragility of this life that is bestowed upon us. Death they say lurks at every corner. It is strange how little we pay heed to it, constantly making plans not knowing if they will ever be fulfilled. Mortality is ingrained in life itself and everything that is born must die, however as humans we constantly live in denial of this fact and when we are confronted with death we are shocked. THE No. 1 LIS BESTSELLER

tuesdays with Morrie

an old man, a young man,

and life's greatest lesson

Shocked. That was how 77-year-old Morrie Schwartz felt when he was diagnosed with ALS (Lou Gehrig's disease) and slowly he saw his life fading away. A man who loved to dance, had to give up dancing, an aficionado of food he slowly had to give up eating. Everything that was dear to him was slowly being snatched away by this formless shade called death. It was however in these turbulent times that Morrie a professor by profession began his final class, his own death.

Tuesday's with Morrie is a poignant and heart wrenching book, which tries to analyze and discuss the great questions of this life. What is worth living for? What is love? How important is family? Written as a discussion between the titular character Morrie and the writer, the book serves as a reminder of the truly valuable things in life, it discusses as to how amidst the rush and fast-paced lives that we live, we

TITLE - THE NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH Author - Richard Flanagan

'The Narrow Road to the Deep North', written by the author of the critically acclaimed 'Gould's book of fish', is a magisterial novel about the many forms of love, death, of war and truth. The main theme traces the life of one man from World War II of the 1940's to the desolate present.

Mitch Albom

The story, along with portraying imperial Japanese construction of the Thailand Burma 'death' railway of the 90's, also throws light on the unsatisfying life of 77-year-old Dorigo Evans, whose life is a string of sterile affairs and honors. The British had deemed the jungle impregnable, but after the Japanese recaptured it, it was completed in just over a year by using over 300,000 POW'S (Prisoner Of War). In the process the lives of 12,000 POW'S was consumed and this was the reason behind it being also known as the death railway. The author is a master of giving details to such an extent that the use of words brings pain to life. The story pays attention to individuals; their own tails of courage, betrayal and futility and conceivably the reason for such detail could be the fact that Flanagan's own father was a survivor of the atrocity.

The chief factor that makes this book marvelous is that the author changes perspective constantly. It can be the fellow prisoners, wife, the lovers or even the guards whose point of view is expressed in it. The point of view of Evan's itself is shown shaped by the love of literature, affairs with uncle's wife and wartime pain. He tries to appease everyone in the POW camp as he is the main doctor and appears as a non- conformist. If I were to rate this book I would give it a 9 on 10.

In the end I would like to quote Flanagan from this very book.

"A good book leaves you wanting to reread the book. A great book compels you to reread your own soul".

-Vinayak Agarwal

often forget to enjoy its simplest pleasures, which in the end are perhaps its greatest.

A man on his deathbed analyses with great objectivity the life he has lived and passes on to his student its most valuable lessons. A book for all readers Tuesdays with Morrie will keep you hooked till the very end, as you begin to ponder and ask yourself the various questions that it poses. It the end I was left with a tear in my eye and I believe many of you will too, after all who can deny the charm of a young man, an old man and life's greatest lesson.

-Tenzing Namgaya XII-Hum.

THE NARROW ROAD TO THE NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH

TITLE - 1984 Author: George Orwell

WAR IS PEACE FREEDOM IS SLAVERY IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

How would you feel if every action of yours, your every thought was actually someone else's? You are forced to believe in things which you know are not right but if the BIG BROTHER says they are right then you have no choice but to accept them. How would you feel if there is a Ministry of Love which actually caters to all war related issues, a Ministry of Truth which keeps changing facts accordingly? A world where there is no past, no future because every minute detail can be altered by THE PARTY.

This book may have been written in 1949 but the idea of the book is still fresh. It is the perfect idea of a nonutopia or as many may call it, a dystopian world. It



images a world in which there is no freedom of expression. Moreover there is no 'freedom of thought'. George Orwell has got quite a distinct style of writing. His words have that grasping power and will never let the reader lose his attention while reading the book. He has written the book as a pragmatist who didn't let Winston Smith do something that might seem too far-fetched.

This book depicts how the human mind can be controlled and can be forced into considering things as right even when he knows they aren't. He has used words like 'doublespeak' which hold significance even in today's world as they actually portray the thought process of the people nowadays. The author has quite magnificently portrayed the idea of making love. The part of falling in love with other people holds a lot of significance in this book as it emphasizes how in a world controlled by 'The Big Brother', sex is only for the continuity of the race and there are no feelings attached to it.

The book may be depicting an imaginary world but it is actually not far from reality. There are already a lot of rumors about government having access to most of our personal data and how our private life is not so private after all. The book is full of twist and turns which might seem quite obvious later on but all in all it shows the power of a government and how nothing can be hidden from it. The book holds exciting surprises or may I say terrors like the Room 101.

So for all the readers who don't believe in happy endings and who are ready to face the harsh truth, this is the book for them. Trust me; if you pick up this book once then you will not be able to put it down until you turn the last page.

-Prabhapaar Singh Batra XI-Sc.

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ALBUM: **'HANDWRITTEN'** ARTIST: **Shawn Mendes** Genre: **Pop**

RATING: 4/5



"People will only treat me like a big deal if I act like one." - Shawn Mendes very rightly said and there's no doubt that albums like 'Handwritten' go a great deal ahead in one's life.

'Handwritten' is the debut studio album by Canadian singer Shawn Mendes and was released on April 14, 2015. Shawn Mendes was originally a vine star who used to catch the eyes of the audience by posting sixseconds snippets of him singing. After being signed to 'Island Records', he suddenly had millions of followers. Cut to 2015, he has finally released his proper debut album, 'Handwritten'.

'Handwritten' is just full of catchy-as-hell melodies that will most probably etch on the collective memory of anyone who listens to it. It's a small wonder that it debuted at number 1 on the 'U.S. Billboard 200' with first-week sales of 106,000 copies.

The opening track 'Life of the Party' is an amazing track that surely is worth 3 minutes and 34 seconds of your life. Moreover, he was just 15 when he got this ticket to fame. 'This Is What It Takes' and 'A Little Too Much' are just the right songs for you to dance with that 'someone'.

'Stitches', of course needs no introduction. Even though it's now clichéd and is on the lips of every Welhamite, it still manages to offer a new fantasy each time one listens to it. "If this is what it's like falling in love, then I don't even want to grow up" sighs Mendes in 'Kid in Love'. The song is full of appealing lyrics like this and adds up to the long list of pop masterpieces of the album. 'Something Big' is a great uplifting track which is perfect for cheering up your mood anytime and anywhere. 'Never Be Alone' and 'I Don't Even Know Your Name' are also beautiful symphonies that have an emotional appeal.

The most appealing factor of this album to me is that though its genre is pop and most of the songs are acoustic led, it still offers tracks that are completely different from Ed Sheeren's so called 'Chick Songs'. Moreover, while young artists fail to appeal to artists above its age group, Mendes has had an effect on other age groups too with his meaningful lyrics. My personal favourites in this album have been 'Never Be Alone' and 'Something Big' for the obvious reasons that I have already mentioned above.

Although this album is just awesome, the critics' do injustice to it by underrating it. It surely deserves more than just a 3/5. In order to serve justice, I'll give it a 4/5. Outstanding albums like this are very rare, amazing and melodious; don't miss it for anything as Mendes surely is a big deal now.

-Abhiraj Ranjan IX-A

A JOURNEY OOKS

As we all know there are many types of books. Some of us like only fiction while others get inspired from great people and read their biographies.

If I were to take my example; I never like non-fiction as I feel they do not put forward new ideas. Now whatever a person reads also changes his/her mindset. If you are a book lover, you might love to spend your time in the library reading books and would try increase your knowledge but be careful for you might end up spending the whole day there, that's what happens with me at times.

We must never ignore our course books when talking about books. They are the resources through which we study and I feel that studying those books makes us realize what we like and what we do not. Although studying can lead you to a brighter future but there are many other things in life that make us realize our potential and our goal. So, books are somewhere linked with one's life.

VII-D



I was in Bethany, sitting for dinner. I sat in a big hall quietly trying to focus on my food but could not resist staring at the graffiti on the white wall. Fans whirl around me to keep the warm humid air moving. The place is very extravagantly furnished with identical rectangular tables, each with its chairs. You can sit wherever you want to and with whomever you wish to sit with. The soup is good and then they serve sweet dish. Conversation is easy to come by, and so, for some reason a teacher (or was it a pure white hair began speaking to me. I had not known him but still I enjoyed speaking to him. He took keen interest in what I spoke. It was time to go. I rose up in order to go for the school reporting. Then the man said "I have a story that will make you believe in ghosts". I sat down again, curious. But I was suspicious. Was this a story in a damp room in Bhangarh? "Does your story take place two hundred years ago in Kuldhara?" I asked.

"NO"

"Does your story take place in the old fort of Delhi?" I asked

"No. My story is different son! It happened 23 years ago, right here in Welham, and it ends, I am delighted to tell you, in the place where you are currently sitting. There once was a graveyard...

My eyes popped open and I sat back o my seat.

So the story begins...

"In a cold winter night, right above the graveyard, there was an old lanky man who sat with his ears in attempt to stop the sounds from entering his ears." I began picturing the scene but was again drawn to what he was saying. " The old man 'gooberef jubola' very loudly". I tried to understand what this man was trying to tell me but couldn't. Suddenly an unstoppable force started pushing me towards the man. I tried to oppose but could not succeed. And then when I tried standing in my place, I saw the white dingy walls of Bethany disappear and the next moment I was sitting above a tree, a very





tall tree. Now there was the old lanky man, whom I saw on the man why he was chanting but suddenly some force pushed me down from the tree. The man told me that its 'gooberef jubola' who has punished me and is forcing me to climb the

"Who is he?" I asked to old lanky man.

"It's a ghost who has been residing here for more than a century, he is, the one who killed my wife. And he will soon kill everyone.

"But I need to stop him. Where would I find him?" I asked

And a deadly voice replied.

"You will find him sitting in Bethany and enjoying soup and sweet dish with perhaps a new

-Devdhar Bhatia X-A

BLACK

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The Black Taj Mahal (Kala Taj) was supposed to be the 'second Taj' the World would see but unfortunately was never really constructed. Shah Jahan wished to enclose the Black Taj Mahal across the Yamuna River opposite the original masterpiece, Taj Mahal of Agra.

There are two myths about how the idea of Kala Taj came into existence. The first myth says that Jean Beaptiste Javis, a French jewel merchant, gave the idea. The second points to the fact that the culmination of the idea for a Kala Taj arose at the time when Aurangzeb put his father Shah Jahan in jail. While he was in jail he would only stare at the silhouette of the Taj in remembrance of his beloved wife, Nur jahan. It was while watching the silhouette that the notion of a Black Tak Mahal hit him.

The Kala Taj was planned to be built across river Yamuna. However it's construction was not possible which brings us to another myth. It is said that according to Islam the legs of the person being buried should face towards south and the husband should be buried at right hand side of his wife, so keeping this in mind, for building the Kala Taj, Shah Jahan would have to shift the original Taj altogether!

-Akshat Agarwal, VII-B

16

Vaibhav and his sister Divya lay sleeping comfortably in their home in Faridabad when they noticed the air around them was a little warmer than it usually is. Still half asleep, they woke up to find their house burning, clouds of smoke choked them while the fire slowly melted their skin away. They were untouchables and now someone had made sure that they would never be touched. The reporters came the next morning and the morning news was filled with stories of the two Dalit children who were burnt alive. The perpetrators of this inhuman act were nowhere to be found. Its sad thinking that Vaibhav and Divya will never be remembered for being more than two Dalits who got burned, their stories will never be told, for someone ended it before it began.

Mohammad Akhlaq along with his son was having dinner when suddenly men they did not know and men they had never heard of dragged them from their home and pushed them towards an angry mob. Akhlaq's wife lay crying as she saw her husband being hit by bricks and bats, his screams lay resonating in her ears hours after the mayhem subsided. Some time later Akhlaq died in the Safdargunj Hospital due to the injuries he had sustained. The police investigated the crime the next day, had Akhlaq eaten beef or not was the question on their minds.

Abdul Rashid Sheikh had just got over the trauma of being beaten in the middle of the parliamentary session of Jammu and Kashmir as he arrived in Delhi. As he stepped out of his car men suddenly caught hold of him and spread ink all over his face. Blackened, the Engineer continued his daily routine. After all getting pushed around was something he was used to now.

As writers, filmmakers and intellectuals flood the government with returned awards and continue their movement against the growing intolerance in the country the members of the ruling party come up with smart retorts such as one by Mr. Arun Jaitely who said that the Congress, the Left thinkers and activists are practicing ideological intolerance against the ruling party. Perhaps a suggestion from the Minister of State for Culture would do the writers better "If they can't write, then don't".

The Chief Minister of a state with 12 lakh Muslims says that they are welcome to live in the country as long as they don't eat beef. Intolerance according to many is rising in the country. Perhaps it is, intolerance after all is a nice word to use for the burning of children because of their caste or the murder of innocents for what they eat or the blackening of people's faces because of their beliefs. Ink was once a commodity writer's used but now since they can't write, the liberal public that lives in India today has found an alternate use for it, blackening peoples faces.

The political and social situation that we find ourselves in today is not unfamiliar, for India is a country that sighs at one atrocity and then moves on to the next. The brutal killings that we witness today are not new or even for that matter unheard of. We've seen and experienced all of this before, the only difference today is that people instead of hiding their feelings about issues are speaking about them. The right wing nationalists who may have felt for long that Muslims don't deserve to live in this country are now saying it aloud, the country has become intolerant today because the political atmosphere is such that some people are allowed to say anything and everything, whereas others are silenced.

Today

thousands of those who belong to minority communities awake from their beds with a sword hanging over their heads. The freedom that the founders of this nation had fought so hard for has been snatched and the ideas of today's nationalists are cloaked in orange. Nationalism apparently has changed its meaning from being a sense of patriotism for your country to a feeling of love for the orange trident. And the saddest part of today's nationalism is that you

either worship the trident or you get slain by it. The leaders of this country believe invoking patriotism is shoving it down your throat, and frankly the country today has started choking.

Vaibhav and Divya were but children unfortunate enough to be born into a minority community and now they rest in the heavens above while their bodies, mangled and burnt lay scattered on the ground below. The country we live in is the world's largest democracy, a beacon of hope for backward countries all across the world. India, which is perhaps one of the most intolerance is being discovered as we speak. The bodies of the victims start piling up, and lost somewhere beneath the heap of bodies' lies the collective conscience of the country. Generations of children are being born and indoctrinated with prejudices, which seek to divide society further and further leading to the deaths of more Akhlaq's and more Divya's. As a country we wait for some action to

BURNT, BLACKÉNED AND BURIED

> culturally diverse countries of the world, which has the global repute of being the only country where Jews were never discriminated against, has today renounced its heritage and all we can do is lament.

> Intolerance seems to be the flavor of the season and people across the country are serving it in different styles, some prefer to burn, others beat, still others like to blacken. It seems new and more innovative ways of proliferating this

be taken but the ones we've put in power remain silent and continue their world tour telling others of the beautiful country they are from. Vaibhay and Divya's charred bodies are much like the conscience of this country. Burnt, blackened and buried.

-Tenzing Namgyal XII-Hum.

17

Can Man Ever Be Satisfied?

Many say that we only live once and we ought to make the most of it, but the question that comes to mind is how exactly should we make the most of the life we get? Is it by owning a Ferrari or is it by living the life of an ascetic in the Himalayas? This is a question which would be answered differently by every person on this earth. Some might even say that living with their family is all they want. A person tends to relate satisfaction with achieving the maximum in life. But can the human heart ever be satiated?

> We are humans and we certainly cannot have the best of everything. There has to be a point in our lives when we realise that running after success is not what we should do but instead be satisfied with what we get. One day someone said a beautiful quote to me. It was, 'If you say sky is the limit, then do remember that people have already reached the moon'. The quote is certainly meaningful and many would get inspired by this quote. But to me this is just another example of how humans can never be satisfied with what they get.

> The' life' we have got is the best 'Christmas Gift' one could ever wish for but unlike others this should not be wasted because it would be an act of utter inanity to consider this boon as futile. Many a times we waste our life by not doing anything but by trying to do everything. Every man on this earth fills up a certain niche but the boundaries of that niche are always limited and every time a man tries to extend his niche, he ends up wasting his life. It's about being satisfied with the role we play. Both a beggar and Bill Gates have an equally important role to play in the sustenance of mankind.

> But we are never told the role we have to play when we are born. This we discover through the course of our life. There would be certainly a point in our lives when we will realise the reason for our existence and it is at that moment of time when we should realise that there is no point in trying any further. I don't write this as a pessimist but as a pragmatist who feels that it is important to define ourselves rather than dreaming to live a life which is seemingly whimsical.

> Achieving the maximum in life as I have already mentioned earlier is not about achieving or about earning money but it is about being 'happy'. Happy may be a very simple word but complete erudition of this word will tell us how deep its meaning is. Happiness and satisfaction are dependent on each other and being happy in life certainly is an indicator of making the most of the life we get.

> With this article I do not want to limit anyone but all that I am trying to say is that sometimes it's better to be happy with what we have. You would be wondering that I have already written so much but still I have not been able to clearly tell you how to actually know when we should be satisfied with what we get. This is because I'm a human-being just like you and I am similarly incompetent to answer this question.

-Prabhapaar Singh Batra , XI- Sc



decide which ones to grab hold of, nurture and bring into reality and which ones you simply allow to pass.

A scientific equation that explains how thoughts turn into reality is- Intensity x Duration=Force.

The amount of time you think, multiplied by the intensity of the thought equals the chance of it happening or not. For e.g.- You think you are an amazing Lucid-Dreamer and 99% of your dreams are created by you and you continue thinking it day after day with a sense of pride, you will eventually make yourself the amazing lucid-dreamer who creates 99% of his dreams. On the other side of the coin, you think being a lucid-dreamer is a waste of talent and then you call yourself a daydreamer, well believe me, you will really become one.

You must have met people who always have some thing depressing to talk about. What kind of life do they have? A depressing one for sure. Whatever we believe and think is true, ultimately becomes true.

Your life is created from what you think about the most. So if you think, 'I am going to be amazing today' and you put your energy into positive action, you will have an amazing day because your mind turns everything that you truly believe into reality. In contrast with the real world, there are many stories in various walks of life that proved this to be true such as people who have joined a firm at the ground level and have gone to become the CEO. A person, for example, who works as a software designer realizes that he hates his job, sees that he takes keen interest in hardware designing and follows his passion. This creates a win-win situation for all. I would conclude by saying "everything is a state of mind". And keeping your mind in a positive state is an important aspect of life.

-Soham Agarwal

X-C

Thought is the beginning of everything. Eventually our life is created around our thoughts. I say 'eventually' because one cannot imagine if there was no time lapse between what you thought and what actually happened: let's say something bad happens to you, for instance, you fail in your exams and you feel miserable, you hope you 'die before seeing your results'. Well, no one would want that kind of thought to become an immediate reality. So, the good thing is having a time lapse between what you think and what actually happens.

VERYTHING A STATE OF

Thoughts are like dandelions blowing through your mind. They whirl around your mind from the time you wake up in the morning, to the moment you fall asleep. To your notice, it may come that some of the thoughts are cheerful, others are really depressing. The amazing thing is that you are the key controller of those thoughts. You

HOW IMPORTANT IS A TOPIC FOR AN ARTICLE

Like many fellow Welhamites, I sat determined to write an article for the Founders' edition of the Oliphant. I sat down for prep, took out a pen and a paper and started thinking about what to write. Fifteen minutes, thirty minutes and finally an hour passed by and it was then that I realized that I had spent the whole prep doodling and writing my name in various different fonts. I was unable to decide a topic for my article. The prep went by, and I was left cursing myself for wasting those sixty minutes of my life.

The next night, I went on looking for another topic but failed yet again. Instead, I began questioning the very importance of a catchy title and thus chose to write on the diffculty of choosing a subject to write on. I went to sleep, weary but content.

So actually how important is a topic for an article?

For me an article is a piece of writing through which we voice our opinions and seek acknowledgement probably by publishing it in a newspaper or a magazine. An article expresses the views of a particular group of likeminded people. An article in a schools magazine is read only when its topic is familiar with the reader or if the topic draws enough attention. An article can be written on any topic and that's where the whole problem takes its vicious form. WHAT TO WRITE?. An article needs an attracting topic so the question arises, what is a good topic for an article?

Let's dwell into some human psychology. People judge an article by its topic, as they judge a book by its cover. A topic should be familiar and relevant to the readers. Some articles do get published without any relevance to the readers. So should we then change our thinking?

Welhamites, who are determined to write, often find it difficult to find a topic to write upon. I can't help them but all I can do is wish them best of luck and advise them not to approach me, for I too am still thinking!

-Unnat Agrawal IX-B In this self-made unpredictable world, where everything varies with time, we very often do arrive at forks in our 'jungles' where we are to choose between various preferences and choices, our 'roads'. In order to make these decisions, we have to draw conclusions but while doing so we often end up taking the wrong decisions. Even though we do realize that mindsets, which for me includes both people and thoughts, are variables solely dependent on time; why on their basis do we draw constant conclusions? Mathematics is relevant to constants and variables but is our life too?

When I sat down to write an article for the Founders' issue, I had decided to write on something that held relevance to the school's past and present. This made me realise that all these decisions we take, change drastically with the passage of time. It made me further brainstorm to wonder whether anything has remained the same since 1937 to 2015 and guess what? Nothing! This really came as a shock to me. I thought further about this and decided to pen down my thoughts. The result is the following.

'All the world's a stage' agreed Shakespeare. Yes this world's a stage showcasing an endless play with us as actors playing our roles, taking our entries and exits accordingly, following the script. Hence, all that you see around are actors enacting the script in an attempt to get the real 'you' to surface. The ugly truth of the matter is that a 'scripted play' is all it is folks! It is the same old script being enacted again and again since the beginning of time but it hasn't always been this way, has it? Have we always hated other religions and been at war or is it a new thing? Of course

it is! The script changes from time to time and when it does, it changes all of the thoughts, materials, mind-sets and people too. Moreover, this transition is very frequent and in between this ever-changing script, if we get stuck with firm mind-sets, then without realizing, we will take the wrong decision. As the changes happen ever so frequently, our decision at times might seem the right one but when the circumstances change, it might leave us at the unexpected end.

IN CONCLUSION THERE IS NO CONCLUSION

Anyways, the purpose of this

article is not to blab about the transition in generations and other unnecessary topics but to discuss my first ever newly fond philosophy that will probably leave you in mystery. So let's solve the purpose, shall we?

Quite fequently, whenever we make decisions, we make it on the basis of our choices but these choices do not affect the present, but the future instead. Since, it affects the future not the present; shouldn't we draw conclusions on the basis of the future? Well, yes, but the irony is that it's UNPREDICTABLE! So, how in this world do you make decisions by making predictions of something absolutely unpredictable? Now, many of us might think of past experiences as a source but actually, future's different. It holds for us completely different circumstances. Therefore, experience is of no use because every fork in the jungle is going to be different from the previous one. Of course, if you are going to apply old school logics on 2015, you are going to get into some deep trouble my friend! Times have changed and with it have changed the people, thoughts and mind-sets. Hence, using the same decision making skills that was used ages ago, will only invite more trouble and will lead us far away from the solution. So, neither can the past help you nor can you depend upon the unpredictable future so what are you going to do to make the right decision, buddy? Purpose solved! The unpredictable future or the useless past that ought to be forgotten. I love open-ended articles and so is this one.

-Abhiraj Ranjan, IX-A

MAGICAL MEMORIES

In my career as a teacher there have been many moments that have stayed with me. They have left an indelible mark and I thought it would be nice to recount them; well, as many as I can remember by now.

Teaching was not a conscious professional choice for me. I got into it because that was the easiest thing to do at that point of time. In Calcutta, I started my career as a teacher in a small school called The Park English School. It was my first Teachers' Day and I received my first ever card from a boy of class V, though I was teaching English to grades IX and X. I was elated because this was the first time ever that a child was giving me a card and one whom I did not even teach. When I opened the handmade card, it read, 'To the best Science teacher, Joyeeta Ma'am'!

Back then I used to give private tuitions. I taught Sunita, a VII girl. I remember her for two reasons. She always smiled. I loved her smiling face till I realised she smiled to express all emotions! She smiled when she got it and smiled when she didn't! One day, I remember that I was taking her through a lesson on genders and she had to learn a long list of masculine and feminine words. After a day's struggle I seemed to have her in a position of readiness for her exam. That was till she told me that the feminine word for 'bull' is 'bulbul'!

Then there was Puja, the eldest of four sisters, a grade 3 girl who was always dressed as a boy to fulfil the parents' desire for a boy child. She would very often not do her homework. So one day I scolded her badly and told her that the next day if she came without her homework done, I would be angrier and scold her even more. The next day arrived, Puja arrived, but the homework did not. I was livid! I asked her crossly, 'Again? Why did you not do your homework yesterday?" She looked me straight in the eye and said, "I went to Madras last evening."

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Puja's younger sister, I forget her name, was entrance exam to one of the most taking her through a long list of "Where do you study?" "In which was a smooth ride and I felt name and pat came the answer, Bhartia"! I then realised called "Laddoo" at home

Suraj and Vijay were two they had a test on they seemed prepared. As after another, he answered level had peaked, I asked bus arrived, I jumped

Suhail contributed to my stock by first lady Prime Minister.' Then there begged me to tell his parents to get deal with Maths and Science!

These memories and many more patient person with my students. strengthened early in life!

And then Welham

a bright kid and I was preparing her for her prestigious schools of Calcutta. I was questions like "What is your name?" class do you study?" and so on. It good till.....I asked her her father's "My father's name is Laddoo that the gentleman was fondly by his mother!

> brothers in the same class and prepositions. After a long battle I asked Vijay one filling in the blank perfectly. Just when my confidence him to fill in the blank for 'As the _____it". His answer was, "before'!

telling me that 'Indira Gadhi was our was Arup of grade X who consistently him married off because he could not

have contributed to making me a My shock absorbers were

happened.....

X

22

Today in a world so busy, we humans are ignoring a very important aspect of our lives that is to 'Give time to ourselves'. Waking up in the morning through the obnoxious sound of the morning bells, reaching the classes only to regret not bringing our books, are some of the very common instances that bore the life out of us students. Today, however hard we try to manage our time, we still end up not being able to even peep at our reflections in the mirror. Instead we dwell in the 'race' of life, which shan't win us any price. So, students if you are free, try opening the album of your life and search for the moments that would have made you happier but due to time constraints you were unable to.

We as humans have misinterpreted the meaning of "making the most it", for it does not merely mean to make the most of the time we have with us but it also encompasses the importance of experiences and enjoyment our lives require.

There is an old saying that 'time is money'. What I would advise is that you should not lend your money in the wrong hands because unlike money, time never comes back.

Always, always value time, for you too might be able to see that beautiful face in the mirror every morning.

-Ashutosh Kakran IX-C MAKE TIME YOUR GEM It is so common to hear the phrase, 'It is a cold world out there' these days! In this world of competition, where every man (and woman) stands for himself, one could get crushed like an insect under the foot of an elephant and join a vast 'disconnected' network of people, frequently in a state of 'oblivion'. A group so infamous that it haunts a human throughout his life. And what makes this world so cold? Obviously and ironically (yes, global warming), us humans.

Unfortunately, we or some highly accomplished people have created the society where everyone cannot have the pleasure of staying at the top. And of course, it is justified, since what you sow is what you reap. Failing is not the end, but that is how we treat it.

So, the purpose behind this text is to introduce, or actually make you aware of (since all of us have it, I hope) something more that is more effective than performance enhancing drugs, your 'mind'. People usually confuse it with the brain. But within your finite brain lies your infinite mind.

The induced pressures of expectations, the fear of failure and the phobia of being laughed at, all become a disease if your mind cannot differentiate between benefitted pressure and burdening pressure. It might sound really easy but it rarely is. We must train our mind to absorb beneficial pressure and let it go if it is a burden. And to be good at anything, you need to practice. Grab every opportunity that comes your way as it offers something to learn along with a lot of pressure. The ability to deal with pressure will not come at once, but it will come eventually and would mark the beginning of your ability to thrive under pressure. Remember this:



- 1. With time, hone your ability to differentiate between the pressures.
- 2. Don't let stress and worry enters you lives, since they are your own creations.
- 3. Have fun in everything you do.
- 4. Learn from your mistakes and take failure, positively
- 5. Always welcome criticism and make it constructive.
- 6. Do something which counts and is productive
- 7. Don't hope too much.
- 8. Don't set a tough goal which feels very farce. Set smaller goals which add up to fulfill those grater dreams.
- 9. Be positive and give your best.

Inculcate these principles and lead a happier and more meaningful life.

-Kartikeya Agarwal X-C

OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM

'Optimists don't flee from negativity but instead attract towards positivity.'

The way we perform in our daily lives is a direct reflection of our peace of mind. We can only have that peace if we have a positive attitude towards everything. A positive attitude will not only reduce stress but will also create a positive aura around us.

Our life is filled with obstacles and according to me we become our biggest obstacle if we possess a negative attitude. This negativity in turn leads us to a situation where we tend to hate ourselves and the world around us. Pessimists are always unhappy and they tend to blame others for everything. These people take sadistic pleasure in criticizing others. But the question is, what makes us a pessimist? Only the people who are frustrated with themselves and the world around them end up becoming pessimists. There can be two main reasons for this: either they are living in a negative environment and have slowly and gradually developed those features or the result of their hard work is not what they would have wished for.

To such people I would say - "only the ones who give up are defeated, rest everyone is a winner."

Having a positive attitude is very important in life. We should always try and learn from the good that a person has done and not find faults in his doings. It is said that if we wish to find god we can find him then in that case whatever we are looking we must surely be able to find it. While I am talking about keeping only the good deeds in mind I am not at all asking you to ignore the faults in someone. Please note that having a selective attitude and avoiding problems is not considered to be a character of an optimist. Let me give you an example of selective attitude. Once a doctor was invited to address a group of alcoholics. He took two containers, one with water and the other with alcohol. He made an earthworm swim in the water and then made the same earthworm to swim in alcohol. It disintegrated and died. He asked the alcoholics as to what had they observed. One of them answered, "if you drink alcohol you will not have worms in your stomach". This is not being positive but instead this portrays a selective attitude. These people are not optimists but instead they are just self-deluding people.

Count your blessings, not your problems. Why do we cry about what we cannot change rather than being jolly about what we have achieved. Why do we say that the glass is half empty and not look at the fact that it is also half full? This is human tendency and we always forget that the other side of the grass is always green. The worst phrases are, 'I should have, I wish I had, it might have been' and so on. But then why don't we learn how to do it now and say that 'I will do better next time'. An optimist would say 'it may be difficult but it is possible.' Whereas a pessimist would say, 'it may be possible but it is too difficult'. So choose what you wish to be.

In the end I would like to say that, 'being an optimist will not always give you success but one thing it does give is happiness'.

-Yuvraj Pahuja, X-B

OVERLOOK THE OUTLOOK

The age old adage "Ignorance is Bliss" is one of the best defenses Man could have built. Looking east when things go wrong on the west is the policy, which not only the man on the street uses but many at the most coveted positions. What favours this position? A simple attempt to answer is optimization. In simple words, "Dude it saves time". I shall share a small incidence which my friend recounted. On the way to Delhi by road, he had seen a person in the other vehicle pulling down the window pane and impeccably spitting the red stream of paan on to the freshly laid road. He spat with the same level of ease and accuracy as the sniper striking his target. Disgusted with the act my friend caught up with him in the next traffic signal and attempted to invoke the civic sense which had been buried. To his disgust not only the person overlooked all the unwarranted advice but repeated it once again in front of him. On top of it he shared that this will give employment to the many unemployed. All the so called onlookers in the other vehicles gave the famous "Mona Lisa" smile of indifference and proceeded with their own life. My friend with a foolish smile had to tuck his face in the veil of shame.

Interestingly the unlearning which happened to my friend was that civic values were redundant. The "over-lookers" had one more thing to mock at, felt proud that they had not wasted their time on such a trivial thing. When I look at many of our living spaces, I find the same mockery. I fail to see a twitch in the conscience when they throw a wrapper on the road or in their housing complexes.

At the national level, there is so much of momentum for the cleanliness drive but when it reaches the 'aam aadmi' level, it fizzles out like the many other good intentions that have peacefully found a place in the grave along with its 'ideators'. Where are we going wrong? Do we grow with a shield of ignorance? Multitudes of questions flood my mind when I see the apathy. Can the crisis at hand be resolved with a correction of the vision? We definitely need corrective spectacles to look at our surroundings for a clearer and a cleaner vision. The sense of ownership that "this is my country" or "this is my School" has to be fostered and cultivated within ourselves. I hope this will unveil the cloak of ignorance and motivate us to make a difference.

Mr. R. Srikanth

26



Sensing Realit

I do not know where I stand. Solitude on my left, serenity on my right, It's been ages since visibility abandoned me, But then, what is the need to see? Emotions are very human-like; unlike me, I don't wish to be associated with a world Where beauty cloaks materialism, And honesty speaks on greed's behalf. But then, what is the need to hear? Nothing here is done for simple pleasures, For only money pushes men out of their cocoons, And even progress stinks of monotony. But then, what is the need to smell? Sects become grounds of discrimination, Where only violence finds a motive, And the fruits of obligatory efforts Are sour with menace and futility. But then, what is the need to taste? Roses are red, but so is blood. Blood that contaminates the river of optimism, River that waters the plants of pragmatism, *Plants that grow nothing but thorns of egotism.* But then what is the need to touch? I look down from where I stand, I see the zenith of humankind, I know where I stand, Soil of realization is below my feet.

-Aditya Agarwal, XII-Comm.



I walk through the forest to get back home where Mum waits, The trees cast shadows long and dark over the dusty path, Alone wolf howls in the moonlight and I, scared and lonely, Cover with fear but stand up and keep moving to my destination.

The moon shines bright, it is a full one and white, Like pearls, imperfect enough to be called human but still so white, I keep watching till I reach the bend in the road, Then I turn and watch some more to capture that beauty in my mind.

I have my cell and I can dick a picture, but to not disturb my gaze, I don't reach in my pocket and just keep watching, no track of time, One minute, ten, thirty, an hour. I stand there, Like a ghost, standing still, in white, looking at white, my mind going white.

Time has passed, I realize and wake up from that trance, That the moon caught me in with its beauty, everlasting, I look around for the bend, for it is not there and nor are the trees, The land is barren like a desert: endless, eternal, all-consuming... painful.

> -Armaan Suhail XII-Sc.

The small room is empty and dark as lenter, The musk of newsheets and cheap air freshener is heavy, The darkness creeps upon me as I dose the door behind, With a bang, and look for the button that brings light.

Fumbling in the dark, I reach out for the switch, and, failing, I retreat somehow to what seems like a bed, I try to fall into the land of dreams but amover whelmed By a sudden fear, a scariness emanating from the room itself.

Every sound is suddenly very loud and shrill, Of people talking in the corridor and that incessant squeaking, "A mouse", I say, knowing it is actually what I fear the most, The squeak becomes a screech, making me terrified and panicky

Hiding under the sheets to evade the impending doom As the walls seem to have dosed in, I feel someone standing over me, Then, I fall...asleep.





GARDEN OF

Ahmed Youssef, 40 is a Syrian national. He had a family of five, including three children. He used to live a happy life in Aleppo, Syria until the civil war began. Aleppo became one of the hotspots of violence and war crimes. Government shelling had destroyed his once thriving city. He watched his city disintegrate in front of his own eyes. The beautiful mosques, the lavish gardens all reduced to rubble. Food became scarce as the war stretched. His children stopped going to school, commerce had stopped. The city had become a war zone. His family was constantly under threat. He was no stranger to the fact that more often than not, civilians had come in the line of fire. This is when he decided to take the risk. He got in touch with some people and his family started packing. They were going to cross the Mediterranean on an overcrowded ship. He knew that most of the boats didn't make it. However, he decided that he just had to do something. So, out of desperation or maybe out of hope he embarked on this perilous journey. He is one of the hundreds of thousands of refugees who crossed the Mediterranean this year. Most of these boats are filled with men; women and children almost never make it. The casualties are riding at an alarming rate.

Coming back to our story, Ahmed Youssef didn't make it. His boat sank about 45 nautical miles from the Italian coast. He and his family died. Now, many would wonder why he took such a risk and in the end failed? My interpretation of his death is a little different. If he would have died in Aleppo he would have died as a misery struck man. Since he died on his way to safety, he died a hopeful person. He had hope, and dying a hopeful man is much better than dying a sad death. These are the people who have been sitting in the darkness for way too long to give away any glimpse of hope they see. These people are flowers in the garden of hope.

Hope is a most important and fundamental emotion among human beings. It gives us the strength to drive out the problems in our lives. It is something that is never taught to us yet we always have an instinctive knowledge of it. It is truly the defining difference between animals and us. We need not look very far to find how humans employ this value in their lives. For example, in one of my very first days at this school I had the privilege of getting to know one of the guards. I do not remember his name, but I remember that he told me that he was working here only to finance his college degree. Once he had sufficient funds, he would quit this job and start studying to obtain a degree. Thus, hope was carrying him towards his destination. We have countless examples of hope all around us, ranging from young soccer players to aspiring actors.

I personally feel that we have started taking this emotion for granted. We are yet to understand the full potential of this wonderful virtue and it's deeper meaning. It has done wonders for me; it has helped me on countless occasions. It is hope that kept me believing in myself through hope that the dark clouds will disperse and the heavenly light will shine upon us eventually, the hope that the darkness will eventually fade away and will be replaced by light. It is hope that enables a flower to bloom after a perilous winter. It is hope that motivates me to write this article, that it may change the perception of hope.

I would like to share another story of people getting guided by hope. Ahmed Takaki was a resident of the Islamic Republic of Somalia. He lived in a village near Mogadishu and belonged to a very poor family, doing any odd jobs he could find in his village. Eventually, he grew up and there was a growing inclination in him to go and visit the big city. He travelled to Mogadishu leaving his parents behind, in search of work. He became a casual laborer on the outskirts of the village. One day he saw a group of young men playing soccer in one of the neighboring fields. He left work early and went over to play a little. He was passionate towards football. However, he had to leave playing because of the financial condition of his family. People were awe struck when they saw him play. One of them gave him a date and a place scribbled on a piece of paper. It was the date of the trials for a professional club. He went and he was told that he was good but he did not know the technicalities of the game,

hence he had to attend a football camp first. Now, football camps were expensive, he had been collecting money to send to his family, the amount was just enough to pay for his fees at the coaching center. He took the risk and hoped that he would come out on top. Thus, he invested everything he had and took the training. He went for the trials again and this time he got selected. From then on there was no looking back. He is now a successful professional player. Thus hope led him to his success. Unlike the previous story, this time hope helped a person.

In conclusion I would like to give credit to a speaker who inspired me to write this article in the first place. I would like to give credit to all the people who show hope everyday and keep this emotion alive.

When the world says give up,

Hope whispers; try one more time.

-Abdul Basit XI-Hum.



I sat on the bench with my friend, wisps of fog softly glided off the field. The lights from the Activity Centre pierced the cold winter air as I sat wondering of things that had happened, of the things that were happening and the things that were yet to be. 6 years and now it was all coming to an end, nostalgia gripped me as old memories started playing in my head, overcome with emotions I could not and would not express, I sat. My friend beside me was equally bewildered and equally dazed so we sat in a trance on that bench thinking about things that had happened, things that were happening and things that were yet to be.

In a couple of months many of the friends I had made would go their separate ways and destiny would define if we would ever meet. That got me thinking about the ephemeral nature of this friendship we cling to. Most of the friends we make, we make due to circumstance, if we had not taken that Psychology class or the teacher had not sent us out of the class together these people whom we call our friends would remain unknown to us. We would perhaps know of them, but we would never really know them. So in these final months when everything I've gotten used to, everything that has become a habit changes, I'm left thinking will these relations that I share with so many people change as well. I would be living in a fool's paradise if I thought they wouldn't but what really bothers me is if these friendships are so ephemeral and only based on circumstance than why do they mean so much to me?

As I lay pondering this thought I looked across at my friend and another wave of nostalgia hit me. I realized those circumstances we found ourselves in might have started our relationship but that wasn't what defined it. What defined it were the moments we spent together, the late night chats, the long walks, the drudgery of the classes all these moments that we spend together with our friends, good and bad define our relationship with them. Yes we might have met due to chance but chance runs the world, most things that matter happen without us knowing it or planning it. This bond that we share goes on to define how we feel about a particular place as well. When we pass out we won't remember the steps for their unique structure, we'll remember it because that's where we used to spend chatting in the evenings, the benches aren't made of a special type of wood but are reminders of the jokes we shared and the fun we had. We call this place our home not because of its location but because of the people we shared this place with.

My time left at home is short and I feel crushed thinking of all the emotions that run through my mind and my inability to control anything. Over the next few months everything is going to change, for the better or for worse is for fate to decide. However something that gives me solace during these times is the fact that the memories I have of this place and of my friends shall remain. We got up and started moving towards our respective hostels, I might never meet many of these people again I thought, but it doesn't matter for they shall always remain with me in my heart and in my mind. In the end I lay reminiscing a particular line from a particular speech, "Don't be sad that it's over, be happy that it happened".

-Tenzing Namgyal Bhutia XII-Hum.

The other day, sitting in the common room, I was watching this movie called 'Before Sunrise' which captivated my emotions and thoughts beyond my anticipation. Well, as for the film, it shows how two complete strangers, who have just met on a train destined for Paris via Vienna, end up spending the whole day strolling around the exotic streets of Vienna. The story alone wasn't what enthralled me, for there was a deeper meaning that I could unravel from the film. Apart from a captivating love story, the film also shows how a special bond can be created between two complete strangers with the opportunity of a small meaningful conversation.

The movie left me tongue-tied in bewilderment for I was intrigued by the very thought of fate. When do we reach destiny? How do we know we are in the right direction? As of now I have realized that fate acquires the power to lead us anywhere and make us venture into the 'unexpected' and help us see for ourselves what it has in store for us. Besides all of this, it teaches us the importance of the river of life and how we must at times let ourselves move with the flow without interrupting the 'magical' forces of life.

I have a theory that it is these moments of impact that define who we truly are. These moments enter a person's life in haste and go away just as quickly. If a person is too occupied in his life he/she might never be able to grab hold of that 'one' moment at the 'right' time.

There will surely be difficulties in recognizing this 'moment' and there may even be hurdles and obstacles in our path, but always know that hurdles and obstacles exist for us to cross, and at the same time learn from them and then simply move on. The great Rocky Balboa once said, "it is not about how hard you hit but how hard you get hit and keep moving forward". There are times when our heart aches, it aches for a loss, a loss we think we can never live with. Give life a chance and flow in the river of life once again for it leads to the ocean of tranquility and inner peace. That in a nut-shell is the idea of life.

-Devyansh Rai XII-Hum

The So Called BOARDING LIFE

When I was a teen, easy was what my life had always been. Nevergo punished, nevergot a favour, because a mighty name was my all-time savior. But when I grewup and opened my eyes, I took a step back, looked at my life and then realized That my boarding school life that was supposed to be rough and tough, was in reality anything but. My so called preparation for the world outside was actually a step towards a fool's paradise. Not all the problems that I breaded obstades in my life but just a push which I needed. For you, the better life, the more convenient one might be, but the taugher one will be better in the world autside, you'll see! What purpose can a boarding school serve, if it can't even teach you to fight for what you deserve? So in all that you do now, just see the greater good, Not following you seniors, won't make you the so-called dude. Instead, you'll end up as a loser in your life, not prepared for the pressure and hard you will strive. So face the difficulties of your boarding life because that's the actual preparation for the harsh and cruel life. Strive, strive, hard you strive and don't live that so called boarding school lives, Because this is Welham folks! So better make something out of your lives

-Abhiraj Ranjan & Rohit Chandan IX-A & IX-C

THIS ARTICLE HAS NO NAME. DOES IT?

Nowl ampretty sure that the first thought that springs to anyone's mind reading this would be- 'Why has the person not just gone ahead and given the article a name rather than keeping it ambiguous?' Truth be told, I have no thoughts to put forward in this article and thus amunable to think of a title. It is a random collection of thoughts that have come to my head that I wish to tell everyone. (Wait! Maybe that's what I should name it.)

Why do people not appreciate ambiguity anymore? Everyone wants everything defined in a precise and concise manner. They want simplicity so that they can comprehend things faster and be done with it. The feeling of thrill and reaching the point where realization kidss in are gone. People reading a magazine look at the title of the article and think-'I don't think I want to readi it' and without even trying they undermine that random persons efforts. In turn the writing community has gone on to change their way of writing. Mainstream issues that are of great importance have trodden upon the much looked forward to institution of writers expressing themselves through their work.

The Sankalp in the recent years had also been part of this epidemic. The magazine previously had become a political journal debating NaMovs. Congress. But then change was brought about and now it is back on track (with one edition this past year!), with children letting their imagination run wild. This brings me to another question. Why do we need change in the first place?

Witing this article has brought me to a few realizations that life indeed has been 'dranging' for me. I have been questioning a lot of things but I haven't really come to any conclusions or found answers. And I knowfor a fact that I will always have questions that will remain unanswered. Maybeit is time to change. A lot of things in my life have changed, the times people, the surroundings. Maybe I amfed up of it and once in a while would want to stay constant. In this article the theme has changed and so have my thoughts. But the only constant that hasn't changed is-'This article has no name, does it?'

-Vikram Vardhan Singł XI –Sc.

EDITORIAL

25 YEARS AGO AT WELHAM

The attainment of a round figure is always expected to be a cause for celebration. Not that it is a better number than 99 or 98, but for the simple reason that tradition has marked it as the point of celebration. So please do not be surprised if you find this issue larger than usual.

Celebration as everyone know, also means a great deal of hard work. The Editorial Board realized this and for once, everyone has jointly worked for this issue, extending cooperation and moral support to each other. I would like to take this oppurtunity to thank all the members of the the editorial board for being very helpful.

The fist issue of the 'Oliphant' as you know was printed in the month of April 1983, when Mr. Kandhari conceived the idea of starting a school magazine. Mr. S. Anand was the staff representative and Vikram Sawhney the editor. Initially commencing as a monthly it's publication was made more frequent on the demand of the boys (don't seem so surprised 1). Used by the students as a mode of publicising their thoughts and views, the entire community contributed articles to it along with their critisisms and suggestions. This resulted in the elimination of many articles as there was a limit to the number of pages per issue. Today, the board has to run around to receive articles from boys. We value your criticisms, but the solution to all problems lie with you. The more you contribute, the more interesting the magazine will become.

I consider myself fortunate to have the pleasure of being the editor of this bumser issue. This issue I think should be dedicated to class XII as this is the last issue of the Oliphant during their school



life. From the entire school. I wish them all the best in life and hope that they will keep the banner of this school flying high wherever they go.

A few of the old boys have been writing to us quite regulary and we would like to encourage such letters as everyone wishes to stay in touch with outgoing students and the Oliphant is a good mode of communication.

With this 100th issue the Oliphant has completed a long distance with many more issues to come. All of us on the Editorial Board end with a request—More contributions please !

> Your's Hopefully Saurav Sinha

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH

A century and many more to go! In a short span of seven years "The Oliphant" has firmly established itself as a School Chronicle that not merely records events occurred in School but provides a channel of communication for boys, staff and Old Boys. I hope that Parents too will start using its columns to give their views and contribute articles as well.

Every issue of the Oliphant is keenly awaited not merely in the campus but by many Old Boys, who let me know in no uncertain terms if their copies of the Oliphant fail to get to them. Each issue is read dissected and widely criticised alas, mostly by those who refuse to see themsleves in print.

As the School grows so does the Oliphant : it was a monthly in 1983 and now is published fortnightly : the first few issues were not enlivened by the cartoons that are now a regular feature and of course the quality of proof reading is much better. An innovation now being taken in hand is to use computers to type set and then to send the copy to the Printer.

One aspect of this publication is the pre-censorship if any, is done by the Editorial Board, chiefly to prevent its columns being infiltrated by malice.

Of course every Editor puts his own imprint on during his tenure and as the Editorials indicate their styles vary from the tingid to the transparent from the clever to the humourous.

I always look forward to reading the Oliphant and anticipate it going from "strength to strength".

8. Kandhari

SAWADEE KAP !!! Mid Tem Break in Phuket - Batch 1990

They say one's an incident, two's a coincidence, and three's a pattern.... Well let me come back to that!

2015 marks 25 years of leaving school for the batch of 1990. A landmark like the silver jubilee just helps put things in perspective. You can reflect back and see how the school, the teachers and most importantly the friends have helped shape each of us into what we are today.

Prague 3 years ago was an incident. All of us had turned 40, which seemed like a legitimate reason for a "WOBS 90" reunion. Macau the following year was the coincidence and finally Phuket earlier this year confirmed the pattern.

The sun was setting over the horizon as my flight from Singapore landed in Phuket. The boys from Delhi had got into Phuket earlier that morning. After what seemed to be an eternity, I finally got to the beautiful La Flora boutique hotel. The gang was already in the swimming pool. The laughter was louder than the thunder and the drinks were following swiftly, as if to mock the persistent rain.

This looked like the making of the Ocean's 14 movie. The original cast of Ocean's 11 (Nikhil, Aman, Himanshu, Mohit, Prashant, Puneet, Akash, Amitabh, Amitava and Shantanu) were all there. Mohinder, Anand, Rajeev and Amit Ranjan had joined us on their 1st post school adventure with the boys. Not to be forgotten Parth the movie producer could not make it to Phuket as I am sure he was working hard finalizing the script for this upcoming blockbuster.





We went from the pool to a lovely Thai dinner and finally bar hopping, reminiscing and toasting in the name of those who could not make this trip due to other commitments.

The next day after a late breakfast and more juvenile jokes we headed out to a day of extreme adventure. We started out with an ATV ride across a jungle terrain. The ATV ride was followed by a treacherous river obstacle course and finally plunging down on a tricky zipline. The mid term spirit helped defy us age as we overcame our fears and physical limitations to complete the grueling challenges.

We spent the 3rd day out at sea on a private yatch with food, drink and music. The day's itinerary included diving, swimming, snorkeling, kayaking and taking in the beautiful sights. We had our fair share of adventures too. While swimming in mid sea Mohinder was stung by a Jellyfish. The rest saw this as an opportunity to offer First Aid, which could be either vinegar or urine. I will allow you to draw your own conclusions on how this played out.

The final day was more age appropriate and a much needed rest to the aching bones and muscles. It was spent at the exclusive Nikki Beach club. It was a day of relaxation and reflection. We talked about Ankush and Devrath, a loss that we all are collectively still coming to terms with. We talked about what we can do to give back to the school and several other things both important and trivial. However most importantly we soaked in the joy of the purest of friendships.

Prague, Macau and Phuket. I don't know where will this story be written next. I however take comfort in knowing we will meet again soon for our next mid term break!

-Shantanu Srivastava – Jamuna/ Class of 1990

OLI 24X7



- From the 20th to the 23rd of October the school athletics team took part in the Wynberg Allen Annual Athletics Meet. In the senior category the team was able to accumulate a total of four gold medals and one silver medal. In the Intermediate category **Ayush Tulsyan** was adjudged the most promising athlete and the team bagged a total of two gold medals, three silver medals and one bronze medal. In the junior category, the team won two silver medals and two bronze medals. The athletics team was also able to lift the marching trophy.
- The school athletics team participated in the Districts Athletics Meet from the 31st October to the 1st of November. The team won a total of five gold medals, 8 silver medals and six bronze medals. Ali Khan was awarded the trophy for the Best Athlete in the Under-20 category.
- The school basketball team went for the Win Mumby Basketball Tournament held at Woodstock school, Mussouri from the 3rd to the 6th of October. Unfortunately, the team lost to the hosts in the semi- final round of the tournament by a thin margin of four points.
- Armaan Suhail, of class 11 and Harsh Vikram Singh of class 7th attended the English Spelling Bee Competition held at the Oakgrove School, Mussouri. Armaan Suhail won the 2nd consolation prize in the senior category and Harsh Vikram Singh emerged third in his category and received a cash prize of Rs. 1000.
- An International Boy's School Co-Operative Project (IBSC) was held on the 4th November It was an action research plan on bullying in schools and colleges in India. It panelists included **Dr. Sharma, Mr. Parth Parasher, Mr. Om Prakash, Mr. Srikant** and **Harshun Mehta**.
- A Vox Populi discussing the Global perspective on access to Global education was held on the 21st of November. The session was moderated by **Akshat Singh** of grade XI.



Has laughter ever caused harm to anyone? On the eve of 7th of November a group of actors called Clowns Without Borders came to our school to put smiles on the faces of not only Welhamites but also the underprivileged children from places like Suraj Basti. This was an event organized by Aasraa for the underprivileged as a part of the EOTO initiative taken up by the Welhamites. This event was a compilation of skits which began at 4:30 pm at the Theatron. The acts were thrilling, fun filled and not to forget hysterical. The event was a success as it entertained the children while giving them a break from their general routine. The actors presented their act beautifully, in such a way that everybody enjoyed it and also understood it. Though it was focused on young children it was able to lighten the moods of elders too. Throughout the program one could hear bursts of laughter from each corners of the Theatron. The manuscript was interactive as the artists indulged the children in every possible way they could. The performers acted wonderfully and were also compared to the likes of Mr. Bean. Not only did the viewers like the artists but also the actors, the audience. In the end, all I would like to say is that this was a very good and successful initiative taken by Aasraa and would like to wish them luck for the future.



-Akshat Dokania IX-C


A group of 6 boys along with Mr. Saurav Sinha and Mr. Rakesh Bhatt reached Singapore on the 2nd of October to attend the Round Square International Conference 2015. On reaching 'United World College' we had the whole afternoon to chill and then in the evening we were introduced to the host families whom we stayed with for the rest of the conference. The next morning was the formal inauguration in which we were introduced to the theme of the conference 'Act today, change tomorrow'. This was followed by a keynote speech and then the Barazza session. The Barazza session included lots of learning and fun. We discussed the 17 United Nations sustainable development goals and also tried to list them on the basis of their importance.

Then came the 'discover Singapore day' which proved to be the highlight of the conference as we were given a tour of the beautiful city of Singapore by our respective Barazza leaders. From visiting the Orchard which is perhaps the Times Square of Singapore to taking a ride on the world's biggest Ferris wheel, the day proved to be amazing for everyone. The service day which was next had a very positive feel to it and it did not fail in instilling in us a sense of motivation to do good for the needy. There were also many guest speakers who enriched us by telling their experiences.

The last day of the conference included a very emotional closing ceremony, a cultural evening as well as a dance celebration. After the closing ceremony, we got ready for the cultural evening, in which we rocked the stage by performing our traditional 'Bhangra'. The next day surprise of visiting the Universal Studios was a fitting end to a fun filled learning experience.

-Varun Gupta X-B



The South African sky is often described as an artist's palette. Hues of different shades merge in perfect harmony. The vivid red shade breaking the monotony of the clouds as the sun rises to glory.

Revering synchronization hence, the morning in South Africa can be imagined with the darkness in eyes being replaced by a pleasant light as distant drums in the wilderness mark the onset of a new day.

Our first morning, in Pretoria was nothing like this. Cold winds whizzed past us as we desperately longed for warmth. The beginning of the winter season here could be blamed partly but it would not be fair if we don't mention the grey clouds which welcomed us at the OR Tambo International Airport, Johannesburg. The weather wasn't the only element being gracious in its greetings. The fact that the airlines company (which btw boasts of winning the best International Airline award six times consecutively) 'forgot' to load our luggage from the Abu Dhabi International Airport along with the luggage of about 100 odd passengers had already clouded our excitement and there was no silver lining.

Our host, Mr. Rainier was rather gracious and without reluctance had swung open his son's cupboard, which was metaphoric of opening up his arms to welcome us. Bathe we did not. Brushed we used our fingers (WELHAMITES). In a

EXCHANGE TO SOUTH AFRICAI

conversation we had with him while we helped his wife, Ms. Elka, cook supper (and later eat it) we were told that he and his family are of a German descent. The ineligible quotations on the walls now made sense. This revelation scared the living daydreams out of me. I though of Hitler and images of Liam Neeson with a candle in his hand and men and women around him whizzed through my mind. I was petrified. Contrary to this stereotype, the family turned out to be rather amiable. When the morning broke all of us got ready to leave for the famous Kruger National Park which is known for its striking diversity of flora and fauna. The journey began on a high note with all of us, screaming in excitement. The first thing I saw, just as we left the premises of the house was a black man. clearing out the garbage from the roads. This task is considered menial and

even in India and is conducted by members of the "lower" caste. Was this really discrimination in an unidentified form or 'economic deprivation' ?Though it may sound orthodox and opposing to the notions of equality and fraternity on whose ideals our nation is based but that is the ground reality. This has been a bane for our society and perhaps is strangulating even this young democracy which prides itself on a rather comprehensive constitution. The paradox lies in the fact that both the people at the top of the pyramid and at the bottom, belong to the same community. Was this the freedom Madiba fought for? Was it the 'choice' of being oppressed that the struggle was all about ? That for the time being (and perhaps till posterity) shall remain a mystery.

So coming back to the Kruger,we were ready to see the big five. It was quite amusing to see that the family had visited the park tens of times and hence had the routes on their finger tips. The youngest and the oldest member of the Von Schichtling family, Djaanik and Granny respectively turned out to be wildlife enthusiasts and often competed at detecting the presence of animals and identifying them.We were more than successful in our crusade as we saw all of them thrice in a row for three consecutive days. Our lodge for the night was quite 'wild' (it was literally in the middle of the forest).We were specifically warned to not leave the vicinity of the house at night or else we might just encounter a big cat. However lucrative such an encounter might sound, we were aware of the perils involved and hence chose to consider the suggestion. Our journey through the forests were often interluded with relevant lessons of Afrikaans from Ma'am Elka who had guite generously taken up the responsibility of teaching us the names of the animals in the local tongue. The Elephant which happens to be one of the big five, is ironically known as "Olifant" which phonetically happens to be similar to the name of the lady of whose vision we ultimately happen to be the products of. That day later on. I also found out that this resemblance is what gave rise to the elephant being selected as the school emblem. The trip to Kruger soon came to an end and the larger portion of the student exchange

awaited our arrival.

After returning home we had about three days, all of which we spent wisely. This wisdom majorly included sleeping. Other than that we played FIFA with Djaanik and spent long hours at the Menlyn shopping centre where we watched movies. On special request, we also cooked butter chicken for our host family. It was the first time any of us were indulging in such a tedious task. Amusingly, it was a success, and got everyone licking their fingers as they ditched their cutlery for that one meal.

The day of the opening of the St. Alban's College drew nearer and we had that sudden strange feeling in our gut which we get right before school opens after vacations. Perhaps we had taken the idea of 'being at home' too seriously. One of the major clauses of our exchange was that of staying at a boarding school. This majorly inhibited our ability to bond with the students (or so we thought). This though proved to be wrong.

Our first day was quite quiet. We wandered around the school meeting different teachers and deciding our subjects. We were also invited to attend the chapel. The sermon given by the vice headmaster really reminded me of our first assembly after holidays. We met the headmaster. Mr. Tom Hamilton and exchanged pleasantries. He asked us to introduce ourselves in the assembly next day. We were more than happy to do so. Dusk

soon approached, followed by dawn and before we knew we were sitting in the amphitheater waiting for the headmaster to invite us. We did the needful. After a brief introduction I spoke about the phonetic resemblance between the two words as I have aforementioned in the article and how we wish that our relationship with the St. Albans College moves "from strength to strength". To my surprise the speech was a huge success and garnered applaud from one and all. The headmaster later told us that it was the best introductory speech he had ever heard at a school and later said something similar through a social networking site. It certainly rose our reputation from 'some random exchange students' to THE exchange students. Soon after the assembly we were approached by the debating teacher in charge who generously offered us the membership to the debating club. That was followed by the usual ordeal of classes whose details I will avoid to maintain the readers' interest. The only thing which was amusing was that the teachers as well as the students had devised unique ways of learning which made the classes all the more comprehensive. Books were often replaced by videos and prolonged discussions. They proved to be useful in stimulating the students' minds and giving their thought process a distinct direction. The students as I noticed came to develop a unique sense of ownership towards the

clubs they were a part of. Rather than fragmenting the school by the virtue of differences, these societies came to strengthen the bond the students shared by enabling them to work for a common cause. The school was what is commonly called in South Africa, 'weekly boarding', which meant that the students were after the weekdays allowed leaving for their homes. The 5working day system ensured that the students got sufficient time to stay with their families. This according to me also acted as a restraint for the students who were not from nearby places, as they could not fully avail this opportunity. Before our first weekend, we were told that the administration had not vet 'decided' which families they want to send us to. This was both astonishing and sad, as we could not push out the feeling of not being wanted. This feeling of social exclusion came to realize is the worst feeling in the world. Well, luckily enough it just turned out to be a managerial glitch and soon we were introduced to our foster families. My foster brother was my house-mate and we had bonded quite well through the week. He turned out to be a rugby fanatic and that being the rugby season, I had to reluctantly join in while he watched the matches. At first I sat like a Spanish man trying to understand Arabic but after I had badgered Ben enough times, things finally started making some sense. A set of hooligans running around to kill each other

became a group of decent men. My foster father also jokingly commented saying, "Football is a game of hooligans behaving like gentlemen whereas rugby is a game of gentlemen behaving like hooligans." Though I do not maintain definite affinity to any of these sports, I somehow still felt offended after this football comment of his Our primary focus for the weekend was the national league level rugby match of which the tickets, we had somehow managed to acquire. We planned and left early, as before the match another surprise was waiting for us-BRAAI. Braai as it is know in Afrikaans is very similar to barbeque in India. Our barbeque was a little different owing to the presence of this man whose name I don't remember. He walked up to us and started saying a few senseless things in impeccable Hindi. To our surprise he did not look anything like an Indian. It was only five minutes later when some of his friends came and we were told that he was in an inebriated state. We went back to school and before we knew a week had already passed. Now this time we were told to go to a different family. This family happened to be of one of the exchange students who was that time visiting our school. Our apprehension of not being with a student but his family was overshadowed when we were told that the Ropers had planned a trip to Durban for us. On reaching Durban our foster father handed over a key of his apartment to us and told us in a very relaxed

manner to walk out and walk in on our own wish. We knew how wonderful our stay in Durban is going to be. This was indicative of the fact that how secure. that place was considered. The sound of waves at night and a beautiful walk by the side resonated in me the image of the Marine Drive. As for safety, I believe the comparison would go awry. We also spent few of our weekends with the Klein family who too like the Ropers had sent their son to our school. Right from a music concert to a theme park and even back in time (cradle of human civilization), the Kleins managed to take us virtually everywhere. I came to realize that in the process of travelling itself I had covered 5 provinces of the country. Another thing that is worth mentioning (at least in a piece which is over 2000 words) is the house feast. I was a member of the Knoll house and according to the tradition, each house was supposed to organize its own feast and host it on different weekends. It was amusing to see how parents, teachers as well as students flogged to volunteer for organizing this magnificent dinner. The theme (which is always kept a secret till the last day) was James Bond. In this celebration we were given small plastic water guns, which we efficiently used to take a shot at the juniors and seniors alike. The war cry when everyone was dressed in Knoll's black color made me feel like I had just been transported to New Zealand and was

witnessing 'Haka'. Inside the dorms I came to realize that students everywhere, are the same. From the topics of discussions (about which I won't speak in detail) to bunking classes, waking up late and making desperate attempts to get away with and even teasing often provoking each other all of us have the same mindset. Then why do people despite being so similar make continuous attempts to be different and people who are different to be alike. We are after all a fantasia. I would end this article with an observation I made between one of the largest slums in South Africa, i.e. Sowetto and our very own Dharavi. I have been lucky enough to have a look at both the places and sub consciously, a very famous quote by George Orwell comes to my mind, which says, "All men are equal but some men are more equal than the others." Concluding this first hand account I would say that this exchange trip was not just fun and frolic. It was a great learning experience, more of a cultural transaction which has enabled me to look at various social issues with a global perspective.

- Akshat Singh XI-Hum. Several of my schoolmates asked me before our trip,"Why on earth are you going to Jordan?" Hopefully this article will answer that question. It is very peaceful even though it shares its boundaries with one of the most conflict ridden places of the world, namely Syria and Jerusalem. Jordan also has some good places to visit like the Umm-Quasi, Petra and the Dead Sea that of great historic significance and invaluable sites of learning.

Jordan being a Sunni Muslim country has a very rich Islamic culture. The population is sparse and the people in Jordan enjoy a very high standard of living.

On the 27th of October 2015 a delegation of 18 boys along with Mr. MD Joshi and Mr. Siraj Ansari left for the AMMUN IX in Amman, Jordan. After an overnight journey to Abu-Dhabi we took our connecting flight to Amman. The total journey took us around seven hours.

On the first day when we reached there was a volunteer from AMMUN who was waiting to receive us at the airport. She then took us to our hotels and briefed us about the MUN and all of us were given our badges. Later in the evening there was a delegate dinner at some golf course in Amman where we got to meet our fellow delegates for the first time, it was a really good idea to make the delegates meet before the committee even began and all of us had a lot of fun tasting all the exotic dishes and sweet dishes over there and the cherry on top of all the fun was the rejuvenating music and dance on the first day. The day had been really long we had like covered about four places in one day from Dehradun to Jordan so all of us were really

tired and went off to sleep in the excitement of going to Petra the next day.

The next day we went to Petra which is one of the main tourist attractions in Jordan. Petra is a great historic place and is believed that be built around two thousand years ago. These people who came and built Petra are said to be Arabic travelers who came and started a civilization in Petra. The techniques that they have used in the construction and planning and carving of the monuments show that they were very smart people. Some of the methods that we are using today were used by them two thousand years ago like the rifle water gun technique. There is a path to Petra which is like a narrow opening in between two huge pieces of rocks and there are three theories as to how it happened. The most believed one is that long ago there used to be a river that used to flow through there which created a gap between the rocks and the later the gap was widened by an earthquake. One of the other theories is that the path was

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created for the filming of the movie Indiana Jones which obviously is not true. In Petra we also learnt that they used to believe in many gods like in the Indian mythology and they also had many myths and beliefs like us. One of them was that one of their goddess had a body, hands and everything but she did not have a face because if she does not have a face she will never grow old and become ugly. The main building of Petra is really beautiful and it is unbelievable that such a big structure had been made out by carving on stones. Petra was really worth visiting and all of us learnt a lot about the history of Petra and the people who used to live back then.

Now for the next three days we were going to have the AMMUN IX which all of us were really excited for. One the first day there was an opening ceremony in the Amman Bachelorette School who were hosting the MUN which was really nice and different from the way we do it here in India. The MUN format that the AMMUN used was the Thai MUN format and all of us were doing it for the first time so it was a great learning experience. Day one was allotted for lobbying and merging of the resolutions and the clauses. The whole day we were just supposed to get together with people and work on the resolutions and clauses that were to be debated the next day.

The committee session on day two and day three was supposed to happen in the Hyatt hotel in Amman. A lot of hot topics were debated in the committees like the Israel Palestine conflict in the Advisory Panel and topics like the Boko Haram and the ISIS. The committees saw a very high level of debate and the students got to learn a lot. Day two and day three were about debating all the resolutions and clauses made by the delegates and finding out a peaceful solution to the crisis at hand and most of the

committees did resort to a peaceful and unanimous solution.

The MUN ended with the delegate gala on the last day where all the delegates danced and had a lot of fun. On the last day before returning to India we went to the Dead Sea. Till now we had just heard about the Dead Sea and now was the time to experience it and I must say it was once in a life time experience. It was really relaxing to float in the water without any effort. All of us had a lot of fun and enjoyed ourselves to the fullest. The only thing that we could not do was throw water at each other because it was really salty. On the way back we stopped at some shops where we found souvenirs. The Dead Sea is the lowest point on earth which is 390M below actual sea level and no living thing survives in the Dead Sea.

For me personally it was a great experience and I had a lot of fun and a lot of learning throughout the course of the trip. As it was an international MUN we not only got the exposure of an MUN but also got to know about the people and the culture in other countries from the various delegates that had come from more than ten countries and then of course we learnt a lot about Jordan and this trip totally changed my perception about Jordan and I encourage people to go for this trip in future because it is totally worth it.

-Yugdeep Shokeen, X-A

P S Cultural Fest 2015

The IPSC Cultural Fest 2015 was hosted by The Daly College, Indore and the school itself came out to be a perfect venue for such a grand event. On our arrival on the 21st we were sent to the registration offices and thereafter began the performances. The cultural fest includes the music, drama and the literary fest in it which makes Mudrali, the basic concept of this conference. On the 22nd we had the Indian instrument orchestra and the semi classical vocal solo. Both the performances were highly commended and Amol Agarwal went on to win the second prize in the solo. The next day we had the western orchestra and the western instrumental solo which again managed to catch the audience's attention and were highly applauded. Also we had the Hindi and the English story writing competitions on that day. Finally on the last day the Hindi and the English drama society boys presented their plays in front of 3 highly experienced judges and were commended for it. Also in the afternoon we had the Indian classical vocal solo and the Indian instrumental solo. Vinayak Agarwal amazed the audience by his perfect sense of Taal and the voice while Anant Agarwal managed to win the third prize in the instrumental solo category. After which we came back home on the 25th of October with an amazing learning experience.

-Anant Agarwal, X-A



Rising Intelligensia

WORD



WAR

Being a B.P supporter myself (yeah, abki baar' Nodi' sarkaar), it might seem quite abrupt that I chose to support what might perhaps be one of the biggest protests against the current government since the 'dramatic' Lok Sabha Elections of 2014. Hence, it becomes imperative to first establish exactly as to what I intend to prove through the course of this debate. The initial part of my debate shall demonstrate howgiving up Literary Awards is a novel method of protest and the subsequent part will focus on how this method of protest has been effective. I shall neither deliberate upon whether the writers have legitimate reasons for this protest (I don't think, they do), nor shall I comment on whether this protest is affecting the right set of people (again, I don't think, it is).

Now, todisplay whether giving up literary awards is a novel method of protest, it is essential to distinguish it from the well-staged public relations events that have increasingly become popular in the name of 'protests' over the recent past but are nothing more than instant divil disobedience theatre. To merely term giving up literary awards as a well organized, deverly focused and effectively reported public demonstration would not make it truly qualified as a novel method of protest, hence it is important to drawout certain characteristics that

have been common to all genuine protests that have taken place in the past. On a dose introspection of the protests that have occurred in the past, four such characteristics can be considered.

- 1. The violation of lawor the demand for a lawshould be committed in public,
- 2 The participant(s) should accept the framework of an established authority and the general legitimacy of the system of civil law,
- 3 Non-violence should be the underlying factor,
- 4 No law, other than the one that is in question should be violated during the protest.

By accepting these characteristics as the determinants of genuine methods of protests, it is easy to understand why Joan Baez, who stopped paying telephone taxes during the Methamwar because the taxes were used for weapons, adopted a novel method of protest. If we were to look at giving up literary awards as a method of protest in accordance with the aforementioned characteristics, dearly it does qualify as a genuine and a novel method of protest. The demand for stricter regulations against 'rising intolerance' was committed in public. By being the ditizens of India, the participants have certainly accepted the framework and the legitimacy of the Indian government. No law has been violated throughout the protest and most importantly, it has been a completely non-violent method.

Now, as far as the effectiveness of this method is concerned, that can be easily determined by examining the consequences of this protest. It would be incorrect to dismiss the protest as unsuccessful for not having achieved the desired result i.e. ourbing the 'rising intolerance' at this point of time when the protest is still going on. Hence to look at the effectiveness of this protest, it would be apt to see how this protest has affected the targeted people or organizations. In this

FOR

context, the targeted people, in ceneral, include the Indian government, which has 'supposedly' failed in its duties to ensure tolerance towards diverse ideas and thoughts and, in particular, the Sahitya Akademi, the organization that gives away these awards. As far as the Sahi tya Akademi is concerned, it has certainly been affected by the protest to an extent that it seems this controversy is likely to end up destroying the entire authority of the organization. The Indian government too is losing its popularity due to the ongoing protest. The Home Minister, Rajnath Singh, terming the ongoing protests as 'political conspiracy', the Finance Minister, Arun Jaitley, calling it a 'disproportionate political reaction' and various other such comments dearly illustrate the affect that these protests have had on the government. Another fact that goes on to prove that this method of protest has been successful is that though this protest was initiated by the writers, slowly and gradually filmmakers and even scientists have joined in making it all the more effective.

After having witnessed so many 'dramatic' elections and various instant divil disobedience' theatre performances' called protests, we finally have a genuine, well thought, effective and a novel method of protest.

Well, kudos to our former Sahitya Akademi winners

-Mohit Guta XI-Sci. In returning their avards which recognized their artistic accomplishments, these vanguards of the Freedom of Expression have ironically affirmed the one assertion their colleagues vehemently had taken up arms against. Politics and Art are inextricably linked. Writers and artists who return their avards myopically ignore the mother movement of their colleagues against this 'sea of troubles' - the origpling and excessive State censorship of art that curtails artistic freedom - which ideologically stands on the basic assertion that Politics and Art are disjointed. Consequently, no longer can the artist prodaim that Art is not the business of Politics.

Music maestro Zubin Mehta recently said he failed to understand why artists and writers were returning their state awards. He suggested that those protesting against the government should engage in a "dialogue" with it. The situation in India is dearly more complex than that.

Yet upholding the constitutional rights of the writers to protest against the gunning down of Kannada writer Kalburgi, the killing of a Muslimman in Dadri or the perceived atmosphere of intolerance created by the government, by returning their Sahi tya Akademi awards allowme to state a fewreasons for why returning the Sahi tya Akademi awards is not the most prudent way to protest given the current socio-political and cultural scenario.

Though set up by the Government in 1954, the Sahitya Akademi functions as an autonomous organisation. Some have labelled the Sahitya Akademi as the national custodian of creativity but the fact remains that it functions merely as an autonomous organisation, registered under the Societies Registration Act, 1860. Its views and opinions do not reflect the views and opinions of the Government. In fact, recently a two-page resolution, signed by Akademi president Vishwanath Prasad Tiwari and vice-president. Chandrashekhar Kambar, stated that since the organisation is "guided solely by writers", it requests "authors who have returned awards or have dissociated themselves ... to reconsider their decisions".

The Sahitya Akademi awards do not only honor individual accomplishments but also promote Indian culture, for instance, the special awards called Bhasha Samman for significant contribution to the languages not formally recognized by the Akademi e.g the tribal languages of against India. The channelized protest against the Akademi (which, technically, is not even against the Akademi) collaterally damages its reputation and leads to the disruption of the Akademi's normal functioning. Therefore, it becomes an impediment in its work on promoting culture.

Barring the possibility that returning these awards can lead to injection of the political germwithin the Akademi in the form of favouritism- that the Akademi may start giving awards to people who will not return it and not necessarily the ones who deserve it, anger against intolerance must be expressed through constructive criticism. The aimof the protest is to highlight the important issue of growing intolerance by bringing public attention to this injustice. Writers can do so through literature. It is a writer's responsibility to portray and discuss the prevalent social evils. Like Premchand said, "Literature should light like a torch and walk like a weapon ahead of politics" Writers should advocate speaking out aloud one's thoughts loud and dear and an atmosphere of self-censorship should be avoided.

Whiters and artists who think they don't have any other way to register their protest need not look any further than their own pens and brushes for nowmore than ever their countrymen are willing to lend their ears.

Art and Politics in India, like Kane and Abel, don't get along really well. Yet unlike the biblical siblings if Art has to thrive in the same house as Politics, her practitioners must do what they do best make Art. Solike Bob Dylan said-"come writers and critics who prophesize with your pen, and keep your eyes wide, the chance won't come again". There is an artistic purpose to be realized here - to inform the people of India through Art in its various forms, that "there's a battle outside, and it is ragin. It'll soon shake your windows, and rattle your walls, for the times they are a-changin'."

Mr. Parth Parashar

AGAINST

Very recently an esteemed writer told me that for a wide readership a blogger or anyone must come up with catchy titles and adhering to the same advice I begin this article. It was on a very warm summer afternoon in 1990 that one of the most horrifying laws for the protection of armed forces in the Kashmir Valley was passed – The Arms Forces Special Power Act (AFSPA). For the past twenty-five years the AFSPA has feasted over Kashmiri blood, its presence in the state is highly debated and we still do not know why such an extreme provision was necessary.

The late 80's saw widespread discontent amongst the separatists in the Kashmir valley. What is known to be a culmination of various factors, the insurgency of 1988 was majorly triggered by the rigged elections of 1987. There were protests in every corner of the valley, which included the very famous 'stone-pelting', and thus the Indian Government gave birth to our AFSPA. Now if we see, AFSPA was a provision to give a special power to the Indian Forces in Kashmir but it is time we realize that it's 'specialty' has led to the political ruin of the valley. AFSPA is open to so many interpretations that the law, instead of acting as a defense mechanism for the army, eventually became a better means to murder as now the army was legally protected for the murders they committed.

TWENTY-FIVE

YEARSA

All of this makes me question the very purpose of our existence. Laws, rules, regulations are all made for the purpose of better governance and ultimately what we seek are better ways to counter these laws. AFSPA has literally enslaved my homeland and in all the chaos there is very little that I can do. So, this article is part of my contribution.

In the 90's to not see your father or your eldest son return had become a common story that thousands shared in common. The entire humanitarian norms that a society is bound to follow had been far violated. Tourism, which was one of the main sources of income for many, suffered the most as now the 'heaven on earth' had been turned into nothing but a living hell. Kashmir is still under the horrific curse which God knows when will be uplifted. Across India, Kashmir's image has somewhat been coloured by what had happened in the 90's. Everyone thinks twice before taking a vacation in the valley and they are not to be blamed.

It has been twenty-five years since the AFSPA was forced into the valley and it is time we reconsider its existence. How many lives would it take for us to actually consider the need for revoking this provision? If India ever gets time from its 'busy schedule' only then should we hope for a merry realization.

-Sheikh Safwan XII-Hum.



The land of reservations

It has been nearly seven decades since our Independence and India still is as miserable as ever. Drugs, rapes, corruption, my hands shiver to proceed and there is still one more law which was introduced back then that still grabs the spotlight from other demands the fellow Indian's have – The Reservations. India might be the only nation in the world whose citizens fight to be called backward, this includes SC's or even ST's for that matter. Some backwards societies did get the privilege through 'reservations' and have risen in strength but the extent to which this law is misused by the society makes the whole system a sham. They get fake birth certificates made, have fake ID's and enjoy the privileges of reservations', which were otherwise meant for someone else.

Don't the Jats of Haryana have enough subsidies and reservations to uplift ther group, not to miss the Gonds and many more. If the system goes on like this all we will have will be incompetent engineers or students getting through the esteemed universities of India while the dreams of the SC's,OBC's for whom the provision was meant for will be shattered. According to a recent survey 63% of reserved candidates fail to get jobs into companies because of their poor communication skills as they get admissions into colleges easily but fail the interviews. Sometimes it is not the fault of the citizens to demand for reservations, for it is so advantageous. Be it in colleges, universities or even in the parliament where huge amounts of reserved seats are made available for certain groups of society. All in all it is completely up to us if we want to continue living in the same old system as the day may not be far when the general category has to be reserved for equal amount of chances and opportunities' in their lives.

-Abhay Singh Dhillor IX-B

morning with 10-12 hours of service ahead of you. The worst part is that there is no leniency provided, at all. If you are asked for the third verse of the third page of the fifth drapter of your holy text, you got to answer it within ten seconds or you will end up being lashed with a stick.

It is after 4-5 years of patience that you are introduced to the subliminal power and are taken towards that direction. Your assigned lama will open your third eye. Not by meditation or relaxation but literally opensit by drilling a hole into your forehead. The siver is inserted into that hole for about 20 days and you are kept in complete solitude and complete darkness. Then on the 21st day you will be allowed to open your eyes and then what happensis magical. Every person you will see will display a color that will showhis mentality and attitude towards you and the world. So if the person is showing a yellow color he is an egotist. If red then an angry person and if white then a very calmand sober person. The drawback is that you cannot use this power for your own good.

This is the ultimate bissone achieves after hardwork and commitment. People from all over the world come to these lamaseries in search of salvation and some even come to take a break from their busy schedules. One thing sfor sure, hardwork always pays off.

-Anant Agarwal X-A

direction My article is going to tell you about the hardships faced by a monk in a lamasery and how they end up achieving the most controversial power of the new age.

The Tibetan parents are very strict and if their child is destined to become a lama, then nothing other than that will be accepted. Either you pass the entrance test or the gates of your house are dosed for you, forever. This makes a child want to enter the lamasery even more badly as they are left with no other choice. Usually these tests are very difficult. The lamastest if you are fit to endure the severe hardships of a lamasery and so they ask you to sit in the scorching sun for 2 complete days without moving aninch. It is then that you are granted permission to enter this holy place. But then it has all just started. You will be subjected to the most difficult schedule ever where the wakeup call is at 2 in the

In Tibet, every important event of a Tibetan's life is decided with the help of astrology. So at the age of 15 when a child's future has to be decided, the parents host a formal gathering where the best of astrologers are requested to come and enthrall everyone with their powers. After an hour of chanting hymns and prayers they tell you whether your child will enter a lamasery or do a business or just endup becoming a slave. What the child wishes to do is not even cared for. These astrologers are so trusted that whatever they say, these parents blindly followit and quide their child towards that particular

Mt. Kalyanasundaramhas worked as a Librarian for 30 years. Every month in his 30 year experience (service), he donated his entire salary to help the needy. He did odd jobs in a hotel or a laundry house to meet his daily needs. He donated even his pension amount of about ten lakh rupees to the needy.

He is the first person in the world to have spent his entire earnings for a social cause. Kalvanasundaram studied Tamil at St Xavier's College. At that time he was so bothered about his shrill feminine voice that he even wanted to commit suicide at one point. It was then that he met Thamizhvaanan, writer of self-improvement books, whose advice he never forgot: "Don't bother about howyou speak. Strive to make others speak good about you." He then found his calling; child welfare. Though it wasn't easy for him as he was born into a rich agricultural family and wash't used to such a life but he never lost hope. He has slept on pavements and railway platforms to find out what it feels to be poor, to have no roof over your head. During the Indo-China War when Nehru urged people to contribute to the defence fund, he donated his gold chain to the then Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu. He does not wish to own anything as he believes that we don't take anything with us when he leave this planet. While an undergraduate at Madras University, he started the International Children's Welfare Organisation to help the slum children. This was his initiation into social service. His resolve was strengthened in 1962. At the height of the Indo-China war, he made it to the columns of local newspapers when he donated his gold chain to the National Defence Fund. Kalyanasundaram thought the publication of the news in Ananda Vikatan, a popular Tamil magazine, would encourage more donations. But when he met the editor, S. Balasubramanian, he was dismissed as a publicity hound and challenged to prove his sincerity within five years. Kalyanasundaram began by apportioning his salary as a college librarian: Rs 40 for personal expenses, Rs 100 for children's welfare. The five-year period soon ended but he did not stop and after that social service became his life. At one point, he decided to donate his entire salary and met his daily needs doing odd jobs. The anonymous good Samari tan worked thus for 27 years. For 45 years, Kalyanasundaram's social work focussed on children. However, in 1998, after retirement, he decided to expand his service and, thus, Paalam was born. One of the first things he did was to direct the money he received as retirement benefit to social cause. The organization 'Paalam' serves as a bridge between donors and beneficiaries it collects money and materials from those

willing to donate and distribute themamong the weaker sections. This helps children in pursuing education,

providing medical attention to the needy, organizing blood donation camps etc

'The Union Government has acclaimed himas' The Best Librarian in India'. He has also been chosen as 'one of the top ten librarians of the world'. The International Biographical Centre, Cambridge, has honoured himas' one of the noblest of the world'. In recognition to his service, the American government honored himwith the 'Man of the Millennium' award. He received a sum of Rs 30 crores as part of this award which he distributed entirely for the needy, as usual.

Moved by his passion to help others, Super Star Rajnikanth adopted himas his father. He still stays as a bachelor and has dedicated his entire life for serving the society.

I was personally ashamed that I was not aware of the existence of this noble and great man. I feel equally ashamed that the Indian Govt. has conferred 'Bharat Ratna' on many greats, but has missed on this personality.

-Anurag Bhatia X-C

KALYANASUNDARAM

nan of the

"We cannot sustain ourselves, unless we contribute to the society in someway or the other. I strongly feel if even one person does his bit towards social good, there will be some change." – –

P. Kalyanasundaram

Lasagne



Trying to counter Prashant sir's Logic

After being adjudged the most logical Indian, PR sir has been on a totally different tangent now with his out of the world 'logics'. Many have tried to counter his logic and prove him wrong, but for all their efforts, their criticism was water over a duck's back. So for everyone who is reading this, here is one of his bizarre logics. Let's see if you can try and find the logical aspect behind it. 'Agar rasgulla khaana hai to gulab jamun to chhodna hi padega'. People this is not illogical; this is 'PR Logic'.

Attending the dinner on Tuesday

With the introduction of 'The Honey Chili Gobhi' many of the budding non-vegetarians have taken the pledge of not going for dinner on a Tuesday. But a Welhamite certainly cannot sleep with an empty stomach so the next thing these non vegetarians do is contact their friend at 'Punjab' or 'Alis'. But many a times these wire transfers get intercepted but when they don't a Welhamite gets a fantastic meal of Butter Chicken and Naan on a Tuesday. So Welhamites Happy Tuesday Hunting!

Top 5 Mistakes the Welhamites Usually Make



The Bermuda Triangle: Cauvery House

Similar to the Bermuda Triangle everything that goes into the dreaded Cauvery House generally disappears. In the blink of an eye all your 'stuff' will be gone and you will never be able to see it again. Just like the Bermuda triangle mystery no one has been able to find an explanation for this ill occurring phenomenon. Rest assured no books will be stolen but don't dare to leave a packet of Lays or a bottle of coke in this house.



Studying one day before the Exams

Well how many Welhamites would even know whether they have a course book or not until the last day before the exam (Most certainly XI-Commerce doesn't) Students. here have that habit of burning the midnight lamp only on the last day but quite surprisingly it works fine for many. There is actually a myth that keeping the book under the pillow one night before the exam will help you and many believe that it actually does.



Telling your friends about the girl you like

I am sure all of us have made this sincere mistake and have faced the consequences accordingly. You might not have even started talking to her but Welhamites leave all of this to their imagination and conclude that you are already dating her. Even though you barely know her, from a mere crush she will be thwarted into becoming your fictitious 'girlfriend'. But I am still sure that everyone will keep on making this mistake because the attention that one gets couldn't get any better.

Mr. Rajesh Sir

Mr. Parth Prasher

Ex- Welhamites who come back to school always manage to earn a special place in the hearts of all Welhamites. Such is the case with Mr. Parth Parasher who is often seen sharing anecdotes with his psychology students. <u>He</u> has successfully taken the charge of the Debating Society in school. Popularly known as 'Rink Ka Baadshah', Mr. Parashar is seen playing football with the students in the evenings as he recalls his days of glory. Sir has certainly carved a niche in everyone's heart and we wish him the very best of luck for his tenure.

Ms. Anamika Saxena

One thing this teacher has certainly managed to do is bring in Colourful Chemistry in school. Ma'am has grown very fond of XI-Science. The chemistry queen can always be seen dictating her notes in class. Ma'am has a very polite and calm nature and we are yet to see anyone getting slapped by her. (We *hope that never happens!*) All her students are pretty happy with her distinct style of teaching and her results can easily be seen in the reports of the Mid-Term Examination. We hope that she has a fruitful and long tenure at Welham.

Some call him the VIRUS and some call him Mad Eye Moody from Harry Potter. But everyone is wrong because he is nothing but a living Physics Book. He breathes Physics and can literally spend his entire life studying Physics. He has had such a great impact that the XI Science only studies Physics now. Known for his stoic behavior this guy manages to laugh at every cheap jokes. Having dinner with the likes of Nikhil Agarwal has only blended him more with the Welham atmosphere. These days he is determined to start his 4 o'clock jog and we can only wish him luck for both his 'physical' goals and his stay at Welham.

Mr. Anil Singh

If you are in Jamuna house, you can get away with all the 'pangas' that you are a part of but one thing that you just don't do is 'not make your bed'. Known as the 'Bed Inspector' of Jamuna house, Mr. Anil joined the school after the departure of Mr. Tiwari and dictates his life with logic rather than blindly following school rules (Only until the blue half of Shikhar doesn't infiltrate his mind). With the huge responsibility of handling the rooms of Class 11 he has been successful so far. On the verge of becoming the coolest warden ever (Jamunites, please make your bed) the Oli wishes him luck for his tenure in the school.

Mr. Saurav Sinha

With a very peculiar way of walking, Mr.Saurav Sinha can be seen very calmly strolling around the campus. Having joined the school in April this year Mr.Saurav Sinha has risen to one of the most popular teachers in the school. Taking up the Oliphant as teacher-in-charge, Mr. Saurav Sinha has had a lot on his plate from the moment he joined school (no pun intended!). Being the supplier of one of the tackiest and the wackiest under-cover pics of teachers for the Oliphant (Well, teachers that's a hint!), Mr. Saurav Sinha has also been an inspirational figure for the housemaster of the Jamuna House.

Mr. Shivraj Singh Negi

With a happy go lucky face, the new Krishna house warden is the most humble warden you would have seen in welham. I mean he does wake you up for PT and he does send you for lunch but very politely and softly. Also any question you'll ask him, all he'll say is 'Ask Mr. OP'. An amazing badminton and table tennis player, he is rumored to be the most popular among his counterparts. With him taking Late Mr. S. P. Sharma's place, a huge responsibility lay ahead of him and I must say he has lived up to the expectations. Oli wishes Mr. Negi best of luck for his tenure at Welham.



IF WERE WERE HOGWARTS

Well, well, well, let's see...um... I wonder what shall happen if even for a day our school gets magically transformed into Hogwarts..

Presenting - Hogwarts at Welham!!



DUIVBLEDORE

Heissoft-spoken, heiswise and most importantly he cares for all. So which staff member would fit Mr. Dumbledore? Well, it is none other than our beloved Mathematics teacher Mr. Srikant. Even though his appearance would be in contrast to Dumbledore's, Mr. Srikant actually shares a lot in common with the old man. Just like Dumbledore. Mr. Srikant too is a bachelor and has the heart of an angel. Even though Mr. Srikant does not have the 'elders' wand, his 'kidk on the burn does all of the magic.



HAGRID

Nowbefore we go on searching for a Hagrid in the school we must bare this in mind that no one is as gigantic and as hairy as Hagrid. However, on the same note we do have someone who is very remotely similar to this adored character. Mr. Saurav Sinha. Probably the tallest of all the teachers, Mt Saurav Sinha too never leaves a chance of helping the students out. However, while Hagrid may have only one 'Harry Potter' to love, Mr. Saurav Sinha here has countless' Harry Potters' to quide and care for.



He is perhaps the most mystical character of Harry Potter and at Welham too ve are not short of such individuals. Mr. Sameer Dhingra fits best for the character of Snape as Sir too has a very peaculiar style of speaking and has greasy black hair. Just like Severus Snape, Mr. Dhingra has eyes everywhere and knows each and every student inside and out. No wonder the sciencees are so amazed by his knowledge he holds.



UIVBRIDGE

Every good story needs a fancy character with peculiar looks and catchy lines, well Ms Toral Sharan hasitall. With an obsession with school rules and quidelines Ms. Toral Sharan is rumbured to have a copy of the school rule book which she red tesevery night before going to sleep. Even the tiniest issues matter to her and just like Umbridge (from Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix), Ms. Toral Sharan too acts as a perfectionist keen on reprimending students, especially for their turn out (Baaachon kho samaaj naahi aataa). With her English accent which she flaunts very often in the school assembly, Ms. Toral Sharan would definitely pass as Umbridge if we were in Hgwarts.

What's In

- Tupperware Bottles
- Mr. Robert Petty
- Mr. Amit Singh
- D.A.R.E
- Anonymous chirping bird
- Marching points for 'Discipline'
- Cheese Burst Domino
- · 'So Called' Raymond Twelfthies Blazer
- Jr. School Oli
- Vox Populi
- Iron
- Ms. Monica Chandel
- Mr. Ajay Bahuguna
- Aerobics

What's Out

Nike Sippers Mr. Pranab Mukherjee Every other teacher G.O.T.Y.A Mr. Om Prakash Marching Points for March past Thin crust Domino Raymond Twelfthies Blazer Sankalp Socials Boiler Mohit Gupta Mr. Jai Ranjan Kagadee (Children's day Advertisement) PT Display

Rumor Has It

- Tenzing Namgyal Bhutia is finally being promoted to the post of The Editor in the Oliphant. (Courtesy- Sheikh Safwan)
- Aastitva Jain is hiding from Mr.Dhingra these days. (Did someone say Wavelenght?)
- Devansh Raheja has finally decied to watch Charlie Sheen's 'Anger Management'. (Go for it POP!)
- Nikhil Kumar has finally begun taking speech therapy classes (yabada?).
- Ms. Toral Sharan is the new Assembly In-charge (No guys, she wasn't already the incharge)
- Akshat Singh is most certainly a quick learner (so, finally the Oliphant has become an influential magazine).
- Mr. Brahma Raina has stopped gorging on 'Welham Food' although the sweet dishes are still in demand.
- Owing to his past experience with the ESPN Mr. Anil (Jamuna House Warden) is becoming the new teacher-in-charge of the Welham Newz
- Prithvi Agarwal asked a junior to write his experience for the Year Book.
- Abhishek Kumar has finally started taking studies seriously.
- Mr.Saurav Sinha has started catering birthday cakes for all the teachers ever since children's day.
- The twelfthies blazer is being stiched by Zara and thus is taking longer to reach school.
- Mukul Panwar received an A grade in the Cambridge English Proficiency test.
- Mr. Amit Singh has a CCTV camera attached outside his residence (And perhaps your's too).
- The school is on a look out for the bird that usually chirps in Ma'am Bindra's ears.
- Ms. Toral Sharan was seen in her office twice one of these days (Is someone finally giving her career counseling?).



FILCH

Okay, noweven though Filch, who is the caretaker of Hogavarts, was not a teacher we could not resist the temptation to compare this him with one of our teachers. So whom do we have here? It's Mt: Amit Singh Chautalal Mt: Amit Singh Chautalal Mt: Amit Singh is often seen patrolling the campus at midnight. Just like Filch, Mt: Amit Singh too is unstoppable. While Filch had a pet cat, it is rumoured that Mt: Amit Singh has caged the 'little bird' that very often chirps in Matam Bindra's ears.

SEPARATED AT BIRTH

Batman and Joker Sanaz Agarwal Ms. Rashmi Rawat, Ms. Indira Mahajan, Ms. Toral Sharan Ms. Ayesha Bakshi Mr. Rajesh Devyansh Rai, Sheikh Safwan, **Tenzing Nagayal** Ashish Vardhan Ma'am Bindra Abhimanyu Singh Thakur **Amol Agarwal Shivay Bansal** Devyansh Rai (Again!!) Dhruv Swarup Prithvi Agarwal

Prabhapaar and Tanmay Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle The three witches(from Macbeth)

Cersei Lannester (from Game of thrones) Mad Eye Moody (from Harry Potter) Cameron, Mitchel, Lilly (from Modern Family)

Sanjay Dutt from (Vastav) Ursula (The little Mermaid) Johnny Bravo Dexter (from Dexter's Laboratory) The Wizard (from Clash of Clans) Samwel Tarly (from Game of trones) Ted Hog Rider (from Clash of clans)



Ma'am Bindra - You play sports I play games, mind you huh, pun intended.

Abhishek Kumar - If you cannot pass a test, then 'pass' the test.

Sheikh Safwan-Throw some of your hatred on me, I will be the best mirror to reflect it all.



- Ayush Tulsyan- You can't take me as a granted. (Whatever you seek bro!)
- Rahul Gupta- There is a blockade in my nose.
 (And ironically we see blockades in drains too!)
- Vishnu Pratap Singh- Both of thems are your friends. (Someone get him a grammar book)
- Akshit Gupta- I am going to do brush. (Only God can save yah bro!)
- Mohit Gupta The argument given by the proposition was next level (Come again?)
- Ratik Khandelwal You know my girlfriend is from Pani? (Dude do you mean Panipat?)
 - Aishwarya Soni to Aman Agarwal Please give me your power bank, I need to charge my Mac (Bro, you need to get a little techy).
 - Parth Babbar Oye, don't mess with me, I am the studs!
 - Suryansh Singh Yes bro I understand, I am also hockey stick.
 - Prithvi Agrawal to Sheikh Safwan Oye, remember that the venue for the Jamuna house feast has been shifted to the Ringside View. (Dude, do you mean the 'Riverside' lawn?)



WACKIEST PICTURE

And that's how we celebrate Birthdays at Welham!

Ever Wonder Why?

- Balloons no longer seem to amuse Soumojit Dey! (Told you to focus on the food but you just didn't listen, did you?)
- Prabhapaar Singh Batra appeared for the SAT exam in the

month of November rather than December (someone desperately wanted to miss the Karkamal).

- All the twelfthies have removed there tagged pictures from there facebook accounts (Someone is going to be unleashed on founders' huh?).
- Tenzing Namgayal is not seen using G-Mail anymore. (R.K... rest is not required!)
- Amitvikram Deewan hates the very sight of Diggit.
- Ratik Khandelwal is a little too busy these days, especially on Saturday Nights.
- Siddhart Garg is

overwhelmingly happy these days (My Maegi is back In India!!).

- Aditya Agarwal seems a little too liberated these days (seems like his trimmer just broke).
- Abhikshek Kumar is hiding from Mr.Srikant (Did someone miss a paper?).



guess who?

ANSWER

Twelfthies Unleashed

| Nikhil Kumar | Abhiraj Singh | Vedant Jaiswal (S) | Bhuvan Navaria |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|--------------------|------------------|
| Alias-Babadando, babda, bhoorie, | Alias-Bakra | Alias-R@(v)@t | Alias-Bhuvan |
| Style-Flash | Style-Science | Style-Flash | Style-TheUnknown |
| Stigma-Smile(Translateitinhind) | Stigma-School Walls | Stigma-FCCDY | Stigma-Self-outs |
| | | | |



'yabadabdabadoobadabdab'.... Couldn't understand that? Well don't worry; even we never understood half of the things he said this past year. Listening to Nikhil speak islike listening to a broken radio with an incurable Alzhiemer's disease. Hs speed in doing things got himinto an even speedy relationship, which ul timately ended with his girl friend ragging him, black and blue. A victim of serious cyber-orime, Nikhil Kumar

hasn't spoken to girls since.



Abhiraj singh hasonly one motto he believesin - 'If there is a wall in life, SCALE IT!!' One gets addicted to smoking or drinking but Abhiraj here has a whole different set of temptations - his tendancy to scale walls. There was a time when he had to be chained to his bed just so as to ensure that he was still in the campus

It is always amusing to ask Abhiraj his experience as the Chess Captain for he has none and it is a mystery as to why his right armismore muscular than his left. Maybe he should have been the kite-flying captain.



It is very easy to locate Vedant Jaiswal on the campus. The only place you will find him is his bed where he is mostly sound askeep. Vedant Jaiswal is solazy that he can suck the life out of any room he walks into. His resemblance with a random dunkard is astounding with eyes that blood-shot and a gaze that sleepy, he tends to scare the juniors avvay.

Holding a record of failing Economics thrice in a row, Vedant jaiswal has succeeded at making Mt. Dayamay Bannerjee take anti-stress pills



It was an utter pain to write something about Bhuvan Navvaria for we too HARDLY KNOWANYTHING ABOUTHIM!! He has a heart as delicate as a bubble, try commenting on his hair or his personality and pop, all emotions come pouring out. Going out on a self-out with Bhuvan is the biggest 'paap' anyone can commit not because of what he says or does but because extracting money from his pocket is like snatching a bone from a dog (Bhai kuch kharch bhi kar liya karo). Lets just hope we don't find Bhuvan hanging from a fan after reading this section.

| Arnav Singh | Pranav Gupta | Aastitva Jain | SHIVAY BANSAL |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Alias-Amav | Alias-Bournville | Alias – Commando, Monster, Alien | Alias-Noddy, Smarty |
| Style - Badminton | Style - Rasberry Lipbalm | Style-Wavelength | Style-Dancer Boy |
| Stigma-Number four (Chemistry) | Stigma-S.A.W | Stigma-SAW (Punintended) | Stigma-Mddle-floor Prefects room |



There isn't much to unleash about Amav Singh for his life is an open chemistry book (kuch samajh hi nahi aata). Amav is perhaps the most proud sciences of the school but dearly pride alone isn't enough, for he seldom ever passes in any of his subjects Even though his skills do not lie in his subjects or anything related to sciences he has mastered the art of making a total fool out of himself (Seriously! Speak to him once and you will see). Amav Singh aspires to be a doctor so there is one hint as to which doctor you must never consult in near future!



Try staying two feet away from him for you too shall have your cheeks pulled the moment you encounter him His obsession with pulling cheeks makes one want to punch him right in the face; we only wonder howhisface is still intact. Pranav Gupta, who daims to complete a 100mrun in 12 seconds (arre pehle 50m toh bhagle), has the ability to pose the most baseless arguments one could ever come up with. (Are you dumb, or are you dumb?) Hisbiggest challenge in life was to forge a friendship with Mr. Sharma's adorable dog Lilly whom he utterly fears



When Aasti tva joined the school the students mistook himfor a var veteran. One must always be careful with namating a joke in front of him for our little cockroach here has a tendency to literally vori this laughter out. Hsability to twist his joints in every which way (something he takes pride in) has been a source of nightmare for many of us (Seriously, we are friends with a monster!)



Shivay Bansal is the proud owner of the infamous invisibility doak. Even though the year has come to a dose, students still wonder why he sits on the high table (Novwhat was the reason again? Opps we forgot too!!). Shivay too is one of the sly students who are never seen around campus when exams approach, oh wait, Shivay isn't seen anywhere even if there were no exams Although his tenure as the school prefect is about to end we still have our hopes high that he removes his invisibility doak and starts DOING SOVETHING FOR THE SCHCCL!!!!.

| Sagar Singh | Devyansh rai | Anchit Sureka | Parth Babbar |
|---|--|---|--|
| Alias-Andri, Maitrix | Alias-John, Alcoki bhoory, Anaar Dana | AliasHide and Seek, Tu Tu | Alias-Babbar Shera |
| Style-Scorer | Stigma-Chandelier, Fake Facts, | Style - PJBank | Style-NDA |
| Stigma – A dozen in Accounts | Sankalp | Stigma- Pranav Gupta | Stigma – Sports Captain |
| Well, Sagar Singhis the 'angry' young man of Welham and that is precisely why we do not want him to read his unleashed, but after all Cod does not show mercy and so doesn't Oi. His record of scoring a dozen in almost all of his subjects is unbeatable and what is more unbeatable is the record of the 'kattas' he hashad this year (Did someone say Soccer Captain). With commendable companionship skills, Sagar Singh never fails to prove his mettle on the sports field. | Being a humani ties student one needs to learn names and dates well our friend here invents his own names during exams and the confidence with which he fakes facts is mint-boggling Famously known as.thn, Dewyansh Rai is so lazy and fat that even walking the length of the main field makes himlie flat on the ground gasping for air. Hs will power is so weak that a NCD burger is enough to convince him todo any job (Did someone say Aayush Qupta!). Hs interest does not lie in the course books or novels but in the gossips which he then spreads like wild power. | Archit Sureka is the last person you would want to meet on campus not because he bores the life out of people, but because of the countless PJshe giggles about the whole day. Hsefficiency in school activities is commendable for we still don't know what he does Hslove for chanding led him tojoin the dance teamin grade IX, however, when he actually started danding people feared if he had the gnarled disease. | Arth Babbar iswidely known for his Erglish speaking skills. Nowonder Neyhole' section sovery frequently. The last time someone asked him why he features in the 'Through the keyhole' section sovery frequently. The last time someone asked him why he had attended the HVLN Boston in 2015. Parth punched him right in the face, for he himself doesn't know Being the leader of the infamous K-A-T-T-Agang. Parth finally broke the dark ourse when he was asked to write something for the 'Achievers' section in the Year Book. |

| Mukul Panwar | Arpit Bhalla | Rahul Kedia | Satvik Jain |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------------|--------------------|
| Alias-Pan-var, Pan-vaar | Alias-Bhallu, Bhalla-G | Alias-Chidi, Birdy | Alias-Sattu, Santi |
| Style-Volley Ball | Style-Tabla | Style-Quizzing | Style-Petrol Pump |
| Stigma-Aeypple | Stigma - Prithvi Agraval | Stigma–Aaditya Rathi, Economics, | Stigma-12th Comm |



Earlier Mukul Panwar wasn't that popular in school, however ever since hisperformance on the teacher's day hispopularity shot to the skies Mukul sharesa very tragichistory with English language (Ms. Rawat would know) but ever since he joined the school there has been immense improvement (He can nowpronounce 'Apple' properly).

Mukul is the wild dancer who will probably make you want to throwup but his positive nature has got him friends who will remember him forever.



It is very easy to spot Arpit Bhalla on the school, just look for an extremely mal-nutritioned boy with pimples on his face. Once you have spotted him try staying away from him for he too has an obsession of pulling ones cheeks. Arpit Bhalla, who takes pride in calling himself a 'Sciencee', has never really seen good scores in his exams (Sab sar ke copar se jata hai). An inspiring Tennis Captain, Arpit Bhalla still hasn't gotten a chance to show his skills on the court (What happened to the IPSC, huh?).



Rahul Kedia, the brave boy of WelhamBoy's school, very often misuses his medical conditions (Did someone say Md- terms?). He is so dedicated in his studies that even his studies seek a break from HIM Rumored to have read the Ecoimics books five times, Political science bookseight times, Rahul Kedia dearly does not knowwhen to stop. He very often daims to be a Nepali (a country he probably doesn't know exists) and takes pride in calling himself an NRI. Wé wish Rahul a happy stay in India.



liphan/

For some reason Satvik Jain adores spending time in the Principal's office (Papa!!!). Apart from the Principal's office the other place where he spends time is the gymbut it is very hard to break it to him that all his 'gymmig' has borne no fruit. Satvik Jain has been a very dedicated student (ask all the 'commercee' teachers) and his results too are overwhelming (are i the kamaa kaise sakte hain).

The child in him dominates all his common sense and maybe that's what makes him so different from all of us

| Yash Goel | Arushi Parmar | Tenzing Namgyal Bhutia | Aaditya Raathi |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| AliasDantun, Dolly, Jhosh, | Alias-Afu, Lady Bheem | Alias Bhangi Moon, DOORJ | Alias-Rathi |
| Style - Solitaire | Style Sketching | Style - Secretary General's Award | Style-Trumpet |
| Stigma-Braces | Stigma – Aartya Tyaga | Stigma – Secretary General, R.K.S | Stigma- AmitvikramDeevvan |



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When Yash first joined the school in grade V one could not but notice his set of teeth that were once a source of terror for all the dentists across India. It is rumored that it took the effort of ten dentists along with the assistance of thirty titanium braces to mend Yash Goel's teeth. His tenure as the shooting captain was so productive that under his leadership and guidance the students made a shift from paper targets to human targets! With a care-free attitude towards

dressig, one can see Dantun roaning around wearing floaters under the winter trousers or at times even bare foot.



Let's meet the girl who has her heart on her sleeves Being the 'Lady Bheem of the Batch, Arushi Parmar can never resist gossiping. Run into a conversation with her and you will get to knowall that is happening behind the screens of Welham (Hmm...Wewonderwhather sources are). Arushi who once appealed to have a liking for Mathematics, struggles with her basic Humanities subjects (consult Ma'am Kiram Tripathi and you will know). Arushi isa very passionate artist (we wonder why we have never seen are art work) and is an avid writer (Again! We have no evidence) who wishes to change the world.



Tenzing Namgayal eats three servings of rice, 8bowls of non-veg. not tomiss 7 servings of veg and still daims to have lost an appetite (pehle kitha khate the bhaiya). Having had a bad history with his girl 'orush' (which ironically is his favorite fruit drink), Tenzing is very often seen taking evening strolls around the main fields all alone, probably oursing all the misfortunes in his life.

Toget aj cb done from Tenzing is a true pain for without nagging himnowork can be completed. His dozession with 'good marksleadshim to visit the washrooma little too often during the examtime (we wonder what he does there) and his face lozes all its colour when he sees Harshun rejoice with marks better than his



Everyone thinks of Rathi as the ideal Welhamite, but wait till we unleash the truth! Behind his innocence lies the true mischievous monster and fortunately or unfortunately this monster takes a back seat when in front of a teacher. He tells people that it was his 'love for music' that got him into playing the trumpet but who is he kidding, for we all knowhis 'sared' intentions. Having joined the school only in grade 11, Aadi tya Rathi sure has contributed enough for the welfare of the shool.

| Amol Agarwal | Parth Vachani | Vinayak Agarwal | Siddharth Garg |
|------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| Alias-D**p#k, | Alias-Buzo | Alias-Veenu, A**k | Alias-Gargis, Pocked Talli, Mem |
| Style-SAT800 | Style-WelhamGirls | Style-MusicCaptain | Style-Wái Wái |
| StigmaDARE-Devil | Stigma-Rahul Kedia | Stigma – Amol Agarwal | Stigma – Banon Maggi |



The DARE-devil of Walham Boys', And is the ideal student (ideal dratu) the junior sciences, well, they all hate him. Where the others barely passina dass test, And Agarwal snatches all lauels especially in Chemistry. His innovations with hind sang are mind boggling and one doubts if he spends more time innovating them than studying his usual course books And shares an inverse relationship with dancing. Where once side heattracts people by his vocal skills his dancing skills throw water on all his attempts togain popularity. Parth Vacchani is the much beloved student in the whole of... Welham Girls. Yes Welham Girls is all Parth speaks of and dreams of and his love for the school can be noted by the fact that all of his notebooks and geometry is sponsored by Welham Girls. The knowledge he holds of the internal matters of the school is mindboggling and we wonder if that's what he does in the hundreds of tuition dasses he visit seach day. Parth Vachhani has a very pleasant

attitude towards life and is very popular among his peers (Ask him to name a few).



When venturing into the Cauvery Hostel one might if lucky glimpse a rare creature, a creature named Vinayak Agarval. Unkempt beard, shabby hair, 5 day old shirt and undergarments which he hasn't dhanged for a month all go on to define this beast that is Vinayak. Seeping and Studying are the only two activities that remotely interest this creature and one must beware his touch who knows how many diseases he may be canying Seriously if he hugs you, it's going to take a tleast a month before you get dean.



Naggi was banned in the holidays this time and we were not really shocked to find out that Siddharth was in a comatose situation in the hospital. Luckily he managed to get out of it but it has been a struggle ever since. Every boiler, every noodle, every yellow packet that he sees brings Sidcharth to tears and the news of Maggi coming back was as he said the best day of his life. Nicknamed Memfor his inability to pronounce the word Maam Sidcharth Savori te places induce the tollet. P.S. The bearer of the house despises him for it, we wonder why? Did anybody say anaconda?

| Abhishek Kumar | Pranjal Agarwal | Ratik Khandelwal | Sheikh Safwan Fayaz |
|---|---|---|--|
| Alias-Harry, Harris | Alias-Gymmie, Pranji Poch | Alias-RATs, Uru, Kabadi, Jugadu | Alias-Gulaabo, Sheikh |
| Style - Kat.ph | Style - Hopetown | Style-Faœbook | Style-Adele |
| Stigma – Maths, Physics, Chemistry, | Stigma-SAT | Stigma- No WiFi | Stigma-Shivay Bansal |
| Abishek started dasseleven with a goal, a target he wanted to set the record for failing the most number of times consecutively in Nathematics (Ci congratulates him today for not only has he managed to beat the target he hasset the newone at such a highlevel that no one will ever be able to surpassit. From the examin (Dass 11 to the pre- boards of Class 12, Abhishek is yet to pass. The IT Captain of the school he is responsible for most of the malwares in school and all of the videos students illegally watch at night. | Often seen studying for exams to go abroad, looking at foreign universities, watching foreign films and thinking about abroad, Panjal is one student who is definitely staying in India. After repeated fail ures with the SAT, Panjal has channelized all his aggression towards studying Maths but unfortunately the results are similar (tumse na ho payegi). The gymcaptain of the school, Panjal is often seen wearing tight shirts to compliment his budging physique. If not found sweating it out in the gym, Panjal can easily be spotted ei ther on his laptop or near Harshun trying to get a 'Vox Populi' arranged. | Ratik Khandelwal at one point in time could be seen roaming around the school with his friends, playing sports and doing things a normal Welhamite does. Nowhowever the only place one can find himis in his roomstuck to a laptop. Ever since he managed to land a girl into his rattrap, Ratik, known around the school for his ability to arrange anything has gone from arranging boxes of chocol ates for seniors to doing so for himself. Stuck in Love, Ratik even started listening to English songs (we dori t knowhownuch he comprehends, but at least he tries) | The Editor- in- Chief of the Oiphant is a proud man, he can be seen proudly prancing around school grounds with a large badge pinned to his chest the badge for the Editor- in- Oriefof the Sankalp. Safwan with his rosy red cheeks and his pleasant demeanor manages to food most but Mr. Editor is in fact one of the most curning and calculative people you will ever meet. He holds a permanent gudge against a particular member of the prefectoria, body, however, numorshave arisen that settlement talks are in progress Just words of caution, if you think you know Safwan you don't |

| Amitvikram Dewan | Harshun Mehta | Aishwariya Soni | Abhimanyu Singh Thakur |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Alias-Acadi, Digit, Pagla | Alias-TinTin | Alias–: Aish, Speaker | Alias-SOTY, Crime Master 6090 |
| Style-Home Sweater | Style-Ma'amBindra | Style-Gentleman | Style-Shashi Tharoor hair flick |
| Stigma – Principals Cottage | Stigma-Ma'amBindra | Stigma-Any random mike | Stigma-BST |



Letme introduce to you the Academics Cap.... Sony the former Academics Captain of the school ArnitvikramDewan. Being the Academics Captain meant a great deal to Arnit (actually considering the way he behaves) it meant everything to him). Forever vindictive about his dismissal, Arnit it seems has also been set free due to it. The once reserved boy has now/turned into a loud, initiating character with a strange liking for hugging random children on the road (Dude stopit!). His already insufferable jokes have now increased manifold and seeing himall one should think of doing is getting away.



Harshun Mehta has been in two types of relationships in the first one he met the girl, had a relationship for three days and didn't talk for the next six months and in the second one he had a relationship for six months and broke up after three days of meeting her. Ever since his breakup Mr. Captain has been on a hunt for the next one but unfortunately every girl he eyes seems to land up with a boyfriend who is not Harshun Mehta. Rumor has it that he has stopped going for outings for everywhere he looks he is reminded of his failed conquests Akshat Jain in reverse Harshunsluck has been down ever since he became the school Captain and it seems he fails at everything that he tries. We wish you better luck for the future (Aishwariya stop smiling!)



Turn out for what! Turn out was Aish's big goal during the start of his tenure as prefect and he emphasized what he wants from school very dearly by telling the school "I don't wanna see anyone in proper uniform". Yeah, that didn't work out very well. Known for his mistakes on the microphone, Aishis an avid believer in the importance of making mistakes (unfortunately he doesn't realize the need to correct them). A good public speaker and a gentleman is something that Aish thinksheis (Did anyone say look at the mirror), we could go on talking about Aish just the way he goes on talking about doing stuff which never really happens but this is the trailer, Ladies and Gentleman, Trailer!!



liphan/

Nicknamed SOTY because his name matches that of the protagonist, Abhimanyu is nothing like the protagonist of that story except the fact that he has a great body, lots of girls going gaga over himand is good in academics and sports. Yeah, he is pretty much like that guy. Abhimanyu has the ability to talk endlessly...togirls and when he is doing it through Facebook, speaking is a problem Abhimanyu has tried to get over all his life but unfortunately communication is important in the human world. A great example of a guy who is wonderful till the moment he opens his mouth, one can definitely understand why he likes to keep quiet and smile. (Always showyour best partsright?)

| Suryansh Singh Suryavanshi | Aviral Agarwal | Anmol Agarwal | Ali Khan |
|--------------------------------|----------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Alias-Ebcue, 12 years a slave, | Alias-Pikachu | Alias-Rossogolla, Jason, Surface Area | Alias-SRQ |
| Style-Louis Vuitton, Armani | Style- Gimbing | Style-Food | Style-Mayo |
| Stigma – Vegetables | Stigma-Dimbing | Stigma-Tuesday | Stigma – Umair Wani |



We are writing this with a caution to all our readers, if our bodies are found in some turnel then you know who is responsible. A don from UP, A brilliant public speaker and a guy everyone is genuinely a fraid of is Suyanshis scha. Suyanshis the more mellowed down version, like a dog with all bark and no bite Suyanshis often heard talking about big things but like almost every other Krishnite, he doesn't treally do much. Politics is a topic Suyansh can talk endiessly about and one hopes that someone takes him on a talk show, because we've frankly had enough.



Aviral loves dimbing. Trees, mountains, hills, boulders and goalposts, Aviral has scaled all types of peaks Despite several problems he has faced due to dimbing (especially goalposts) Aviral has never stopped and even fancies of making it a career (With his marks that's the only job left). The Squash and Dance... sorry the Squash Captain of the school who likes to Dance, Aviral has a very enlarged self concept and thinks he's the best at everything he does and an expert on everything he doesn't. He has an opinion on everything that goes on in school and most of it is negative. Aviral also loves to study, is the dass topper and is seen with books at all times in a parallel universe where the nuts are safe and sound



Rossogolla, Rossogolla, Rossogolla. Anmol dreams about food, talks about food and everything he does is somehow related to food. The terror of Krishnaite Juniors, Annol is perhaps the most ruthless senior in Krishna who gets sadistic pleasure from torturing his juniors. A wordsmith Annol discovers newwords everyday, especially those that he uses to abuse people. A strange relation is shared between Anmol and the Krishna house tailor and rumor has it that she had a talk with the Human Resources department of the school about him The Bengali babu obsessed with Bongs of all types is now seen in the Principals office available for her every beck and call. (Jasonn!!!)



Talks to his girl friend on the phone while he chats with his ex and her friends, meet Ali Khan. Ali lovesgirls, all types of girls, fatgirls, darkgirls, blondegirls, introduce anyone from the feminine gender to Ali and he will develop a liking for her. The Sports Captain of the school has shown tremendous perseverance throughout the academic year, perseverance in avoiding the HCD sports and his responsibilities. Known for his cheap antics around girls. which have made himpopular amonost them (Actually that's what he thinks). Ali has managed to consistently perform in his examinations, never managing to pass. Once he dreamed of going to the UK but has now settled for Zakir Hussain College, Delhi University. Best of luck, bro.

| Umair Wani | Prithvi Agarwal | Junaid Jan | Mir Ali |
|--------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Alias-Mr. Wani | Alias-Faanp | Alias-Jonny Sins | Alias-Makhi, Baljeet |
| Style-Akshay Kumar | Style-Mama's Boy | Style-His Restroom | Style-Class12SummerHolidays |
| Stigma–Girls, Bath | Stigma – Captains Assembly | Stigma – Any randomgirl | Stigma – Class 12th Auturn Term |



Umair's entire life has been based on Akshay Kumar's character in Mujhse Shaadi Karogi except for the fact that Akshay Kumar endsup being a good guy; Umain is evil to the core who simply enjoys seeing you in trouble. A master politician Umaingets whatever he wants from other people often in the process making them consider him their friend. A chink however appears in the armour of this anti-hero when he talks to girls, actually more like when he stares at themawkwardly. A disgusting fellowwith the most unsanitary habitsitisrumored that Umair never washes his hands even after he uses the washroom Beware of this guy, both his touch and his words.



Prithvi Agarwal once proposed to a girl in dass 8, she apparently nowstudies in America. Ever since then Prithvi has had it very tough with girls, for they simply run away whenever he approaches. Maybe its his gigantic frame or his bloodshot eyes or perhaps a combination of both, whatever it is both airls and juniors are petrified of Prithvi. Famous for his public speaking skills and academic prowess in a parallel universe, Prithvi has never made an announcement in Bethany. Pri thvi is also known for his huge appetite and is responsible for the dearth of food on the High Table. Prithvi also loves the outdoors and enjoys the wilds of Himachal Pradesh.



Junaid was once a renowned Chelsea fan, watching every match but ever since a trip to Mayo he has become a hardcore fan of Arsenal. Rumor has it that Junaid had many a conversations with girls during his trip to Mayo however this is probably just a rumor because the Junaid we know runs away even from the shadowof a girl. Junaid has a very high self concept of himself regarding his looks but he doesn't talk to girls because he is a strong believer in the philosophy that it is better to keep your mouth shut and let others think you are a fool then open your mouth and remove all doubt. A frequent visitor of the goodquotes comasis evident from his Facebook statuses Junaid also eniovs nature and all its wonders, especially plants



Mr loves to visit Cauvery because he loves to meet his friends, coincidentally he only remembershisfriendswhen there is a Manchester United match or he wants something to eat. His friends repay the gesture by only talking to him when he has hisphone with him Mrisalwaysready to give advice regarding girls even though he has never had a girl friend, although he came quite dose (that's what he thought). He is often found consoling himself for the amount that he spent on themduring the holidays (Baljeet!!!). Mrkeepssending snaps to all the girls who have made the mistake of adding him, still waiting for a positive response Oi wishes him the best ofluck.

| Ashish Vardhan | Aditya Agarwal | Pushpendra Saroj | Aman Agarwal |
|---|-----------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Alias-Nihari, Bhaijaan | Alias-Mytho | Alias-Billa, Pussy, Inder, Bajrangi | Alias-Ghochu |
| Style - 'I speak better English than Prithvi' | Style-Trimmer | Style-Daly College | Style-Amit Singh Standoff |
| Stigma – Hisapartment | Stigma-External Exams | Stigma-MusicSubject award | Stigma-Amit Singh |
| | | | |



Ashish is the baby elephant of the batch, both for hissize and hisantics. Extremely demanding with a mean temper, Ashish constantly reminds howhard he's worked to control it and in the same breath also issues a threat of 'seventh wala gussa'. Braijaan ashe isknown is also very ford of fording people to do things and god save the person who does not comply with Ashish is demands. Ashish dreams of a normal life ashe has so often told many of usbut then the hangover wears off. Nhari is also known for his trademark dialogue that he uses to end conversations 'Baat Khatan'.



Forever studying for exams to go abroad Adi tya Agarwal is often found searching for foreign universities but unfortunately he is yet to apply. According to recent reports Adi tya is applying to 15 universities abroad, and that's just in the USA. Adi tya has also been in a relationship for the past 3 years and it seems that no shave November was an initiative started by Adi tya so that he could get his gilf friend to save some money. Forever thinking that he is the best at everything Oi would just like to say Ahem ... not true. Ahem ... not best committee.



Pushpendra hasbeen playing the tabla since dass 3yet he as never managed to win the musicsubject award. This malice hashowever been translated into the aggression and the beats he plays on the cheeks of various juniors he torments Pussy as he is affectionately known has apparently nowfallen for a morkey in the small town of Indore and since then all we can find himdding is listening to songs from Bajrangi Bhaijaan. Pushpendra has also started an interse diet and workout routine and has already lost more than 11 kilograms Lady Mbnkey will be happy Billa.



Ever since Aman Agarval was almost deried the post of photography president he has borne a grudge against Mr. Amit Singh. This grudge match ourninated in a fierce standoff between teacher and student and that has been the highlight of Amaris life here in Welham Aman once had a girlfriend and some say she was twice his size and he loved her all the same (Aww) just kidding he dated her until he actually mether. One of the laziest people in the batch. Aman literally does nothing except sleeping in school and plotting ways to get back at Mr. Amit Singh

Vaibhav Banka Alias-: Banku Bhaiya Style-Jabong, Myntra

Stigma-Sports



Rumored never to have set foot on the field ever. Forever found on a laptop buying good esoff the Internet, BankuBhaiya is the bank for many activities that take place in school. A criminal mastermind, it is numred that Banka has all support staff of the school on his payroll. Seen wearing dashing suits due to his unde Banka owns all the Raymond schops in Uttar Phadesh (Banka only mingles with a set group of people whom he considers friends



Prakrit Pathak

Style-Nepal Elections

Stigma-Siddharth Garg

Alias-Nepali

Prakrit despises Siddharth Garg as he is the only person in school who often has a larger stock of Wai- Wai. Froman influential family in Nepal Prakrit was very pleased with the Nepal Elections this time and was a strong supporter of the India Go Back trend (Hisroomates responded by saying Prakrit gobadk). Known for his ability to imitate people to their limits, Prakrit is the self prodaimed Carrom Champion of the school and if not found eating Wai- Wai or reading Nepali News will be found playing Carrom

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SNAPSHOTS FROM WELHAM















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