



NEWS & VIEWS

Estd. 1964



"How lucky I am to have something that makes saying goodbye so hard."

—A.A. Milne

Dear Readers,

As the familiar smell of cup noodles (*thankfully, not Wok Tok*) lingers in the senior dorms, the cool winter days seem to carry a different charge—a heavy sense of impending goodbyes coming soon but not quite yet. The No. 12 campus, bathed in the warm glow of the crisp sun, seems to come alive in a way it only does in these final days and everything seems to be on fast forward. SCs run around, hunting down teachers and students for messages in their leavers, selecting BIIs for the paper dance, and, of course, doing what we do best—lounging in our favorite campus spots, books open on our laps, letting the laughter echo off these familiar red-bricked walls. In these moments there lies an unspoken understanding—every second seems to matter.

Despite feeling like we are the center of the universe right now, the school has seen countless young women come and go, each of us experiencing that same bittersweet, nostalgic satisfaction. It is the kind of full-circle moment that hits you when you find yourself standing in a huddled group at the back of the auditorium, having passed on the light from your candle. There, shoulder to shoulder with those who have come to be our family in the past seven years, tears flow freely—not from sadness, but from the deep, unspoken bond of having shared this journey.

On the other side of the candle-lit auditorium, the energy shifts. It is quieter, more solemn in some ways, as the weight of new responsibility begins to settle in. The reality of leading the school—of carrying the legacy of those who came before you—starts to feel a little more daunting. As the incoming batch steps into their roles, we have one message to pass on, as self-certified philosophers: while the onus of being role models now falls to you, amidst the never-ending deadlines, exams, competitions, and applications, do not forget to revel in the feeling of your last year in school. For it is in humanizing yourself that you will become empathetic leaders.

Lead as a batch, not just as individuals—especially when you find yourselves facing one end of the barrel. In those moments of vulnerability, your true leadership will shine through, amplified in the strength of a collective spirit. Remember, the true measure of your leadership will not be in the titles you hold or the tasks you complete, but in the hearts you touch and the legacy of love you leave behind.

And when the time comes to say goodbye, know that it will never feel like just another end. It is in these goodbyes that we realize how much we have become a part of each other's stories, and by virtue of that, a part of the school's story. These final moments, filled with tears and smiles, are the bittersweet reminder that we will carry pieces of this place and of each other, with us, always.

*For the last time,
Signing off,
Aarisha Jain and Vanshi Agrawal
Editors-in-Chief*



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Back to the Future



Remember the days when Britney Spears ruled the charts, low-rise jeans were the fashion statement and every Bollywood movie featured Shah Rukh Khan chasing a train? Well, most of us cannot—because we were toddlers back then—but that does not stop us from wanting to live in those moments. Forget *Back to the Future*; we are all on a *Back to the Past* mission, and somewhere, *Doc Brown* is probably shaking his head.

Welcome to the age of nostalgia, where the past is romanticized so intensely that it feels like we live in it. From Bollywood's iconic dialogue "*Pyaar dosti hai*" to *Friends* reruns topping Netflix charts, we are clinging to this era as if it is the last one we will ever have.

Bollywood has become the "Chief Romanticizer of Nostalgia." We've got *Don 3*, *Fukrey 3* and *Gadar 2*—all riding on our collective obsession with "the good ol' days." Every other song today is a remix, and the plotlines feel like the same stories with new faces (who are descendants of the old ones). Even Hollywood is caught up in remaking classics. Why take a risk on new stories when you can just spin up yet another Spider-Man reboot? Social media is not far behind, with trends like '*Throwback Thursday*' coming up or old trends like the *Ice Bucket Challenge* resurfacing, proving that even our timelines are stuck in a time loop.

Now, while the past is comforting—especially when the present feels chaotic—this obsession comes at a cost. It is easier to re-watch *Kal Ho Naa Ho* for the hundredth time than to embrace something unfamiliar, but in doing so, we risk stalling innovation. When we focus only on the highlights of the past, we gloss over the awkwardness, the messiness, and the lessons that shaped us. The past was not perfect—it was chaotic, full of questionable trends, and far from the golden age we paint it to be.



While it is fun to reminisce, let us not make a permanent home in the past. The future has its magic waiting to unfold. Imagine a Bollywood film with no remixes, or a social media trend that makes us think of the future. Who knows what groundbreaking ideas we ignore while we are busy humming *Tum Hi Ho* for the millionth time?

Future generations deserve their own Rock On! or Mitwa—songs that make them cringe and smile at the same time. They need to look back at their own cultural milestones with goofy pride, just like we do with our classics. While nostalgia feels comforting, we must not forget that the best is yet to come—and what we create today will be the nostalgia of tomorrow.

Prangya Singh
Class 11

SONGS

- ♪ You and Me by Penny and the Quarters
- ♪ Escape (the Pina Colada song) by Holmes
- ♪ No Doubt by Enhypen
- ♪ Ur so pretty by Wasia Poject
- ♪ Ishq Hai by Anurag Saikia

MOVIES

- 🎬 We Live In Time (2024)
- 🎬 All We Imagine as Light (2024)
- 🎬 Moana 2 (2024)
- 🎬 Anora (2024)
- 🎬 Eternal Sunshine Of The Spotless Mind (2004)



BOOKS

- 📖 To Paradise by Hanya Yanagihara
- 📖 Please Look After Mom by Kyung-sook Shin
- 📖 The Island of Missing Trees by Elif Shafak
- 📖 The Book of Everlasting Things by A. Malhotra
- 📖 Aazadi by Arundhati Roy

TV SHOWS

- 📺 This Is Us (2016)
- 📺 The Diplomat S2 (2024)
- 📺 Evil on Trial (2024)
- 📺 Blacklist (2013)
- 📺 IC 814: The Kandahar Hijack (2024)



Scoping 101: The Ultimate Guide

When you sleep at night in your bustling dormitory, are your dreams often plagued with a school official badge whose silver gleam lights up your path? Do the birds not chirp and does the sun not set till you have not had a conversation with a certain teacher, or maybe a particular SC? Is Investiture a day you frantically dread but also mindlessly anticipate? If your answer has been yes to any of these questions, I am sorry to tell you my friend, but you suffer from something agonising, something consuming – something called Scoping.

The first experience you would have had with this word would have been when you tried to deal in your Dairy Milk for a packet of *Kurkure* with a batchmate, and she looked at you and said “*Are you scoping or what?*” This word was one like the gazillion others your little brain failed to comprehend. However, slowly but steadily, the baggage that word held started to dawn upon you. Soon, scoping did not just mean unrealistic expectations, it meant unrealistically daunting positions, a life dictated by power hierarchies, and an unrelenting pressure to prove your worth.

You start off innocently enough. Perhaps it is a cheerful “Good morning, Ma’am” or a well-timed answer in class. But before long, you are volunteering for every event, joining committees you do not care about, and nodding eagerly at every suggestion from someone in power.













Us *Scopies* have seen it all—the shameless hovering, the exaggerated laughter at *barely* funny jokes, the unsolicited offers to carry books, and the suspiciously timed visits to teachers’ offices. Suddenly, people who once could not have cared less about a cleanliness drive are passionately advocating a *Swachh Bharat 2.0*. At a certain point of time, we begin to realise that this relentless *mindless* work is making our dream of achieving our goals more of a living nightmare.

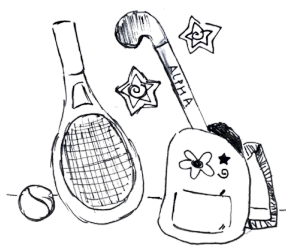


Amidst all the hovering, flattery, and suspiciously overenthusiastic participation in events we were never interested in to begin with, it is easy to forget why we started scoping in the first place. Was it not about something *more*? Maybe it was our love for planning events, our passion for making a difference, or simply the thrill of being part of something bigger than ourselves. Somewhere between the frantic “Yes, Ma’am!” “Of course, Ma’am!” and the desperate nodding, that reason—the *real* reason—got a little lost.

Let us remember that it is not just about the badge, the title, or the power walk across the stage on Investiture. It is about doing something we *genuinely* love—whether it is leading a team, organizing events, or just feeling proud of our contribution. When the dust settles and the badge stops shining quite so brightly, what will really matter is whether you actually enjoyed the journey—or just spent it perfecting your ‘polite’ smile.

*Sincerely,
A fellow Scopie*

WHAT'S OUT	WHAT'S IN
 Squirrels on trees	 Squirrels on heads
 SCs	 PreSCs
 Pookie	 L-O-V-E-YAPA
 <i>Sadh Guru</i>	 <i>AP Guru</i>
 Private Instagram Stories	 Private <i>Close Friends</i> Stories
 Purdue University	 Kelley Business School

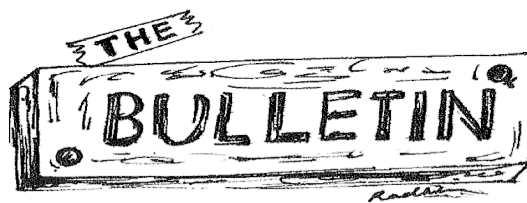


TO-DO LIST

- ☐ Go for my second sport
- ☐ Submit tuck before Sunday prep
- ☐ Drink cocoa in the morning
- ☐ Fill the bath register
- ☐ Make a talk time schedule
- ☐ Take a box of 'Munch' for my birthday
- ☐ Ask SCs for autographs
- ☐ Take rounds in the BBC with my favourite B1
- ☐ Ask ma'am for Coco biscuits
- ☐ Write letters home
- ☐ Watch TV in the common room (if ma'am allows)
- ☐ Make a deal of Kurkure for Gulabo
- ☐ Ask didi for a head check
- ☐ Return Percy Jackson to the library
- ☐ Decorate the house notice board
- ☐ **DON'T GET HOMESICK AFTER OUTING**
- ☐ Prepare a dance for the coffee party
- ☐ Throw a farewell for A3s
- ☐ Go to the pir on the 13th Friday
- ☐ Charge my torch for midnight reading
- ☐ Write an article for 'Junior Jamboree'
- ☐ Audition for Inter-house Folk dance
- ☐ Try to make slime with shampoo



#BlisRock



3rd-5th October: Riddhi Nathani, Prarthana Goenka, and Gauri Nanda were declared Runners-Up in the JTM Gibson Debate held at Mayo College, Ajmer.

28th October: Reva Sabharwal, Ananya Raghuvanshi, and Vaishnavi Agarwal participated in the 43rd North-Zonal Shooting Championship, New Delhi, and qualified for the National Shooting Championship 2024. *Well done!*

6th-9th November: Twelve students were awarded the third position in the Reverend James Rowe Basketball Tournament held at La-Martiniere for Boys, Kolkata.

9th-10th November: Thirty-seven students participated in the 76th District Athletic Meet 2024 held at Maharana Pratap Sports College, Dehradun. The team bagged twenty-eight medals.

17th-21st November: Shyla Sharma and Tanisha Ravi Chowdhary, students of Class IX, participated in the 68th SGFI National (U-17) Table Tennis Championship 2024.

22nd-24th November: Pranya Dua of Class XI participated in the prestigious Oxford University Model United Nations (MUN) conference held in London and received an Honourable Mention. *Very impressive!*

7th December: Vaishnavi Agarwal and Gauri Nanda presented their financial literacy project, Wise₹, at the TGELF National Finals.

8th December: Seventeen students participated in the Uttarakhand State School and University Yogasana Sports Championship 2024 and returned with several medals.

10th-20th December: Eight students of Class XI visited Elaraki International School, Morocco, for a 10-day student exchange program. They immersed themselves in the African culture with enthusiasm.

27th December-10th January: Jheel Rathore of Class VII attended a camp organized by the Uttaranchal Squash Association and has been selected to represent Uttarakhand in the Women's Category for the forthcoming National Games. *Kudos!*

28th-29th December: Griva Bhalani of Class VIII secured a gold and two silver medals in the Kata and Kumite categories at the 19th ISKU International Karate Cup. *Keep it up!*

5th-8th January: Manini Yadav participated in the Discus throw and Hammer throw events at the 68th SGFI Athletics Meet in Jharkhand.

21st January: Aashvi Gupta and Shubhkaran Kaur participated in an online debate held by Sunbeam School, Varanasi. Welham Girls' School was adjudged the overall winner.

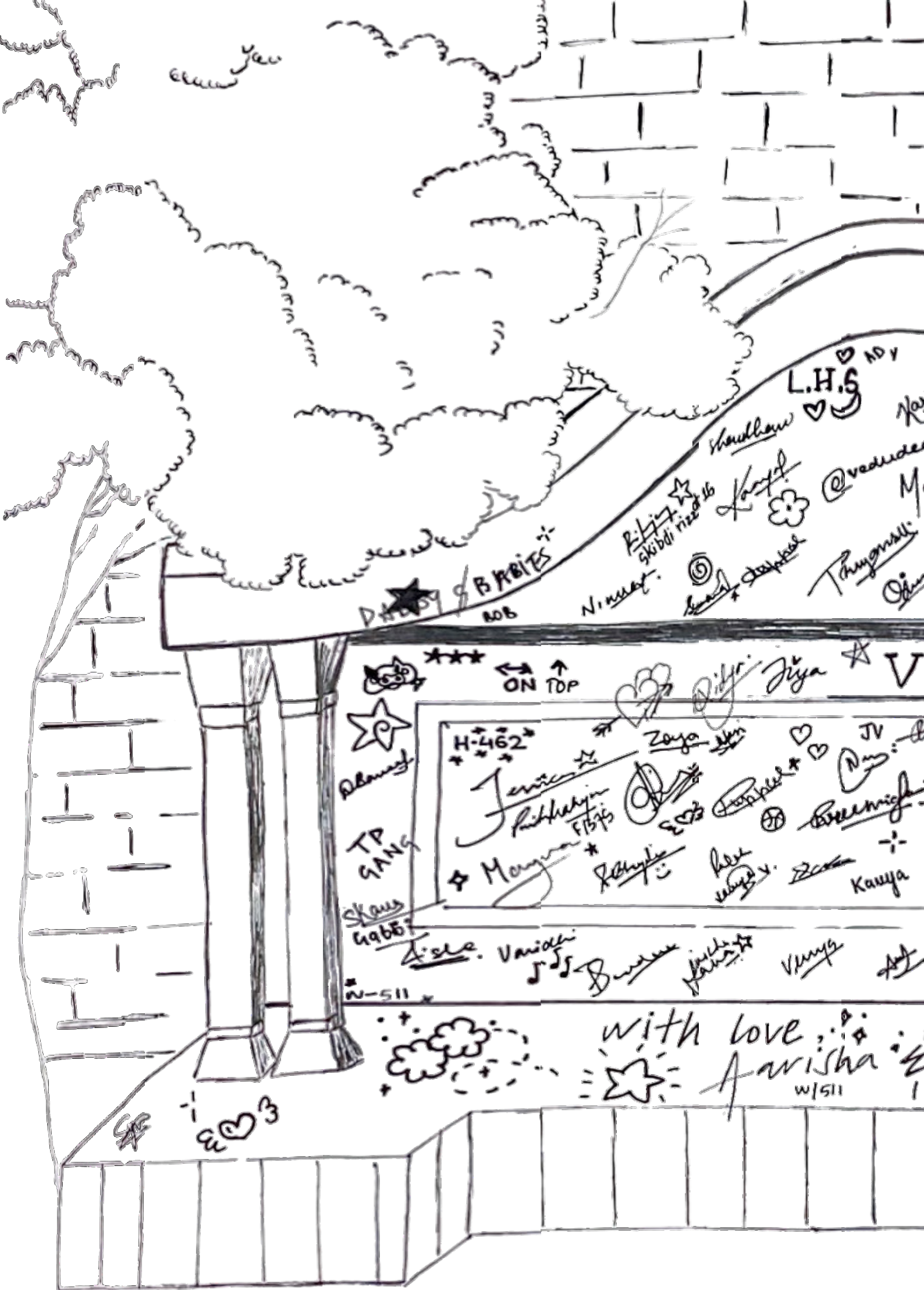
23rd-26th January: Three students won various accolades in the Teen Chef Cooking Competition hosted by Heritage Girls' School. Shanvi Mittal secured first place overall. *Congratulations!*

- ☛ Sukhmeet received the highest votes in the Miss Welham exit polls. *(exit polls never fail to shock)*
Gauri and Vanshi are strictly work friends. *(Comes from years of immense scoping)*
Pragati threw her proposal for Shreem at Welham Boys. *(figures)*

- ☛ Two bombs were disguised as Santa for the Christmas celebrations. *(But were they really disguised?)*
Tushti wore the fuzziest gray socks that she managed to also clean her shoes with. *(They definitely weren't cut out from a towel)*
Campus official is the same post as the School Captain. *(Where's our room?)*

- ☛ The second Bebo of Welham showed her moves on 'Bebo' in the Bulbul dorms. *(Autograph please, ma'am!)*
The N&V editorial board met up during winter vacation to complete the magazine. *(This issue is a culmination of various magical moments.)*
Navya Verma is the white-card entry for School Captain. *(Coming from the School Captain herself.)*





shui
young
mebi
Nashid
A.J.
lavanya
ANYKPTA
gandii

JAM² ★
3 minutes
Pradeep

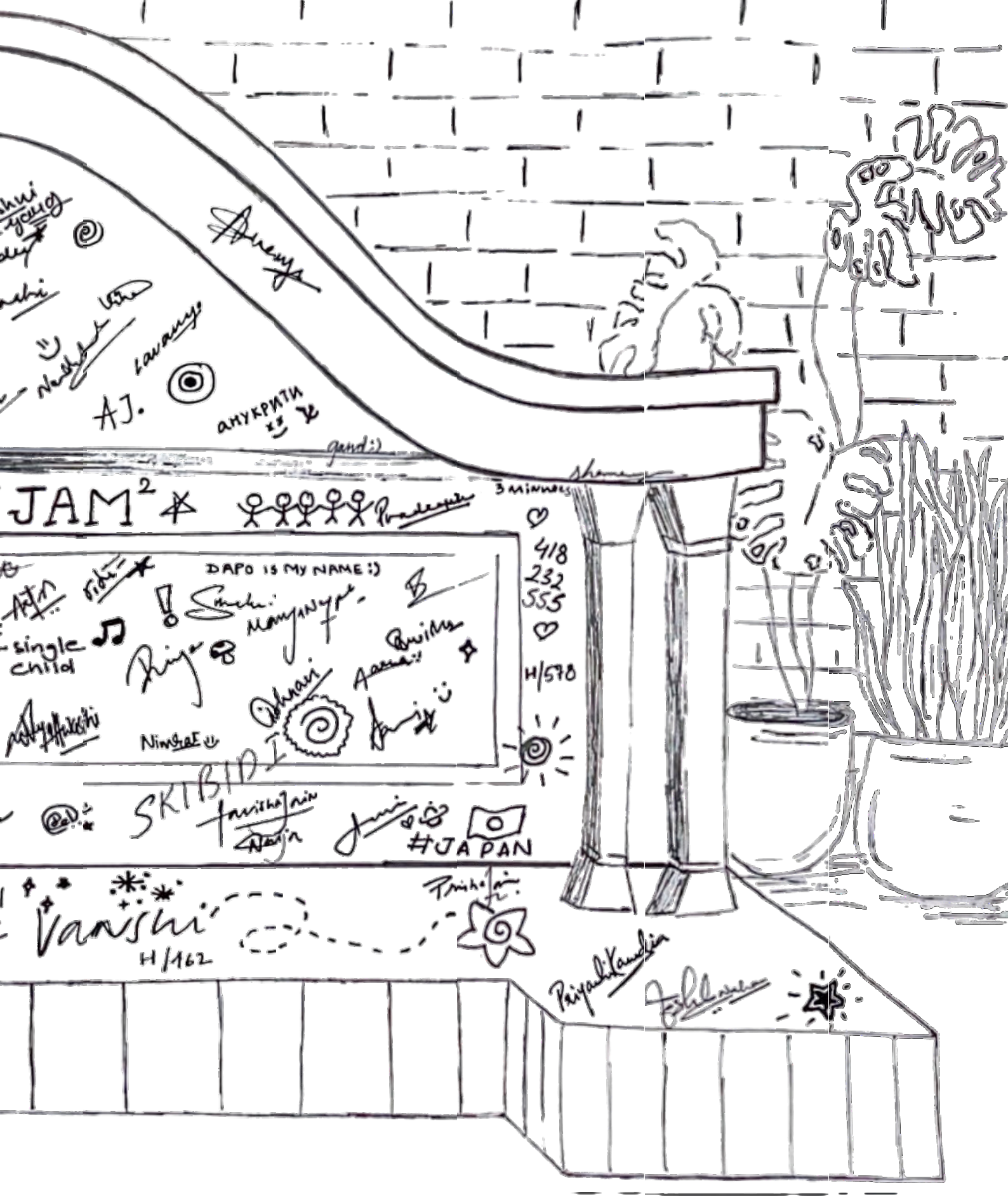
DAPO IS MY NAME :)
single child
Riya
Ningra
Sachin
Manganya
Aashu
Anish
Pooja
Nishu

SKIBIDI
#JAPAN
Prishu

Vanishi
H/162
Prishu

418
232
555
H/578

Piyush
Fahad



JUNIOR Lambolee

Two Worlds Apart

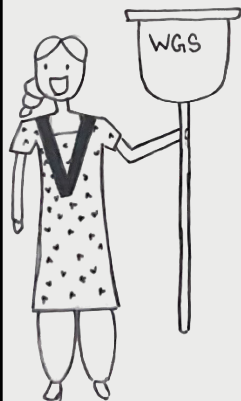


As a junior, I often find myself pondering the intricate hierarchy that governs our school. The SCs perched high up on their metaphorical throne, walking through the corridors with the confidence of a lion strutting through the savannah. I assure you, they possess the energy of a thousand caffeine-fueled teachers during finals week!

Picture this. A bustling Welham corridor filled with our beloved SCs on their laptops munching chips that are probably not even theirs to begin with. They have mastered disappearing from classes, have expertise in the art of the 'bathroom break,' and are off to wander this campus of ours with an air of undeniable authority.



Now, for the SCs, the juniors, clinging onto their last shreds of innocence, are seen as a fresh source of entertainment—or the ultimate multi-purpose tools in the daily grind of high school life. These younger ones (the AIIs to be particular) have started preparing themselves to build their survival instinct, but the poor naive underlings still have a flicker of hope that senior school will be just a series of team-building exercises. Alas! Little do they know, the possibility of that is as little as their tuck quota the following year. Trust me, these hopes will vanish faster than your motivation on a Monday morning.



Thus, under the reign of the SC batch, life goes on in the senior school jungle, where the circle of 'assistance' resumes annually, and soon enough, everyone's aware of their numeric identities. So, here is to the SCs, the supreme overlords of Welham. We fear them but adore them at the same time (and their excellent music taste too).

Now, as we face this daunting day that is Investiture, we realise it is time to embrace the fact that soon enough we too will become closely interlinked with the working of these rather terrifying beings. Till then let us continue to falsely pacify ourselves and enjoy these last few months of freedom. In the end I would just like to tell our dear SCs *jitni bhi zameen hai, aapki hai*.

Aadya Bajaj
Class 8

YELLOW GUMBOOTS

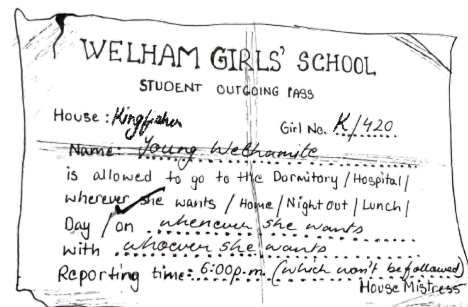


The Real Space-Time Conundrum

On the floor of the BBC lie orange peels, books, and sprawled SCs and A1s. It is *that* time of the year again. Yet, here we are doing exactly what we do best: writing a nonsensical piece of prophetic philosophy (in the form of a humour article) for the *N&V*. Meanwhile, an untouched history textbook lies rotting in a corner.

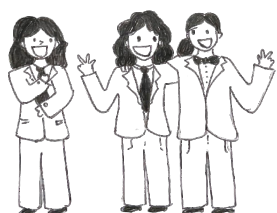
We are entirely aware that we ought to have ourselves buried, nose-deep in our Board syllabus. Instead, we choose to undertake a task that will ultimately lead to the squandering of our valuable time; time, which is currently ticking away by the second—but it truly is not our fault.

It is customary for us Welhamites to spend our time on the most pointless activities. We would rather be explaining to all our teachers what '*Skibbidi Toilet Rizz*' means than concentrate on something more important, like the Math homework due in Mr. Rawat's class. However, that is fine since tomorrow's class *might* have to be sacrificed for a friend who will need a painkiller precisely five minutes before the class starts. After all, a Welhamite's sense of duty lies above everything else. It is not bunking out of boredom, it is actually a form of social service. (#TheRealSUPW)













It is an easy choice for us: catching our breath, or updating ourselves on the latest gossip in cult-like circles in the senior garden. Why would we want to study the Civil Disobedience Movement when we can civilly disobey every principle of time management?

We would rather play *Among Us* in real life, finding the Impostor within our block, than unravel the real Impostor in *Julius Caesar's* assassination. It will take us a hundred years to fill a bucket of hot water in the dorm, but not more than 100 seconds of standing in assembly for us to faint.



We are truly of the belief that we are invincible, and we certainly act like we have time till doomsday on our hands. We *are* aware that as A1s, a desk in the AVC with a daunting roll number sheet is where we should be, but we are doing exactly what all those of our clan have previously done: carefully mastering the complex art of time-wasting management.

Rudrani Rajya Lakshmi and Aanya Gupta
Class 11

<i>Roses</i>	<i>Raspberries</i>
 Baskets full of fresh, overachieving, dewy roses to Ms. Kshitiza for being our fairy godmother when it comes to College Applications.	 Putrid raspberries, squished by <i>stretchies</i> , stinking of sweat to the sports department for making the <i>N&V</i> editorial board break their anti-sports stance.
 Garlands of colourful roses adorned with love and adoration for Dr. Ritika Uniyal for getting her Ph.D. (<i>You are a great inspiration to all of us!</i>)	 Packets full of dry, bland, betrayed raspberries to the school administration for giving the <i>worst</i> possible Board Tuck known to humankind.
 Trophies filled with fragrant roses to the English Deb-Soc and the Dramatics Team for hosting successful interhouses. <i>Kudos to all the participants!</i>	 Crates full of intensely frost-bitten, blue, hairy raspberries for the first week of January for already terrorising everyone of the Winter that is to come.
 A carefully hand-picked red rose, given from teary eyed PreSCs to the SCs for being the best seniors to look up to. (<i>You have set the bar extremely high.</i>)	 Buckets of gooey, rancid raspberries to Ms. Vibha Kapoor for cutting down people's Good Marks, and distributing Bad Marks extremely generously.
 Ferris wheels overflowing with ambrosial, luscious roses to all the staff members for giving us the best Children's Day!	 Audis full of bored, exhausted, shivering, stinky raspberries to Ms. Vatsala Dubey, for having never-ending assemblies <i>even</i> during pre-boards.



Middle Ground Philosophy

When in a situation where you are supposed to make a choice, look out for that one person who completely obliterates even the question of picking a side. These are the people who, when asked, “Is the glass half-empty or half-full?” reply with, “Well, the glass holds half liquid and half air, so technically, it is full.”

In a world obsessed with being right and drawing lines in the sand, there is something seemingly noble about striving for balance. These individuals like to position themselves as wise arbiters, capable of seeing value on both sides. What so often occurs is that a third person ends up believing that being neutral is the most reasonable way of thinking.

To give credit where it is due, this approach takes skill. It is not easy to wade through fiery debates, pluck reasonable feathers from both sides, and build a nest that makes sense. These thinkers claim that extremes can be limiting and that the truth often lies in the quieter spaces between loud opinions.

However, it is the undeniable truth that the middle-ground philosophy is a cosy fence which the intellectually lazy sit upon, enjoying the view without ever committing to a side. Is this really a thoughtful compromise or just a way to keep everyone mildly satisfied?

While some may believe the middle-ground approach to be the essence of diplomacy, we seek answers in the *Buridan's Ass* paradox about a hypothetical donkey that stands in the middle of two equally necessary choices — water and a stack of hay. Unable to make a decision, it dies of both hunger and thirst. This donkey depicts the truth about the imminent danger that lies in indecision.

Critics of the middle-ground approach may brand its adherents as the philosophical equivalent of Goldilocks: not too hot, not too cold, just waiting for the “just right” porridge to appear on their spoon. After all, certainty is uncomfortable, and taking a side requires the risk of being proven wrong.

While picking a stringent side in situations of conflict can be perplexing, we must allow ourselves to move away from the sheer pretense that lies in indecision. After all, we *are* a tad bit smarter than donkeys, are we not?



Shaurya Agarwal
Class 11

SPOTTED

- ✂ A2s trading their clothes with Junior school for tuck. (*The Secret Life of A2s, in cinemas soon*)
- ✂ Aahana, Gauri and Riya in the sports field at 6:00 a.m. (*the real Christmas miracle*).
- ✂ Entire student population in Chandigarh during winters. (*Punjabi aa gaye oye*)
- ✂ Plagiarised N&Vs being found in junior school. (*Hoopoe PreSCs are very in*).
- ✂ A2s already rejoicing in their liberation. (*Can I get some chips meanwhile?*)
- ✂ Ms. Chhavi Gupta and Udisha on video call for an hour on a Sunday. (*#Can'tStayApart*)
- ✂ A certain A3 attacked by a bird as a result of her desperate attempts to feed it *patty*.
- ✂ Suhina seen studying in the light appearing from the creek under Tvisha's door. (*the real Albert Einstein*)
- ✂ A certain Cambridge acceptance letter really shook up the thai curry in the SC's stomachs. (Life really is full of endless possibilities.)

- 🐦 **Ms. Ambika:** What is the one question you can never answer yes to?
Navya: Morning Sports! (*It isn't even a question anymore.*)
- 🐦 **Nitya:** Guys who all are going for the Karan Johar concert?
(*Nitya Rathie did, in fact, go for the Aujla Johar concert*)
- 🐦 **Ms. Banerji:** What happened during the World Wars?
Somya: Lovers got separated. (*so did your brain cells.*)
- 🐦 **Deskrit** (during a house meeting): Guys any questions?
Shatakshi: Who are you taking to investiture :) (*ek bibari sab per bhari*)
- 🐦 **Vanshi:** Vedanshi got into Queen's University.
Riddhi: It is King's not Queen's. (*There is a spot open at Peasant's for you.*)
- 🐦 **Aashi:** I do my riyaz everyday.
Vivaana: Bro, it is called namaaz. (*Bro, you are kamaal*)



BIRD BRAIN



Jain in Punjab: A Butter Chicken-Free Identity Crisis

Readers, today we dive into the minds of two culturally polar opposite human beings. When confronted with the perplexing question—“*How can you be both Punjabi and Jain?*”—17-year-old Kashika found herself spiraling into a whirlwind of confusion. Answering the Ed Board’s inquiry about her dilemma, this is what she had to say.

“My identity crisis kicked in right after I turned 17 when someone hit me with the question: ‘*How can you be Punjabi and Jain at the same time?*’ It left me spiraling, wondering if the two identities were truly that incompatible or if I was just some cultural anomaly. I mean, sure, I was officially Punjabi, but did I fit in enough to claim the title? My playlist did not include the mandatory Punjabi beats. I could not finish my sentences with *oye* or *yaar*, I did not even have an innate love for *sarson da saag* or *makki di roti*. Worst of all, even my jokes are not told in that signature Punjabi loudness. I was starting to understand why people believed I did not make the cut!



I was confident I was a Jain—at least, I believed so. If the countless prayers I had memorized did not qualify me, I was not sure what would. I enforced the anti-non-veg stance with unwavering dedication, and the no-killing-insects principle became an unspoken rule I followed to the letter. I did try to embrace some conventional Punjabi traits, hoping they would at least get me halfway to earning the title. I memorized the lyrics to every Diljit Dosanjh hit, awkwardly mumbling through the high-energy choruses like I was auditioning for a parody of my own culture. Defeated, I finally decided to seek the opinion of my friend who was undoubtedly Punjabi—her name said it all: “Nimrat Kaur Mehram”.

The following is a transcript of what Nimrat had to say to her dear friend about being Punjabi:

“Being Punjabi is not just an identity; it is a full-blown lifestyle. Life is incomplete without at least one ‘*balle balle*’ moment a day. Handling Punjabi food? Good luck—it is not just about eating but indulging in ‘*thoda aur*,’ because restraint simply is not in our vocabulary. And the legendary pind life? It is not just about living amidst fields and farms; it is a world where even the neighbour’s dog knows more gossip than you, and tractors hold more prestige than luxury cars.

A Punjabi wedding? It is not a ceremony; it is a marathon—a minimum of a week-long extravaganza with mandatory *bhangra* and *giddha* performances on ‘*Gur Nalo Ishq Mitha*’, and let us be honest, we Punjabis are sweeter than *gur*. We also cannot forget the global Punjabi footprint—because where there is Canada, there is bound to be a *desi* family blasting Diljit’s greatest hits.

Even the ultimate *jugaad*—our solution to every *siyapa*—cements our identity. So, if you are not naturally living these experiences, do not bother trying to ‘be Punjabi.’ It is not an act; it is a vibe.



Kashika came to a conclusion after this conversation. The following are the excerpts.

After my deep-dive discussion with Nimrat, I have decided that the world can survive with one less person obsessing over *cha* and *butter chicken*—I’ll stick to my Jain-approved snacks and a quiet corner instead.

Nimrat Kaur Mehram and Kashika Jain
Class 12

To all the SCs, thank you for being incredible seniors—we couldn’t have asked for better role models. To all the PreSCs, the bar has been set high, and we wish you all the very best for all this year has in store for you!





Q. Why do rumours travel as fast as wildfire in school?

Dear outrageously exposed Welhamite,
Your wise aunt has understood that the latest stories about you tripping flat on your face during Socials have made their way to some prying ears (and I certainly believe you when you say it is just a rumour). The best stories are those that travel from one ear to another and these stories have always had a way of speaking to you young girls, more so if they are stories about your own school mates. I must make an extremely necessary correction. However, Rumours travel much faster than any wildfire could even dream of in this school of yours. But don't you worry, as soon as the new incident of what exactly happened when Hoopoe PreSCs went for prep duty in B1 classes comes out, your haphazard will be long forgotten. Till then, do get a band-aid for your nose.

Q. Where do our lost chunnis end up going?

Dear unhealthily inquisitive Welhamite,
Why don't you go take a look at the chunni buried in your bed box and try figuring out if you even recognise the number on it? Lost things have a way of somehow always staying lost, even when you need them the most. These walls are the Bermuda Triangle of lost chunnis. A chunni that enters, and almost definitely never ends up making it out alive. And just when you think you have found solace from the chunni dilemma with the onset of Winters, the same phenomenon starts occurring with your mufflers. To answer your question, do the desks in your class seem clean? If yes, you have the chunni that somehow mystically disappeared from the Activity Centre to thank for.

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

