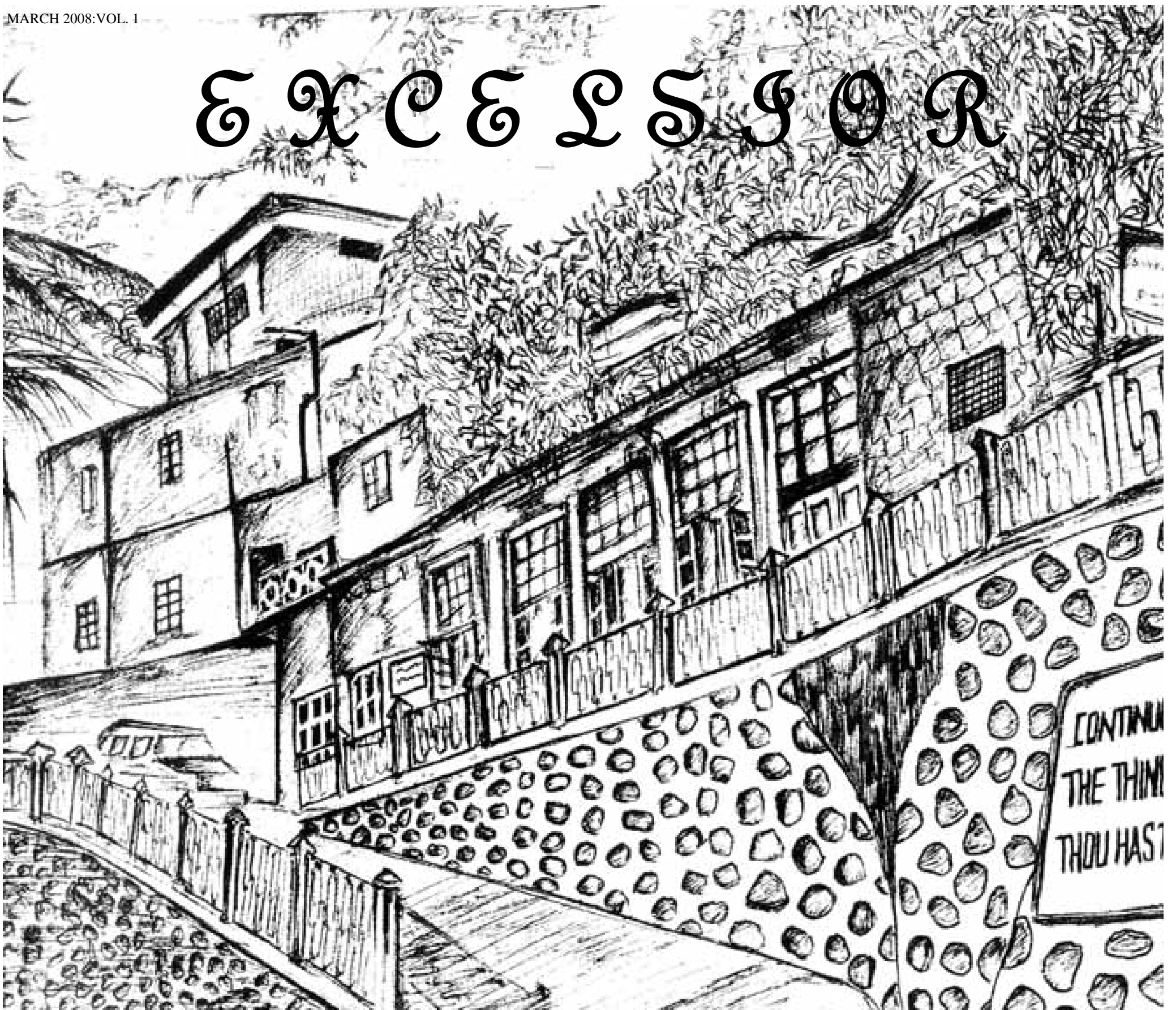


EXCELLENCE



Masthead designed by: Farah Aijaz

*Back to the hills and the winding road,
To our Alma Mater adorned in green and gold.*

Dear Readers,

A new school year, a time to start anew. A time to rub clear the slate of past errors and start afresh – a time to revel in moments that will create beautiful memories. After a wonderful holiday, it is glorious to be back once again amidst the mountains we call our second home. We extend a very warm welcome to everyone and look forward to a year filled with activities. An even warmer welcome to the Class Seven children and the new faces as we begin our journey together. We hope that they will enjoy this wonderful voyage that we have embarked on.

It is back to our books and Mr Champa's whistle. Getting up early to the mellifluous twittering of the Himalayan birds is a supplementary boon. New and thicker books try in vain to frighten the valiant students! As always, a new school year begins with the children running helter-skelter in their haste to get into a club they want before the doors are shut and it is too late. The Annual Hindi Play practices have begun in full swing and our talented actors and actresses have their noses buried in their scripts. The brand new classrooms have been greatly appreciated by the children. The dais has been removed and so we have more space – unfortunately, though, there are some who can hardly reach the middle of the whiteboard. (No offence intended to anyone!!!)

We hope to see all the children giving of their best in the war of hockey on the (battle)field, and we sincerely pray that they wield their hockey sticks at the ball and not at ankles. The thumping sound of basketballs already reverberates in the rink. The season of a myriad co-curricular activities is already upon us and we hope that one is wise enough to take advantage of whatever opportunity that comes one's way. There are hidden talents waiting to be discovered – if you only give yourself the chance. Hone your public speaking skills by participating in debates and elocution contests, widen your horizons by becoming a member of the quiz team of your house.

We bid an emotional farewell to the ISC batch of 2008 as they leave the portals of our school and venture out into the world lying beyond. May God guide them on this journey of life and may they always strive for the very best, keeping their school's banner flying high.

*Editors – in– Chief
Jannat Faiyaz 12S
Ankita Rana. 12C*

An interview with Mrs. M. Pundir

Every year, both the staff and students are very enthusiastic about welcoming the new faces into the Wynberg-Allen family. The members of the Editorial Board were privileged to interview Mrs Mamta Pundir who joined the school this year as an Economics teacher.

Pratikchha : How did you come to know about Wynberg-Allen School?

Mrs Pundir: I was born and brought up in Musoorie and so I have always been familiar with the school's name. However, I must admit that earlier, I had always thought that it was "Wymberg-Allen School"! It is only now that I have come to know about the "n" in the name!

Pratikchha : Where did you go to school?

Mrs Pundir: I first went to Hampton Court. After completing my primary school there, I shifted to Waverly Convent and then to Mussoorie Public School.

Pratikchha : Is this your first teaching experience?

Mrs Pundir: No. I began teaching at Indian Public School in Dehra Doon. After that, I taught at Welhams' Girls' School for a little while before coming here.

Pratikchha : Could you please share with us some prank that you played from your school days?

Mrs Pundir: I remember this particular time when a few friends and I burst fire-crackers in front of the Principal's office!! After that, we were suspended for two days.

Pratikchha : What are your hobbies?

Mrs Pundir: I love to watch television, especially "Friends" on Star World.

Pratikchha : Who are your favourite authors?

Mrs Pundir: I have no favourite authors as such. However, a few of my favourite books are "Gone With The Wind", "The Da Vinci Code" and "Shantaram."

Pratikchha : Is there any particular kind of music that you like listening to?

Mrs Pundir: Not really. I am what you may say "musically challenged"!

Pratikchha : How do you like our school?

Mrs Pundir : The building is very nice – I especially like the old stones and the roof. Another strong point is the co-curricular activities that this school offers.

Pratikchha : What about the students?

Mrs Pundir: The children are very disciplined and well turned out. However, I feel that they should take their studies seriously.

Pratikchha : Would you like to say anything to the students?

Mrs Pundir: I would like to tell them to be focussed in life.

Pratikchha : Thank you, Ma'am. We hope you have a wonderful time here in Wynberg-Allen School.

GUESS WHO?!!

How well do you know your teachers? The following information was unearthed by one of our undercover agents – may we add at great risk and peril to her safety!

- 1.This teacher was bitten by a dog, a goat, a cat and three puppies. Subsequently, one of the puppies died!
- 2.An animal lover, this teacher had innumerable pets – including a dog, an owl, a panther cat and a talking mynah which would lovingly call out his name whenever he returned home.
- 3.When he was in Junior School, he managed to break a window-pane with his clenched fist and then faced the music – a sound thrashing – with the most innocent face!
- 4.She was (and still claims to be!) an expert in hiding and reading books while lessons were going on. Not once was she caught during her years in school!
- 5.This lazy boy never completed his homework and was forever playing truant from school.
- 6.And this greedy boy was given the magnificent sum of fifteen rupees by his teacher to buy something very important – but the money was spent on two ice-creams, 'chole-bhature', and other sumptuous delicacies. Then, guilt-ridden, he stayed away from school for fifteen days!
- 7.This teacher wanted to become a commentator. However, one day in Class Five, when his excitement got the better of him and his commentary on Sunil Gavaskar could be heard ten miles away, he was summarily thrown out of the classroom along with his friends. Perhaps, this is what caused him to change his career plans.
- 8.And the world lost out on a master chef with this teacher after the pressure cooker in which he was preparing 'khichdi' was burnt to cinders!!

BRAINTEASERS

- 1.You are in a dark room with a candle, a wood stove and a gas lamp. You only have one match, so what do you light first?
- 2.Would you rather a crocodile attack you or an alligator?
- 3.What is represented by this Brain Bat?
DDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD
DDDDWESTDDDDDD
DDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD
- 4.What five-letter word becomes shorter when you add two letters to it?
- 5.The names of two American presidents have been merged here, one going forwards and one going backwards. Who are they?

N C A L I G N T A E O R N

(Answers on pg 10)

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Remember me always

So many memories we've made together
As the years have slowly passed
Tears may have been cried
But our laughter drowned them all out.
Sharing my deepest secrets.
Till one o'clock in the morning.
Talking forever about things
Until our words just ran out.

But now you must leave,
And I stay behind.
Who will I call
When I just need to talk?
Who will you lean on
When your problems weigh you down?
Who will laugh at my jokes?
Who will make you smile?

I can't tell you the answer
To the questions I have
But I want you to know
I will always love you as my friend
And when your heart is troubled
I want you to think of me
Remember the times of joy
We have shared
And maybe it will make you smile
And since you can't take me with you
Take the memories we have made
And cherish them in your heart
As I know I always will.

Shaumya Gupta
ISC'08

Roses and thorns...

Life is not a bed of roses
Life has its twists and turns
We have to have our different poses
To be able to complete the run.

Not all the days are filled with laughter
Not all the moments shine bright
Not all people are good and true
Not every situation pleases the sight.

The road to success is long and hard
Illuminated by intermittent light,
We need to follow our deepest instincts
We need to distinguish the wrong from right.

We should live life to the fullest
And thus we should realize
We are going to someday wither away,
And time is our greatest prize.

Charisma Prakash
12C

Gratitude

My parents brought me up
For all these years
They gave me a reason to smile
And were there to wipe my tears

They've stayed awake at nights
So that I could peacefully sleep
They've cried for me many times
So that I did not weep.

They've forgotten their own wishes,
So that mine are fulfilled,
For me and only me
Many desires they have killed.

They've reduced their own morsels
Only to fill my stomach,
And all these actions explain
That they love me so much.

I've lived here at home
Since the time of my birth
It has been for me
Both heaven and also earth.

But today the time has come
For me to leave my own place
I have a new promise to keep
And new dreams to chase

I have set out on a journey, the end of which I do not know
I'm pulled by those dreams which I fervently chase
To me what the coming life will show
Is something only God alone knows

But before I leave
I have a little task to do
I need to tell some people
Words that I should.

I'm sorry mum and dad
For sometime being the reason for your pain
I'm sorry for having caused you
At times, a lot of shame.

But I thank you dear parents
For throughout making it sure
That for all my troubles
You had a perfect cure.

I promise you
And I hope that you'll believe me
That I'll show the whole world
The values that you've put into me.

Today I'm leaving
And all of us are sad
And all I want to say
Is thank you Mum and Dad.

Balveen Chugh
ISC'08

Thoughtful notes

If you're not feeling quite your very best,
Then it's time for you to take a little rest.
To feel the sun stream down upon the ground,
To listen to the rustling leaves,
To go through thoughtful notes from friends,
To know that they for you have been sent,
To realize that they'll always be there,
To care for you and your loneliness to share,
And that they'll always be there to help you
Through times which are blue;
So it's time to laze upon the ground,
To listen to the pleasant sounds,
And to realize what you in your friends have found;
And they'll help you your sorrows to bear,
And you'll find in those notes,
A medicine for all your sores.

Kelsang Dolkar
12S

Nature's Glory

As I stand looking at vastness below,
At the glowing plains and the river's flow,
At the winter line in the azure sky
The majestic mountains that rise so high

The land that shimmers with tiny lights
At the beautiful birds that take flight
The lush vegetation with its valley green
The voices of various things unseen.

The raindrops that fall on the thirsty land
Which fall on the trees that tall stand
And on the flowers which open their petals wide
The gentle breeze sways everything from side to side.
A feeling of awe spreads through me,
A soothing effect of feeling free.
As I look around marveling at the glory of nature
This is God's masterpiece – His greatest treasure.

Rishabh Gupta
12C

Never Give Up

Don't you dare to give up!
Keep up the spirit
And never give up!
Night always ends in day
Keep moving on and on
Cheer up and never give up!

Learn from failures and
Strive for success
Stand against all odds
With a smile
And never give up!

Every rose has a thorn
But the rose is sweet even then...
So never give up!
Your eyes are sparkling
And I can hear you say
I'll never give up!

Kumari Nidhi
12S

NO!!!

“If you can learn to say “No!” in your life, you are sure to be a happy man.” I wish I had understood the meaning of this before. I often fought with my husband regarding this incorrigible habit of mine but no matter what happened, how could I say, “No!” when someone made a request to me ?

“Mrs. Biggs, would you please kindly post this letter for me on your way to work?” and of course, how could I refuse even if I had to take the longer route to cross the post office? “Tina, please could you do overtime for me? I’ll definitely do your shift next Wednesday.” Knowing very well that that next Wednesday would never come and my family would keep waiting for me back home I would agree for the simple reason that I couldn’t say ‘NO!’ Many a times my husband told me that that I only got married to him because of my inability to refuse him, but some things cannot be explained. My habit was one such thing.

It was a holiday and I was bombarded with household work. Jack was away so my entire day ahead would be spent in doing the laundry, clearing out cupboards...the list never seemed to end. Just then my ‘sweet’ neighbour knocked at my door and asked me with the most sugary smile plastered on her face if I could look after her little baby for a while till she

returned. Inwardly, I was sure that she was going on a holiday and didn’t want to carry that “bundle of joy”. Inevitably, I said “Sure!” trying to beat her at the brilliant smile.

I seated her little daughter on the sofa and gave her the crayons and a book. I thought that I would be all right and she would keep busy while I would do the dishes. I rushed to the kitchen and she toddled after me. She plunged herself into the bucket of detergent water and I suddenly heard her playful shrieks. I ran towards her and saw her having a jolly time in what was a perfumed, soapy swimming pool. I clenched my teeth, hunted high and low for a tiny pair of shorts or a skirt or whatever I could find. I got her out of her swimming pool and placed her on the dining table.

It was time for lunch and I had prepared rice and chicken in white sauce for lunch. I put her plate in front of her and she exclaimed joyfully, “I know how to eat on my own!” I thanked her mother for once teaching her that at least and continued with my work only to find more work when I returned. Her face was smeared with sauce and the dress seemed to have designs on them resembling one of Picasso’s pieces. I didn’t deserve this! I wasn’t even a mother yet!

After getting out another set of clothes from

the old trunk of my baby clothes I gave her some stuffed toys to play with. Within seconds she had named all of them and was hungry again! “Why do children eat so much?” I wondered and went to fetch her something and on my return found her gone...gone into the garden to bathe in mud this time! I was not going to change her clothes this time! The white teddy had turned brown and the pink dress black! I dragged her into the house only to dirty the carpet and walls. My exasperation gave way to anger and I was just about to raise my hand when the bell rang.

I handed over to Mrs. Smith her “angel-like-child” as her mother fondly believes her to be, and did not bother being polite. Mrs. Smith said that she was sorry for the trouble and that I was the kindest soul she’d come across. She started going into the details of how she got late and was turning to leave when her daughter screamed, “I don’t want to go! I want to stay here!” “NO!” I screamed and shut the door with a bang and turned to complete the list of chores that had swollen many times over ever since the arrival of the little darling.

Karishma Khanna

12C

The Three Thieves

Sawyer, Lizzie and Kate were the best of friends. A strong bond wove them together since their parents too were good friends. Their childhood days were spent mostly out on the streets playing baseball and occasionally stealing a few cookies from the baker’s shop. A strong sense of looking out for each other ran through their blood and if anything happened to one of them, all three would be equally affected.

Lizzy’s mother had not been keeping well for quite some time and Lizzy suspected that there was something seriously wrong with her but her mother waved away any comments on her health saying that she was absolutely fine.

Lizzy’s mother, Rebecca, worked in one of the bigger banks in the city. Rebecca had just a couple of days back thrown a splendid party to celebrate her daughter’s ninth birthday. Rebecca loved Lizzy more than her life and hoped that her husband who had abandoned them years ago, would one day return to fill up that one void in Lizzy’s life that only a father could fill.

The verdict came one day, and Lizzy was shocked. Her mother had a huge tumour growing on her spine and a few visits to the hospital confirmed the seriousness of her situation but the thing that now shocked Lizzy was that the doctors did not have any cure for her mother’s disease. But there was just one beacon of hope for Rebecca. Thousands of miles away, in India, an absolutely new and alternative therapy had

been developed to treat this kind of problem, but the only downside to it was that only the rich who could afford to pay for the treatment.

Lizzy overheard her mother talking over the phone to someone about the money that had somehow not been able to come through as yet. Time was of the essence and Lizzy shared her problems with her two friends.

In a couple of days, the plan had been formulated and they were carrying out routine visits to Rebecca’s bank. The bank was their target. It was the perfect plan. Lizzy knew the bank from the top floor to the basement and every flight of stairs and every bathroom. She started making excuses to get into her mother’s office when no one was around. The sole purpose for telling all these lies was that Lizzie had been finalizing the route her friends and she were going to take inside the bank to reach the safe. To get to the safe was going to be difficult, but Lizzy knew that the security guards usually snored during the late hours of their vigil, and that would be the best time to make their move.

Meanwhile, Kate and Sawyer had been observing the people who came in and out of the bank.

It took just a day more to run the final checks over everything. At two o’ clock one morning, the three stole out of their houses and met at the bank. They worked like clock-work in carrying out the plan. No impediments obstructed their way and no alarms

went off rousing the guard from his sleepy vigil. They reached the safe, but the guard who had the keys was far from being fast asleep. He was absolutely awake.

Sawyer knew what he had to do; he had it all worked out and charged for the guard. The guard who was caught off-guard had no time to react to the missile-like Sawyer and felt something ramming into his stomach and nothing thereafter.

They got the keys to the safe and opened the door. Alarms rang out across every single corridor, and in a few moments, a bunch of security guards arrived, headed by one of Rebecca’s associates. Lizzy pulled off her mask and suddenly everything became clear to this man. He ordered that the sirens be turned off and after a few minutes of explaining their act, a smile crossed the face of this associate, whose name was Hurley. Hurley then said something that made the three burglars go scarlet in the face. He said that the bank had agreed to donate the necessary money to Rebecca for the faithful hours of service that she had put into the bank and the bank could never afford to lose a manager like her and Rebecca was going to be informed of decision the next day. The three criminals were then sent off to their respective homes, after being severely reprimanded over a glass of milk and a plateful of cookies.

Vincent Singh

ISC’08

I vow to thee my country...

“India is my country.....” So goes the pledge in our school on Independence Day. But for how many of us does the “my” hold true or some ten or fifteen years down the line? We the youth of this nation are more than happy to hop on to the first flight to the United States or England after our graduation day.

We are extremely proud of the numbers of Indian professionals, scientists and CEOs who have earned a name for themselves abroad. We, without a moment of hesitation, point to the fact that they are the products of our elite institutions. Then why in the name of heaven can’t these graduates stay back in the country of their own birth and work here? Ask any twenty-five year old with stars in his eyes this question and pat comes the reply-“What! Work in India where there is hardly any scope?” or “Have of you noticed the infrastructure of the country?” and of course “Have you ever weighed the pay packages available here and abroad?” And at times you might even be looked at as if you have not been receiving your copy of the daily newspaper for over a decade or so.

The mass exodus of the youth is leading to a massive brain drain in our country. In fact the competition to go abroad is so intense that it is almost a compulsion for every family to have at least one NRI son-in-law, otherwise their status in society becomes a debatable issue.

The HRD ministry, it seems has not come to terms with the situation. Introduction of quotas is not about to make the situation any better. In fact, in the near future India might lose some more of its Kalpana Chawlas, L.N Mittals and the likes who are in the making. Adding to the burden of reservation in prestigious institutions is red tapeism. Even the administrative services are losing their sheen. The reason is not difficult to be nailed. In this world of glamour and glitz where every new product on the shelves or in showrooms is on the must-have lists of youngsters, a monthly pay-package of some Rs 25,000 to 30,000 can hardly be termed alluring.

Let us face reality without being too disparaging. The public sector units have to pull up

their socks. The numbers on the pay-cheques of government employees have to be increased. The bureaucracy of our country has to mend its ways and our ‘babus’ sitting in the halls of parliament and government offices nationwide have to tighten their belts [taking into consideration, their paunches], if possible. Gen-Next is no fool. The ‘India Shining’ campaigns and all the “Incredible India” advertisements are hardly making a difference where a choice between our motherland and the shores of another country are concerned.

President Kennedy once said “Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country”. We are more than willing to do than just our share for the nation’s progress, condition being our graduates and our youth receive their share of the harvest too.

Ankita Singh

ISC’08

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Death in the Dark Continent

Africa has always been a mystery to me. Ever since I was a child, I wanted to visit this mystical land of elephants and pygmies. Now that I had finally got the chance to go there, I could hardly contain my excitement.

I work for Animal Doctors' Association, a non-government agency, in the USA. A recent outbreak of a sudden disease in the savannas was slowly killing the elephants, gazelles and rhinos. The death rate was extremely alarming and our association had decided to send some vets to the savannas. We were a team of six doctors, and along with our medical equipment, we set off for Africa in an ADA seaplane. Once we reached there, we were greeted by our African correspondent, Ahmed, who was fluent both in English and Swahili, the regional language of Serengeti.

The savannas are a large plain in the Serengeti region of Kenya. Thousands of buffalos, rhinos, gazelles, elephants and various other animals live there. An outbreak of a mysterious disease was very dangerous as it could wipe out the entire species of animals living there. Ahmed took us to our lodgings and there we decided on the expedition into the savannas. The next day, Ahmed had already arranged for our guides and jeeps. By six o'clock in the morning we were ready to go.

Once we reached the plains, Ahmed took us to

a barren area where a mass of decaying animal carcasses were lying around. The smell of stench was so strong that tears filled my eyes. We examined the bodies of these animals and saw that all the animals' bodies had swollen up before dying. We took samples from the nearby waterhole, and of the grass on the plains. But nothing conclusive came out of these tests and as we tried to solve the mystery of the new disease, many more animals continued dying. We were helpless. Everyday we went with Ahmed to the place where they had found another beast dead. An elephant died in front of our eyes and we were unable to help it. Then, a local cow-herd boy came up to us telling us that his cows were also developing symptoms of the disease. He also revealed that their conditions had started to worsen after he had taken them to a waterhole in the savannas. Since he lived in a small village, the village had its own pond but that day, he had come to the savannas because the water had not been enough.

This little information was all that we needed. We checked the cow's blood and the results showed a certain chemical substance in their blood. A further research showed that these substances dried up the water content in an animal's body which resulted in the bloating up of their bodies and their death.

After this breakthrough, Ahmed looked

preoccupied. One day, I followed him as he made his way into the plains in the dead of the night. He then reached a certain spot where he radioed someone. Since he spoke in Swahili, I couldn't understand what he was saying. Soon, a jeep appeared out of which four or five men came out with guns in their hands – and then it hit me ... these men were poachers and our Ahmed was helping them. Soon, Ahmed and the other men began digging and unearthed a big mound of tusks of elephants and the horns of rhinos and gazelles. Then, they loaded them into the jeep. I quickly radioed my colleagues and soon six jeeps filled with policeman came to the spot where Ahmed and the men were. Within seconds, they were surrounded.

Ahmed confessed to tampering with the reports and planting false evidence. This led to the elimination of the full gang of poachers who used to poison the waters and after the animals had died, they used to take their horns and tusks and sell them to trophy collectors. As Ahmed was handcuffed and led to the police jeep, he pleaded and begged but the vision of those slaughtered animals rose up in front of my eyes and I could feel no pity within me.

Kalsang Yangzom
12C

The Man in the Mask

Being a psychiatrist, I am taken too many asylums rather too frequently. I encounter different kinds of patients on a daily basis. Yet, as I walked down the long corridor of St.James Asylum, a very unexpected shiver ran down my spine. Throughout my career, I had never been this unnerved about visiting a mentally unbalanced individual. I had a horrible premonition that something was terribly wrong.

My thoughts were interrupted as the ward assistant caught up with me to provide me with a summarized background of the person I had been summoned to meet. Mr. Harrison Garrod -as the report said- had been in the confines of the asylum for nearly seven years for having murdered small children (thirteen in number to be precise) for apparently no sane reason. The report read that the man had been a brilliant scientist before he had totally gone berserk and had started slaughtering children in cold blood.

I had just finished reading the report when I came to room no. 405, the place where Mr. Garrod had been confined. As I entered the room, I felt the very same shiver that I had experienced earlier. This left me feeling more uncomfortable than ever. However, instead of seeing a big, bulky man with sinister bloodshot eyes as I had expected, I encountered a rather small-statured man with an

innocent face. I was momentarily taken aback with what I was seeing. However, regaining my composure, I began with the routine check-up. He did not give the slightest indication of his lunacy. On the contrary, I found him to be extremely knowledgeable. After the session was over, I left the asylum feeling more confused than ever.

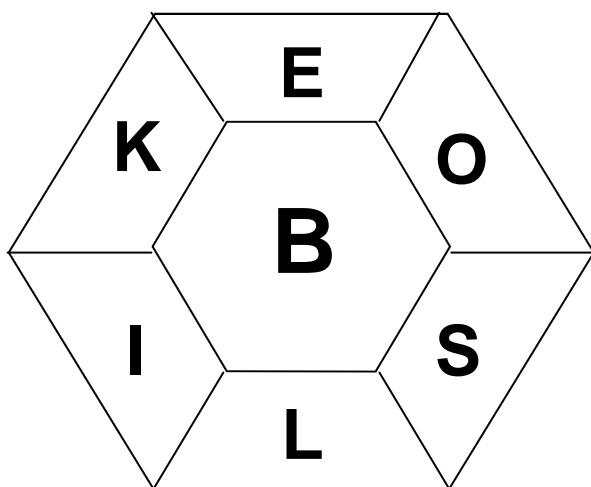
On the next session, I was even more stupefied. The man wasn't simply knowledgeable but was a pure genius. I started visiting the asylum more frequently. We talked about his work and his family and home. However, I was very careful not to mention his involvement in the murders. After around six months, when I had to submit my report, I wrote that the man was perfectly sane and requested the authorities to release him under my care. Pity, along with a sense of wastage at such a man being in the asylum, made me take him under my wing.

He was a very quiet and docile man and somehow the thought of him murdering innocent little children started to seem absolutely preposterous. Jenny, my seven year old daughter, too found him rather pleasant. However, my initial fears started resurfacing when I heard one day that a neighbour's little boy had gone missing. But the child was found within an hour playing in a nearby park and I chastised myself for giving in to unnecessary fears. Yet, no matter how hard I tried, this time I couldn't help feeling uneasy about Mr.Garrod.

Months later, I had to go for the winding up of another case. It would be a five day trip. As I was loading the luggage in the car, I could see Jenny smiling up at me, feeling completely at ease with Mr. Garrod. As I glanced at him, for a split second I thought I saw something sinister in his eyes. But I dismissed that thought as a figment of my troubled imagination for the expression vanished as quickly as it had appeared. So I drove off. However, I had only covered a few miles when panic struck me. I knew within that something was wrong. I had always trusted my instincts when it concerned my daughter. I was hysterical as I drove back at full speed. As I entered the house, I could hear Jenny's terrified screams. I ran into the bedroom and jerking open the cabinet, grabbed a loaded revolver. As I neared the room, I could hear Jenny crying. She was smeared with blood. The wound the maniac had so mercilessly inflicted on Jenny's wrist bled profusely. The man was laughing hysterically. It was only when I pressed the nozzle of the revolver against his back that he slowly turned to face me. He looked every bit as sinister as I had earlier seen him to be. His facial expression altered suddenly and he threw himself at my feet. He begged and pleaded, but as I pulled the trigger on him; there was no pity in me.

Pratikchha Bachhar
12S

SPELLATHON



How many words of four or more letters can you make from the letters shown in this puzzle? In making a word each letter may be used once only. Each word must contain the central letter. There should be at least one seven letter word. Plurals, foreign words and proper names are not allowed.

The entry with the highest number of correct answers will win a special prize. 😊

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FAREWELL NOTES

As the ISC batch of 2008 venture out into the world, these are some of the thoughts that they would like to share as they pause for that last brief moment on the threshold...

Ankita Singh : We came with the fear of not knowing anybody. We leave with the heartache of knowing everybody. My time in WAS was an entire lifetime enclosed in a few years. My parting advice to those who are fortunate to be here – live each day to its fullest!!

Shaumya Gupta: As I leave my Alma Mater, I see my past as perfect and my present dwelling in the past. My parting message to fellow Allenites – leave this place with memories but return with the victories you will achieve in life.

Niphaporn Sachdev: As I walk down memory lane, I realise that memories are funny things – they make you cry when you remember the times you laughed and they make you laugh when you remember the times you cried. I don't know which is more precious to me today – the tears or the laughter. Value these golden days that you spend here.

Gazal Arora: "We meet to create memories, we part to preserve them." As I leave, I try desperately to hang onto each memory. I realise that they are too many and each one is as precious as the next.

These are a few of the things that the Class 12 girls will truly miss... watching the winter line in the distance and the moon on Id, English and EE classes, practices for Teachers' Day Assembly, the meals at Wynberg – Spanish omelettes and chocolate brownies – the 'rajma' and rice at Allen, walking up the steep slope at the end of the day, the unending coffee breaks which stretched interminably while studying for the Board exams, practices on the field, the Investiture tea party, the Farewell Party, the making of rosettes, the late night tomfoolery in the dorimitory, the fighting to listen to one's favourite songs...the list is truly unending.

As usual, the boys became tongue-tied when it came to sharing their feelings...yet, these are some of the things that they will miss...

Nitin Mahendru: – Break time in the cafeteria, morning runs, the teachers and the art room

Rumman Ansari: – Monday morning assemblies, my friends, the Class 9 cubicle, excursions

Kevin Das: – My friends, morning runs, staff vs. students hockey matches, excursions

Siddharth Agarwal :– Morning runs, being chased my monkeys, excursions, the art room

Ankit Agarwal: – My friends, soccer in the rain, the Social Service Club, excursions

Aditya Jain: – Morning runs, my friends, excursions



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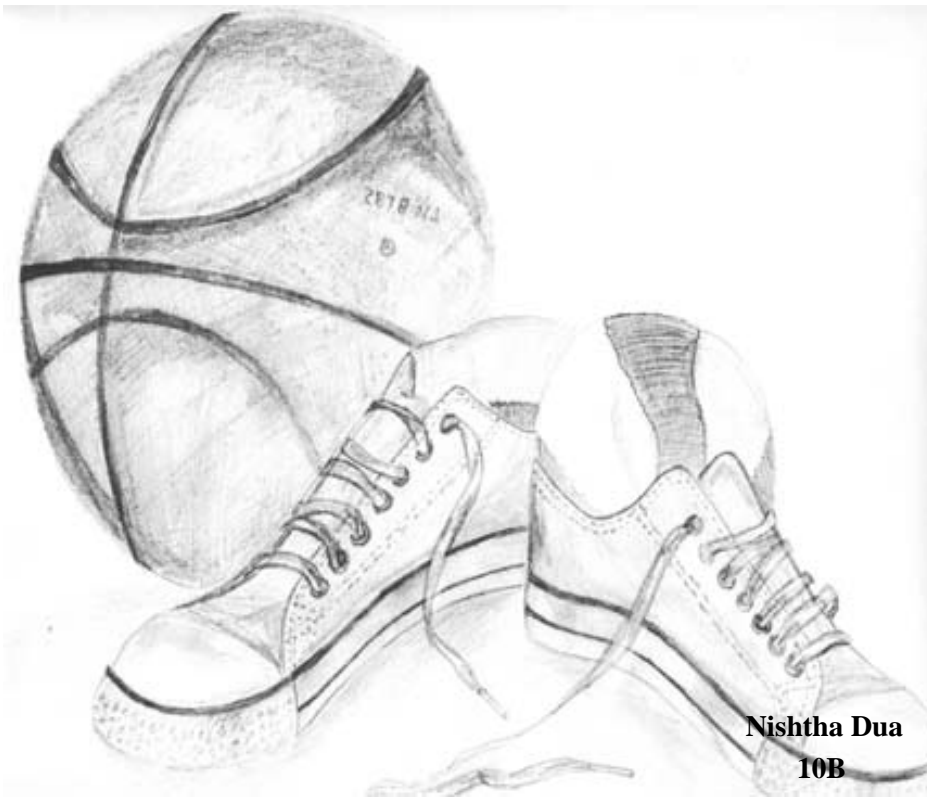
FROM THE ARTIST'S PALLETE



Sagar Kalra
12C



Ratnalekha Jain
10B



Nishtha Dua
10B



Nishtha Dua
10B



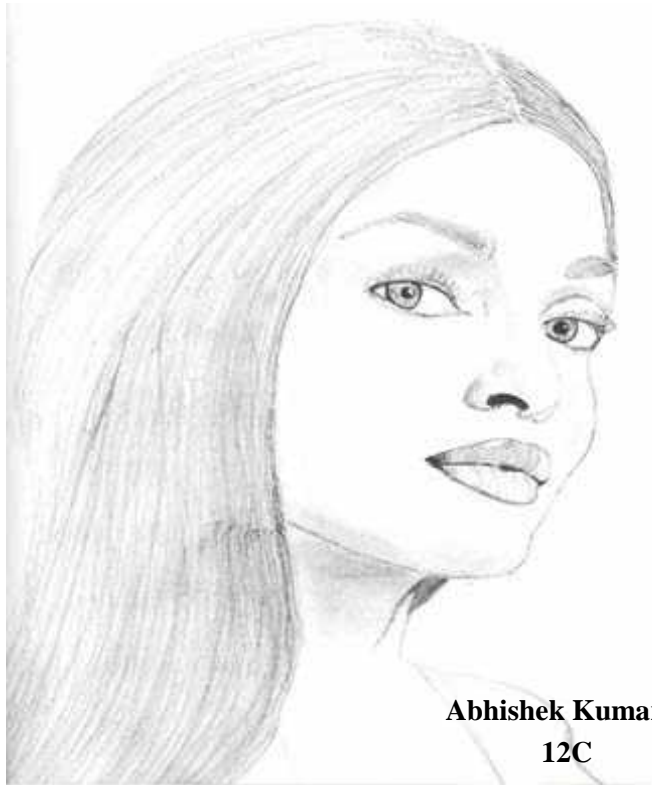
Abhishek Kumar
12C



Tarim Shamim
12C



Sheraf Sonam
12C



Abhishek Kumar
12C



Sheraf Sonam
12C



Pratikchha Bachhar
12S

Chak De, Allenites!!!

Dynamic...phenomenal...incredibly exciting...I found myself at a loss as I tried to look for adjectives to describe the battle on the field – the traditional staff vs. students hockey match between the fluorescent orange and soberly black.

The match began a little later than usual – all thanks to the staff's bubbling enthusiasm and eagerness to get their photographs taken in a wide variety of poses. Then followed the pre-match parley scene. The staff was lead by Mr Champa and the valiant students were lead by... well, - that was a self-regulatory body. The two teams came on to the field to exchange and hurl a last word of warning to each other. The older eyes were glittering with pride over the legacy of their past glories. The younger retinas sparkled with sheer determination and a strong desire to win this year. At least this time, the condition of the students looked more promising. Added to this was the fact that both the referees – a Modi and a Gill had been sufficiently tutored.

Meanwhile, Mr Champa tried his best to get his team moving. Was it my imagination or did I really hear joints creaking and muscles protesting? The spectators observed that the "Delicates" had learnt from their past errors. This time, Mr Primus was kept as a substitute – one of the reasons why no casualties were reported.

The whistle blew and the match began. The hockey sticks clashed against each other as the ball rested motionless and perplexed in the rubble. The jeers from the staff side were broken off abruptly as Raghav Jhingran took advantage of the conflict and scored a phenomenal goal. Mr Rayneau, all padded up and gloriously orange stood rooted to the spot as the ball bounced merrily into the net

But, as they say, every staff has its day. Mr Champa was finally able to maintain the staff's position with a goal. The students' legal advisors suspect foul play and describe it a result of misuse of the hockey stick by Mr Chandra Singh. The score remained a static 1-1 till the whistle blew for half-time. Back to the pavilion and the referees thought over the situation carefully and decided that in order to preserve the integrity of their own bodies and bones, they would maintain a respectable distance from both the teams.

After both the teams had sufficiently researched their strategy, they returned to their positions. This time, however, if the staff had been a little more alert, they would have realised that the grins on the faces of the students were portentous in nature. It took only a few minutes for the students to score another thrilling goal. The ball ricocheted from Raghav - Nayan - Sohi and bouncing under Mr Sharma was recaptured by Sohi. A

brilliant swerve into the goalpost signalled that the students were back in action. Their perfect co-ordination, brilliant strategy and professional game play gave them the upper edge. Mr Chandra's agonised battle cry frightened the girls who were queuing up to go to Wynberg. There was yet more to come and one after the other, the students scored brilliant goals, taking the score up to 4 -1.

Eight minutes to countdown and the students spectators who were being slowly transformed into icicles all the while decided to return to the warmth of their dormitory despite the reassurances by staff supporters that miracles happen to only the faithful. The "Delicates" received a final blow and the final score was a memorable 5-1. The staff seemed to be utterly bewildered by their first defeat in five years. However, the students would like to commend the staff on a singular quality they possess. When asked how the staff was able to refrain from crying, Mr Tindale replied briefly, "True stoicism!"

Diwank Singh Tomer
10A

INQUIZITIVE

The first entry in each division with all correct answers will win a special prize.

SENIOR DIVISION (CLASSES 10, 11 AND 12)

1. During Julius Caesar's reign, Cicero was considered to be the greatest orator. Who was considered the second best orator?
2. Name the only Asian country to share its name with a river.
3. Which Shakespearean hero's last words were "Thus with a kiss I die"?
4. Name the awards which are renowned as the British Oscars.
5. Since drinking alcohol is prohibited in Islamic countries, what was referred to as "the wine of Arabia"?
6. Which orchid is used in both ice-cream and perfumes?
7. Which is said to be the largest structure ever made by living creatures?
8. Elie Wiesel won the Noble Peace Prize in the 1980s. He coined a nine-letter word to describe Hitler's massacre of the Jews. What was the word?
9. "Pray For Me Brother" is the first ever English rendition by an Indian music director. Who is he?
10. Which instrument did Nero play while Rome burned?
11. Movie is the short term for which two words?
12. In war parlance, what is friendly fire?
13. How is the poet Abdul Hasan Yaminuddin known in history?
14. What is the home stadium of Everton Football Club called?
15. In American slang, if you were 'pressing the flesh', what would you be doing?



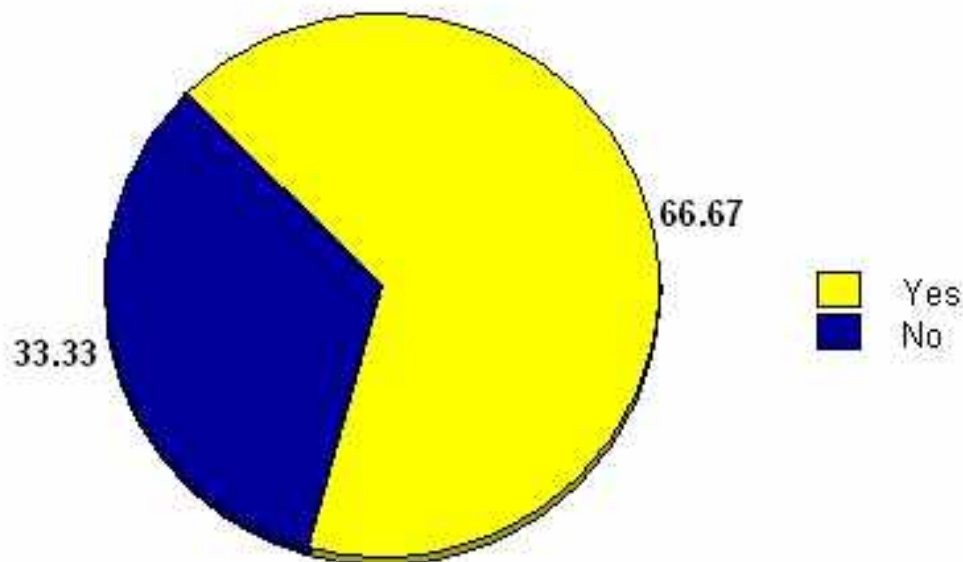
JUNIOR DIVISION (CLASSES 7, 8 AND 9)

1. What travelled from the hands of Nadir Shah to Ahmed Shah Abdali to Ranjit Singh and eventually Queen Victoria and the British royal family?
2. Name the Asian city associated with the three religions—Judaism, Christianity and Islam.
3. On January 1st, 1980, the WHO declared the world free of which disease?
4. Which literary character used to kill goats using a fire-arm called a musket?
5. Acetic acid is used in the preparation of pickles and soft drinks. What is the more common term for it?
6. There are five recognised precious stones. Four are diamonds, opals, sapphires and rubies. Name the fifth.
7. Name an African country having all five vowels in its name.
8. Which part of your eye expands to more than ten times its normal size when excited by an emotion?
9. Which god was the ancient Olympics held to honour?
10. Siamese, Persian, Caffre, Orinoco are all types of which animal?
11. The English word for this is aubergine. How do we know it in India?
12. When Tintin came to India, at which Raja's palace did he stay?
13. If Rome is the city of seven hills, which city is the 'city of seven islands'?
14. What is the home stadium of Liverpool Football Club called?
15. What is the proverb which is the opposite of 'many hands make light work'?

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TEACHERS' OPINION POLL

TEACHERS SHOULD BE GRADED BY STUDENTS.



(ANSWERS TO BRAINTEASERS ON PAGE 2)

1. The match!
2. I would rather the crocodile attack the alligator. Read the sentence again to see the double meaning.
3. West Indies: [WEST IN D's].
4. Short!
5. Clinton and Reagan.

SUDOKU

		1		5			7	
			1					
		6			7		9	
				2		1		6
6			7		5			4
8		2		4				
	9		4			2		
					8			
	4			1		8		

Each Sudoku has a unique solution that can be reached logically without guessing. Enter digits from 1 to 9 into the blank spaces. Every row must contain one of each digit. So must every column, as must every 3x3 square.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Editorial Board would like to express its gratitude to our principal, Mr. L. Tindale for his invaluable help and encouragement. We would also like to thank Mr. P. Sharma for his unfailing technical assistance.

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