

Excelsior

A Eulogy to Mr. T.W. Phillips.

-Sir, the Wynberg-Allen family worldwide,
Mournfully observes the loss of a beacon and guide,
We fondly cherish your words that will hold us in good stead,
And vow to remember the wise adages you've said.
Under your tutelage, Wynberg-Allen grew like a strong tree,
And the students were challenged to fly confidently, out of their cocoons,
free.

-Your exuberance instilled in us a zest,
To walk with integrity till we would attain the best.
You inculcated in us that life is a test,
And with equanimity to accept our failures and successes with all the
rest.
You established a platform for our talent to bloom,
And was our pillar of strength in times of gloom.

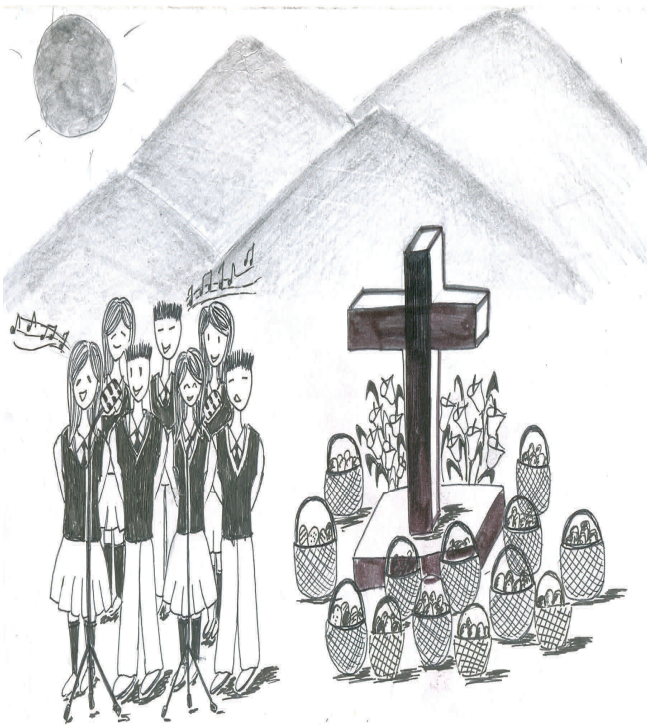
-You engraved in us the virtue of being disciplined and true,
In all our attempts— individual and as a united crew.
Our hearts soared high when you made us proud,
When you were proclaimed 'Best Teacher' amidst a huge Indian crowd.

You told us not to lose sight of our goals and dreams,
Of being a change in the world of various ethnic streams.
You encouraged us to be determined and firm,
In doing all to the glory of God every term.
You motivated us to carve a niche for ourselves in every field,
And not to laziness and lethargy yield.
You exuded charisma and wit,
And imparted to us the precept of staying fit.

-You proved to us through thick and thin,
Your abiding and steadfast devotion to Wynberg-Allen .
We, the Alwynians will sorely miss your presence,
But ever fragrant will remain your dynamic essence.
Although your departure has created a void so wide,
Your love and legacy in our hearts will forever abide.

-The virtues you taught through example, we'll not forget,
And will continue to excel in the milestones we've set.
For leading Wynberg-Allen to the zenith, we are indebted to you.
And for making us realise the true worth of being an Allenite too.
Although you have bid adieu to us for a brighter place,
We look forward to seeing you on the heavenly shore at the end of our
earthly race.

Merin Ann John (12H)



His Heaven!

Stacy sat on the porch, glaring across the sunburnt field that stretched ahead of her. It was dusk already and her father had not yet returned. She was not very close to him but from what she knew about him, he worked in the mines. She had never been there but was told by her father that it was a place full of immense joy. Her imagination and his narration had formed an image so beautiful and lively in her mind that only glowing sprites and angelic creatures lived there. She wanted to go to work with her father to the heaven she thought he worked in, though never quite understanding why he would return grimy and sweaty at the end of the day.

The day was an exception. Her father was an hour later than usual. The sky had turned dark and the wind had died. Where the cattle would crowd and feed was then silent and capped with a sense of fear. In all of Stacy's bucolic life, she had never felt so melancholy and weary. She stepped off the porch and strode towards her house, wondering and worrying about her father. He was a drunk and this trait of his bothered Stacy. She couldn't help but fill her mind with negative thoughts regarding his whereabouts. Before exiting the world, her mother had conferred on her the responsibility of her father and now, she felt, she might be letting her down.

It was midnight already and there was no sign of her father. Keeping herself strong, she shut her eyes and tried to sleep. Over the next few hours the darkness of the sky had been dispelled and the sun shone bright. The moment she opened her eyes, a chill went down her spine. Her heart signalled her father's arrival while her mind disappointed her. She wandered around the house, searching for him but met with failure. Though Stacy had not yet fully matured, she was considered old enough to take on responsibilities out of her league.

With nothing but the house key in her pocket, Stacy took off. She had not a clue of what lay ahead of her. Her small brick house lay outside the city and the only way back was through the forest. After ages of bidding her father goodbye when he went to work and staring at him disappear into the grim forest, she had become familiar with the way he took. She walked boldly on the path, trying to convince herself that when she reached the mines she would find her father amongst angels, having a laugh. After an hour of walking, full of distress, Stacy saw 'Cleveland Mines'. Stacy went up to the gateman and asked for help. He put on her a helmet and escorted her to the elevator that took workers underground. Stacy felt that something was not right. She thought that the gate would be one of a huge fairy tale mansion and not anywhere close to the crippled steel gate she had just passed.

What she witnessed on reaching the mine froze her brain. It was nothing like the heaven she had imagined in her head. It was smelly, filthy and sad. She witnessed men draining their lives in that dark hell, with little to no security. Her eyes, now wet and weary, caught sight of her father, who look drained and exhausted from striking the earth with his tool for a duration no man could measure.

-Tanamay Ojaswi

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Life's Lessons

Jennifer - a lean, pale brunette, was a housekeeper in a very rich family. The family consisted of her master, his beloved wife and their son and daughter. Jennifer had won the trust of her master, so much so that they would even leave the house in her care to go wherever they needed to go.

Did her master, Mr. Orlando Cruz know Jennifer? No, but Jennifer knew him very well. It is felicitous to say that a woman's heart is an ocean of secrets. Jennifer did conceal a great

Life's Lessons

secret within the confines of her heart. That was the reason why she made sure that she got a job in the house of Mr. Orlando Cruz. Jennifer's purpose was not to come and serve in the house. She had won over the children's hearts by telling them intriguing bedtime stories and always being there at once to help them with anything. Her mission was now easier. On a balmy Sunday morning, she succeeded in persuading the mistress of the house to go for a walk with her. They were in North Carolina and, fortunately, the traffic was sparse. After a while, they saw a bench across the road - put there by a park that was a five minute walk from the bench. Jennifer told her mistress to cross the road and wait by the bench while she got a nice hot dog for her. She stood right next to a hot dog stall and watched - with a wry smile on her face- her mistress go. All of a sudden, her mistress was hit by an SUV - which did not bother to stop. Her mistress was definitely with the Omnipotent. She bought the hot dog and sighed, thinking to herself, "Good! One is down and it was pretty easy."

She quickly called her master, crying over the phone as she told him that his wife had met with a terrible accident and was no more. Grief spread over the house like thick mist during the winter. The master never once suspected Jennifer, because the story she had told was quite convincing and the master, in his grief, saw no reason to disbelieve her. Jennifer soon crafted a way of removing another obstruction in her way - the children.

It wasn't a strenuous job. She simply poisoned the two and soon they passed away due to extreme fever.

Mr. Orlando Cruz was grief-stricken and thought of involving the police to carry out an inquiry. That very night, she revealed the secret she had kept buried within her for so long. He was poisoned as well and as he was breathing his last, Jennifer pointed a revolver at him and Mr. Cruz asked the Machiavellian woman why she had done all this.

Jennifer revealed that he was her brother and she had always envied him for being more loved and for having been pushed to the periphery, only because she had been an adopted child. She made him sign documents making her the owner of all his property. He had only seen her when she was very young and after that, he had been sent to a boarding school.

It was strange that a sister would do that to her brother for such a frivolous reason. She had kept this a secret all this while and had given vent to her anger in such a malicious way.

Jennifer did get all his riches after killing her brother. She was a person who lacked conviction and lost everything owing to extravagance and a dissipated lifestyle.

She soon found out that she had hardly any money left and her woes would return. It is so true that anything acquired through devilish means, condemns one to a life of abject misery.

- Adriel David

(12C)

Grandparents

Grandparents are a gift of God,
They love their grandchildren a lot,
Their hearts are filled with love and kindness,
They teach us the value of good manners and politeness.

Parents are special but grandparents are precious,
They mean the world to us!

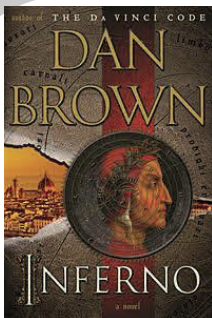
We always need their advice,
Because they are always understanding and truly wise.
We are their pride and joy,
They're angels for every girl and boy.
They are truly a gift of God,
Our days are made by their smiles and approving nods!

-Muskaan Vaish

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"Courage: the most important of all the virtues because without courage, you can't practise any other virtue consistently."

— Maya Angelou

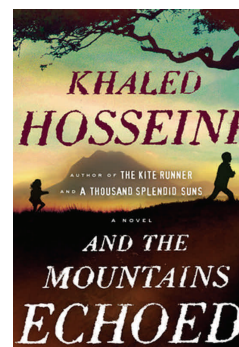


Inferno, Dan Brown's new book about Dante, is coming out on May 14, 2013 from Doubleday in the U.S., and Transworld Publishers in the UK (a division of Random House). Brown announced that he was writing something new in May 2012. Though Brown had been cryptic about the topic of the book, he has now revealed more information.

The book will again feature *The Da Vinci Code*, *Angels and Demons* and *The Lost Symbol*'s lead character Robert Langdon.

JuSt BoOkS....

Khaled Hosseini's next novel will be a journey across time and space. The author of the million-sellers 'The Kite Runner' and 'A Thousand Splendid Suns' has finished his third book, 'And the Mountains Echoed.' In a multigenerational novel revolving around not just parents and children but brothers and sisters, cousins and caretakers, Hosseini explores the many ways in which families love, wound, betray, honor, and sacrifice for one another; and how often we are surprised by the actions of those closest to us, at the times that matter most.



An interview with Mrs R. Salvé

Ques. *Where did you spend your childhood and which school did you go to?*

Ans. I've spent my childhood in Bahrain and later studied at the Bahrain Indian School. At the age of 17, I returned to Nagpur where I stayed for 23 years. Later I stayed in Pune for 3 years before coming here.

Ques. *What brought you to Wynberg-Allen School?*

Ans. I wanted my children to study in a residential school. So, one of my friends suggested Wynberg-Allen.

Ques. *If you ever got a chance to be born again, what would you like to become?*

Ans. To be what I am.... A teacher.

Ques. *Is there anything in your life that you wish you could change?*

Ans. I hoped to have started my professional career earlier.

Ques. *Being an English teacher, are you fond of writing?*

Ans. I've usually written articles for school magazines.

Ques. *Your first impression of the Allenites.*

Ans. Refined, confident and dignified students.

Ques. *Your role model.*

Ans. I don't have a role model as such- experiences from my own life have taught me a lot.

RAPID FIRE:-

-Hobbies: Reading and crocheting.

-Favourite actor: Amitabh Bachchan & Hrithik Roshan.

-Favourite actress: Vidya Balan.

-Hollywood actor: Richard Gere

-Hollywood actress: Julia Roberts

-Singers: Sonu Nigam and Sunidhi Chauhan

-Favourite dish: Lemon Butter Fish.

-Favourite sport: Swimming and going on long walks.

-Music: Currently, Sufi music is what I am listening to.

Ques. *Any words of inspiration for the students of Wynberg-Allen?*

Ans. Strive hard, work very hard because nothing works as good as perseverance.

The Lilliputians

When we summoned our 'newbie' Grade One, some were very occupied with various games and some too shy but after some convincing they ranged themselves in a circle while others settled on laps.

Do you miss home and have you made friends?

We do miss our homes and every evening we play with our friends.

How is the food? Any different from home ?

The food is good.

You like to study or play?

We love football, cricket, tennis and we definitely love to play, not study!

What are your favourite movies?

Khiladi 786, Student of the Year, Jatt and Juliet and Rowdy Rathore.

What are your favourite songs?

We love dancing to Gangnam Style .

What games do you like to play?

We like doing puzzles.

How do you find senior school?

We imagine it to be very big and we want to meet Mr. Tindale, but no one allows us.

What subjects do you like?

We like Mathematics and English.

What is your favourite cartoon?

Doraemon.

Anything you particularly like about the school?

We like the "Big T.V." , the swings and the baby monkeys on campus.

Who is your class teacher?

We don't know but we love our Class Teacher and are not afraid of him.

*** Interesting facts**

We have no fear of going to the washroom.

We like horror movies.

It should be noted that our Grade One students are very intelligent and speak better English than most of us. We came across child prodigies- Justin, Ojas, Eden. The students are extremely bright and have an answer to every question and a question for every answer!

A Four-wheeler Fetish.....

Ever wonder where all that money you pay for gas goes? Well, \$5,000,000,000 of it has been accounted for and, no, it hasn't gone into making the world a better place. It's gone to one man's collection of 7,000 high performance cars. That's not a typo, that's nine zeros. Hassanal Bolkiah, Sultan of Brunei is the proud collector of what is undeniably the world's most unique and gargantuan car collection. Where do you keep 7000 of the world's rarest cars? Well, he doesn't have a 7000 door garage, instead he stores most of them in five ultra-secret aircraft hangars, featuring a team of specialists from different car manufacturers to keep the cars happy. By now you're probably wondering what is in his lavish collection and, well, the statistics are quite staggering. According to the Daily Mirror, as of June 30th 2010, The wealthy sultan is a proud owner of 604 Rolls Royces, 574 Mercedes-Benzes, 452 Ferraris, 382 Bentleys, 209 BMW's, 179 Jaguars, 134 Koenigseggs, 21 Lamborghinis, 11 Aston Martins, and 1 SSC.

To put this whole thing into perspective, 10 of those 11 Aston Martins are the super-rare One-77. In case the obvious isn't obvious enough, there were only 77 of those supercars made. Wait, it gets better: Koenigsegg puts out a limited 20 cars a year and Mr. Bolkiah has 134 of them. If that's not enough to tickle your fancy he also has an array of super-rare one-off cars that really makes his collection stand apart. These one-offs include two, rare, operational, Ferrari Mythos concepts, a modified Jaguar XJ220 designed by Pininfarina himself, a Bentley Java, and a Bentley Dominator 4x4. He is also the owner of the only Cicero BDB Maestro ever built. Other cars include the Mercedes CLKGTR, built just for him, the only Porsche Carrera, and the only Koenigsegg Agera CC GT. It makes you wonder, why would all these car manufacturers provide such rare, expensive cars to a man who lets them sit in an aircraft hangar?

If someone is going down the wrong road, he doesn't need motivation to speed him up. What he needs is education to turn him around.

Jim Rohn

Campus news

We may not know what's going on at the CCL but we can surely give you updates on the SSC. Haven't guessed it yet? Student Staff League!

A sunny Sunday saw the faculty and the school students battle it out on the pitch. The staff won by 14 runs with the maximum number of runs being scored by Mr. O'Connor-a staggering half ton!(50+)

On the 19th of March, Ms. Bannerjee, Ms. Karuna Singh, Ms. Keskar, Mrs. Salve, Mrs. Hatwal and Mrs. Young responded with alacrity to the challenge thrown by the girls of Class 12. The girls and the staff members flocked to the basketball -cum -skating -cum -indoor football -cum -tennis court to witness this out of the blue event which the staff won. Unbelievable!

Class 12C set the ball rolling with the first class assembly of the year! The highlight of the assembly was the brilliant rendition of 'Save Me' by Rydell, Achintya and Craig. Good show 12C!

The deep trenches and the undulating hillocks that cover the road that runs through Kulri and Picture Palace were jumped across and scaled by foodies as they raided every shop in sight. By the time they were done, every restaurant had run out of food.

Clubs Galore-Among the new clubs being offered to the students are some very unusual ones. Knitting, sweeping and gardening and lampshade designing?

The Multimedia Room Revamped!

FOR THE JOY OF MUSIC...

In the past ten years I have switched my music collection from cassettes, to CDs and now to mp3 formats. The change has been swift and convenient. Cassettes and CDs have their charm but carrying an iPod is easy. It stores hundreds of songs whereas I'd have to travel with a suitcase full of CDs and cassettes to have the same if not a reduced collection of music.

The face of music has changed!

Promoting your own music, your own voice is a rather simple process now. The simplest way is through YouTube. Singers like Justin Bieber, Esmee Denters, Terra Naomi, the excellent guitarist Andy Mckee and various other artists were discovered from YouTube and have found their way into the music industry from the home videos they uploaded of their own songs. For locally operational music groups, Facebook has been a major enabler for self-promotion. There are music groups inviting you to their events in local music festivals, college festivals or guest performances.

The face of music in India has changed!

The music listeners in India are stepping out and exploring diversities of music. Earlier only pop and rock music were famous but now there is a fairly large group interested in blues, jazz, folk music and even a fusion of various genres. Indian Classical music is being promoted by organisations like SPIC MACAY and with a lot of young people as its publicists and ardent fans, Indian Classical music is not 'just for the old' anymore.

Apart from the Bollywood initiative to look for singers among the masses through programmes like Indian Idol and its likes, various music festivals are being organized all over the country to encourage young artists and bands. Wikipedia lists at least 50 music festivals under several genres held across the country. Some of these fests are 'Baajaa Gaajaa'- an initiative by Shubha Mudgal, the Madras Music Festival, the 'Music in the Hills' Festival, the NH7 Weekender Festival, the Kakinada Beach Festival, the Fireflies Festival of Sacred Music, and the Delhi Jazz Festival.

The music industry finds numerous promoters willing to sponsor music festivals and upcoming bands. Small music groups are even able to find sponsors to record some of their music. Marketing music has become easy through iTunes and other websites that sell music as there is no physical production required. Music contests and shows like Hero Honda and Pepsi Campus Rock Idols, Channel [V] Launch Pad, Hard Rock Café and others also help boost and promote amateur artists and bands. Folk music and its variations with fusion are popular and language has broken boundaries and found its way to listeners. Kolavari Di has travelled north and Honey Singh has traveled south and is on the 'most played' lists.

Music is global now. It takes the click of a mouse to own it and an open mind to experiment with it.

There is just one thing that has not changed- *the love for music!*

Ms. Ishnita Nayantara Keskar

"Music gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination and life to everything."

— Plato