



Dear Readers,

As we call it a wrap on the first term of the year, our hearts are filled with music (and dance). From the warm spring to the uninhibited heat, we have found our refuge in both music and cats, both of which linger on campus. The campus feral cats in particular, have been quite the blessing in keeping us stable and afloat, with their snarls at strangers and afternoon meowing in the dorms for milk. Music, too, permeated through the end of the term with the preparation of the Inter-House Music & Dance Competition. It is the culmination of this music and dance which you will watch unfold in these two days, in all its harmony and sanctity.

We have watched (and been) dancers sweating it out on the stage in late afternoons with feet covered in bandages as testament to artistic devotion; singers skipping ice-creams in the sweltering heat for the sake of preserving their voices; instrumentalists with fingers in tune with every note and sound that comes out of the table, the sitar, the guitar, or the drums. No matter what time of the day, there was always melody in those devoted to its survival. In this passionate strain of art, we found ourselves striving for music and movement, all for the love of art.

A question that struck our mind during this time was: what makes our culture? After deliberation and (mostly) observation, the IHMD atmosphere led us to realize that at our school, it is the constant resilience and endurance of the students and the staff — even amidst unique limitations and situations — which build this Welham culture. The accompanying artists of this Editorial are the *bols* of the Hindustani Trio and the *ghunghroos* of the Kathak dancers. We hope that you, dear readers, can also find your music in this issue of our newsletter. Sappho's words hold the truest in this place and time, for "there is no place for grief in a house which serves the Muse".

**For the Muse,
Yatika Singh and Avika Mantri
Editors-in-Chief**

CONTENTS

2-3	School Captain's Desk; NMACC and The Winding Staircase; Fine Tune	8-9	A24: The Story of a David Turned Goliath; Roses and Rasberries; Spotted; BirdBrain
4-5	Bulletin; The Romantic Resurgence; What's In, What's Out	10-11	Murakami: Achieving Literary Immortality; A College Aspirant
6-7	Junior Jamboree; Yellow Gumboots; 'Emptying the Attic'	12	Aunt Agatha; Credits

From the School Captain's Desk

My dearest Welhamites,

The position I hold is a peculiar one. On good days, it feels like being the President of the country, on the lesser good days, it is like being the school's most ~~exploited~~ efficient bell boy. This dichotomy is very evident in how Deepak Bearerji fondly calls me "Captain Baby" versus how Ms. Chavi Gupta quirks at me with "*Welham Ka Sabse Bada Gunda.*"

However, the magnanimity of the position does not ever leave me, rather haunts me sometimes. Thankfully for you, in this School Captain's Desk, I do not want to take the moral high ground and preach what the institution's ethos, values and traditions are. This monotonous exercise is at best, futile. For you, my dear readers, are **the institution**. Each and every one of you, including the predecessors and successors, from the 'lowly' BII to the 'mighty' SC, make up this school. It is your walks on the bajri, your laughter in the hallways and your laurels that form the Welham Prestige.

Just like this Inter-House Music & Dance, the show is not just the effort of a few, but the work of an entire machinery. From the participants to the HMs and Matrons, Didis to the Light and Sound Department, costume, props, make-up and brochure artists— the list is endless. You all are the irreplaceable cogs in the wheels. Frankly, it is you who I should be taking inspiration from and not the other way round. (I certainly do envy your right to sit down during those painfully long assemblies, though.)

My vision as the School Captain includes not only making you, as a member of this family, realise your own potential but also your subconscious contribution to the Welham Community. Thus, wherever you are – on the stage, behind the scenes or in the galleries – carry yourself with the pride and regard of the Welham legacy. From my side, I assure you that the twelve of us Captains will continue to firmly guard this place we all call home. The door to my room (quite literally) is always open :)

As we complete the last lap of the May Term, let us all stand proud, profound and prolific.



**With great pride and greater humility,
B/550 Avika P. Mantri
School Captain 2023-24**



OUR DEEPEST GRATITUDE

A special hug to all the Music and Dance teachers: Ms. Priya, Ms. Shukla, Ms. Dhyani, Mr. Samanta, Dr. Adhikary, Mr. Paul, Mr. Pamei and Ms. Ghosh.
Thank you for being our gurus!

Also, thank you to all the Administration, HMs, Matrons, Mess Staff, Hospital Staff, Bearerjis, Malijis, Didis, Lights and Sound Department for helping us throughout the practices and beyond. This event could not be possible without all of your help and we are eternally grateful to you.



NMACC and The Winding Staircase

Indian culture transcends the standards of beauty, and is a sublime and immersive experience in itself. In a valiant effort to capture this feeling (and make the global headlines), the 'Nita Mukesh Ambani Cultural Center' was inaugurated on March 31st 2023 and immediately christened with the title of India's biggest cultural hub. (And if, dear readers, by some miracle you have not heard about NMACC, you may have seen the videos from its grand opening unknowingly on your social media feeds, at the very least.)

Beautiful art has the power to move millions and NMACC — with its aim to capture the best of what India has to offer in the fields of art, dances, theatre and spirituality — does just that. Nonetheless, every bright light casts a shadow. And it seems like somewhere along the journey of NMACC, the essence of true Indian culture got lost behind the glamour of the red carpet with the faces of the artists behind it becoming blurred. The focus shifted towards the Ambani family, visiting American celebrities and the amusing quirks of Indian paparazzi.



Even behind all the glory that this globalised display of Indian culture projects, the truth remains that there is pain and toil behind the cultural display of India and no single institution can ever be magnificent enough to capture its essence in its entirety. The vastness of Indian culture is incomprehensible: it is woven into the beating hearts of classical dancers and singers; sari-makers in Banaras; Sanjhi painters in Rajasthan, and so many more.

NMACC is almost a rare dance of the glamorous display of privilege and the humility of a deeply rooted culture, with the former somehow enabling the latter. Thus, though its foundations cannot be ignored, in some ways NMACC still remains a dream. Nonetheless, there is no denying that it is a step forward to ensure that Indian art and culture is appreciated.

It feels befitting that the relevance of NMACC be broached in this issue of the News & Views, as Welhamites have worked tirelessly to put on a good show for all of you, often resulting in sore throats, blisters and body aches. This dedication comes from a place of genuine passion towards every single art form being presented on stage. This same dedication and sentiment is a small step in the winding staircase that will take us, not just to greater heights, but back to our roots, whether it be at NMACC or the Shanti Varma Auditorium.

Vanshi Agrawal
Class 11



ALBUMS

- Piano Man by Billy Joel
- Masterpiece by Big Thief
- TMTIO by The Wallows

TV SHOWS

- Fleabag
- Last of Us
- The Diplomat

MOVIES

- The Whale
- Ponyo
- Aftersun

BOOKS

- The Handmaid's Tale
- Braiding Sweetgrass
- Snow Country



15th March: Shubhangi Jain and Yatika Singh and 12 SC Baraza Leaders successfully organised our school's first RS Postcard 'Small World, Big Screen: Tackling Global Issues through the Medium of Film'.

7th-9th April: WGS hosted a mindfulness retreat organised by the Ahimsa Trust for 150 teachers from across India.

8th April: Lavanya Uniyal and Syna Gupta secured the 3rd position in the 'Earth Art Competition' held at the Hopetown Girls' School.

14th April: 52 Students participated in the Annual Terry Fox Run for cancer awareness.

15th April: 28 students participated in the Capta Caelum Competition held at Wynberg Allen School. Shreem Miglani stood 1st in the stand-up comedy event and our school secured the 2nd position in the duet performance.

19th-20th April: 6 Students participated in The Daly College Invitational Debates and Quiz. They were awarded the 3rd position in the PG Miller Memorial Quiz and were declared one of the top 4 teams in the DF Jack Memorial English Debate.

19th-21st April: Kritika Gupta participated in the Open Selection Trials for the Indian Shooting Team. Her highest score was 531. Congratulations, Kritika!

20th April: 10 students participated in the French Competition on the occasion of 'World Francophonie Day' hosted by The Doon School.

20th-21st April: WGS successfully hosted the second edition of INTRA MUN, for students from A11s to SCs. Congratulations to Ms. Gitanjali Bhatia, the History Department and Secretary-General Ishaani Bhatia, for making this possible!

22nd-23rd April: WGS was represented by 35 students at the Regional Round of the World Scholars' Cup. The teams bagged 122 gold medals, 74 silver medals and 31 trophies.

26th-29th April: WGS hosted the IPSC U-17 Basketball Tournament. Mayna Johar has been selected to represent IPSC Girls' U-17 team in the SGFI Nationals with Nandini Anand selected as a stand-by Player.

27th-29th April: Avika Mantri, Aarisha Jain and Vidya Jhamb secured the 3rd position in The Hugh Catchpole English Debate held at RIMC. Vidya Jhamb was declared the Best Speaker in the Quarter and Final round and the 2nd Best Speaker in the Semi-Final Round.

29th April: 13 students participated in the Inter-School 'Le Mot Juste' Literary Fest at Wynberg Allen. WGS won 1st position overall!

29th-30th April: Annanta Agarwal secured the 2nd position in the Selaqui Invitational Tennis Tournament (U-14).

6th-7th May: 19 students participated in the 20th Uttarakhand State Karate Championship, winning 2 Gold, 4 Silver and 7 Bronze medals.

8th May: 23 students participated in the CISCE Zonal Swimming Trials. They all cleared the Zonal Round and will now represent the Uttarakhand Zone.

9th May: Aaruni Garg and Syna Gupta from Pre SCs embarked upon their educational exchange to Groton School, USA.

14th May: Congratulations to the AI and SC Batch of 2022-2023 for their stupendous results!

15th May: Momentum India organised a fire and earthquake evacuation drill at WGS for staff and students.

19th May: Sairra Rastogi secured the 3rd position at the prestigious Young Chef India Competition held by International Institute of Hotel Management. Over 2800 schools participated and Sairra is now among the top 3 Young Chefs of India.



The Romantic Resurgence

In a fast-paced, digitalized era where reality is filtered through screens, Romanticism morphs from a word to a beguiling movement that whispers an elusive promise: to reimagine your life in the 21st century as one which is special and beautiful; one where pain is beauty and beauty itself is all-permeating and appreciated.

The rise of the European Romantic movement, towards the late 18th century, was initially a response to the spread of Industrialisation. It was not only a critique of aristocratic social and political conventions, but also a reaction against the harsh truths of life which were seeping into life, art, literature and poetry. After a span of almost two hundred years, Romanticism is seeing a notable comeback in the minds of today's people and its ideas are integral to the aesthetic conception of today.

It is often thought that the Romantics become painfully dependent on the movement's ideals to find joy and love in their lives. But even in this exaggeration of love, emotion and the beautiful in the most inconsequential scenes of life, a reminder of the extraordinary within the ordinary can only be understood as a quirk of the human condition. This movement may have deceived or motivated (depending on your view) countless people into believing that by immersing oneself in a dreamlike state, one can create an alternate reality where monotony is unheard of.



In a world where beauty becomes a mirage, the 'normals' of our lives become an anchor to reality, and also a harsh pull back to earth. Amidst a general crumbling of the world's collective reality, we find ways to collect the scattered pieces and create beauty out of the broken. It is in the essence of this thought the Romantic say: rather than letting 'anguish rip you apart into two halves', let it exist, till it ceases to in the natural course of time. Love always finds its way, and so does beauty against terror.

Naija Mehra and Arushree Kashyap
Class 11

WHAT'S IN	WHAT'S OUT
😬 'Khokhla Kachori'	💀 English Debate
😬 SCs crying about English prep	💀 SCs crying about Science prep
😬 Inter-House Music and Dance	💀 Sleep
😬 Mr. Dipto	💀 Dr. Deepti (<i>always in our hearts, Ma'am!</i>)
😬 E-source computers working without CPUs	💀 Computer Lab computers working in general
😬 Assembly French pop-quizzes	💀 Assembly announcements
😬 Embark Internships	💀 Unacknowledged Labour
😬 CUET Socials	💀 CUET Classes



JUNIOR Lamboree

A BII's Guide to Survival at Welham

My very first day at Welham left me awestruck, with words such as “Baski” and “Gulabo”. Along with this new and unexpected lingo, “Make your bed!” or “Go for sports!” were only a few of the tiring sentences we heard as new BIIs. Now, trust me when I say home and Welham are worlds apart, yet still the same. Before starting I suggest you tighten your seat belts and get ready to travel through the journey of surviving Welham as the tiniest organism in the ecosystem.

The first person your eyes land upon in the morning would no longer be your parents but instead ‘Didi’ trying her best to wake you up for morning sports, although we all know we sit up on our beds and doze off the second she leaves (*please don't tell my matron!*). Similarly, the last thing you do before ending your day is going to be forcefully gulping down a glass of ‘cocoa’.

The most important piece of advice would be to use your talk-time very wisely. I understand the dire need to communicate with your parents every living, breathing moment, but please be careful not to be on the phone for such a long time that all your batchmates have graduated out of school while you are left talking about what you ate for dessert! (*We get it, banoffee pies are tempting!*)

The conversation at the dinner table is moved most by a single, critical sentence — “After you!” Little does your friend sitting on the far end of the table realise that there is going to be nothing but zucchini and broccoli left in the bowl of *thai curry* by the time it reaches her.

Finally, as you battle it out for the first time at Welham as a new BII, remember that man's best friend is no longer dog, but tuck. These chips and chocolates are going to be your most trusted comrade. Always have tuck in abundance. As the saying goes: “Where there is tuck, there are friends”. Now go off into the world of Welham, dearest new BIIs, for the adventures of Welham cannot possibly be summed up in 400 words, but only be *experienced*.

Saisha Singh
Class 6

YELLOW GUMBOOTS



THE WELHAM LIFESTYLE in the MAY TERM ♪♪

‘Emptying the Attic’

A Memoir of a Time Long Gone but Never Forgotten

The period of resumption after coming back from the Covid-era, seems to be forgotten by all. However, for us AIIIs, it will be a time drilled into our minds *forever*. How can we ever forget running around school for masks and the temperature checks every morning and night? But most of all — how can we ever forget being ‘dorm-less’ for four months of our dear school lives?

With the junior dorms still in construction, the unfortunate batch of 2026 was divided into two halves, and the half with the worst fate was sent off to senior school. Being an AIII came with certain privileges such as bossing around the juniors, and getting to live the “senior” life, but all of a sudden we became the weaklings crossing the subway, keeping our head low, trying to make no eye contact what-so-ever. While our counterparts were still first for extras, we scrambled to build up the courage for our first share of food (we did get it, though).

Senior School, equipped to keep four batches only, had no clue what to do with us so-called trespassers, so the best solution which came about was for us to be stuffed in the House Common Rooms; thus began our rat-like tryst with destiny in the attics.

Now, my dearest young and new AIIIs, if you think not having hot water showers is a plight, imagine walking down two flights of stairs into a senior dormitory every time you needed to use the washroom. Every night when our throats felt parched and our water bottles empty, it was always considered safer to tolerate your thirst until the sun came out, rather than actually going downstairs and getting water from the alley in front of the terrifying SC dorms.

Here we will take this moment to offer our sincerest apologies to our readers if you ever ended up slipping on the stairs left wet by our dripping towels and buckets, or were disturbed while studying by the loud cries of the ‘elves’ living above you. Our circumstances led to many casualties (the killing of peace), and we offer our deepest condolences.

We did make many acquaintances in this improbable setting of ours— two of the best being “*Joshi Ji wale pankhe*” and the ‘*Dream Table*’. It was when the heat got unbearable upstairs, that us Bullies were introduced to the infamous ‘Joshi Fans’— mist fans with the purpose of making our lives easier, but which always ended up leaving our beds drenched. The Dream Table was the first attempt towards making us feel at home. This large wooden table in the middle of our dorms, though meant for prep and studying, always ended up having a sleeping, drooling Bulbul on top of it (hence the name).

Living in the attic came with its perks as well. Didi usually did not come to check twice upstairs to see if we had woken up or not and it certainly taught us to value certain amenities, such as bathrooms and doors.

The attic life will always hold a special place in our hearts because no matter how troublesome it was, it will remain the *one* thing unique to our batch. The optimist in us is sure that after living the ‘elf life’, there will be no situation where we cannot thrive — let alone survive. Even today, if you walk up to the Bullie-Woodie common Room, you are most likely to hear the echoes of our cries and laughter (not a myth).

Sincerely,
The Batch with the Longest AII Year <3



A24: The Story of a David Turned Goliath

A24

What is common among *Lady Bird*, *Hereditary*, *Moonlight* and *Euphoria*? These works of media are all not just coming-of-age films and shows, but are also produced by a singular label: **A24**.

Production studio A24 was set up more than a decade ago by industry veterans- David Fenkel, John Hodges and Daniel Katz. In its young and ravishing lifetime, A24 has managed to become a bridge between the modern influencer, and prestigious art-house movies made by established auteurs, as a pop-culture zeitgeist. The studio behind movies like *Uncut Gems*, *Everything Everywhere All at Once*, *Eighth Grade* and *Minari* and TV shows such as *Hazbin Hotel* and *Beef*, A24 has established itself as an upcoming leader of the popular media industry, making its brand synonymous with originality, idiosyncrasy, and prestige over a short and powerful lifespan.

The humble indie movie distributor turned production giant has, in today's mercenary world, defied the grim fate of independent studios in Hollywood and has avoided joining them in the crowded film studio graveyard. This has been made possible by the studio's prompt decision to forgo traditional forms of marketing like billboards and TV spots, and instead use cheaper, viral forms of marketing to turn its films into social media sensations in the quirky culture of Reddit memes, Tweets, Instagram posts and Tumblr fandoms.

Over the course of its lifetime A24 has garnered a cult-like following, producing a diverse range of films that vary drastically in genre and style, and yet somehow share the elusive quality of unmatched creativity. Today, the movie-going population doesn't go to the theatres merely for an actor or director, but because of the niche A24 has managed to carve for itself amidst the noise of giants like Disney, Fox and MGM.

This success story of A24 has as much to do with the quality of its films and its tendency to bet on newly minted writer-directors (its logo described by filmmakers as a stamp of approval), as it has to do with its ingenious marketing strategy. To promote their movie *Ex Machina*, A24 created a Tinder bot that posed as Alicia Vikander's humanoid robot character - Ava, who lured naïve-unknowing men into her trap and captured the film's central theme of technological terror. They made waves online while marketing their first major film- Harmony Korine's raunchy *Spring Breakers*, with a Last Supper-inspired image of James Franco, captioned "On Friday, be good. We're saving you a seat." For their horror classic *Midsommar*, they even went as far as to distribute free couples therapy vouchers to movie viewers who had watched the film. A24 also routinely launches merchandise, genre-scented candles, stickers, zines and emoji packs while promoting their new films and brand.

In today's undeniably corporatised cinematic landscape, A24 has given a disillusioned younger audience and movie lovers across all ages and genders a reprieve, by pushing the boundaries of Hollywood rules and continuing to prove that unique films deserve unique marketing approaches. It is committed to gracing the world with unique stories and stunning visuals and has dedicated itself to breaking through the monotony of modern theatres, reminding us all of what true cinema really is.

Aarisha Jain
Class 11



SPOTTED



Kritika Gupta and Ms. Chavi Gupta breaking Bulbul sofas together. (*Destruction of school property and also school integrity.*)



Newfound interest in nature (**and monkeys?**) from the school Instagram page. (*Jungle mein mangal at Welham?*)



Art SCs trying to bunk, only to find out that their teacher is also bunking. (*Who is the real bunker?*)



Sitaram Yechury getting bribed for two packets of Taka-Tak at AIPPM in Intra-MUN. (*When simulations start looking too much like real politics...*)



A junior breaking their vegetarian diet because Khwaish likes butter chicken. (*Love has no dietary restrictions.*)



N&V junior correspondents missing their Math test for post-assembly meetings. (*#it's about drive, it's about power*)



Ojasvi being called “walker”, “cartoon girl” and “hair-in-your-face girl”. (*What's in a name?*)



Pre SCs visiting the Dark Web to check if their board results are out. (*Mr. Siraj in pain.*)



Amiya reading *How to Remember Everything* before her History exam.



English Class: “It’s a reference from a French book called Bib-”



Aahana: “BIBLE!”

Oui, Monsieur Jesus, your Principal and the NV Editor-in-Chief all are French.

[Khwaish after taking the AP Physics Mechanics Exam]



Manya: “So, are you an engineer now?”

Khwaish: “No, I am not even a plumber.”
Toilet mechanics?

Prathana: “What does the ‘P.’ in Avika P. Mantri stand for?”



Bhume: “Avika Pradhan Mantri.”

Avika Mantri, Pradhan Mantri; Head of School, Head of Welham Democracy.

[During RIMC Socials]



Ridhvi: “Do you want to join the air force or the water force?”

We hope the forces of the universe guide you out of this state.

[During RIMC Socials]



Ridhvi: “Who inspires you more, Siddharth Malhotra or Vicky Kaushal?”

This is why they wanted to boycott Bollywood. (Also, Ridhvi's rizz is ever prominent.)



**BIRD
BRAIN**

Roses



A single fresh and dewy white rose to all the new staff members who have joined the Welham family!



Gardens full of pink roses to the Round Square Department for all the sleepless nights and hours of work and jet-lag.



Garlands of yellow and blue roses to the WGS sports teams at the CISCE trials for always making us proud.



A bouquet of freshly hand-picked roses to Mrs. Seema Sidhwani and the Drama students for putting up a fantastic Bal Sabha.



A vase full of dewey white roses to Ms. Bela Pandey for joining the News & Views. We hope you have a great tenure ahead!

Raspberries



Truckloads of maggot-infested and hairy raspberries to school authorities for postponing and decreasing our summer break.



Stinky raspberries wrapped inside a newsletter to Yatika and Avika and the editors of The Oliphant for not naming the collab “**W Rizz**”.



Clouds full of rotten raspberries to the weather gods for barbecuing us alive.



A path full of putrid, rotten raspberries to Dr. Deepti Kumar for mentioning Pathways instead of Welham in her farewell speech! (**angry, suspicious staring**)



Burning, meteor-sized raspberries to the school authorities for making us sweat in the evacuation drills. (We get it, it's important, but nonetheless!)



Murakami: Achieving Literary Immortality

“What did it mean for a person to be free? She would often ask herself. Even if you managed to escape from one cage, weren't you just in another larger one?” - 1Q84, Haruki Murakami

Murakami has often been referred to as a literary giant. But what is it that makes his books so fascinating, so intriguing that we cannot help ourselves but keep turning the pages? What is it that makes these books a contemporary classic for countless generations?

Murakami's genius lies in his unique and complex protagonists with infinite layers to unravel. In most of his books, the main character often faces dilemmas that blur the line between reality and abstraction. For example, in *Kafka on the Shore*, the word 'shore' implies the existence of a sea and land, representing the conscious and the unconscious. Kafka debates with himself in a chair by the shore to choose between the two realms, wishing for an in-between. Here, time and space cease to exist for the reader and what is captured is the grey escape. Similarly, in *Sputnik Sweetheart*, when Sumire is exhausted by all the thinking of whether to live a life with 'confusion' or without, her grey becomes 'Dreaming'— a state of mind where one can exist in the grey space, without it amounting to anything.



The breaking of society's shackles leading to the complex unravelling of an individual is witnessed in *Norwegian Wood*. As Toru Watanabe, the main character, struggles to choose between his past, Naoko, and his present and possibly future, Midori. A contrasting picture is painted between Naoko and Midori, where the former is portrayed as a ghost of herself, who deceives Watanabe into mistaking guilt for love. The theme of ghosts in Murakami's work relate to his upbringing in post-Second World War Japan, where the after-effects of war left an impact on his work, making military (and other) ghosts, shady conspiracies and biological attacks a common occurrence.

These signature quirks make Murakami stand apart from the mundane crowd, as it toes the line between being slightly unrealistic for the human mind, yet still in touch with the rawness of reality. Murakami's work has often struck people as too surreal or wild, perfectly in agreement with its genre of magical realism. Though plots begin in chaos, the story detangles itself. Often, two subplots in the same novel behave like two stray roads that will eventually reach the same destination, wherein "the more you read. the more you find." Haruki Murakami's books help the reader to escape, grow and surrender themselves to his charm. And this help is a timeless necessity, as long as the human condition prevails.

Paridhi Saboo
Class 11

A THOUSAND THOUSAND!

A special warm hug from News & Views to Dr. Deepti Kumar.
Thank you for bearing us for so long.
We will forever miss you <3

A College Aspirant

My dear seniors, how are we feeling since we have just gotten the heavy burden of boards off our backs? I'd say rather relaxed, or more worked up than ever before? College applications, running from one counsellor meeting to another, coaching for the SAT, APs, and the CUET examinations is a rather easier job than the soul-sucking boards, right?

Now as we step into a world ready to engulf us in its confusion and hubbub, we must be bursting with joy in knowing that we all have our futures neatly planned and laid out in front of us. Ranging from a series of events that lead us to our destination, we go through numerous tasks and activities that we, undeniably, love to do. For example, earning credits for college applications and drenching ourselves in literal blood and sweat for fulfilling the 'social service' requirements criteria, often forgetting the reason why we should be doing it in the first place (*spoiler alert: it's meant to be out of the goodness of the heart, not of the CV*).

Being a Pre SC, as I brainstormed what career path to choose for myself and the subject selection in accordance with it, I was equally miffed as any one of you was. As I looked around, I could sense a tension in the air. Some battled with the school faculty to allow them laptop extensions to attend their online courses or meetings with their advisors who win their daily bread by instructing students on how to 'mindfully' shape their future, while the others watched their own future reflected in their seniors' present lives. In the end, we hope to be a little clearer about what we would look like ten years down the line, but we end up more confused than ever.

Surrounded by muddled thoughts and ideas, I was only going downhill. Then came our saviours in disguise — our school career counsellors. Just like superheroes who zoom past the movie screens and rescue the ones in a soup, they saved us our time and energy and gave us an eye-opener to the real picture of the world. As many of us aspire to become a part of illustrious colleges and institutions, we stumble upon the fact that these colleges' selection depends majorly on how the reviewers feel that day and the ethnic-geographic limitations of your existence. You could be on top of your class, have the best grades and every other possible requirement in the world, but your seat could be given to an aspirant who wrote in the essay about how they were greatly affected by their pet turtle dying of drowning. The fact of the matter is (and it pains me to say it) is that the formula works.

However, don't lose hope! This may be the end of the road, but not the end of the world. There is still ample time for you to catch up with the speeding train and reach your destination. Your luck is still out there to support your transcripts and CVs and LORs.

Manya Nagpal
Class 11





Q. Why don't juniors like sambar-chawal?

Dear exasperated messi,
 Now, I realise that the unwarranted hatred that juniors seem to harbour for sambar chawal has perturbed you ~~(and rightly so)~~. Since I am aware of the passion that Welhamites feel for their food, I choose to be as apolitical as possible. Juniors, as I've been told, have not particularly taken to sambhar chawal, but then again, seniors have not taken to their mollycoddled existence either. I suppose that the perfect sambar chawal for them would be charred, black, almost venomous stew, coupled with 1 teaspoon of intense adoration, admiration and stalker behaviour for any senior Welhamite who plays Basketball, breathes, knows how to autograph on hands or has a nice smile. So to these sambar-chawal hate club of juniors, I'd say that next time before you proceed to erase a 50 year-old food tradition, stop wearing your chunni right below your neck.
Know its place, and yours too!

Q. Where do all the unemployed people go during Inter-House Music & Dance?

Dear overly-stimulated Welhamite,
 I can understand your discomfort after seeing the idle lot of Welhamites. I too find the indolent bourgeoisie very unnerving. For all the umpteen hours of practice that have drained your energy and made you see heaven and hell alike, the "unemployed" people, on the other hand, drink tang from the filters that are installed for you! The "unemployed" people sleep, free of any trace of over-competitiveness, to the resounding music of the ghungroos and the sweet symphony of the sitar that have become an instrument of your pain and torment. I sometimes wonder if the unemployed people are the smarter ones, for they are privy to all the arbitrary entertainment and mist fans installed on campus.
 See you at the events!

Signing Off,
Always forever (never) yours,
Aunt Agatha

CREDITS

Teacher-in-Charge

Ms. Bela Pandey

Editors-in-Chief

Avika P. Mantri and Yatika Singh

Special Thanks

Aahana Gupta
 Nimrat Grewal
 Sana Gupta

Senior Correspondents

Twisha Choudhary
 Sharanya Goel
 Prarthana Goenka

Humour Columnist

Ahana Gupta

Senior Editors

Vanshi Agrawal
 Aarisha Jain
 Tvisha Mahajan
 Gauri Nanda

Junior Correspondents

Seeya Arora
 Ojasvi Mehta

Junior Editor

Gayatri Bhatia

Technical Editor

Riya Jagwayan

Art Editor

Prathana Pankaj

