

Tusk & Feather

August 2023
Edition I





The Editorial

“Every artist was first an amateur.”

- Ralph Waldo Emerson

Dear Reader,

As students of an institution with a history as long and vibrant as Welham’s, our world often feels much larger than ourselves. This newsletter is the result of a hearty, tedious effort to reconcile this collective feeling with the individual spaces we inhabit in our community. When the idea was first floated that Welham Girls’ School and Welham Boys’ School should collaborate on their flagship publication together, it did not occur to us immediately how permeating our decision would go on to become. Sometime in the middle of the process, we suddenly realised that we were initiating a re-joining of hands between two institutions that were built together, and grew together. Here it was — a tribute to shared roots. Now that it is in your hands, picture this humble collaboration as our batches’ combined contribution for the larger, grander picture of Welham. ‘Sustaining legacy’ is a buzzphrase we have surpassed, for now we have not only carried but also built something new on those foundations — a platform for both schools to celebrate the community that we often forget we are a part of. From the learning curve to the sense of satisfaction, the first edition of *Tusk & Feather* is only the beginning of a long winding road, for we have miles to go before we sleep.

This collaboration has been a switchback for all of us. From managing timings to disagreements, we’ve finally come up with the culmination of appellations, with our ambitions added: *Tusk & Feather*. Truly, a dream that was once a mere thought for each one of us. Initially, we thought of it as a futile mountain to climb, but we have done this for the longing of words — the Welham love of expression. This love for expression reminds one of us of a book, *All About Love* by bell hooks which talks of how love and abuse cannot coexist. We need to understand and eradicate the resentment which exists even on a minute level, to give way for the pure love for expression, which makes a great fragment of the dream we realise. The larger ideal of this dream remains the bond we cre-

ate, in the form of the spirit of collaboration and trust between the name we share, which is Welham.

Tusk & Feather contributes to the ultimate dream we are looking at; it’s the start of a legacy, which we leave to future generations of Welhamites to keep the spirit of trust alive, for Ms. Oliphant and Ms. Linnell. With this life to live, we hope to have created something meaningful for those who come after us; it is a tradition that we have started. For this shared Welham love, we will need to keep going and keep this reality alive from Strength to Strength. While we engage in meaningful dialogue on ‘the spirit of collaboration’ and ‘building a shared legacy’, it is necessary to acknowledge how endeavours like ours also serve the purpose of exceeding individual aptitude. Only by exposing ourselves to the best of the other, can we refine ourselves. One of the most beautiful facets of collaboration is how it fosters growth among its participants— both mutually and individually.

The day of the release of *Tusk & Feather* aligns itself with the Incredible India Quiz: another platform which aims at not only testing the knowledge of its participants but also further increasing it. From sharing humour columns to editing softwares, or creating an ‘Uncle August’ and ‘Welhamite Lampoon’, we can all safely say that both the *News & Views* and *The Oliphant* have come out stronger and better than ever, surpassing all standards and expectations — all to fan the brilliant flames of the mythical Welham Spirit.

**Laying the bricks,
Editors-in-Chief
*Tusk & Feather***



School Captains' Desks



From being a hamlet in the district of Bassetlaw in the county of Nottinghamshire, United Kingdom to being one of the leading boarding schools in India, Welham is a dream not many have dreamt. We are the first ones to embark on this endeavour of collaboration which will turn into a legacy for the years to come. Man's greatest invention has been ink and paper for one could bring life to a blank sheet with the power of words. *The Oliphant* and *News & Views* have not only been canvases for the painters of these institutions but have also given the opportunity to students to ideate and initiate their journey of self-discovery. It is a platform for students to find their way and voice their opinions. Surprisingly, we could not fathom these two voices coming together last year, but now we are the ones who have brought the Brown and the Blue together. This bridge stands upon the limitless power of the ink and paper; one could bring anything to reality, all we need to do is to contemplate. Many could question, what brings a tusk and a feather together? We can clearly say that they both act as quill-pens. In the course of the history of mankind, both have at least once been dipped in ink to start a new story, to create or to destroy. From the virtue of being a Welhamite, I profoundly affirm that the pages of the very first issue of *Tusk & Feather* would be revisited for the coming issues of this amalgamation. The spirit of Welham dwells within our effort of this creation for every step is a part of the vision of the lady who started from a mere hamlet miles away.

To the Elephant and the Kingfisher,
Trayambak Pathak
School Captain 2023-24
Welham Boys' School

As we continue to call this collaboration ground-breaking and epoch-making, and revel in its success, this feels like the right platform to question the innate speciality of *Tusk & Feather*; for 'The Welham Institution' has unconventionally written all over it. Who could have imagined that the collective dream of two British women who set out to educate Indian girls and boys would transform into an 85-year-old world renowned institution, producing some of our finest citizens and changemakers, leaving the mark of their 'Welham Spirit' on the fabric of the world? In my time working in the WGS archives, I came across several written exchanges between Ms. Linnell and Ms. Oliphant. Hundreds of letters, some celebrating their exceptional victories and some discussing their many trials and tribulations that we never learn in our history classes, but which made our institutions into the tough, resilient and eccentric establishments they are today. Their everlasting tenacity and unbreakable resolve is something I carry with myself. No one can say today that they failed in their resolve. And, it is because they also symbolise something greater, something far beyond our individual existences — the power of the written word. I wonder if our founders realised the ripple effect that they started. We experience its impact in every part of our experience at Welham, from when we see the tadpoles on our kameezes or the elephants on our shirts. In the grand scheme of things, any School Captain's contribution is minimal at best. However, if we prove to be the vessel for each and every Welhamite to carry forth the invisible force that put us into motion, our job is complete.

In awe and adulation,
B/550 Avika P. Mantri
School Captain 2023-24
Welham Girls' School



FOUNDERS' GALLERY



Welham. Just a school, a village? Or something much more? Well, Welham is a way of living that has come into being, courtesy our benevolent Founder Ms. Hersilia Susie Oliphant. Welham is and always will be home to its Founder in more ways than one: in the form of her Welsh birthplace or as her most potent dream, a bastion of excellence. Having started as a preparatory school for Indian boys in the pre-Independence era, Welham has not only grown in infrastructure but more importantly in spirit. In the words of Ms. Hersilia Susie Oliphant, the credit for conceptualizing Welham goes to her mother. It is in her memory that we celebrate our Founder's Day. Welham as a school started with just one rented building (popularly known as the White House) and has, over the decades, grown to 32 acres of land, two blocks, three fields, more than 500 brilliant students, and much more. Our Founder has been the one to pioneer this legacy of the values of education, and it is these values which have been actuated by Welhamites over the years; the most important of these values being patience and perseverance. Rome was not built in a day, and neither was Welham. Our Founder is the rightful proprietor of our heritage, culture, and value systems – a glorious legacy that has endured for 87 long years and will continue to be so in the distant future. Truth be told, the Elephant has taken giant strides – whenever someone searches the name 'Welham', the schools show up before the village they are named after.

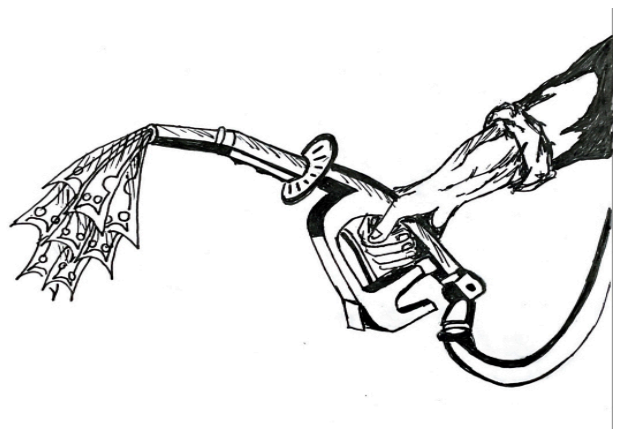
“This new school was only a concept, a visionary spark in the eyes of two ladies, a dream that had to be put together from scratch. There was no staff, no students, no infrastructure, one abandoned building, and no finances. In India, Ms. Linnell and Ms. Oliphant gave and received in equal parts; and the more they gave, the more was given in terms of overwhelming respect, love and devotion”

– an excerpt from *A Teacher's Tale* by Khatija Akbar

The name 'Welham' had established itself as a leader in the field of education since 1937, providing quality education to young men from all over the country. The jewel on its crown was added in 1957 when Ms. Grace Mary Linnell established Welham Girls' School and a journey of unwavering commitment to holistic education for girls was embarked on. As the pioneer of the only boarding school for young women in the country, Ms. Linnell was not only a Founder but also a visionary. On the insistence of her lifelong friend Ms. Oliphant, she shifted to the Himalayan city of Dehradun. Together, their desire to make an impact in the field of girls' education translated into reality when a Nawab's estate close to Welham Boys' School was acquired. It was Ms. Linnell's singular mission to foster pride in Indian culture among Welhamites. While educational institutes all across the country were adopting skirts and tunics as uniforms for girls, Welham envisioned the Salwar-Kameez – a tradition etched in all our hearts. Ms. Jyotsna Brar – former Principal and student of Welham Girls' (then Preparatory) School – has a heartwarming tale to share from her school days. At one Happy Lunch celebration, Ma'am donned a radiant and impressive kimono and could not wait to show it to her peers. As Ms. Linnell entered the gathering, she beamingly remarked, “Oh, Jyotsna, my dear, you look absolutely lovely in that kimono. But I cannot help but imagine how even better you would have looked in a beautiful Indian dress.” The tadpoles on our shoulders are an ode to her – and the lifelong legacy she bequeathed to us.

**Jiya Singh
Jaap Sardana**

THE DARK SIDE OF BLACK GOLD



Oil is a highly political commodity. The First World War established the strategic significance of oil for nations, as it was a major factor in how the Allies defeated the Germans. In the years following the war, the world would develop a great dependency on oil and it would become the lifeline of industrialised nations.

As the importance of oil became clear, global powers scrambled to secure their access to this wonder mineral. Discovering very limited oil reserves in their own lands, they were forced to search for supplies overseas. It is what lured them to the economically poor, but oil-rich nations of Western Asia and Africa. The coveted oil reserves would bring astronomical wealth to these developing countries, but it would also turn them into playgrounds for the Western powers to exploit. Over the years, the region became cursed with increasing conflict and political uncertainty.

America's obsession with oil has been particularly powerful. It has shown little hesitation in employing 'all means necessary', including deploying the US military to ensure its access to oil remains secure. Although Uncle Sam never formally accepted that it was using oil and natural gas reserves from Iraq, it

was helping its oil companies to use these resources by facilitating extraction through military occupation. The aftermath of the war was even darker – with the formation of the ISIS, a trillion US tax dollars being spent, and more people using lives than Saddam Hussein's regime. A somewhat similar imperialistic approach is being driven by America today in the context of the Russia-Ukraine War. Though every single individual living under or over a rock knows about the ongoing war, very few know about why and how the conflict is being exacerbated, and how it all leads back to America's obsession with Black Gold.

It is no secret that the global energy supply has been disrupted due to the war, and the economies of the European Union have taken a significant hit. On the other hand, American oil companies such as *Exxon Mobil* and *Chevron* seem to be recording higher profits than ever. All of this happens while Europe faces one of its worst energy crises. Moreover, the oil which is imported to the EU is sold at quadrupled rates in comparison to the US, which could precisely be the reason why the United States is instigating the war as much as it is – to maximise finances for its economy and extend its influence internationally.

It is not just US oil companies who violate and exploit the rights of the indigenous people in weaker nations with oil reserves: infamous private company, *Shell Oil*, is also responsible for oil spills in Nigeria, which have polluted the water with carcinogenic substances and have made farming and fishing impossible. They have strangled the protests against their operations with the help of corrupt officials in the Nigerian government and military, and the immense carbon footprint has left a deep scar in the native community – all indicative of the dark side of Black Gold.

What's In	What's Out
Barbie	Ken
Happiness Quotient	Actual happiness
WBS and TDS students filling out stress surveys	WBS and TDS students giving WGS the stress
Conjunctivitis	Coronavirus
Standing up for the national anthem of colonisers	Standing up to colonisers
Disservice to Welhamites	Social Service

**Amiya Walia
Shreyas Shah**



Elvis Presley — the man, the myth, the legend — was an American performer who left an indelible mark on the music industry and popular culture. He became a legend in the 1950s because of his mesmerizing voice, captivating onstage persona, and unmatched charisma. Even decades after his untimely demise, Elvis continues to captivate audiences worldwide.

Baz Luhrmann's *Elvis* was easily one of the biggest hit films of 2022. His depiction of the King of Rock & Roll promises to be an energetic and bright homage, owing to his distinct style and propensity for capturing the soul of great personalities. The movie is made in typical Luhrmann style, with the kitsch of *The Great Gatsby* and the musical extravagance of *Moulin Rouge*. It revolves around the complicated and controversial relationship between Elvis Presley and his manager, Colonel Parker. It begins with Elvis' introduction to Black Jazz music with an acoustic reprise of *That's Alright* and ends on a high note with a heartbreaking rendition of *Unchained Melody*.

Rumour Has It...

- People borrowing everything from pens to chocolates to moisturiser from Ms. Ritika Uniyal's purse. (*Ms. Ritika Uniyal: full-time teacher, part-time care bear, part-time Big Bazaar.*)
- Ms. Neera Kapoor making the school dance to *Naatu Naatu* while on stage.
- Vaishnavi convincing everyone in Japan that Oppenheimer is fake. (*I am Vaishnavi, destroyer of World War history.*)
- *Tusk & Feather* being an initiative only to decide which school has got the better snacks. (*Are we only talking about the food?? *wink wink*.*)
- An audience member's "Hare Krishna, Hare Ram" ringtone playing during the nuclear bomb scene in *Oppenheimer* when Pre SCs went for a batch treat. (*Christopher Nolan's captive sound producer was let loose for battle.*)
- MCGS spotted on multiple occasions in a cloud of ninja smoke.

The first part of the movie covers Elvis' rise to fame and his entanglement with Colonel Parker, also showing his relationship with his wife Priscilla Presley in its early years. The second half covers the lows of his career, with his drug dependency and a crumbling marriage. Tom Hanks plays Parker, but his poor prosthetics and over-the-top accent are hard to look past and thus his performance is abysmal, at best. Butler's acting on the other hand, truly steals the show. The color palette of the film exudes richness and vibrance which adds to the essence of the movie, but takes away from the storyline at times, becoming tiring for the eyes. The cinematography is well done and is a key aspect in showing the love Elvis' fans had for him and his worldwide fame.

I, Tvisha, would highly recommend the movie to anyone who is a fan of both Elvis and Luhrmann. The only thing that I do not particularly like about the movie is Tom Hanks, surprisingly. The prosthetics are amiss and the accent is something I could not get used to for the entire duration of the movie. Overall, Elvis has well-deserved acclaim and has carved a niche for itself in the field of musical biopics. Austin Butler's stellar performance is his crowning glory but Hanks' performance is a hit and a miss. Luhrmann's direction complements the essence of the movie, making it one of his best works to date.

I, Divyam, would personally recommend that everyone watch the movie at least once so as to know the tale behind the legend. The movie has a lot of ups and downs, which keeps the viewer engaged at all times. While the success of any biopic lies in its ability to strike a balance between entertainment and historical accuracy, we can be optimistic that Luhrmann's vision will provide a fresh and compelling perspective on one of the most iconic figures in music history.

Tvisha Mahajan
Divyam Duggal

To Pimp a Butterfly

To make 78 minutes of an intense and violent account of the struggles of Black men in the hoods and also have it recognized by the President of the United States as one of the best albums ever is quite the feat. To this recipe for greatness, add controversy, multiple police cases and humongous sales, and you get *To Pimp A Butterfly*. Kendrick Lamar's albums have revolutionized modern Hip Hop as we know it, and his longevity in the industry is testament to his genius. But the collected yet eccentric K Dot we know of today results from many trials and tribulations, at the top of which is *To Pimp A Butterfly*.

Kendrick Lamar's third studio album debuted in 2015 at the number one spot on the US Billboard and was his first to reach UK number one. A double LP clocking in at 78 minutes, it is filled with harsh realities and lyricism unparalleled in an anthology-style album where each song acts out a different incident. In the face of police brutality and widening economic disparity in the Black community, *To Pimp a Butterfly* becomes an immaculate amalgamation of rap, jazz, funk, soul, and the spoken word, unrestricted by a single genre.

Kendrick's incredible writing and musical cadence also provide for a great and enjoyable music experience even for an average rap listener who does not care much for the thematic motives of the album. It is this relatability which does not suffer at the compromise of quality, which sets Lamar apart among his contemporaries. As Kendrick tells the *New York Times*, "I'm talking as somebody who's been snatched out of cars and had rifles pointed at me." It is evident that the album uses excellent beats and production to inject an infectious yet sophisticated energy into consequential records.

The album opens with *Wesley's Theory*, where Lamar raps from the perspective of America trying to convince successful Black men to waste their money on material gain until they are eventually robbed of everything they have including their identity. A fearless Lamar comments on the systemic fault lines which turn innocent Black men into gangsters. True to his childhood influence, the rapper uses musical Jazz symphonies.

The production done by Dr Dre in the early days of Kendrick Lamar echoes in the funk music elements of King Kunta, an auditory representation of a hood resident's scrapbook or diary.

While the rest of hip-hop resorts to painting the ghetto as one-dimensional, here we see the humanization of the Black man, through Lamar's lyrics on heartbreak, lack of confidence, PTSD from violence, and much more. In the end, the listener is blessed with a beautiful yet harrowing conclusion.

In *Mortal Man*, the rapper converses with the deceased Tupac Shakur about carrying the legacy of Black Rap culture, after Pac's passing. The final words are Kendrick calling out to Shakur, indicating his demise and the gap that it left in the world of hip-hop.

Silence.



Vishvaneey Agarwal
Bimarsh Jha

SING, UNBURIED, SING

The winner of the National Book Award for Fiction 2017, *Sing, Unburied, Sing* is a thrilling, coming-of-age literary fiction authored by American novelist Jesmyn Ward. It is set in Bois Sauvage, Mississippi, a fictional town shattered by Hurricane Katrina. *Sing, Unburied, Sing* uncovers the painful past of a family and two ghosts on a road journey to bring home Michael, who is about to complete his prison sentence at the Mississippi State Penitentiary ('Parchman') for drug trafficking.

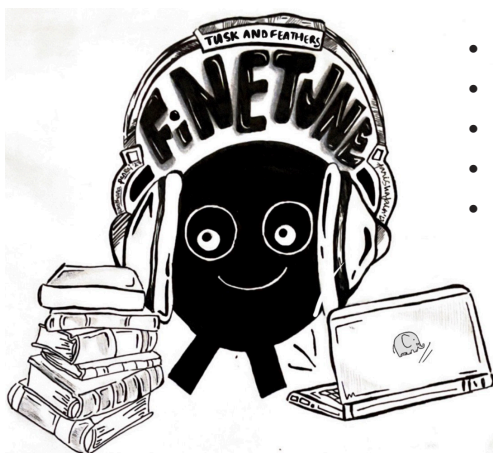
The novel opens with an emblematic scene where a thirteen-year-old Jojo celebrates his birthday, thrilled to 'become a man' by joining in his family tradition of slaughter a goat. We find that Jojo's Black maternal grandparents, Mam and Pop, stabilise the family while his white father Michael is in prison. His mother Leonie, haunted by the death of her brother, turns to drugs to escape her pain, leaving Jojo and his toddler sister Kayla largely in the care of Mam. When Michael is set to be released from prison, Leonie takes Jojo and Kayla, and her friend Misty on a road trip to fetch him. In the journey, the family encounters a series of events that challenge their resilience and expose them to the harsh realities of racism, poverty, and violence in their community.

Ward has vividly described the adversities faced by the people living in the oft-forgotten stretches of Mississippi, to portray the tragic panorama of the American rural south. The legacy of slavery is distant, but feels near enough to have shaped every moment in the lives of Pop, Jojo and Leonie. By weaving the past and the present through wandering, unfulfilled spirits of the dead in the story, Ward unfolds the generational trauma carried on the family's shoulder, exemplified by the characters' dysfunctional lives.

Sing, Unburied, Sing talks of a "journey to home" in which the characters escape the unshakeable sorrow that has been cast upon them. Jojo's supernatural ability to hear a mysterious healing natural song is an inheritance shared by his sister and grandmother, as he says: "It comes from the black earth and the trees and the ever-lit sky. It comes from the water. It is the most beautiful song I have ever heard, but I can't understand a word." The concept of regurgitation exposed through baby Kayla's vomiting symbolises how one cannot 'throw-up' one's troubled past. It reeks under the skin and lingers forever, trapping us in the never-ending, vicious cycle of the past.

Despite a vexatious legacy and traumatic past, Jojo embraces reality by allowing it to triumph. The presence of the 'unburied' and their 'songs' become lessons to immortalise the existence of people whose lives and stories are to be remembered. *Sing, Unburied, Sing* thus becomes an epic of the untold, carrying the story of three generations, the ghosts that haunt them and the terrific beauty of nature and life intertwining on the margins of humanity.

**Ananya Ratan
Samarth Agrawal**



ALBUMS

- Never Enough - Daniel Caesar
- Good Riddance - Gracie Abrams
- Red Moon in Venus - Kali Uchis
- With a Hammer - Yaeji
- the record - boygenius

FILMS

- Amadeus (1984)
- Jojo Rabbit (2020)
- Close (2022)
- Moonrise Kingdom (2012)
- Her (2013)

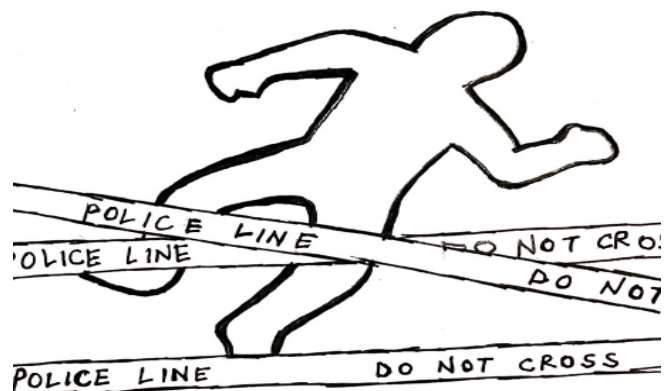
BOOKS

- Pachinko - Min Jin Lee
- Man's Search for Meaning - Viktor Frankl
- Oh William! - Elizabeth Strout
- Howl and Other Poems - Allen Ginsberg
- Blindness - Jose Saramago

Literary Affairs

The road behind the rubber industry, usually crowded, had a rather abrupt end. However, not many knew about the alley between the two locked warehouses. The man in the black hat was not dressed for alleys like these in a navy blue coat and a strongly clutched briefcase in one hand. A little girl held his other hand. The relation between the two seemed to be unclear as they walked down this dubious alley. Droplets of water falling and the squeaking of mice could be heard distinctly. The stench of sweat mixed with smoke adorned the air around them. Suddenly the man came to a stop, and so did the girl. He looked up to see the retail sign, which happened to be his destination. Holding the girl's hand tightly, he walked inside. Water droplets were still on the loose as he came out of the shutter. His face emotionless, but eyes swollen, the briefcase still in one hand, but the other empty. Emerging from the dimly lit alley, the man felt uneasy as shadows danced on graffitied walls. Silent drops of water turned into a light drizzle. His red, swollen eyes hid sorrow. Checking for pursuers, he clutched the briefcase that contained dangerous secrets. His left hand, empty, reminded him of the girl's innocence: her safety was his newfound priority. He stumbled out, blending into the bustling street, becoming an anonymous face in the crowd. Yet, around a dark corner, a figure lurked, staring, one that he made out to be a man. He wondered if he was a friend or a foe. The stranger whispered the final drop-off location of the suitcase and left. The man sensed malice in the raspy voice, realising he could not turn back now. For the girl's sake, he could not abandon this path. Unaware of the potential historical impact, he walked towards an unnerving destination, leaving the eerie alleyway behind. The location of the final destination had been given to him in latitudes and longitudes. On identifying the site, he started feeling uneasy. The co-ordinates were of an antique museum that had been burnt down in fire a few years ago. The same museum that this man was working at right before it collapsed. Entering what seemed to be the devil's death trap for him meant breaking the commitment he had made to never set foot in the place again. This was not a coincidence after all; someone was aware of his prior connection with the museum, his dark secret. Whoever it was, knew the little girl's link to all of it. The feeling of impending doom was stronger than ever. He realised then that the reason for him being there was not changing history at all, but rather to make it what it was supposed to be before he meddled with it. He

made his way towards the entrance. There were steps leading up to whatever was left of the museum. He did not go in, however; instead he took a right turn and made his way around the torrefied structure. He moved in a way that one would call a passage, but open to the sky. The walls around him, made of leaves, resembled an endless maze. He had pledged to forget this place, to forget this life, to never return. All he had to do was never look back. He finally made it across the passage, now in an open, green field. He saw her there. There the girl was, blindfolded, one hand hanging free; the other clinging to the custody of a woman. She had an unusual smile on her face. He knew the lady. There were three men beside her, armed with guns. "Open the briefcase," she instructed. "No," he barely whispered. "I don't think you got what I just said. Open it!" she said, as she revealed and pointed a gun at the girl's head. "Don't! I'll do it, I'll do it!" He opened it, only to find a pen and a sheet of blank paper. "You know what to do", she said in a commanding voice. "I can't", he blurted out, almost in tears now. "In that case," the woman said, "I guess I'll just pull the trigger". "No, don't!" "Will you do it, then?" "I can't." "In that case, I guess," she said, "Five." "No. No." "Four." "No, no! You don't have to do this!" "Three." "Please! Please! Don't do this, don't do this to me!" "Two." Please! Please don't." "Last chance, Tom," she said. "One." "Noooooooooooo!" There was a loud bang. Her legs dropped first, forcing her to the knee as her head gradually fell. Her body thumped on the ground. Everything went silent. The little girl just stood there, hearing everything, terrified of what was happening around her. "You're welcome, Sergeant," someone said from the passageway. "You're welcome."



Arushree Kashyap
Aahana Gupta
Ashaaz Ansari
Ahan Sparsh

Scrolling The Mind

In today's digital age, social media has become an integral part of our lives, influencing how we think, feel, and perceive ourselves and others. However, the consequences of this widespread use of social networking sites on our mental and emotional well-being are still being explored. This article delves into the complex effects of social media on our reasoning, mental health, and self-perception, shedding light on the challenges and concerns associated with this phenomenon.

Reasoning, a fundamental aspect of critical thinking, is not immune to the influence of social media. Research suggests that while these platforms can help us stay informed, they can also subtly warp our reasoning abilities. The allure of receiving validation in the form of likes, comments, and other positive reactions triggers a reward mechanism in our brains, releasing dopamine when our desires are satisfied. Consequently, social media's reward systems create a positive feedback loop that draws us back, making it difficult to think critically while using these platforms.

Moreover, the lightning-fast pace and revenue-driven nature of social media platforms contribute to this challenge. Users are bombarded with an overwhelming amount of content, leading to disorientation and a tendency to share without thoroughly reading or analysing the information. In fact, studies have shown that a majority of retweeted links on Twitter are never clicked on, highlighting the superficiality of engagement.

The rise of regular users as major sources of shared content emphasises the impact of social media's pervasive presence on our thought processes. Not only does social media affect our reasoning abilities, but it also raises concerns about our mental health.

Exposure to attractive images of friends and celebrities on these platforms contributes to body image issues, with some individuals seeking cosmetic procedures to resemble their filtered and perfected selfies. The rise of 'Snapchat dysmorphia' underscores the influence of social media on self-perception and the potentially harmful consequences of constantly comparing ourselves to others. Emotions play a significant role in the negative impact of social media on mental health.

The 'echo chambers' prevalent in these platforms can amplify divisive arguments, fostering an 'us vs. them' mentality that fuels anger and further polarises society. Additionally, a lack of media literacy exacerbates the problem, as individuals struggle to recognize biased information or discern the limitations of single online images as evidence. These factors, coupled with the perverse incentive structures and emotional appeals inherent in social media, pose challenges to clear thinking and reasoning.



In conclusion, social media has a profound influence on our critical thinking, mental health, and self-perception. While it provides opportunities for connection and information sharing, it also presents significant challenges. The reward mechanisms and fast-paced nature of social media can subtly warp our ability to think critically. Furthermore, studies suggest a correlation between social media use and worsened mental health outcomes, particularly among adolescents. It is crucial to be mindful of the unrealistic portrayals on these platforms and to cultivate media literacy skills to navigate the digital landscape more effectively. By understanding the impact of social media on our minds and emotions, we can develop healthier relationships with these platforms and prioritise our well-being in the digital age.

Tanay Pratap

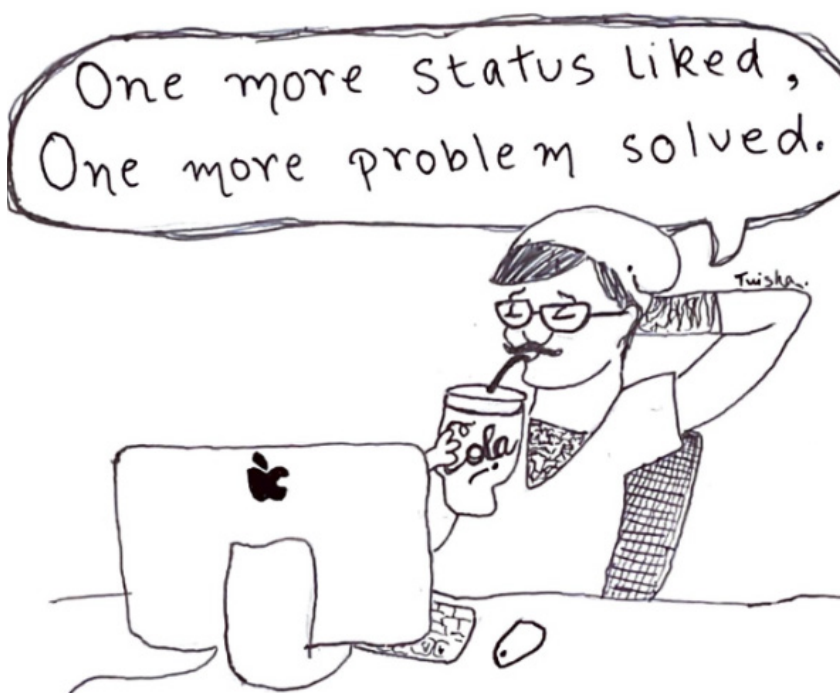
An Armchair Activist's Quest for Validation

In the Golden Age of Activism, we introduce the mega-event to celebrate the trendification of social justice — Social Issue Olympics. The event kicked off with the Pity Parade where people marched around in elaborate costumes that stood for various causes; the more flamboyant, the better they signalled their virtuous status. Standing with banners and flags for the serious to the bizarre, they used hashtags for 'giving back' to and showcasing their care for the community (#SaveTheRareAlbinoRabbit or #EndAwkwardElevatorConversations!)

The following event was the Resume Marathon, where elite participants who wished for an Ivy education performed their corporate humility by advertising their NGO Instagram pages, for exactly two months. A battle of keyboards using sentimental captions ensued along with aesthetic charity for the 'gram. Points were awarded for their irreplaceable work towards the volunteering sections of their LinkedIn profiles. I would advise the reader to stay ten feet away from any such 'projects' or 'initiatives'.

Next came the Oversimplification Relay. Here the contestants passed the baton by turning complex, deep-rooted, systemic challenges into absurdly simplistic solutions. Competitors from Climate Change Cakewalk, Effortless Poverty Eradication and Equality Jigsaw Puzzle perfectly trivialised the challenges faced by marginalised communities and effectively misunderstood the root causes of these issues. Media was criticised for not covering the real activists who wore trendy ACAB merch from Ethical Exploitation and Co. with the apotheosis and recognition they deserved.

Not to be forgotten are the sponsors of this great spectacle — the corporate giants eager to cash from the virtue craze. We have Conscious Capitalism Companies who have perfected the art of squeezing every last penny of labour from their workers as they ace the game of keeping their employees below the living wage. If only these companies changed their oppressive labour tactics as fast as the rainbow profile pictures on their social media pages on July 1st!



The motive behind these events is our society's incompetence and inability to constructively tackle the challenges the world faces today, coupled with a need for projecting the aesthetic of kindness, as if it could ever replace humanitarianism.

For those who truly want to leave a mark of change in the world, here's your sign to move beyond the spectacle of Instagram bullet-point summaries made in Canva and take genuine and tangible actions, even if it means one small, grass-touching step at a time.

Vaaruni Swaroop

To, The Lizard in My Washroom (Part 1 of III)

I shifted to my room on the 31st of March and just when I had moved in all my belongings, someone came up to me and said, "There are two lizards in your room." Thankfully it was just a gag. I say 'thankfully' not because I am afraid of you now, I was once. Just the sight of you would give me quivers and wouldn't let me sleep the whole night, although I knew that you were the one who was more scared and helpless and would run around trying to find a spot which gave you solace and moments of peace until I called an elder to either throw you out of my room or put you down.

I was not scared of anything because I was too naive to understand the real world unless it was you; you made me pale. Now when I am eighteen, I have more things to intimidate me, it is a lengthy list but you didn't make it in. Nevertheless, I still scrutinise the washroom, scanning every place possible and try not to see you, hoping that you would leave one day. This is not because you scare me now, it's because you nauseate me, your black dot-like lifeless eyes revolt against me. You suffocate me and make me feel like a guest in my space again.

I have often thought about why God would even create a thing like you but then this question gives birth to an existential crisis. I was wondering: if we were stripped of our identities right

now and I wasn't me in the form sense and you weren't you in the form sense, would you even pay attention to me, as you do now because I am in a position to harm you. Would you dare to come in front of me and tell me what you want? I think you're the only one who ever really saw me, without needing any words to be exchanged. I can't ever unsee you. Does it mean that I have no desire to see anything else?

Maybe it's the hate and fear which has bonded us, although I have no desire to be associated with you in any way. I think now it's your turn to feel vulnerable. You've been so cautious lately, so guarded. But then I sit here this afternoon, not having heard from you in days. But you're still there...I'm sorry that I'm not friendlier to you. Hopefully, you don't think you've done something wrong. Hindsight is a farce, there's no such thing; all we have is where we are. The actions that we've taken have led us to this specific point in time. I have moments in time that I relive. You're a big part of the few things that I regret, for instance, maybe letting the window open that one day.

But I only have myself to blame. I blame myself for giving to others what I know they will never be capable of giving to me. I'm angry that I've given the best and most sacred parts of my being to the idlers desperate for a spark to



pass their time, that my love and affection and loyalty have been perfectly packaged and presented with a bow, to people to whom I am just an ego boost. Take yourself for example, I'm giving you my hate because any emotion is better than no emotion at all. And I'm embarrassed.

To have wasted a hundred words on ears so deaf and souls so blind. You will never get to know me. Never truly know me. Never understand me. But now when I look back, you make me realise that everything can't be under my control and that someone will always make me look small, that I have to live with that fact and coexist with you.

From the person who wants your extinction the most,
Vihan Shukla

Cogito Ergo Sum

The Philosophical Equivalent of an Existential Crisis

The universe is vast. Ever since it came into existence 13.8 billion years ago, it has been expanding relentlessly. It seems to be flooded with a myriad of mysteries that have no clear answer so far. However, the master of these innumerable questions is a simple yet dangerous one — “Is the universe even there at all?”

Some argue that the very fact that we question or lack certainty about the existence of our universe proves that we exist. In light of this theory, French philosopher René Descartes gave us the phrase — *cogito, ergo sum* or ‘I think, therefore I am’. It implies, simply, that our doubt in our existence implies awareness of our existence, and therefore also its proof. Even then, a deeper look at his philosophy forces us to ask: ‘What if a malign superbeing is putting thoughts into our head?’ But Descartes solves that doubt easily — well, for a creature to be able to put thoughts into us, and for us to be able to think about it, we must first exist. However, even if this theory justifies the reality of our existence, it does not explain that of anything outside of our own conscience. Objects are not capable of performing the acts of interpretation and deduction. Then according to this theory, objects such as tables and chairs simply cease to exist. Another problem arises that it gives rise to a paradox, much like the

chicken or the egg problem. We cannot be sure of what came first — the act of thinking or the act of existing. Descartes tells us that we exist only because we think; but how did we start thinking if we did not exist in the first place?

Now, thinking is not independent. The observer can think only within the realm of his observation. Even his imagination cannot be outside the purview of his observations.

Going one step further, the observations are themselves limited by the senses. If I were not able to see, feel, hear, taste or smell the thing in front of me, then for me it would not have existed at all. For example, bats cannot see and squids are deaf. For a bat, the universe is dark and for a squid, the universe is soundless.

There could be organisms which may have additional sense organs and their perception would be entirely different. If all of these sense organs were to be taken away, we would not be able to discern the universe at all. There lies the contention with Descartes’ theory, once again.

Then, what is the truth behind reality? I believe there cannot be one neat, one-fits-all answer which can purely justify existence as a whole. As much as it may not seem like it, existence too is subjective and is largely dependent on perception. Descartes’ theory was not entirely correct, but he too emphasized on the act of thinking subjective ideas. There are just as many different universes as there are perceivers and each perception is equally right. As said by Aldous Huxley, “There are things known, and there are things unknown, and in between are the doors of perception.”

Twisha Choudhary

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Holding on and Letting Go

The ticking clock sets into motion a countdown that sometimes feels agonisingly slow. It is difficult to fathom that in just a few months, we will yearn to slow down time, desperately wanting to relive the cherished moments of our past. We are often advised to live as if there were no tomorrow, but what happens when that tomorrow ceases to exist, and we wake up to the realisation that "this is the end"?

Whispers of our greatest fear, the Unknown, linger in the depths of our minds. Whether it's the familiar roads of Dalanwala or the comforting streets and corners of our hometowns, home has been our sole sanctuary. But how does one find familiarity amidst the shadows of the unknown? A common question emerges in our minds: "How do we conquer the fear of what lies hidden, lurking just around the corner, ready to seize us the moment we blink?" When we can count the remaining months on our fingers, we know that the beginning of the end has commenced.

We stand on the precipice of unforeseen events, feeling lost and uncertain. In just a few months, we will be forced to bid farewell to the only place we have ever truly called home. The clock now begins to accelerate. The spring term of '23, these very summer holidays, and the countless treasured events we experienced this year—they mark our last. We have one final chance to savour the bittersweet memories at Welham and hold them close to our hearts.

The weight of the big 'C' word brings about relentless stress and a sense of hopelessness. Amidst the anxiety already gripping us due to an uncertain future, societal pressures only compound our burdens. The world offers endless opportunities at our fingertips, and our unconventional methods of pursuing success may raise eyebrows. The constant reminders of potential pitfalls and future expectations act as catalysts for our stress.

Yet, the proximity to the end of our journey elicits intense emotions and nostalgia. The fear of being lost and stuck in the past haunts our vision of the future. However, this is not an excuse to neglect preparing for what lies ahead. It is our actions that will

shape the consequences we face. We must not cross the gates of Welham one day only to be blindsided by the crashing train of "what's next?" because we were consumed by our emotions and daily affairs of the school.

Now is the time to embrace the dawn of a new chapter in our lives, face the unknown, adapt to it, and call another place our home. We will undoubtedly encounter numerous challenges and obstacles, but life itself is a conquest of these adversities. Amidst the uncertainties, memories become a balm for our broken spirits, never letting us feel alone. Faith is what we must hold on to.

Like a shotgun blast, memories suddenly flood our consciousness, taking us by surprise. The memories we created during our time at Welham will be cherished artefacts we will never let go of. Despite the uncertainty that looms, one thing remains certain: the echoes of our laughter will resonate eternally. These memories will serve as souvenirs of our past, carrying us forward into an obscure but future.

In the end, as the beginning fades away, we find solace in knowing that we have the strength to navigate the unknown, guided by the warmth of cherished memories. It is in this fragile balance of embracing the future while honouring the past that we discover the true essence of our journey.

- Tejaswani Gupta
Tejas Agarwal





Editors' Take



Over the years, the Welham fraternity has established itself as a distinguished institution of remarkable excellence, leaving an indelible mark on society. The sibling schools have meticulously honed their work, achieving a high level of intricate perfection. The notion of collaboration, which had previously seemed improbable, stands as a testament to the remarkable milestones of the Welham fraternity.

The flagship publications of the sibling schools, namely *The Oliphant* and *News & Views*, have envisioned the empowerment of the Welham community by embarking on a new level of collaboration in the inaugural edition of this historical publication – *Tusk & Feather*. Both institutions try to imbibe in their students the importance of collaboration and cooperation, so that when they walk out into the world on their own, they can meaningfully contribute to the global community.

This indomitable spirit of collaboration is embedded into the very fibre of the ever-evolving world we inhabit — from the realms of music and film to global socio-cultural co-existence. This spirit shines through as world leaders come together to solve problems through numerous multi-national military and economic partnerships, and glimmers of it are even present in the murky lands of politics, where politicians often join hands (for better or worse) in a bid to bring about change. As a generation that has grown in the digital age, immersed in interactive media, we especially understand the importance of nurturing this undying spirit for all times to come.



Ideologies and culture are institutions in themselves, and often when the walls of these institutions demand repair, the spirit of collaboration seeps in. Every monumental event of history observes the blend of multiple cultures like strokes of paint brushes coming together to create a complex artwork. The beauty of an individual culture is only enriched by that of another, as it did in this collaborative issue of *Tusk & Feather*. Even in our linguistic heritage, Urdu is a testament to this very fact, as it emerged through the collaboration between native Hindi and Persian speakers, as a bridge to bring together people from distinct communities and quell the inherent need for syncretic communication.

We can even extend this example to Greek mythology where the importance of collaboration is often exemplified through the concept of synergy and the power of unity. One example is the story of the Argonauts, a group of heroes led by Jason on a quest for the Golden Fleece. Each member of the crew possessed unique skills and talents, and their successful journey depended on their ability to work together harmoniously. They exemplified the philosophy that cooperation and collaboration can overcome seemingly insurmountable challenges. Shifting our focus from individual achievement to mutual success, fostering a culture of trust, respect, cooperation and recognising the inherent interdependence of individuals and the interconnectedness of their goals and aspirations. This philosophy transcends hierarchical structures, encourages a more inclusive and egalitarian approach, and emphasises the importance of shared responsibility, decision-making, and the willingness to learn from one another.



Aarisha Jain
Vanshi Agrawal
Vihan Shukla
Rakshit Khurana

WACKY WOODSEATS

Embracing Junior School: Finding Strength, Support, and Success



Being a junior is a unique and irreplaceable experience in our youth. It is often perceived that we do not enjoy as much freedom as our seniors, but it is crucial to recognize that their freedom stems from the valuable experience they have acquired throughout their journey. As juniors, we might sometimes feel subjected to orders and instructions, but we must acknowledge the presence of several individuals who genuinely care for us and are always ready to provide assistance.

As a junior, I occasionally find myself feeling like an outsider in sports and other activities. Building strong connections with my seniors might not always come naturally, but I have come to understand that with unwavering determination, hard work, and resilience, we can achieve our goals and participate alongside our seniors in various competitions.

Although everyday life may seem mundane and repetitive, it is our individual efforts that infuse it with uniqueness and significance. Since juniors are presented with limited opportunities, I strive to engage in all activities within my capabilities. Personally, I am not hesitant to seek advice from my seniors or approach them with any concerns. Moreover, I am fortunate to have reliable friends upon whom I can consistently rely, knowing that they will never betray my confidence.

In conclusion, challenges may arise, but with unwavering determination, solutions can always be found. The struggles we encounter as juniors are merely the initial stages of our journey; as we adapt, school life gradually becomes more manageable and rewarding. I am confident that when I transition to senior school, it will be an unforgettable and enriching experience.

Aarnav Aggarwal

YELLOW GUMBOOTS



JUNIOR JAMBORÉE

Second Thoughts on 'Horror' Movies

Creaking, shrieking and peeking essentially comprise the shaky foundation that the horror industry stands on. I guess we have all watched at least one horror movie (No, *Bhoothnath* does NOT count). From *The Conjuring* and *Annabelle* to *Slender Man* and *The Possession*, the fascination people have with horror movies – it must be admitted – is somewhat uncanny.



Some laugh at their companions for getting spooked by the incredibly “scary” scenes while others cover their eyes, occasionally peeking through the gap between their fingers and instantly closing it again; shrieking but held hostage by the screen.

Well, there’s no need to be afraid now. (No, Spiderman isn’t there to save the day!) We can look at a horror movie from a different perspective – a humorous one.



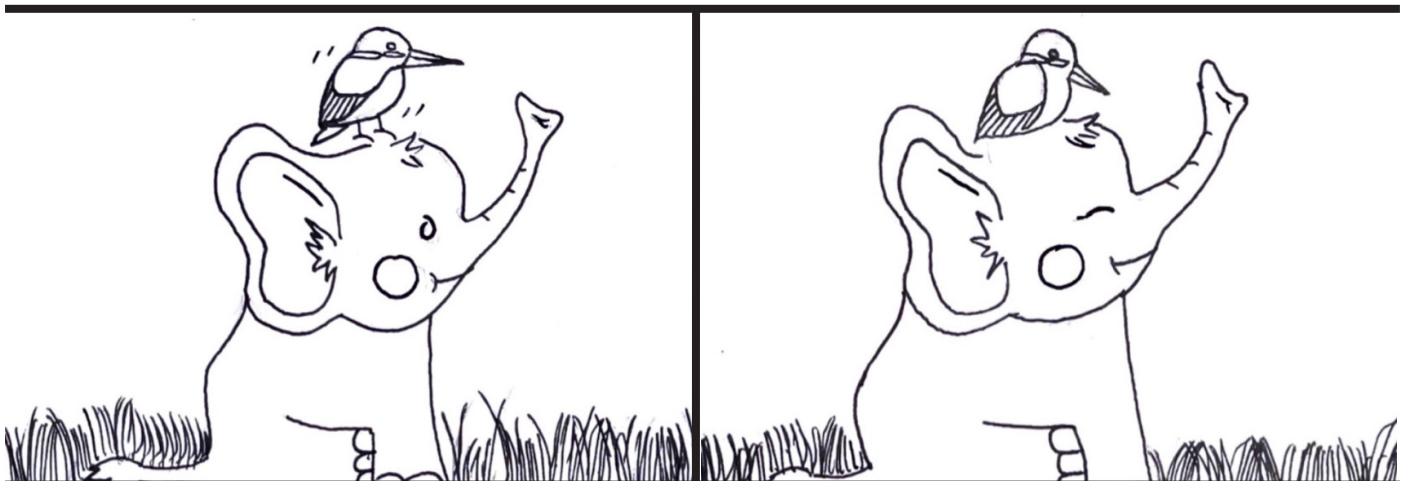
Let’s start with the fact that the main character won’t pay attention to anything other than that one eerie, dark dilapidated house in the corner of a bright, colorful neighborhood. They boast that they ventured there out of juvenile curiosity, but I’d just say their timing is as bad as the film’s graphics. I mean, do you have a death wish? After the house has piqued their curiosity, they continue to power on ahead and enter the crumbling building.



The creaking wooden floor and the dust covered, spine-chilling sculptures of random people do not give them the slightest hint to leave. Even the paranormal activities like ominous sounds and voices do not deter them. When reality kicks in, they ask the ghost, “Hello, is anybody there?” Do they think the ghost is going to call out from the kitchen and announce, “Yeah, I’m in the kitchen. Want a sandwich?” They also take the ultra-smart decision of meddling into the matters of the house rather than running back to safety. Good luck, I guess.

Horror movies can be bone-shaking, if we want them to be. I think I’ve given you enough details to burst into laughter while watching your next ‘scary’ movie. I sure will, the next time I’m watching *Bhoothnath* in the dorm on a Saturday night, too scared to look up from the blanket at the frail old man.

Rysa Deoli



Oli 24/7

- **8th April:** The art team participated in the Earth Art competition at Hopetown School and was adjudged the overall winner.
- **8th April:** IZARD-eh-HUNNAR was organised by Hopetown School. The dance team was adjudged the overall runners-up. The videography team secured the first position.
- **12th-13th April:** Smarika was hosted by Welham Girls' School. In the Swaroj Srivastava English Debate the team emerged runners-up. In the Miss Linnell Hindi Debate the team secured first place.
- **15th-30th April:** A Cricket tournament was held at Kasiga School. Our team managed to reach the semi-finals.
- **19th-21st April:** The MCGSMUN was hosted by Mayo College Girls' School. Our school lifted the Overall Best Delegation trophy.
- **24th-27th April:** Welham Boys' School hosted the All-India Golden Jubilee Basketball Tournament. The school lifted the Runners Up trophy.
- **30th April- 4th May:** Welham Boys' School also hosted the Kandhari Memorial Hockey Tournament. Oak Grove School emerged victorious.
- **6th April:** The Oasis School held the Kalataru Inter-School Visual Art Competition. The WBS team emerged as the overall winner.
- **8th-10th May:** The Vantage Hall School hosted a Squash Districts Tournament. Team A from Welham Boys' School came first in the tournament, whereas team B came third.

Shreya: My headache is hurting.
Deadly.

While playing chess, frantically

Anurati: Guys, where's the dice?!
The Ed-Board refuses to brainstorm.

Amiya: **asks Gargi to check if she has fever**

Gargi: Ek din morning sports jaane se fever nahi hota, Amiya.
No more dramatic exercise needed.

Chitraganda: What are the symptoms of dengue?

Varija: Mosquito bites.

These seems to be the symptom of an acute lack of biological knowledge.

Navya watches Oppenheimer

Meehika: The part about the nuclear bomb blast was so terrifying.

Navya: There was a nuclear bomb blast?

Thank you to Welhamites for single-handedly ruining Christopher Nolan's illustrious career.



**BIRD
BRAIN**



- **22nd May:** Six WGS students visited Samworth Church Academy, UK for a Round Square event.
- **25th May:** Six WGS students attended a RS Conference in Arusha, Tanzania.
- **10th-13th June:** Kartikee Mahadik and Ananya Ratan represented the IPSC Table Tennis Team at the 66th SGFI National 2023. Way to go!
- **12th-3rd June:** Aaruni Garg and Syna Gupta attended a 3 weeks long student exchange programme at Groton School, U.S.A.
- **26th June:** Tvisha Mahajan and Kaavyaa Patel went to Downe House School, U.K. for a student exchange programme.
- **18th June:** Ms. Vibha Kapoor was felicitated with the Shakti Award for Excellence in Education and her contribution towards education. Congratulations, Ma'am!
- **8th-9th July:** Aatree Maheshwari won a silver medal in the 16-17 years category at the Gujarat State Championship. She has been selected for the West Zone Karate Championship. Way to go, Aatree!
- **9th-14th July:** A group of 4 Pre SC students, accompanied by Ms. Jyoti Vasudev attended the Inter-Cultural Conference hosted by Groton School, USA.
- **19th July:** Five students represented the school at the National Cooking Competition hosted by The Heritage School, Udaipur. All of them won the top positions in their categories. Kudos!
- **20th-22nd July:** Six AI students participated in the IPSC IT Fest hosted by Mayo College Girls' School, Ajmer. They received accolades in 2 of the events.
- **29th-30th July:** Nine students attended QMUN '23 hosted by SelaQui International School, Dehradun. The Welham delegation won accolades in all committees!
- **23rd-31st July:** Twelve students from the WGS Basketball team visited Japan for an RS International Sports Collaboration.
- **23rd July:** Vaanya Thapliyal received an 'Honourable Mention' in the national level Chittagong Grammar School Art Competition amongst more than 330 entries!
- **23rd-30th July:** Thirty one students visited London for the Global Round of World Scholars Cup. 26 students qualified for the final round which will be held at Yale University.



THBT BOARDING SCHOOLS

Proposition

“Relics are not antiques rather they are the ideas which are still practiced.”

As soon as the word ‘relic’ pours into our ears, we instantly think about the past and contemplate it as objects or institutions that have been carried down to the present. However, we tend to neglect the very crux which relics symbolize. If we examine any relic in the current world, then one common observation that we would possibly come down to is that each relic symbolizes an idea, belief, or perhaps a culture. Relics are not restricted to some mere objects; rather they are about ideas that have been passed through generations to the present.

The motion under fire is that boarding schools are a relic of the past. A common misconception that encircles us is that residential schools are a symbol of modernity. The motive of these institutions is not restricted to a curriculum but rather it is to prepare youngsters to face the life that lies ahead and how to excel in it. Boarding schools are thought to have commenced only two centuries ago where in fact, rather they are the very products of the idea which has had its roots since ancient times.

Let’s not go far and focus on our own nation, boarding schools are institutions based on the ancient Gurukul tradition which forms an integral part of not only mythologies but also of each and every historic context that relates to the Indian Civilisation. Gurukuls were institutions where

students lived with their mentors and received education, moral values and life skills under their guidance, thus inculcating practices of becoming independent. Boarding schools are an exact replica of these with the only point of distinction being the development of soft skills in place of spirituality.

In the past, children used to reside in Gurukuls until they received all the teachings from the mentors. The case with boarding schools is similar where in children are away from their families to garner education.

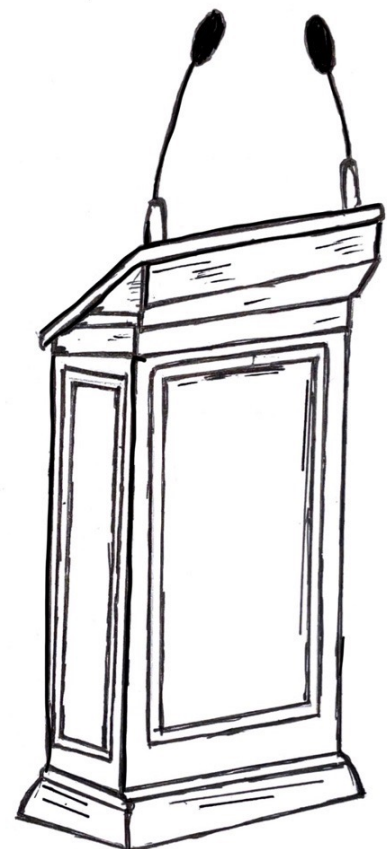
The very purpose of Gurukuls was to teach students to be self-disciplined and inculcate skills to sustain themselves in the future world, similarly, residential institutions train us to excel in the competitive world that lies ahead of us.

I would like to argue that today more than ever, we find a need for gurukul-like boarding schools. The world may be moving towards boards like IGCSE or IB but it is losing the very essence of education – character building and value systems. We want empathetic individuals of tomorrow, who lead with honour and duty. It is claimed that boarding schools mark the end of traditional culture. The fact, however, is that they are born out of this very culture and carry a similar perspective but in a novel way. The opposition has restrict-

ed the concept of residential schools merely to infrastructure, curriculum, and shift in practices whereas these institutions are the symbol of constant ideas and the culture which still prevail in the society: ‘It is the curriculum that changes but education remains constant.’

Though it is not wrong to claim that boarding schools have brought a major change in the path of modernization through the adoption of new curricula and strategies, the idea of overall development and assisting the students to inculcate life skills still remains.

Atharva Agarwal



S ARE A RELIC OF THE PAST



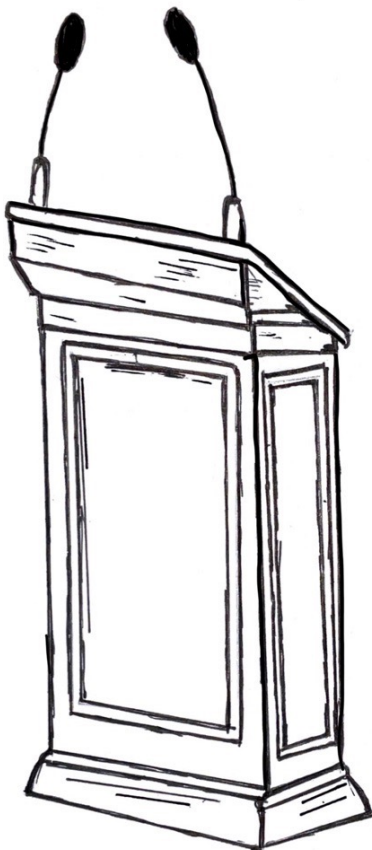
Opposition

“The value of things is not the time they last, but the intensity with which they occur.”

Education transcends time in value, and does not need to be considered a symbol of the past to stay relevant.

The motion under fire is that boarding schools are a relic of the past. Firmly negating this motion, I suggest that boarding schools are not only a symbol of modernity but also an embodiment of it.

Contrary to the philistine approach of the motion, boarding schools fall under what is referred to as the modern age. The first documented use of the term dates back to 1665 and the beginning of modern age is marked just about 165 years prior to that.



But this itself is rather palliating, as the current notion of boarding schools is better suited under the postmodern umbrella.

We as humans preserve our past by establishing it as what is known as culture. The culture of our nation, religion or values is all that which gives us our identity. Making the decision of sending a child to a boarding school, certain parents stress over how much of our heritage a residential school embeds in the children. This thought is a product of deceit because, though there is culture that the students absorb, that culture is more so of that specific school than that of the community that these parents expect. Hence only creating another – just more menial – segregation on how humans interact.

It is an easy explanation to give, when someone asks, “What are Gurukuls?” You can sum it up quite conveniently: that ‘Oh, they’re like boarding schools, but from the ancient age in India,’ because superficially the only criterion of boarding is staying away from home. But that’s like saying anything that falls from the sky is rain. Schools of the modern age differentiate enough from the past that they can be considered two completely different concepts. From the goal of education to the process of it – accessibility, the society and almost everything else has changed. And with that much of

change in schools itself, boarding schools and gurukuls do not even have that suffix in common to help us juxtapose the two.

The idea of morality and virtue has evolved so much over the years, that it is no question that the teachings have changed as well. So maybe the proposition would like to reconsider what it is that remains constant when they say, ‘It is the curriculum which changes but education remains constant.’ For it seems that only the word remains constant, but the motive of education has nothing left in common. The roots may have been shared, but the beginning of a new age coincides with the end of the prior.

“Education is a priority. How can we resist exploitation if we don’t have the tools to understand exploitation” a quote by Chimamanda Ngozi Adiche sums up this difference. Education of the past was a way of inflicting exploitation – being accessible to only the privileged – but education now aims to be a tool to understand exploitation, and consequently, defeat it.

Maanya Kohli

To whom does the term 'Welhamite' belong?

To the White House.

Don't we all just love it when our younger sibling suddenly bursts into our room and then starts to claim everything that we have to our name as their own? The ongoing discussion about the terms 'Welhamites' and 'Welhamotes' does not seem too different from this scenario. Welham Girls' School despite being established twenty years later than Welham Boys' School, still refuses to call the students of the original 'Welham' using the proper term of 'Welhamites,' and have somehow conjured up a new term that no one apart from them uses – namely, 'Welhamotes'.

Although any outsider would believe that students of both schools are called 'Welhamites' considering our sibling school also shares our name (which personally, is how it should be). Our siblings have reserved the official term for themselves, making us, what I believe to be, distant cousins. Although the natural order of things would suggest that the ones who came later would have to come up with a new term for themselves rather than trying to claim one from the ones who came before, the Kingfisher seems to be a bit eccentric and has strayed off from the natural path.

Well, every child believes, until some point in their life, that everything in the world belongs to them,



and when they do not get what they want, they throw a tantrum believing that their tears will act in their favour. We all know the stories, and we also know the end. The child does not get what they want and learns that everything does not belong to it. It looks like our little sister is also going through the same phase in life, and in time will hopefully learn that their assertion of the term 'Welhamite' belonging to them is wrong.

Considering I am talking about lessons that kids learn at a young age, another major lesson is 'sharing is caring'. So maybe there is an alternative to this entire heated debate. Unfortunately, babies are known to be quite stubborn.

Sabhya Malik

Q. Why don't we ever see uncle August and Aunt Agatha in the same place at the same time?

Dear-romantically-famished-Welhamite, These rosy reveries that seem to be swiping at the back of your head when you are supposed to be engaged in your classes, seem to invoke in my head a nightmare of the dreaded credit card that your parents made the grave error of swiping for your education. Unlike Aunt Agatha and Uncle August, I sincerely hope that you and your brain cells are in the same place at the same time someday. August and I do share a considerably great deal of physical proximity. I would like you to wonder why we would never ever see Tom Holland and Spiderman in the same place?? Or Donald Trump and an orange in the same place?? Or an umbrella - carrying lover and humour in the same place?? Perhaps, the only difference between me and Uncle August is the lens we look at life through. (He seems to fancy yellow lenses that fall from his head every time he nods, for all his world-watching.)



Q. Is it true that Welhamotes hug their umbrellas in their sleep like we hug our pillows?

Dear-damsel-in-distress, Though I've never seen them in the act, I have heard through the grapevine the lengths the Welhamotes go to, to protect their umbrellas. A piteous one had come up to his dearest aunt (me!) and told her about his distressing situation — his family felt neglected and taken for granted, as he invested his money, time, and love in his beloved umbrella. However, it was not the poor lad's fault. It was his duty as a Welhamote to prioritize his relationship with his umbrella in sickness and in health, for better or for worse (as stated in the Welham Charter). And thus, I believe it is not too far-fetched to think they might hug their rain-shielding apparatus in their sleep.

**Always and forever (never) yours,
Aunt Agatha**



To the Nasreen.

The topic that lies before us today holds great significance in the realm of education and identity (also, imitation disguised as flattery). “To whom does the term Welhamite belong?” Often left unanswered or resulting in discourse, made futile by mere arguments, this particular question must finally be addressed.

Following standard procedure, the term ‘Welhamite’ must be defined in an accurate manner. Dear readers, a Welhamite is not just ‘some guy’ with an overly-valued (almost concerningly so) umbrella. A real Welhamite is a student with extraordinary talent, superpowers, a blue chunni and apparently, endless patience (which was truly tested in the process of this collaboration).

We are merely claiming what is rightfully ours: the term, ‘Welham-ite’. The suffix ‘-ite’ comes from the Greek word -ites and is used as a suffix for gems. Amongst diamonds, emeralds and moonstones, young women from Welham Girls’ are universally regarded to be the most precious gems. (And if the truth be told: I, for one, have never seen a gem wear a brown blazer.)

They say a man should be humbled lest he begins to trip on his own ego. Welham Boys’ was a preparatory school and as soon as students passed Grade 6, they appeared for various Entrance Examinations. On the other hand, Welham Girls’ was a school where once a student had enrolled, she did not feel the need to go to the other parts of the country to complete her education. While, truth be told, we have absolutely no problem in sharing the name, rather that is how it should be. Alas, till the time our dear Big Brothers do not let go of their ‘superiority complex’, we have no other choice.

We are deemed to be eccentric Kingfishers who have strayed from the natural path, merely on the basis of the fact that they came first. Dear Welhamotes, Superman came before Spiderman too (but he lacked a sense of humour, was overbearingly moralistic and had a weird sense of dressing!) Only the readers can tell if it reminds them of a certain bunch of men.

Varija Manglik

Q. Uncle August, do you know that you are not going to see the light of day tomorrow?

Dear Devil’s Messenger,
I am rather perplexed to find this question and it seems to riddle me with more questions than I have answers to (maybe, this is the first time I get to experience what the likes of you might feel if anything remotely intelligent is said). Why are you so atrociously cruel to me? Will I not be able to see the light of day because tomorrow is just an eclipse? Are the robots taking over?? Aliens?? Why does this answer sound like it was written by a modern poet?? Please convey my regards and deep, amorous affection to Aunt Agatha. I loved her, no matter how “platonic” (I don’t know what that word means, she always used to call us that) our relationship is. If the rain comes pouring down on her, I shall now and forever keep her under the shade of my umbrella (literally and metaphorically)...

[After the last Tusk & Feather was read, Uncle August was found melting in a corner, decaying in the heat, perished in the memory of a “shade”, he would never know now. His end came before he could truly begin.]



Q. Uncle August, who is your niece?

Dear Welhamite ready-to-be-killed-like-the-cat-killed-by-curiosity,
It does pain me to see that you are so intrigued by the familial ties that I share. But since I am almost obliged to answer

your question, I shall tell you that my niece happens to be one whose only saving grace is the blue piece of cloth below her neck (one around her mouth would do more justice though.) I do think that her fanciful thinking around Welham becoming a co-ed wouldn’t necessarily help with the ‘ed’ part of it (and it’s not like she has any ‘rizz’ anyway). No matter how much admiration she pours them with, my lads only smile when the weather gods decide to pour. They only sing “Rabindranather barshar gaan”. It is saddening that he, in family gatherings, only likes to be served food if it’s plated on the shade of his umbrella (as if it were a bowl.) I do understand his need to eat on the shade of his umbrella, though. Perhaps, it’s because of the sheer fear of her eating all of his food if it were served.

**Showering all my love,
Uncle August**

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The cover art by W/457 Lavanya Uniyal and O/271 Vidya Jhamb is inspired by the painting *American Gothic* (1930) by Grant Wood. The artwork has influenced many creative renditions of itself in pop culture. In this collaboration, we present our take on the American masterpiece, featuring two upstanding Welhamites. The background represents distinctive features of Welham architecture by taking elements from the Nasreen at Welham Girls' School and the White House at Welham Boys' School.