

The Oliphant

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

THINK ABOUT IT

"To be yourself in a world that is constantly trying to make you something else is the greatest accomplishment." -Ralph Waldo Emerson

Editorial

In a world where the concept of superficial relationships and connections exist, it is often found that being true to one's own sense of virtues and values takes a back seat. However, it is perhaps the most important facet of education today. All the knowledge in the world is laid to waste if not used in the right manner and with the right intent.

With every issue of The Oliphant comes a package of laughter, fun, serious expression of the proficiency of the language, the recent updates regarding the activities in school and a subtle takeaways from the fantastical wildlands the young writers of our school take us to. This Baisakhi issue is no different from the previous ones, aiming to give you that package yet again but only with a better punch!

With the new students walking into the gates of Welham, the paramount expectations from the parents and the teachers alike hover over every student. Every student carries with him expectations, aspirations and inspirations when they become a part of the Welham community.

They are the perfect clay to be moulded into the great minds, leaders and innovators of tomorrow; which without a doubt is true for all the great men that have walked the path these young and new minds will be treading. For my new young readers, I implore

you to make the most out of the opportunities laid in front of you and during the process retain the sense of conscience that you have brought with yourself. Boarding life may seem to a whole new world in itself but at the core it is the training of your minds and soul for the big world outside of the walls of Welham. Not sacrificing that sense of individuality and self is the key to being the change you want to see in the world and ironically, it is the most difficult thing to do in today's world. Hence, I request you introspect and decide for yourself if you want to grow, to fit a frame or, frame the impeccable growth and integrity that you have. To be who you are and not what others want you to be is the question you have to decide an answer for.

I would also like to congratulate all the students facilitated at the Scholars' Recognition and wish them good luck in future. And to those who have missed it by however small a margin, I would like to say that the key is to start with a bang! Start full on from the beginning of the year and it is the small efforts that accumulate to make a big difference in the end. With that I leave you with some food for thought and enough to reflect upon.



Vedant Dewan
Editor-in-Chief

Editorial

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School Captain's Desk

As the festival of Baisakhi commences, I return back to my first day at Welham. The nervousness and fear of living with strangers, at a place so far from home, how the terrain felt so new to me and how the hospitality of everyone at Welham made me feel somewhat at home. Today years later I realise how important this place has been in giving me everything I have today.

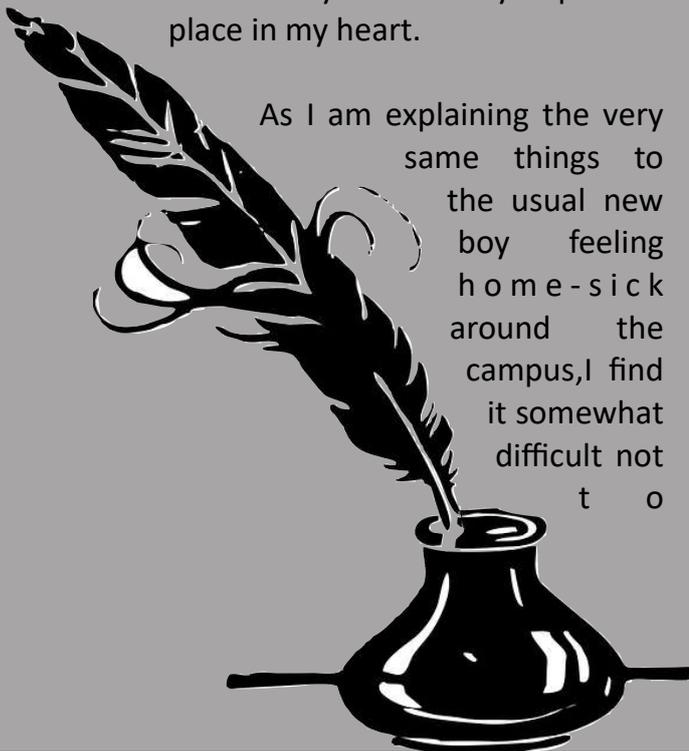
For me this April will mark 9 years of my stay here at Welham. Nine years full of adventure, fun, mischief and most important bonding, every single Welhamite that I have stayed with will undoubtedly have a very important place in my heart.

As I am explaining the very same things to the usual new boy feeling home-sick around the campus, I find it somewhat difficult not to

empathise. Even I missed home, the food of Bethany did take some time for me to start relishing it but once I had completely settled down no other place felt like this. Nine years is a huge time to spend in a boarding school. Yet, never have two meals in the Bethany, no two debates in the LRC, and for that matter, no two strolls on the 'Marine Drive' felt alike. Every single day and activity has taught me something new to learn and revere.

But what troubles me today is the small hint of regret I have seen in some of the welhamites who have passed out, it is the regret of not trying everything that the school has to offer, it is rightly said the burden of failure is lighter than that of regret. Each year, hundreds and thousands of students from across the country aspire to get into these 4 walls. It's time that we push ourselves to new horizons, try new terrains and start giving our best to all that we do so that when you pass out of this school you proudly stand true to all that a Welhamite represents.

-Abhay Singh Dhillon
School Captain



RINGSIDE VIEW

With the dusk of another successful year for sports at Welham, we can already see the dawn of upcoming sportsmen sweating it out on the fields. Although the autumn term is considered to be busier, this term has always proven to be of immense importance. Our School teams will participate in a number of events hosted by a number of schools, in a number of disciplines, ranging from basketball, hockey, cricket and swimming. The newly established sports captains have already taken over well and will soon serve us with fruitful results.

Basketball has always been one of the crown jewels of Welham. And this term the cherry on top was added by the basketball team when it played a tournament in South Africa hosted by St. Johns College. Although the team did not lift the trophy, it earned a lot of praise from international players and coaches. Siddhant Suryavanshi and Sheikh Shayan won a lot of hearts with their splendid performance. But seeing from the morning practices that were followed it seems that the team is not happy with just praises and has pulled up their socks for the glorious Golden jubilee and various other basketball tournament on their way, to remain invincible for another year.

Another set of boys that you can see on the field while the school is still sleeping is the hockey team. With a lot of responsibilities on their shoulders they have to carry on the legacy of the two year victory of the Kandhari memorial team.

Other than the golden jubilee and Kandhari

memorial tournaments, we also have another sport which has become host to most Welhamites at games time- swimming. After a few years of its commencement, swimming has gained ample amount of momentum and this was clearly demonstrated by the last year's swimming team. I hope that students continue to enjoy physical recreation at our school, like never before.

The cricket team of the school is also not behind and can be seen playing friendly matches every Sunday. Although they still have some time before their tournaments start, they have already proved their metal to every senior team that came out their way. The Inter House has also brought a lot of kids to sweat it out on fields like they have never before. The cricket Inter house saw a lot of new talent showing up. After numerous astounding and tensed matches Cauvery house was declared victorious with a landslide victory.

It has yet again been my proud privilege to illustrate the sports journey of the Welham fraternity across the various arenas of sports we participate in. I hope that we keep up the good work and keep up our reputation in the sports field. Before ending this opus I would like to wish or basketball and hockey teams best of luck for the two prestigious tournaments.

-Saurav Bidhuri
Sports Captain

Book Review

Title: **Princess**

Author: **Jean Sasson**

Rating: **8.2/10**

One of the famous and internationally recognised books by a very renowned author, Jean Sasson, *Princess*, is based on the true story of the life of a Princess in Saudi Arabia. Princess Sultana is a member of the royal family of Saudi Arabia however, the real name of the princess and other characters of the book is not revealed for non-intervention and disclosure of someone's personal lives. On one of her trips to Saudi Arabia, this princess insisted the author to write a book on her life so that the world can get an insight of the lives of women in Saudi Arabia. This gave the birth to the Princess trilogy based on the lives and true incidents of Princess Sultana (true name not known).

The Princess describes how the lives of women in Saudi Arabia is spent inside a closed box and how they are deprived of their fundamental rights. Their lives are controlled by the men of their family who in general are cruel and merciless towards women. Every born girl child is seen as a burden and someone who brings dishonour and shame to the family's name. The royal families of Saudi Arabia live lives of unthinkable luxury and riches. Princess Sultana, despite being from such a family does not get the liberty to live a free life and loves at the mercy of the men of her family. Her life is controlled by the men and she has to obey whatever her father or brother tell her to do.

Women in Saudi Arabia are forced to cover their faces in public places (if they are fortunate enough to go there). Most of the women don't enjoy the right to education while those who get to study can only study the Koran (Holy Book of the Muslims). Their fathers get them married as soon as they experience their menarche. They get their daughters married to a man whom the girl has never met. They get them married to men who are 30 years elder to them (usually for their business's profits and expansions). Try to emphasise and think about the fear in a bride's mind of being be the 3rd or 4th wife of such cruel men.

What makes this book more believable is that it comes from a woman of Saudi Arabia who doesn't even need to empathise for she's a first-hand victim of this rigid system herself. This book generated an eagerness in me to read its sequels- 'The Desert Royal' and 'The Daughters of Arabia'.

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-Shreyansh Jindal

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Movie Review

Title: **Ready Player One**

Rating: **9.3/10**

Director: **Steven Spielberg**

Release Date:
28 March 2018

PRINCESS

A True
Story
of Life
Behind
the Veil in
Saudi Arabia

JEAN P.
SASSON



Ready Player One was a best-selling book that established a future world built upon the pop-culture artifacts of the 1980s, a future that celebrates and looks back to the past, to a halcyon childhood of classic and not-so-classic video games, movies, comics, and music. Steven Spielberg's Ready Player One really is fun in some ways. Based on a 2011 sci-fi novel by Ernest Cline (who co-wrote the script), the movie is an attempted return to the pulpish glories of Spielberg's earlier career (Close Encounters, E.T., the first three Indiana Jones films) after the commercial strike-out of his last fantasy feature, The BFG, in 2016. In RPO, Spielberg flourishes all of his credentials as a great filmmaker. He handles the movie's action scenes—which are virtually nonstop, and often highly complex—with unflagging clarity; he makes room for embers of emotional warmth amid all of the film's visual clamor. There's never a feeling that we're in anything other than very good hands.

There was bound to be a lot of CGI in a movie about life inside a virtual-reality universe, and it's been done very well here. But it rarely lets up, to the point where even the movie's lead performers are often hidden within the digital carapace of their in-game avatars. After a while, you feel as if you're staring at nothingness made manifest.

In the film, set in 2045, Wade Watts lives in "the stacks," a vertical pile of trailers where the poorer residents of Columbus, Ohio, cling to hope, dignity and their VR gloves. Humanity has been ravaged by the usual political and ecological disasters (among them "bandwidth riots" referred to in Wade's introductory voice-over), and most people seek refuge in a digital paradise called the Oasis.

That world — less a game than a Jorge Luis Borges cosmos populated by wizards, robots and racecar drivers — is the creation of James Halliday (Mark Rylance). After Halliday's death, his avatar revealed the existence of a series of Easter eggs, or secret digital treasures, the discovery of which would win a lucky player control of the Oasis. Wade is a "gunter" — short for "egg hunter" — determined to pursue this quest even after most of the other gamers have tired of it. Among his rivals are a few fellow believers and Nolan Sorrento, the head of a company called IOI that wants to bring Halliday's paradise under corporate control.

In the real world, IOI encourages Oasis fans to run up debts that it collects by forcing them into indentured

servitude. Sorrento's villainy sets up a battle on two fronts — clashes in the Oasis mirroring chases through the streets of Columbus — that inspires Mr. Spielberg to feats of crosscutting virtuosity. The action is so swift and engaging that some possibly literal-minded questions may be brushed aside.

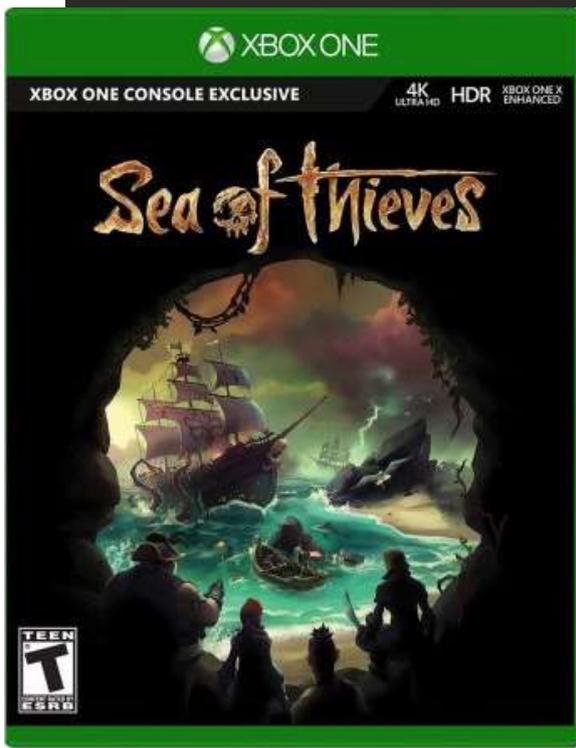
But, of course, Columbus and the Oasis do not represent actual or virtual realities, but rather two different modalities of fantasy. Wade's avatar, Parzival, collects a posse of fighters: Sho, Daito, Aech, and Art3mis, who is also his love interest. When the people attached to these identities meet up in Columbus, they are not exactly as they are in the game. Aech, large and male in the Oasis, is played by Lena Waithe. But the fluidity of online identity remains an underexploited possibility. In and out of the Oasis, Art3mis (also known as Samantha, and portrayed by Olivia Cooke) is a male fantasy of female badassery. Sho (Philip Zhao) and Daito (Win Morisaki) are relegated to sidekick duty. The multiplayer, self-inventing ethos of gaming might have offered a chance for a less conventional division of heroic labor, but the writers and filmmakers lacked the imagination to take advantage of it.

As the picture moves along we get holographic check-ins by Halliday, an alarming visit to an IOS "loyalty center," and some nifty one-liners from T.J. Miller, playing Sorrento's hulking online creature I-R0k. There are also two terrific set-piece scenes, both technical triumphs. One takes place in a huge nightclub where dancers float through the air to the dark strains of New Order's "Blue Monday." The other is set in a mockup of The Shining's Overlook Hotel, complete with elevator blood flood and the ghastly crone in Room 237. Following this latter segment of the film, the action settles down to extended cat-and-mousery pitting Sorrento and his evil minions against Wade and Artemis.

Everything in Ready Player One ties together into an action-packed, upbeat, hero's journey that keeps the film moving along at a thrilling pace. While it's not particularly emotional and I was disappointed by how many questions are left open by its shallow visits to the real world, it's still a lot of fun. Countless cameos and funny moments make it easy to plug into and enjoy.

-Shivansh Sood

GAME REVIEW



Name:
Sea of Thieves

Rating: **8.7/10**

Developer:
Rare

Platforms:
Xbox One, Microsoft Windows

*Even before you consider buying this game make sure you have friends who play it. Because the core experience of it lies within the co-op.

From the time you get your first pirate ship to when you are hunting down a tier three Man O' War. This game is entertaining all the way. The startup is very simple. You get a starting ship when you begin the game and you are also given a map of the world. While you are doing all the serious stuff, the online mates are getting drunk (in game) and dancing to the merry soundtrack. Hence, you decide to play with your friends, but your progress is sluggish as no one is ever serious (and that is the best part). Finally figuring out the directions, you command your crewmates to raise the anchor, pull the sails, man the cannons and set sail.

Once you get used to the crew, the crew to the game, everything becomes smooth. This game is played on a public server so don't get astonished when you see a ship trying to loot your treasures. Everyone is equipped with a sword, a flintlock, and a sniper but you can also use the cannons that your ship provides. The "dead" players are teleported to the 'Flying Dutch Man' where a respawn time is initiated. Till then you can take all time to board their ship and steal all their loot/supplies and fix holes in your ship. If you are lucky enough, you'll find a treasure chest.

Every person in this game

is fighting their way to the 'Treasure Island' where the real co-op parameters are worked in place. You'll fight your way through other players, skeletons, check treasures and solve riddles. Cooperatively. Once you are sure of the location of the chest, you start digging the earth with a shovel. Some of the chests will be cursed like the "Cry of Poseidon" if you plan on keeping the chest on your ship, it will start filling with water and your crew will have to chuck it all out with buckets. If you fail to do so, your ship will crumble and you'll be thrown into the water. A mermaid will appear, if you reach it in time you'll be teleported to safety, if not then sharks will feast on you.

At the harbor, you can sell the treasures or buy a new ship or invest in bars and drink overlooking the Caribbean waters. Investing in treasure maps can also prove worthy. Whatever you plan on doing you will end up having fun. And this game is filled with hours of gameplay of fun. The cartoony characters, the warm colors and the great soundtrack make it a really good game.

Sea of Thieves is one of the best pirates and probably the best co-op online game in the market currently. This game is good to play with friends too.

-Ayaan Suhail
X

Music Review

Album: My Dear Melancholy,
Artist: The Weeknd
Rating: 6.5/10

The Weeknd's new six songs album finds him in limbo between the vibe of his early albums and the pop styling of his last two albums. Over the last few years, Abel has gone through an evolution. He started off with thick R&B mixes, then shifted into seeking pop godliness. The title of the Weeknd's latest release—My Dear Melancholy, - comes with a comma at the end because this six-track long album is a letter by the artist addressing his own incapability to cope up with sadness and relationships. This was released out of nowhere as if he wanted it to be out there for someone to listen. This is a more personal project rather than attaining commercial success or scoring chart-hits. And that is evident through track-by-track. My Dear Melancholy is a mix of tracks that don't follow the steps of hits like 'Starboy' or 'The Hills'. Rather they go into telling a more personal, dark tale. A tale about relationships, how they affect a person, and what can one do to keep them safe. They tackle the fragility of relationships. Unlike his early work, "Melancholy" is more of a Weeknd take on crying-in-your-beer ballads than existential brooding. And with lyrics like "I don't want to wake up if you're not laying next to me"; "I'm drink the pain away, I'll be back to my old ways"; "We said our last goodbyes, so let's just try to end it with a smile," approximately 23 minutes after "Melancholy" dropped, the Internet was alight with wonderers wondering whether these songs are post-Selena/Bella breakup ballads.

On 'Wasted Times', a track produced by Skrillex, the Weeknd sheds more of his sadness without making it seem like he's doing so. Skrillex brings a chilled-out deep house feel to 'Wasted Times' which helps the Weeknd vent and come clean of the feelings he has carried within him since the fall of his two relationships. There's something about being romantically involved with someone that hasn't gone down well with the Weeknd, and he's unable to shake it off.

While on the first three tracks the Weeknd complains, pleads, and whines about his failed relationships and putting trust in people, the last three tracks display

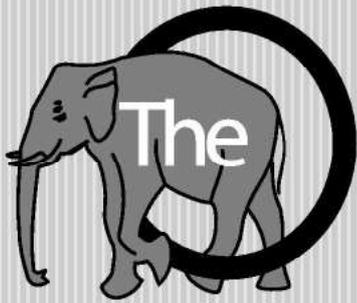
a much wider perspective. Both 'I Was Not There' and 'Hurt You' has been produced by French DJ and producer Gesaffelstein, and are the two best tracks on My Dear Melancholy. 'I Was Not There' starts off with an attention-grabbing melody played in a screechy tone on a synthesizer. The drowsy flow gives the song a desolate feel that'll make the hearts of longtime Weeknd fans flutter with joy.

'Hurt You' follows a similar pattern with the synthesizer's audacious screechy sound reduced to a soft tune over heavy bass beats as the Weeknd shifts the blame for his sadness from one person to another. He reaches a conclusion by the time we hear 'Hurt You' (And now I know the relationship's my enemy/So stay away from me/I'm warning you/You try to fill the void with every man you meet/'Cause you're upset with me I'm warning you).

On 'Privilege', the shortest track on the 22-minute-long EP, the Weeknd takes a shot at someone by saying 'enjoy your privileged life' — an ironic thing to say as he himself now dwells in a massive amount of wealth. But the point of My Dear Melancholy, is to present the evolution of Abel Tesfaye as an individual. He clears his thoughts on love, relationships, faithfulness, and making yourself emotionally available. And with that, My Dear Melancholy, marks the end of another chapter in the Weeknd's life.

Perhaps contrary to his posture on previous albums, where he presented his unfeeling lust as a kind of immature frivolity, My Dear Melancholy, interestingly connects his sex and substance use to the pain of romantic sacrifice. And while there is still room for self-aggrandizing — like when he hypocritically tells a lover to "notify" him when she's done being prideful on the Mike-Will-Made-It-scored track "Try Me" — My Dear Melancholy, surprisingly provides the clearest, most engaging example yet of the Weeknd's angst. It's the sound of a man kneeling at love's altar still in search of an elusive healing.

-Shivansh Sood



Oli 24 X 7

WELHAM NOW

- The Inter-House for Hockey for the Middle School was held from the 2nd of April to the 5th of April. The House positions are as follows, Cauvery house, followed by Ganga, Krishna and Jamuna.
- A workshop on skill development was held for the teachers on the 6th of April 2018.
- An IBSC Conference was held in the school from the 30th March to 2nd April, 2018
- A talk on 'Fake News' was given by Ms. Paul on 4th of April 2018
- The Junior School Investiture Ceremony was held on the 5th of April, 2018
- A delegation of 10 boys, escorted by Ms. Bina Venkatesh left for the I-Parliament, on the 5th of April.
- The school hockey team participated in the UFH Hockey Tournament, from the 12th to 16th of April.
- The school cricket team participated in the Under-19 Cricket IPSC from 11th to 16th April.

On the 24th of March, grade seven of the Ganga house and a tutor group from the Jamuna house started our tiring yet mesmerizing journey to Kullu Manali. We listened to our favourite numbers in the bus and played different games. That night, we stayed at hotel Re: Gen: Ta in Chandigarh. The excitement of mid-terms kept all of us awake till late at night.

25th of March was a much more tiring day for us. We got up early, had breakfast and left for Kullu. Late that night after having a delicious dinner, we hit the sacks as we had a long day ahead of us.

Everyone was delighted after hearing the next day's schedule. First, we went to a camp where we had a total of six activities namely Burma Bridge, Monkey Crawling, Swinging Vine, Balancing Logs, Flying Fox and Commando Net. The activities were thoroughly enjoyable. In between, we had lunch and after completing all the activities we had the much awaited maggi-making competition. It was an unforgettable day. Later that evening we also had a bonfire which was really fun-filled. Many students who found it difficult to do the activities also overcame their fears.

The most beautiful day for me personally was the

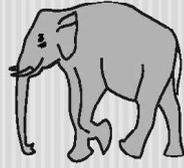
27th of March. In the morning we went to the Solang pass which had many snowy mountains. We had real fun while having snow-fights and climbing to the top, slipping at the same time! Our day became even more exciting as we then proceeded to the Mall Road for souvenir shopping. There were beautiful shawls and antiques to buy and we ate different flavored softies. The day was also very hectic, hence we had a quick dinner and went off to our rooms. The next day we had to travel a lot so we dozed off.

The next morning, we again started our journey to Chandigarh. In between, we visited the Bhutti weavers co-operative where we learned a lot about testing of wool and making of cloth. After hours of fun and music in the bus we reached Re: Gen: Ta and went to sleep.

The 29th of March was the last day of our mid-terms. We visited a zoo where we saw varieties of tigers, monkeys, alligators etc. we also went on a lion safari and saw 3 big lions. Satisfied and content, we returned back with lots of memories and experiences to share. Personally, it was really a fascinating journey for me.

ARNAV GOEL
8D JAMUNA

Mid Term: Manali



THE RISING INTELLIGENTSIA

It is quite funny that the world of films has so much in common to the significant happenings in our lives. The similarity is sometimes baffling, but I think that most of the times, we observe these coincidences out of a certain sense of compulsion to observe them. As such, a man who cannot handle his emotions and thoughts, or has too much going on in his mind, finds a certain kind of relief in discovering these similarities.

On my quasi-last day in school, I watched 'Spirited Away', by Hayao Miyazaki. It follows the gripping whirlwind adventures of a young girl named Chihiro. In the first scene, we get to know that Chihiro, sitting legs up in a car, is childishly upset about her parents' decision to move, and evidently does not want to leave her friends and old school behind. When she accidentally gets trapped in a spirit world, she has to leave her childhood behind. As the movie progresses we see her evolve, as a person, and her poise, emotions, and attitude are not that of a child anymore, and in that position, she loses her parents and her name. She has grown, thanks to this world that she initially regretted stumbling across.

There is a certain kind of sweet melancholia about the first scene, one that is akin to what almost all of us have experienced.

I joined the school during the Baisakhi festival of 2012. A latecomer, but a 'new boy' nonetheless. The first day was spent in idle chat and whatnot. It was the next day that I found myself, up before the sunrise, standing in the main-field, developing my physical attributes. Well, much to my liking, the fact that I was a new boy hampered this process of my physical training.

As the days passed, at that point of time, we did not think of all this as an experience to be absorbed. All of us just thought of this phase of our lives as an inconsequential time we had to 'endure.' The time of supreme relaxation lay a few years ahead and our naiveté helped accentuate this belief. Fast forward 5 years and I am en route school, one of my last trips for at least a decade, I thought. On one hand, I had the option to think about problems in Electro-Magnetism and on the other, the meaning of a Welhamite.

As it might be apparent, the latter was chosen as the more important one. The issue first crossed my mind while discussing it with an English teacher, who was reading out articles regarding the same. Most of the writers, clearly of a junior class, had concrete opinions as to what constituted a Welhamite. Some talked about how a Welhamite was a gentleman and had qualities of a respectable citizen while others touted him as being street smart, and frugal. Not having deliberated upon the matter previously I had nothing much to say, except for the fact that it was all 'very well.'

Now that I come to think of it, after spending 6 years, the

Signing off

most logical definition seems to qualify anyone who passed out from this institution. But where is the 'distinction' that we talk about very often? What has made us all so special? And, herein lies the very

beauty of this institution. You can never make out who a Welhamite is just by looking at him or talking to him because there is no singular quality that has been instilled in each of us. That implies we are different in all respects, to the bone. But one thing, other than the demonym Welhamite, still spans over our 80-year-old legacy: the experience. It is this magisterial experience that moulds us into what we are. It moulds us not into what we thought we would become at the time of entering, nor into our idea of a perfect man, but into something different. Different in the fact that all of us, even faculty, have different takeaways. Herein lies the beauty that I talked about earlier.

What I noticed, however, is that towards the end of our tenures, some irrational decisions tend to shift our focus away from this experience. Add to that the burden of college, and one faces a dilemma. A dilemma of making most the most memorable of memories during the last few months or of doing something about your future goals. Of course, peer opinion says that this time won't come back again and wants you to drift in the comfort of these walls just until you graduate. Only being cognizant of the fact that a different world awaits you can help you in making a decision.

Red's words, in Shawshank Redemption, perfectly echo the sentiment that I want to convey. The old Librarian Brooks has just committed suicide after being granted parole. "Believe what you want. These walls are funny. First you hate 'em, then you get used to 'em. After long enough, you get so you depend on 'em. That's institutionalized." One wishes to be cautioned against being institutionalized.

Needless to say, I am only drawing a parallel between the walls of Shawshank prison and our school, in the fact that they provide a similar sense of belongingness and satisfaction.

All of what I have said above might seem like run-of-the-mill talk, and even unsolicited, given that I haven't even technically 'passed out' from the school yet. And even though I am not, by definition a fatalist, I certainly believe that there is hardly anything that I say in this piece that can perhaps bring a positive change in the course of your actions. But fortunately enough, it is this fact that prevents me from going on and on. I end presenting my farrago of feelings, in search of more ways to assuage them.

Vinayak Agarwal
919/CA

WORD WAR

The Contemporary world is a very volatile one, with constant change in technology, ideologies, methodologies and most importantly human behaviour. Henceforth, it doesn't matter if it

is a Fortune 500 company; government organisation or even a school principal, the ability to adapt is paramount.

The major reason behind this is that it is an arduous, or ostensibly an impossible task for an entity to change the world according itself; rather it has to change itself according to the world. The ones that are transfixed on their old ideas and wish to keep the world as it was, gradually crumble with time and are shifted to the footnotes of history. I in no manner wish to insinuate that one should not follow their ideals, but what I mean to say is that some ideas need to be moulded according to time, because these aren't principles of science that will remain rigid but principles of human behaviour which need to be tweaked from time to time. A vivid example of this is of the TATA group. From an age old institution it has transformed into a multi-dimension organisation with one of the best technological advancements, however it hasn't lost its core ideals of serving the society. It still has almost 60% of its profits allocated to social service and has one of the healthiest working conditions for its employees.

Some people might say that an individual's personality and his ideas should remain as immalleable as a rock and not as flexible as water. Though it is true that a rock can withstand the force of water, but only for a fixed period of time. Slowly and steadily the flow of water breaks down the rock, bit by bit, piece by piece and finally turns into dust. There is a similar situation between people with rigid ideals and people who adapt with time.

Majority of the people look at change in a very cynical manner and perceive it as a barrier, but what we fail to realise is that change is more of an opportunity of growth and window of possibilities. Organisations and

For

individuals who may not be successful at a particular period of time might be able to achieve it if there is a certain amount of change in policies, ideas or trends.

A quintessential example of this is that of Robert Mueller, a former director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI). In a matter of a week's period of his appointment he found himself at the helm of an organisation who had to face the heart-rending 9/11 attack. He was blamed, criticised and mocked due to his failure to identify and prevent the calamity. Many thought that his term would be shorter than that of his most unsuccessful predecessors. Instead of another tragic end Robert Mueller changed the entire dynamic of this organisation. From a criminal investigation department, FBI transformed into an anti-terror and cyber-security intelligence agency. This very agency went on to prevent large-scale terrorisations and calamities. Director Mueller used this change to his advantage and changed the entire dynamic of the organisation. In addition to receiving many accolades for his bravery and establishment of the anti-terror organisation, he went on to become the longest serving and in all likeness the best Director of FBI since J. Edgar Hoover.

In the words of Philip K. Dick - "Reality comes back to haunt." In a congruous manner the truth of changes haunts numerous people who refused to agree how inevitable change is and then suffer their inevitable fate of failure; consequently the chances of a person with a constant personality succeeding are minimal. Thus, be like water and, run forward towards progress in accordance with the transitions but never let the obstinate rocks fool you, rather use the transitions to your own advantage and move towards a land where you can prosper and turn from a stream into to a river, from a river into a sea and from a sea into an ocean.

-Chaitanya Motani

XII

Topic

An adaptable personality is better than a constant one.

Against

Adaptability is a trait I hold in high regards, like many people of significance do, but concurrently I do fear and keep my distance from a person who adapts to every situation. You see, there is a distinction between adapting, as a well thought out response to circumstances and adapting as an impulsive reaction to every situation. The former knows adaptability as a skill and uses it thoughtfully, while the latter has adaptability instinctively rooted in his very personality who uses it almost unknowingly. And therein lies the bone of contention, as I see it.

I'm sure you have heard of the story of a frog in a boiling pot of water. When a frog is kept in normal water and then the water is heated, the frog doesn't jump out as a result of its primeval survival instinct instead it alters its body temperature to its rapidly changing surroundings. It seems analogously similar to the people in question in many respects, just like the frog, an adaptable person doesn't know when to stop 'adapting' and jump out; hence it dies. There are a multitude of precarious situations we face in our daily lives and all of us have different ways to handle them. Our actions in these times define us, my only problem with those who adapts impulsively is that whenever they are at crossroads and have to make hard decisions, they tend to wriggle out of the situation through manipulation, each time losing a little piece of their soul and identity. They so often fall prey to the easy choice, so to say which seldom tends to be right.

We have so often heard of the need of change that we have come to a point where we tend to blindly accept all change as a necessary event of time. But there still remain some elements that have to be constant for their own efficacy and relevance. Some things or values rather have to be resistant to change like integrity, honour and sense of justice. Values such as these have stood the test of time and their definitions have been constant ever since the very conception of moral rectitude. That is the very reason

the core tenets of laws have varied negligibly over centuries, had they been adaptable, they would soon become "the law of children" to put it in the words of Shakespeare. The same applies

to humanity, if our core values are to adapt and blend in, the extant hope in humanity would be lost through profligacy of depravity.

Our personality is the culmination of years of personal experiences, upbringing and social conditioning. If we are to adapt and change ourselves invariably every time, according to times, people and places, we would soon lose ourselves to the same. We need to carve out our identities for ourselves and stop the movement towards a virtual hegemony, just to avoid tough choices. I can say that with conviction because I have seen that period in my life, my impressionable young mind became victim to the words of the wise, extolling adaptability, at a time when I didn't have the wisdom to understand them. Though that time is behind me, I have overcome my predicament with one lesson that has stayed with me, harness the power of change; don't be at its mercy.

Volumes have been written to define an ideal personality and I don't intend to make it anymore voluminous. All I would like to say is that, let your core values define your personality, learn to harness skills and know when to jump out!

-Shresth Toshniwal
XI

A Few Thoughts on Reservations

Dear Readers, it takes courage to attempt to write an article on a topic so sensitive that it has caused riots throughout the nation, and has been the subject of endless debates, controversies and press conferences. At the cost of being blamed for being polar, I think that the very idea of reservations is a great notion for the betterment of the nation. I think that the only mistake it made was becoming the victim to the country's bureaucracy. But, dear readers, it was, after all, inevitable in such a culturally diverse nation. Reservation has been a tool for social mobility, and has generated parity in our highly unstable society. It is responsible for giving existence to the dreams of all those who hold minority status in the hullabaloo of people that live in our country. The debate on reservation has sadly, become not on ways to improve it, but whether it should be implemented or not. For all those who question the implementation, I would usually give them a 2-worded answer, which is highly inappropriate for this publication. But, moving on....

In a country like India, disparity, is as usual as poverty and traffic jams. There are multiple factors to blame this disparity on, but the one that stands out most, us is the battle for the societal equality and status that every community of our country is looking for. Reservation, according to me plays the role of the knight in shining armour, but, the way you see the armour is greatly restricted, to which side of the stakeholders of this policy you belong to. Many see it as something that nourishes the historically disadvantaged castes, tribes and religions, relieving them from the status of 'oppressed' or 'minority'. These sects are listed as scheduled castes and tribes, by the Government of India, and thus they are given a higher pedestal to stand upon. Reservation,

unlike other policies, challenges the problem from its roots, and that is the unequal representation of the scheduled castes and tribes in the education and employment sectors, due to societal superstitions, and historic reasons. It gives the talents and stars of such communities, a chance to come out in the open, and at least, levels the playing grounds.

Now, I move towards the chink in this armour. This chink only shows itself, when you actually take a look at the policy itself. The policy of reservations, allows the reservation of a certain quota of seats in our parliament and colleges and work places alike. The problem, with this is that not every person belonging to these minority groups is the typical oppressed, poor, and neglected part of the public. Reservation, also acts a ticket for these people to become complacent, and frankly speaking, nobody would give up the chance of having the chance to enter one of the most prestigious universities of the nation, at a mere 60%, while others who've scored a 90% languish at the bottom of the list, only because the government believes that this is 'levelling the playing field'. Reservation, has, unfortunately come out to be the extra weight on one side of the balance of society, when what it was supposed to do was to bring them on equal terms.

Dear Readers, as the future of this nation, I believe it is our job to eradicate this disparity, and to emancipate the society from the shackles of balances, and rights. I believe in a future when, we don't have to compare our society to balances and playing field, I hope you do too.

- Harsh Vikram Singh

State of Soccer in India

“Enthusiasm is everything. It must be taut and vibrating like a guitar string. - Pele

Fifa president Sepp Blatter once called India the ‘sleeping giant’ of football. With the world’s second largest population, many feel India is under-represented in the world’s most popular sport. Football is being played in India but not at a mass level. India has not made a significant contribution to the world of football. There are many reasons why football is not that famous as cricket. Cricket is being played in India for many centuries which has overshadowed the rise of football in our country. In the rural areas some people may not even know that football even exists. There is not enough investment being made in football. The cricketers have higher wages than the footballers who are limited in number. The football leagues in India like the ISL, I-League, Santosh Trophy etc. are not being funded with enough money. The IPL is far better funded and advertised than the football leagues. A wise man once said that, “ The youth is the trustee of prosperity.” A country which wants a bright future in football should have a healthy youth system and state of the art training grounds and facilities. Ajax, Chelsea, Real Madrid and Manchester United have one thing in

common- a healthy youth system. The government should introduce and make new youth academies for football in India. The slum people who want to become the next Ronaldo or Messi cannot do so because of the mentality of the slums. All the parents in the slum areas want their children to become doctors, engineers and lawyers except a few. The few children who have the desire and skill to become great players go abroad to train. The reason could be the lack of facilities in India. Drastic measures must be taken at the grassroots level by promoting world class academies and encouraging more and more kids to take up football as a career. Can India produce its own Ronaldos, Messis and Gerrards in the near future? Only time will tell.

-Kartik Tripathi
X

Movies

Movies, everyone loves to watch them. Some say that movies are a waste of time, while others believe that they help in utilising your time very well. But, if you were to consider my opinion, then I would say that movies are do a mix of both; let me tell you how. Lets say you are watching a movie, based on some great personality, you will see how many hurdles they face, and still manage to succeed, and you will learn a lot from this movie, this could be called judicious use of time. But, when you watch a comic movie, which has no learning to offer, it is utter waste of time. When we go to watch a movie in a cinema hall, we waste both time and money, but here, money is a retrievable commodity, but dear readers, what about time, as we all are aware that time stops for no one. When we watch a movie, it greatly influences our thinking, and attempt to do accomplish the fictional. In fact, it is because of these movies that controversies, conflicts and riots between 2 communities take place. When we watch Indian movies, we as impressionable children

often come across quite crude language, and this is very easily picked up by us. We learn to accommodate such language in our daily lives. On the other hand, when we watch a documentary or a biopic, we can always hope to learn and infer from the movie. When we compare movies with books, movies are at a clear advantage. Movies not only save us precious minutes, they also do so at almost the same price as that of books. Also, movies provide us with a visualisation of the stories we often hear or read about. The addiction of movies has grown so much, that the market today is brimming with apps especially catered for movie-watching, such as Netflix and Amazon Prime. Some people even go to the extent of pirating and illegally downloading movies from online websites, to quench their addiction for movies. I personally am a great fan of movies, and an attempt to quench my thirst would surely fail.

-Sanskar VII

DON'T LET THE HOPE DIE

Before starting off with my actual content, I would like to give a little introduction about what made me choose this title and how I came upon this idea. When I decided that I wanted to write something for the Oliphant, I decided to take a walk around the campus seeking inspiration and hoping to find something worth writing about. In the midst of my walk, I found a boy who was all alone and sitting on a bench. He didn't seem to be jolly, very unlikely for a boy his age. Then, I saw a coach scold him because he wasn't regular for his sport's practice. At that time I had not thought about writing about this incident or that boy, instead it was the next day that I found something to write upon. I saw the same boy, being scolded, this time by a prefect because the prefect found him loitering round and not going back to his class. At that moment, something struck me.

I decided to go and talk to him. So I walked up to him and asked as to why he thought that everyone was after his life or if this wasn't the case. He replied saying that even he thinks that everyone is after his life, and the reason he gave me for loitering around and not going for his practices was that according to the people around him, he was good for nothing! My obvious question to him was that there had to be something that he enjoys doing or has passion for but he didn't open his mouth. After a lot of efforts he told me that he was interested in origami and craft.

I on the other hand, decided to be very patient with him and tried to help him out by talking to him and telling him about people he could approach, but all my efforts seemed to go in vain as he continued to be reluctant, confused and dull.

The light of hope seemed to have permanently vanished from his eyes. I personally believe that it is only and only our mistake, as a society, to not have been able to recognize his talent and skill. We are collectively responsible for that boy not being able to live his talents and his dreams. We must encourage him, and I am sure that if the whole of the society he is part of motivates him and believes in him, he will succeed and will develop a new spark of hope. Now I will explain something, this boy and other people who are like him will give up their talent if the world does not recognize it. These people should understand this very basic idea which makes a person successful; one should never stop dreaming.

Till we have faith in ourselves and we stay strong, focused on our goal, nobody can or will try to stop us. Each skill that one has or develops will not only have a positive effect but will also help in forging a pleasant personality. In the end, my final message is that, 'Do not let hope die.'

-Rudransh Aggarwal
IX

Pure Love

A billion stars up in the sky
one shines brighter I can't deny
A love so precious a love so true
a love that brings me to you.
I love you, please believe it's true.
You know I'll never leave you.
Goodbye! Promise me you won't cry,
The day I'll be saying that will be the
day I die.

Love is a never ending stream.
That answers someone's dream.

So, I love you with my heart
I love you with my soul
I don't know, if you believe in me
but trust me for I know and I do...

-Aditya Mehra

Mindset

“Change your brain, change your life”

- Sandra Kornblatt

Mindset, is a pretty awkward term for anybody to talk or write about. ‘Mindset’ is not just any seven letter word, as I realised a year ago, it means a lot more. I find expressing this word difficult, because, though, like other emotions, it can’t be physically felt, unlike other emotions, it is subject to change more frequently than despair and love.

Mindset actually depends on one’s attitude, and attitude depends on many components such as the emotional component, cognitive component, and behavioural component. These components not only take in your thoughts about a particular subject, but also constitute your attitude on how you infer any kind of information, and how that attitude plays a major role in manipulating your mindset. Your attitude is how you feel about something. Your mindset and attitude play a kind of symbiotic role, wherein one influences the other greatly. A certain group of people in our society feel that sense of entitlement and expect others of the society to cater to their will. This is the mindset that people who imagine themselves to be the ‘high and mighty’ of the society have, and this in turn, becomes quite adverse for them, especially, when they find themselves facing imminent failure at a task. Dear readers, I can assure you, that whenever these people will seek to establish themselves in life. Be it any task, it is people like these, who will first face failure in their tasks, and then blame it all on misfortune and circumstances, but dear readers, the surprising fact is that these people still tend to take ignorance as bliss, and they still don’t understand that it is they, themselves who have to be blamed for their everlasting misery and loneliness. And then, there are those who stand on the complete opposite spectrum of this societal prism. I’d only go ahead and coin them as the most patient and

persistent people. We obviously know, that in the contemporary world of backstabbers and lowlifes, this sect of the society has had to suffer the most, and yet they continue to walk on their selfless path. They have been forced to believe that relationships mean pain, and so, they unwillingly have been to stop socialising and creating relationships.

If I were to now take on money as a metric, I could again say that the oppressed sect is the more special one to me. For the ‘stinky-rich’ life only means moving from one pay-check to another, and they are bound to this high life by endless tea parties, shopping sprees and their neck high stacks of money in bank vaults in every remote corner of this world. The poor, on the other hand are not bonded by paychecks and estates. They are free to roam around anywhere, and go as where they choose to.

In the end all I can say is that it is this subconscious thought-process, that in turns out to be omnipresent in all our actions.

- Aditya Bhandari
XA

THE INDIAN DILEMMA

We as Indians, are proud of the fact that we belong to a nation of great diversity, and social egalitarianism. We are proud to be members of a nation that embraces people from all sects and communities of the world. We live in a nation that remains accommodates all kind of peoples, and still maintains complete harmony. India has often been referred to as the rising global superpower in the past decade, because of this badge of honour we possess, and also because of the fact that India seems to be able to deal with every problem, despite having such different and conflicting views by people from every community. Dear readers, until now, we have been doing pretty well to maintain that superpower status, and today it seems like whenever conflict or a problem arises India will always become the judge and the jury and the solution to that problem.

Now, dear readers, I present the community, which has plunged us into political dilemma for the past half-decade. The Rohingya, it seems are not only, our source of concern, but also the complete South-Asian region, as well as other global superpowers. The Rohingya, as many of us might know, are a Burmese-minority group, and are the most oppressed group in the world. This is because, despite being historically present in Burma, the law of Myanmar, does not deem them as citizens of their country. Naturally, the community has had to unfortunately, resort to violence and war to claim their right. The Burmese government, has, subsequently turned into modern Nazi Germany, and have infringed so many human rights, that if there were a court for such acts, I'm sure they'd be given the death penalty. Moving on....

The dilemma here is that we as the 'upcoming South-Asian superpower' are doing absolutely nothing to aid the oppressed. Considering the fact that India is going

to be greatly affected, when the 6-lakh refugees spill into our country from Bangladesh. In such a situation, when our government should be the ones acting as mediatory between the Burmese government and the refugees the government has continued to remain silent and has continually avoided any mention of the crisis; even resorting to abstention in the UN, when it came to passing a resolution. While neglecting to take action, the government has done 2 major things, which will definitely affect India's position in world politics. Firstly, we while portraying negligence, have given up our role as mediatory to China, who is conveniently breaching its foreign policy, to hold talks between both parties. This has given them leverage, to play the blame-game with India, when eventually, things in Kashmir heat up again; but more importantly, whilst we continued to ignore those who come to us with hope in their eyes, we also refuse to solve a problem concerning one of our neighbours, which later indicates, that India believes, that either the Rohingya are not Burmese citizens, or that Myanmar is not a neighbour; both of which go against our foreign-policy, and again what the government portrays is blatant disregard.

Dear, readers, I've been following this issue for quite a lot of time, and I feel that, at the end of the day, it is our duty as Indian citizens to plead to our government to take action, not in the name of humanity, but in the name of us being Indians, because we as contemporary Indian citizens have a role to play towards all fellow human beings. It is time ladies, and gentlemen that we took a stand for what is right. Because, as the nation that gave birth to Satyagraha, and the idea of equality for everyone and fighting oppression, it is time we gave up the veil of hypocrisy.

LITRARY AFFAIRS OF WELHAM

Three packets that changed my life!

It was a dark, lazy and a cold evening. I was sitting at home by the bonfire, with a warm and relaxing cup of tea. It was then when my doorbell rang in the middle of the night. I was running out of prayers while moving towards the door. I opened the door and saw an old stranger with a stick, shivering in cold and dying of hunger. He said in a very timid voice, "Fear child! I am new to the city. I don't have money to go to hotel to spend the night and to eat something. Could you please help me?" I immediately called him in, gave him a cup of tea and noodles along with a pillow and a blanket to sleep. The night passed away. It was six in the morning when he woke me up and asked me to come outside. In a sleepy mood I went outside after him. "I am an envoy from the underworld.", he said very calmly. I was shocked to hear that. I then asked him if he could take me there. He thought about it for a long time and then said yes. I quickly got ready and we started walking. On the way he told me that I would have to pass through the three worlds of the underworld. I was curious and asked more about it. He said, "There are three worlds one has to pass to reach the underworld. They are 'love world', 'death world & 'god world' and when you pass a world you are awarded a packet with the power to give you anything related to that world."

First came the love world. It was a very pleasant place with huge palaces, lovely gardens, beautiful ladies,

and other attractive stuff. We were passing by a street when I saw a beautiful lady passing by. It was love at first sight. We passed the world and in the packet that I was given I asked for that beautiful girl I saw.

Second was the death world. It was horrifying to see people lying dead all over the place and zombies roaming here and there. I was shaken from within. We passed the world and in the packet that I was given I asked for never dying in my whole life.

Last was the god world. It was a very silent, peaceful and calm place with huge trees and colourful flowers all over. Suddenly, I met my parents who died when I was 3. I was filled with tears on seeing them. We passed the world and in the packet that I was given I asked for my parents.

My life was completely shaken after these incidents. Underworld was a nice as well as an ugly experience. Now life was a little sweeter, a little more kind and a little more bearable. All thanks to the envoy who turned out to be an angel sent to me that day.

-Arav Arora

The Night

It was a very dark night. The dim lights could not defeat the darkness shadowed upon my cobblestoned path to home. My legs were hesitating over every step and silence overpowered my ears, but still somehow I carried on. A very pale wind prevailed the streets that night, making me shiver. Suddenly, out of nowhere a horrifying howl shattered the silence and straightaway pierced my ears. Luckily, I was wearing my favorite pair of sport shoes so I made a run to hide away from the sound of that crucifying howl. My conscience hit me hard when I realized that I had dashed into the dense woods to lose my way home. Those woods smelled of old sandalwood trees, stilled with bird nests. My eyes were blinded by darkness when my fingers touched upon a very soft flower, it felt so soft that my senses wondered in its comfort. I clutched upon the flower and to my surprise, it started to glow blue. Suddenly, it vanished into thin air. I kept this reality with myself and carried on over those trampled dry leaves to follow the brightest star of my darkest night. After a little while, I got exhausted and sat under an enormous tree to get back to the realization that I was lost in the woods.

I gazed at the stars which looked like they were sprinkled over the undiscovered magnificence of the sky. Then all of a sudden my eyes encountered a golden unicorn making its way towards me and turning the grass to gold as it did. This was when I questioned reality and believed in fairy tales. It had a horn which beautified it like a crown on its head and its eyes were pure blue and reflected love. This imagery stayed in my mind for a couple of seconds when all went blank as if the whole sky had fallen into my eyes. But then I heard mom scream "Get up son" !!

-Aseem Gupta

EGALITARIANISM

Our country is prospering on the economic front and is the fastest developing country, but we are still not successful. I am not talking about success on the economic front; I am talking about success as human beings, something we have yet to achieve. Still, I think India is the ideal place for people of my generation to grow up in though there is still scope for improvement, as perfection is a journey not a destination.

When come to talk about the social front, our country stands divided, divide between different religions and even inside the same religion castes being the worst enemy of social equality.

The aim is egalitarianism but that ideology is still a checkpoint far away; what we need to do is understand the value of each human being and realize their importance virtues of each human being, but different aspects of the human nature seem to overcome it. What we are looking at, is a mass of individuals living in the Orwellian world because empathy is an attribute to human nature which is totally missing. Racism and sexism have torn the country apart and all of this, just because a human being considers another one from his own species, inferior. Here I would like to quote Shylock from the Merchant of Venice, "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions." What I want to put across is that all human are biologically the same but humans only divide each other, because they lack the ability to put themselves in shoes of the discriminated and the underprivileged. Life itself is defined by the human character.

In life, polarity and egalitarianism are going to be two constants, but what we have to aim at is equality because only then can we deem our race as successful.

Viraj Lohia

IX

The Future Past

And as I walk upon this path
That leads me to my destiny
I wonder about the sky above
The stars that follow my lead
I notice the maple leaves shed by trees
Crying in pain of being separated

And as I walk upon this path
Which leads me to infinity
I feel the water brush my toes
And sand pulling me into the earth
The clouds screaming from heavens
above
For the drops of tears that precipitate

And as I walk upon this path
That leads me to heaven
I smell the beautiful lilies
Upon which the sun rays fall
I see the ducks quacking in ponds
Watering their backs in cheerfulness

And as I walk upon this path
Which led me to nowhere
For I see darkness ahead
The sky, the stars, the leaves, the water,
The sand, the clouds, the rain, the lilies
All seem to disappear
And hence I need to return
Back to the past...

The Perfect Dream

She was running down the narrow lanes. She didn't know what was happening around her. She couldn't hear the people shouting and couldn't notice the people strolling through the streets- all she cared about were her tears and her broken heart which she carried around like a sac weighing a thousand pounds. Suddenly, she heard the sewing tear and her sandal broke. She fell flat on her stomach hitting her head hard on the pavement, knocking herself out. She couldn't sense anything and her mind slipped into a state of delirium.

Sanya was reliving the evening, but this time she was swaying, not running. A glass of soda in her hand and her body in arm lengths of his. Her body hugging dress was still shining under the light of the bulbs, she was elated and she was enjoying herself for the first time in weeks. The low music by different artists from the seventies was soothing, it was like cool rain washing over her body and cleansing her, and her spirit. This time the tragedy didn't occur- he didn't make the blunder. The evening was perfect and so was Sanya's mood. Dancing, drinking and talking about everything in a romantic mood, this was supposed to be a night to remember. But then everything shattered again and all the warmth slipped away.

She was cold and then she opened her eyes but her head hurt, she realized it was just a concussion and she tried to get up but slipped again she recalled her left sandal had broken and the heel was bleeding. Her tanned skin was becoming sticky because of a mixture of dirt and blood, it was then that the pain rushed in suddenly. She felt like crying again, not because of the disastrous evening but because she couldn't bear the pain now. She knew she deserved better but not better enough to satisfy her soul now. She felt like a piece of crumpled paper chucked in the bin. She couldn't control her emotions after being left behind on the night which was supposed to be the best one of her life.

Life was something she wanted to live the best way she could but that couldn't happen. Dreams were dreams but dreaming big was not a problem, it was the best way to experience life to the fullest. This was just a chapter in her life and these chapters are going to keep coming and going, but she will live life for the best.

-Viraj Lohia
IX

I was tying her shoelace on the broken chair, next to the basketball court when I first heard him. It was too real to be an illusion. It had asked me to do it previously too, but I couldn't risk what I had now for what I desired.

He had a recognisable voice, but always slow and faded. This time it acquired a certain force, it was clearer now and he repeated what he was saying again and again. "Tell her...Tell her!" was all he ever spoke. I knew what he wanted me to do, but call it my prudence or my conscience, which wouldn't let me do it. So I pushed the thought aside and as I finished tying it, I looked up with a smile comprised of 20% jest, 30% embarrassment and 50% hope but concealing my 100% love.

We started walking towards the hall where loud music was playing, it was the beginning of a New Year after all. She put her arm around mine and put her head on my shoulder. The sensation was mesmerising, then confusing, that led me to think if she reciprocated the feeling?

We entered the hall and I started hearing murmurs, some with familiar voices, some not, but we ignored them. I could feel her hair brushing against my cheek and wondered if she could hear my heart from where her head was resting.

Sahaj Batra and Tanya Kolhi were already dancing with the group giggling, looking at us. She straightened herself, I thought she felt awkward but the arm was still intact as if it belonged to me. Both of them approached us and pulled us on the dance floor.

The clock was about to strike twelve when she got a call and moved out of the hall. I was disappointed because I wanted to be the first one to wish her and this time I had planned to tell her. I tried following her and caught up with her near the reception desk. Hiding behind a pillar, I saw her speaking on the phone talking to another boy on facetime. I couldn't see the face properly but knew that it wasn't someone I knew. Then, who was this other boy? Why was he even talking to her at this time? Was he more important than me, to her? All I could gather was that he was watching a soccer match on a

New Year's Eve the same one that was on the TV in the reception. The clock struck twelve and he wished her before I could.

Broken, I moved outside and in the background the DJ started playing 'Let Her Go' from the movie Passengers as if he knew what was happening and I could very well relate to the lyrics. I ran out of the gates, tears rushing out of my eyes.

A truck was approaching but I didn't care anymore for I had missed the moment that I had been waiting for the last 10 years. The headlights were staring at me and so was the driver, whose eyes were filled with horror of the coming moment. He tried to apply the brakes which rendered almost no result in reducing its momentum. With every passing millisecond, I was even more determined to keep standing there. I closed my eyes when the truck was about to hit me, and as it was about to collide' it felt as if it had passed right through me.

I opened my clenched eyes, only to find myself in pitch darkness, but the song kept playing. It was when he whispered in my ear "Not everyone gets a second chance, use it wisely or both of us will have to live in this gloom forever."

I was looking at red Nike basketball shoes with open laces on a familiar broken chair. I didn't understand what was going on when I looked up to check and she was here. I don't know how I started tying the shoelace. She looked at me jovially and asked "looks as if you would cry soon...ha ha", all I could manage was a smirk. I finished and looked at her with gleaming eyes showcasing my 100% love.

She put her arm around mine and we started walking to the hall, when she asked "Would you do this for some other girl?" I waited then said "yes." I could see her expressions change to frown. Then I said "I would...for our daughter." She smiled with twinkling eyes. She smiled and rested her head on my shoulder, shifting her weight on me. I pulled her closer as this was a weight I wanted to carry, forever.

-Naman Kapoor

VER'SIES

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

OUR FACADES

I laugh and I smile, I sing and I cheer,
On the outside, I shed not one tear.
I cannot show you the truth of my soul,
For then you might leave me alone in my role.

The brightest lights cast the darkest shadows,
The colours of my facade have left my reality in the
gallows.
But my facade keeps the people from prying,
So, to sustain it I keep on trying.

Now when I grow weary of my cracked perfection,
I realize that it was a recipe for exhaustion.
So I washed away the smiles and got rid of the hollow
laughs.
Not worrying about all the whispering and the coughs.

I burned my masks and destroyed my pride,
Smiling as the fake friends left.
Out of joy and relief, I cried,
For on my happiness the illusions had practised theft.

A mirage is always false,
No matter how wonderful or true they are on your
first impulse.
The spirit grows weary of the hollow laughs and false
smiles,
Freedom seems distant by miles.

Be not afraid of the mask tearing some of your skin,
Or of surprising your companions and kin.
For 'me' is all I can be,
and 'you' is the best form of thee.

-Mrinank Chandar

The shell to the world stays,
But the inside roams,
Throughout the universe
To find a meaning, to find a meaning
To itself.

Your true self this shell has to defy,
To gain worth in front crowd
Because to them your head is bowed
This facet of ours shall stay to show,
Your worth but unworthiness shall soon strike
your brow.

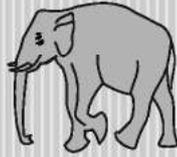
From all but us the truth shall be kept,
Buried to unknown depths
But on the shallow front the façade flows
Just because to the world we could pose
Thought the truth cannot be hidden.

Truth we must deny,
But they must be ones on which we should rely
Though truth is bitter, its surface
Then the world you will face,
And there doubts shall be kept

Aspire to reform and refine
Not hide and divide
Then we shall crack from shell to the inside,

Such are our facades,
such are our facades.

-Viraj Lohia



LASAGNE

LAMPOON

Societies, Clubs, Gatherings and Welham....

Breakfast just got over, someone screamed from the High table, the school slowly started moving towards the Activity Centre. The excitement on the faces of many was evident, boys anticipating the matter of discussion in hope of an 'optimistic' start of the day.

The Assembly

This gathering is unquestionably the most consistent gathering in school, both in occurrence and in entertainment. Believed to be the mood setter of the day, the assembly has always been successful in making an impact on all the discussions and deliberations throughout the school whether it is a senior member of the family or a junior one. This special meeting has a huge coverage of topics ranging from prosecutions to commendations, sometimes marketing and advertising, even tv shows and mainstream movies (Tiger Zinda Hai) have found their way here, but none of these come before the autobiographical moral lessons given to us by our very own principal. In addition to advices, warnings and threats, statistics (National averages) have also become a part of this favourite congregation recently. Our assemblies will always remind us of unity in diversity, help us not to be lead by temptations and will keep us moving from strength to strength.

As the day goes by and gossip spreads along, we reach dinner. Dinner comes out to be the platform of deep discussion and intellectual debate (After-dinner, dinner sessions). So this Saturday evening, after dinner if you come by the Activity centre, another unique gathering of Welham can be witnessed.

The Vox Populi

Vox Populi is that dream of our school which is yet to be fulfilled. Organised to develop the intellectual and speaking capabilities of the boys, this gathering has slowly turned into the definition of what we would call a pillory of the school's endeavours (which also turn out to be a major site of introspection for many) . The major problem faced by this gathering which literally means the voice of the people is a clear lack of the 'populi', of course other problems such as incidental censorship or unaccounted fireworks hamper the proceedings but the endeavour trudges along.

On occasional evenings, a set of silent but observant students can be seen sitting on the steps of the White House, you will observe that there will be one or two students sitting in front of them, who will be incidentally or co-incidentally the only speakers throughout.

The Debating Society

Also known (only by themselves) as the DebSoc, it is a supposed gathering of intellectual minds and mouths whose contributions are heard in all other gatherings except the Debating Society itself. This society has a consistent record of making a record breaking list every time it is convened. It is often said that the most insignificant part of public speaking is the public but in the DebSoc meetings, people tend to extend it to speaking as well. Yet all stereotypes are abandoned the minute a topic related to school comes up. Suddenly everyone has something to contribute for who doesn't like 'talking' about school. Just like its president its absence has always been more prominent than its presence.

Just before the Deb Soc meeting if you look at the

White house there will be a smaller set of boys sitting inside it but due to obvious reasons they would move out to the building in front.

The Quizzing Club

Much like all aspirations of the sergeant, the Quizzing club is struggling to exist. Largely defunct, after the departure of Aryan bhaiya, who supposedly was the only active member of the club, the Quizzing club's high point in recent times has been the This day That year initiative which of course started with a bang but then suffered from what we could call Welham.

Sankalp Board Meeting

Non existent.

(After the departure of its beloved editor-in-chief Mr. Sanskar, this talented board has tried its best to respect his passion and perseverance but the efforts have yet to shown outcomes. The Oliphant wishes them Best of Luck.)

The Business Club

Yet to come out of its shell.

Societies, Clubs and Gatherings will always keep shaping discussion, gossip and attitude at Welham.... And through Welham, the life in it. So if you wanna truly see Welham, look around and you'll surely find one of these.

-Devraj Singhania

What's In	What's Out
GOT in Assembly	GOT in Common Rooms
The Hindu	HT City
Jolly Morning	Good Morning
Tyre Gang	SKD
Saurav and Siddhant	Ayush and Vitthal
Innoventure	Politicia (Again!)

Ever Wonder Why?

- Bruce Wayne is seen near the hospital after lunch very often.
- Mr. Bhatt has long lines in front of his office.
- Shivansh Gupta has been avoiding Avi Kriplani lately.
- Psycho is getting the pschology subject award.

Rumor has It

- There is a new couple in town: Richi-Rich.
- Festivals arive earlier than Anoushka does.
- Lakshay's liability is now Shoaib's asset.
- The availability of banners now decide the committees in WELMUN.
- After being rejected by the Oliphant, Shaurya Poddar has made it his life's goal to become a member every editorial board in school (even the Sankalp).

Through the keyhole

- **Any random girl:** "Are you a vegetarian or a non-vegetarian?"
Anshul Dixit: "I will have veg if you want, I will have non veg if you want."
- **Mr. Manoj Bhartwal:** "Its the very best method."
- **Chaitya Motani:** "Why are you not wearing a school shirt?"
Ujjwal Gownka: "I got dirty last night." (Not as dirty as your English award)
- **Suyash Gupta:** "We should have a staff vs students inter house."
- **Anmoldeep Singh Cheema:** Bro, my sister is a bachelor.
- **PR Sir:** Mr. Lalit has been gifted with a daughter girl.
- **Sanshray Ghorawat:** Aung San Suu Kyi, has the Nobel Peace Prize for Peace.

Seperated at Birth

Raghav Sinhal	PCB
MK	RK
T'challa (Black Panther)	Siddhant Singh Suryavanshi
Divyansh Agrawal	Salman Khan
Food Panda	Mr. Rakesh Bhatt
Harman Pratap	Japteshwar (Class 8)
Christopher Kayser (exchange student)	Clay (13 Reasons Why)

Those Ones...

- **Mr. Arun Sharma:** "I am more a Welhamite than you will ever be."
- **Ms. Rashmi Rawat:** (Asking someone to keep quiet) "Actions are louder, so no words please."
- **Reetom Rakshit:** "I'm an emotional gangster. I cry once every month."
- **Siddhant Singh:** "Thug Life to me is dead."

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