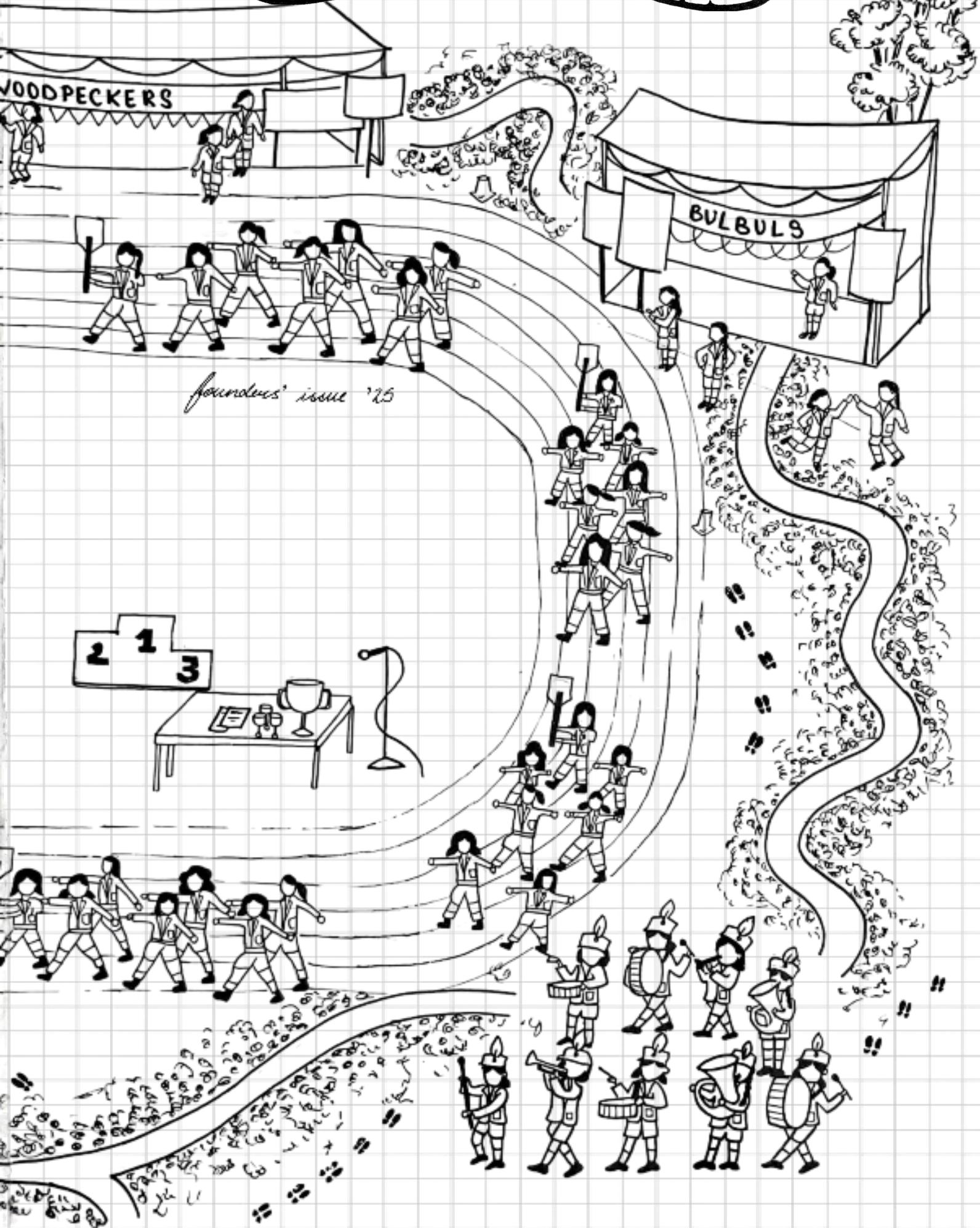


# NEWS & VIEWS

Estd. 1964



*founder's issue '75*

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**Editorial**

**“Maybe our fingerprints don’t fade from the lives we touch.” — Judy Blume**

*Dear Readers,*

For sixty-eight years, every March, a new batch of sixty-odd people joins Welham, full of awe and aspirations for their future. It is only after their seven-year journey, before leaving its gates, that they truly get a sense of this place. Over time, the faces have changed, the dormitories have been repainted, and various batches have graduated, yet something about this place remains unchanged, something that binds all Welhamites together, no matter the generations. Perhaps the answer lies in the relentlessness of each Welhamite, whether it be on the games field or midnight production practices or simply speaking in what she believes is right. It is, after all, the Welham ethos that has shaped us and stayed with us through these eras.

With storms brewing above our heads, ranging from college applications to the unrest in the world outside our small community, we stay together with the joy and innocence of celebration, of coming together for something larger than ourselves. This Founders' Day strikes a bittersweet chord, it being the last time we gaze at the trees adorned with fairy lights and the final fall of the curtain. Perhaps it is the feeling of belonging that makes this place so special—to both those who are in it and those who left years ago.

And yet, even as we pay homage to what was, we remain deeply alive to what is and what can be. News & Views itself stands as testimony: an ever-changing mirror that has captured our school’s voice through decades. Its pages, once typed and stapled, now hum with design and depth, carrying the same heartbeat that ignited it all: the will to think, to question, to record.

This issue, like every one before it, has been a journey in itself, one that found us huddled with our PreSCs till 11 in the Flycatcher dorm, laptops open, eyes heavy but hearts light. Between endless proofreads, a missing Yellow Gumboots and looming deadlines, we have laughed, argued, and rediscovered why we love this magazine so much. News & Views has been our home within a home, a space where our words grew braver and our ideas freer. And as we sit here, knowing that soon we will hand over this labour of love to new minds and new voices, there is a quiet comfort in knowing that what we have built will outlast us, as it always has.

In these pages, we attempt to do what generations before us have done, to think deeply, write honestly, and remember gratefully. To honour those who once stood where we stand, and to inspire those who will one day take our place. Because to be a Welhamite is to understand that legacy is not something to be preserved in silence, but to be lived into, reshaped, reimagined, and renewed with every passing year.



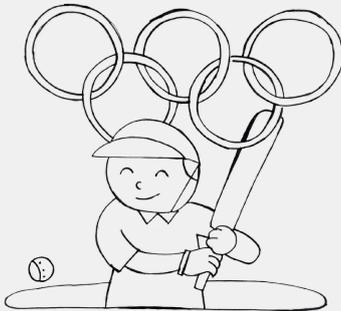
*Somehow still standing,  
Aahana Gupta & Gauri Nanda  
Editors-in-Chief*

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## Cricket in the Olympics!

After 128 years, cricket is finally back in the Olympics—and this time, it seems it is here to stay. Yet its return raises a question: will it unite the Games or overshadow everything else? Sports hold a unique power to transcend conflicts, borders, and differences. They unite people under the pride of carrying a nation's name, but in India, a recurring concern remains—what happens when one sport drowns out every other moment of glory?



Long before cricket arrived with the British, India had already carved its sporting identity. The echoes of “goal!” and the clank of hockey sticks filled the air, leading to an unmatched record of six consecutive Olympic gold medals in hockey. In recent years, the nation has celebrated its “golden boy” securing India's first athletics gold, alongside medal surges in shooting. Yet, time and again, historic victories like India's triumph in the Hockey Asia Cup have been muted by cricket's overwhelming hold on our headlines.

Cricket, of course, is not without reason India's most beloved game. It began as the colonizer's gift but quickly grew into a weapon against them, a tool of defiance and identity. Over the years, it has brought us fame, recognition, and unity. When the men in blue step onto the field, cricket dominates funds, airtime, and emotions, echoing in every street and household. Yet this very dominance often sidelines the achievements of other athletes who equally carry the nation's pride on their shoulders.

Now, as cricket enters the Olympic arena, India stands at a crossroads. Beyond chasing another victory, this is a test of balance: can we celebrate cricket's glory without letting it eclipse other sports? Will it elevate Olympic viewership or consume it entirely? For decades, our cheers have been loudest for cricket. But perhaps it is time the same echoes reached our hockey grounds, our athletics fields, and our shooting ranges.



Cricket's Olympic debut is not just a sporting milestone. It is a moment for India to redefine what it values as a sporting nation, and to ensure that no game, no athlete, is ever left in the shadows.

**Shanvi Agarwal**  
(Class 11)

### MOVIES

- 🎬 Homebound (2025)
- 🎬 Together (2025)
- 🎬 About Time (2013)
- 🎬 Lost in Translation (2003)
- 🎬 Gladiator (2000)

### BOOKS

- 📖 Anna Karenina by Leo Tolstoy
- 📖 Ways of Seeing by John Berger
- 📖 The Night Circus by Erin Morgenstern
- 📖 The Hunchback of Notre Dame by Victor Hugo



### ALBUMS

- 🎵 Need 2 by Pinegrove
- 🎵 Rishte Naate by Rahat Fateh Ali Khan
- 🎵 Yellow Submarine by The Beatles
- 🎵 American Pie by Don McLean
- 🎵 Under Pressure by Queen & David Bowie

### TV SHOWS

- 📺 We Were Liars (2025)
- 📺 House of David (2025)
- 📺 The Queen's Gambit (2020)
- 📺 Gullak (2019)
- 📺 Panchayat (2020)

## The October We Grew Up

The branches of the Frangipani tree are almost empty now, with just traces of its white flowers. The wind blows all day, scattering sunlight on every part of the campus, and we *know* it is that time of the year again, but this time, unlike the others, it carries a strange bittersweetness. As we watch our batchmates lead contingents, prepare their speeches, cross their fingers in anticipation of a trophy, and be on the forefront of all that is happening, a daunting realisation takes place—our time is up.

The walls of Welham get whitewashed, the auditorium and AVC are never empty, the BTS crew in the form of paparazzi occupy every nook and corner, and in the middle of it all you see SCs catching themselves short every time they start a sentence with the words 'Next year we wi-'.  


Founders' for Welhamites is never just an event; it is never just a celebration or a performance, it is the heartbeat of our school, the thread that ties past to present, memory to tradition, and every Welhamite to one another in a shared rhythm of pride and belonging. For some reason then, to us Founders' feels like our last contribution to our home of seven years.

From starry-eyed B2s who yearned to make a mark in this place, to seasoned SCs who now carry the weight of those same dreams on their shoulders, we have grown through every Founders', from the ones we watched in awe to the ones we built with our own hands. This journey has not just been about stages lit up or trophies won, but about the innumerable moments in between; the late-night rehearsals, the rewriting of scripts for approval, the posing in a 'candid' way for the behind the scenes montage, the hushed excitement in the wings, the collective sigh of relief when the curtain falls. Founders' has been our compass, reminding us each year of who we are and what we can become. And now, as we stand on the brink of bidding farewell, it feels less like the end of an event and more like the closing of a circle, one that has shaped us into Welhamites for life.

It feels almost as if we are handing over the keys to our home, entrusting it to those who will walk these corridors after us, hoping they will nurture it with the same love and mischief that shaped our years here. A quiet wish persists in all of us, a wish for the legacy we leave behind, of laughter echoing in dorms, of resilience in the face of challenges, of friendships woven in stolen moments, being carried forward with care. And yet, we know that no matter who takes our place, as long as there are fake *geet pustikas* tucked under arms in assembly, Punjabi songs smuggled into *recks*, Socials attended only for the food, a brand-new word invented every single day, and laughter that always comes before a hand extended in help, we will always remain bound by that one unmistakable Welham spirit, a spirit that finds its strength in shared joy just as much as in tradition (*and tandoori momos*).

**Aahana Gupta**  
(Class 12)

WHAT'S PLAYING	WHO'S LISTENING
 Saiyaara	▶▶ Mr. Pramit Bag
 Bewafa	▶▶ Kaashvi Mahajan
 Literally any Geeto song	▶▶ Navya & Tanishi
 G.O.A.T	▶▶ Ms. Vibha Kapoor
 With or Without You	▶▶ Bulbul SC Dorm
 Aunty Ji	▶▶ Tehzeeb Sullar

### The Currency of Belonging

Go to any mall, scroll TikTok for ten minutes, or glance at an Instagram story—Gen Z is everywhere. Unlike past generations, we do not just consume products, we consume *trends*. From elaborate fifteen-step skincare routines to pastel lattes that cost seven dollars, utility is rarely the priority; what matters is popularity.

Gen Z thrives on *constructed individuality*. We are one of the most trend-driven generations in history, as a quick look at any feed will confirm. Why? Because brands have perfected manipulation. It is not just the product being sold, it is the emotion attached: belonging, exclusivity, or status. That viral water bottle does not simply hold water; it makes you part of a digital conversation. That lip gloss is not makeup; it is access to a culture.

Algorithms accelerate this process. TikTok’s ‘For You Page’ and Instagram Reels constantly push products most users never needed but soon cannot imagine living without. A salesperson pitching an overpriced sunscreen can be ignored, but once an influencer sells it, repetition turns hesitation into FOMO (fear of missing out). For Gen Z, instant gratification trumps necessity, and the purchase becomes less about utility than about easing the anxiety of exclusion.

Another layer of manipulation is consumerism disguised as identity. Today, brands no longer sell just clothes or gadgets—they sell lifestyles. A certain sneaker implies creativity, a notebook conveys discipline, and a specific latte signals sophistication. In a digital age where identity is presented online, possessions maintain one’s social currency. To not own the right items is to risk invisibility.



However, this obsession comes at a cost. The buy–flaunt–discard cycle fuels clutter, fast fashion, limited-edition gadgets, viral skincare packaging, and massive environmental waste. Beyond draining wallets, it erodes financial literacy, shrinks autonomy, and clouds awareness of the larger world—often without us realising.

Gen Z sees itself as socially aware and financially savvy, yet the ease of purchasing what is trending steadily depletes money and resources, leaving many economically vulnerable. Ironically, the questions we ask politicians or corporations—about cost, beneficiaries, and long-term impact—rarely cross our minds while shopping. Before “buy now,” it is worth asking: at what price and who profits?

In the landscape of postmodern capitalism, the most expensive commodities on the shelf are not just sneakers or skincare products—they are popularity, profit, and even our values.

**Amaya Marwah**  
(Class 12)

Roses	Raspberries
 Auditoriums full of hand-picked yellow roses to all the teachers who helped make Founders’ 2025 such a glorious success!	 Fields of squelchy, thorn-ridden raspberries to the sports department for dragging us into march past practice on a Sunday.
 A glittering hall of fragrant ruby-red roses to the school authorities for opening our very own Welham museum.	 Sports fields full of raspberries to the school authorities for contemplating the mass destruction of our field just before Founders’ Day.
 Truckloads full of roses to the school authorities for restarting the Welham tuck shop.	 Baskets full of pungent raspberries to Ms. Vibha Kapoor for cancelling the much awaited ‘Reck’ after Teachers’ Day.
 A galaxy of sparkling, dewy roses to Ms. Vibha Kapoor for igniting the glorious tradition of treating the DJs and Hockey invitational teams.	 Buckets full of gooey raspberries to the Rain gods for not trying hard enough to get us a single holiday.
 A glistening tray of golden sun-kissed roses to the school administration for giving us those brand-new plates—plates so fine they make even the simplest <i>dal-chawal</i> taste like a feast.	 Hospitals full of soggy, mildew-crust ed raspberries to Dr. Lanka for cruelly snatching away our cold milk and ice cream just because of a little rain.

# A Conversation With the First Welhamite!

## Interview with Ms. Premila Nazir (001)

**NV:** Let us start from the very beginning. What was it like to be one of the first students at Welham Girls' School? Is there any specific incident you would like to share with us?

**Mrs. Nazir:** I was nine years old when I came to this school, the middle child among the first ten students. You can only imagine the challenge Ms. Linnell would have faced organizing classes. Maybe two girls in a class in those early days. I am sure I knew everyone—everyone knew you and everyone had their own personality. I mean, in such a close space, you are bound to become like family. Once the staff went on strike and the girls took over cooking, cleaning, everything. It was hilarious at first, and God knows what the food would have tasted like. But it taught us something important—put Welhamites together, and we will always find a way.



The first Welhamites

**NV:** We heard that there has been quite a transformation in the house system. How has it changed from what it originally started with?

**Mrs. Nazir:** Oh yes! In the beginning, there were so few girls that there were only two houses—Hoopoes and Bulbuls. Then when more girls came, they added Orioles and Blue Jays. I started as a Hoopoe, then when the four-house system came, I moved to Orioles. Blue Jays were completely out of control because the girls were all quite mischievous—real *badmash!* Everything was disbanded, there was no Blue Jay house for about a week until they sorted things out. After the reorganization, I was put with the Hoopoes again- back to the original.

**NV:** What do you think has been the most significant thing about your experience in Welham?



001

**Mrs. Nazir:** Even then, without hesitation I said it was freedom. Freedom to be what you wanted to be, to do what you wanted to do. Nobody was telling you to be a certain way. And I think that's one thing that has remained constant at Welham; it allows you to be you.

Furthermore, the traditions, the values, the ethos, and, of course, the freedom aspect. Despite the world changing at a galloping pace-much faster than in our days, I think Welham has managed to retain its core values. The changes came very slowly in our time, but now everything is galloping forward with technology. In fact, I often think to myself that if I were a student today, I would fail. And I was the one who came first in my batch!

**NV:** Speaking of traditions, we think our love for food remains constant. Was it the same in your time?

**Mrs. Nazir:** We had Mrs. Goswami who was in charge of the mess. She must have thought poor girls are away from home. So she started feeding us with all kinds of goodies and of course, it overran the budget. So when our report cards came, there was a note from Mrs. Goswami appealing to parents to contribute towards the deficit. Every parent sent something extra—of course they wanted their daughters to eat well—but then it was clamped down because it was really over the top.

**NV:** As we conclude, what is that one piece of advice you would have for Welhamites?

**Mrs. Nazir:** Freedom is what binds us all as Welhamites. There's often this criticism that women from here are too strong-minded, too headstrong. But I say, if you need to stand firm, then stand headstrong. At the same time, don't place yourself above others. Just be yourself. You will sometimes find yourself higher than some, lower than others, but the point is, you are standing in your own place, at your own level. And that's exactly where you are meant to be.

# JUNIOR Samboree

## If I Were Never a Welhamite

As I walk on the *bajri*, dodging dust clouds and passing by the frangipani tree that seems to know all my secrets, I often wonder what life would have been if I had never set foot in Welham. If I were never a Welhamite, I would probably wake up on Sundays thinking about what to have for breakfast, unaware of the pleasure derived from eating fries with Maggi masala.

Without Welham, I would never have discovered the thrill of anonymous love confessions on washroom walls, nor the life-altering joy of finding the perfect tuck-hiding spot. I would probably just leave my chocolate in my cupboard at home like a common mortal.

My vocabulary would remain safe but boring. I would not casually throw around words like 'gulabo' or 'bhara-to,' and verbs would just be verbs instead of getting the mysterious suffix treatment of '-ofy' that makes my parents question my sanity daily. 'Scoping' and 'sneaking' would remain unknown arts, probably practiced only by secret agents in movies.

I would be eternally bound to the Gregorian calendar, measuring life in birthdays and holidays, instead of inter-house competitions, Founders' season chaos, and the hibernation periods we call summer and winter breaks. I would not know that Thursday's identity is revealed not by its position in the week but by the scent of *Aaloos* coming from the mess in the evening.

Instead of march-past practice, I would be learning to walk normally, not like a slightly uncoordinated soldier while a wildly enthusiastic band attempts to hit the right notes. I would not understand the thrill of play rehearsals that turn into full-blown emotional rollercoasters or the strange pride in shouting slogans you cannot explain to anyone outside these walls.



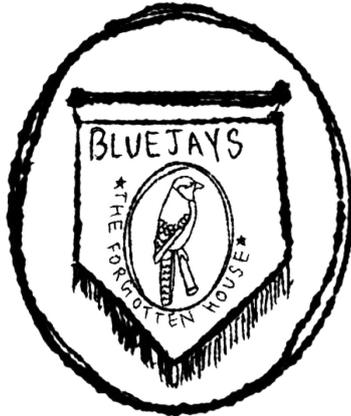
If I were never a Welhamite... well, I would probably be a slightly less dramatic human, eating fries only on Sundays when I remember to make them, never knowing the joy of hiding chocolate in plain sight, and missing the feeling of belonging to a chaos that somehow feels like home. And honestly, that would be tragic.

**Aadya Goel and Saira Gill**  
(Class 7)

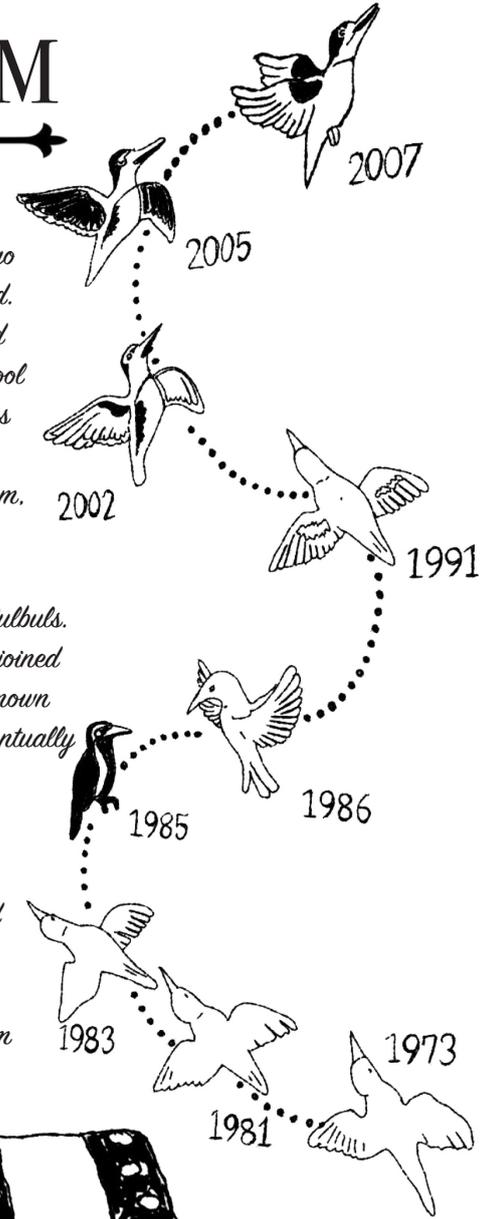
## YELLOW GUMBOOTS



# A WALK THROUGH THE WELHAM MUSEUM

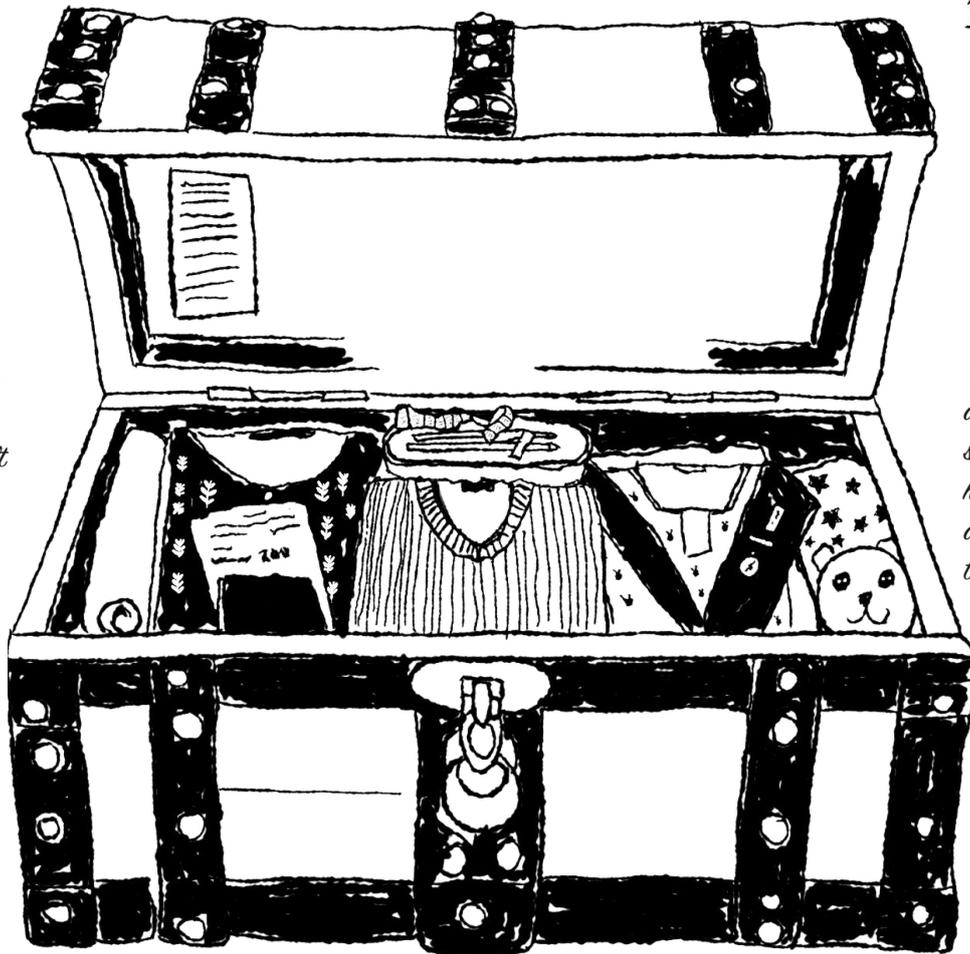


*The Kingfisher, Welham's official logo and mascot, is more than just a bird. First designed in 1973, it has evolved over the decades, much like the school it represents. The Kingfisher remains a symbol of grace, courage, and renewal, a reminder that, at Welham, evolution is tradition.*



*In its early days, Welham had just two houses: The Hoopoes and The Bulbuls. As Welham grew, so did its flock. The Blue Jays and The Orioles soon joined in, bringing their own colours and camaraderie. But the Blue Jays, known for their infectious mischief, proved a little too spirited – and were eventually divided into The Flycatchers and The Woodpeckers.*

*A classic Welham trunk tells a story of its own, one that smells faintly of mothballs and memories. Inside, you will find a pair of salwar kameez neatly folded, precious rusty badges pinned on the chunni and perhaps an old Welham chequebook or passport, stamped with laughter, homesickness, and growing up. It is not just a trunk; it is a time capsule of adolescence, discipline and warmth, holding everything from secrets to school-issued socks.*



*The iconic Welham salwar kameez with its signature "tadpoles" wasn't the result of a meticulous design plan, it was a lucky accident. The original pattern was meant to resemble flower buds, but when the tailor's creation didn't quite match the vision, Miss Linnell called them "tadpoles."*

*And so, an accident became an identity, the tadpoles swam right into Welham history, making the uniform as beloved and unique as the school itself.*

### Anhad Naad: The Unstruck Sound

It is that time of the year again—when everything rests beautifully in disorder, harmonious through its disturbance. Every room resounds with a different rhythm: the fervor of Kalarippayattu, the grace of classical music, and the universal hullabaloo that swallows Welham whole, like the vanished eye of a storm. Amidst this relentless noise, a single tune reverberates within us all.

It feels as though beyond these walls and beneath the drumming stage, the universe itself calls to each of us, weaving us silently into the collective spirit of this Founders'—*Anhad Naad*. Believed to be the primeval force binding the individual to the cosmos, *Anhad Naad* is intangible yet resonant, invisible yet soulful. It flows like an undercurrent through our chaotic and mundane lives.



Guru Nanak taught that sages like Sanak and Narada, despite their wisdom, could not realize true spirituality limited by the ego, mind, and body—*haume, munn ate tann*. The philosophy of *Anhad Naad* lies in conquering the inner spirit, not in external victories. Associated with the state of flow in Ayurveda, it is the *loudest silence*—a divine rhythm audible only when the noise of the mind finally subsides.

This year's main day production reflects that journey, symbolized by the flow of a river towards the realization of *Anhad Naad*. It takes form through Yoga, Kathak, Folk, and Bharatnatyam—artforms where the performer dissolves into the art, touching the edge of what is called *Van Gogh's insanity*. It is a creative frenzy that breaks down barriers of form, leading us beyond anger, greed, and power into the higher realm of love, peace, and compassion—the *Anahata Chakra*, the fourth primary chakra of Vedic yoga, closest to our hearts.



Yet what makes this theme profound is not only its philosophy, but also its meaning for us at Welham. Within this magical era of our lives, *Anhad Naad* is the subtle force that binds us—to the bricks, the air, the hummingbirds, the green fields, the fountain, the golden lamps of the senior garden, the hum of the mess, and the beating drums that dissolve into the atmosphere. It is the pulse that intensifies within every Welhamite during Founders', making it not just special, but deeply personal.

**Krishnangi Gariya**  
(Class 9)

What's Out	What's In
<input type="checkbox"/> Maggi	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Wai Wai
<input type="checkbox"/> Old white plastic utensils	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Gorgeous personalised ceramic utensils
<input type="checkbox"/> B2s making batch Instagram accounts	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> SCs making batch Instagram accounts
<input type="checkbox"/> Mr. Neeraj	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Welham marching band
<input type="checkbox"/> Officials	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Scopies
<input type="checkbox"/> What The Hell	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> What The Heaven
<input type="checkbox"/> Junior school tuck check	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Junior school book check
<input type="checkbox"/> Senior garden rounds	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> March past in the BBC

## Through the Lens of the Subway Camera

You may think I am some antique lump of metal stuck to the ceiling, with my batteries running out and my lens blurry, but I am watching. I am *always* watching, recording, and judging. So, the next time you think it is safe to do something sketchy in the subway, beware—I am the omnipresent looming spirit tracing all your steps.



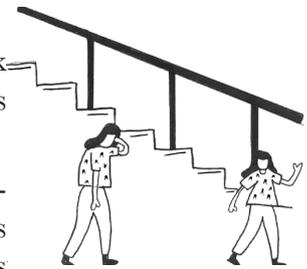
Every day starts the same with the *Dreadful Morning Sprint*. Everyone stumbling in half-asleep, with their mismatched socks, praying they won't be late. They run past me like they are escaping an earthquake, clutching racquets—some still mid-dream, others straight-up disoriented. This is followed by the post-sports zombie parade—aching bodies, shattered souls, all wondering why they ever took up this sport, that too voluntarily!



Right after that comes the second wave: the *Great Bag Migration*. With backpacks that look like they carry the weight of the world, they trudge toward breakfast, looking a *little* more alive if the menu says pancakes and coffee.

Just when I think I can take my five-minute nap, come my most persistent visitors—the A2s. Sent on suspicious “favours” by their loving SCs, they trot through the subway in pairs or threes, whispering like spies in a low-budget thriller. Then there are those who “coincidentally” got stained right after class, only to return post-meal, post-bath, post-nap—refreshed and ready to pretend nothing happened.

One of my favourite things to witness is the sheer chaos after the iconic tuck check alert. Smugglers dash in on emergency missions to hide Maggi and Ramen packets in flowerpots and behind fans.



And how could I forget the brave warriors who were lost in the battlefield of a boring debate or performance, and came to find shelter in my abode? As the day winds down and the air softens, I witness the purest form of affection—friendship. The SCs walk back slowly, hand in hand, trying to imprint these tunnels into memory. Their laughter is a little gentler, their pace a little slower. They are singing songs with a mix of tones, pitches, and lyrics.

Behind them, the A2s follow, heads full of dreams, unaware of how magical their tunnel years are about to become. They might forget me, buried among the overwhelming memories they will carry from here. However, I will never forget them. Or the time someone dropped a samosa and stepped on it. Twice.

**Prangya Singh**  
(Class 12)

### SPOTTED

- ✂ Mr. Dora chanting Mata-ji bhajans in PreSC A to commemorate the spirit of Navratri.
- ✂ PreSC C screening The ‘Doon School 89th Founder’s Day’ Youtube video on the class board.
- ✂ Vaani Ma’am asking Aahana and Samaira for spots to bunk her HM duty.  
(*came to the right people Ma’am*)
- ✂ Mrs Neera Kapoor forcing the Gibson chairs to debate against each other. (*panel?*)
- ✂ Aahana and Ananta in the front row of the Bulbul Contingent. (*bodyguards of the house*)
- ✂ Flycatcher PreSCs doing everything but marching in the morning.  
(*pass it on: Rudrani, Vedanshi and Kaashvi have nothing to do*)
- ✂ SC-B trying to predict Ms. Ramola’s baby’s gender.

### BIRD BRAIN

- 🗨️ Ritika Ma’am (after the review meeting): SC-C you have had a downward trajectory.  
Tehzeeb: Ma’am, we will perform well in Preboards 2.  
Samaira: Ma’am, we will perform well in Boards 1.  
(*SCs are planning on giving Boards on a trial and error basis.*)
- 🗨️ Rudrani: What was the immediate cause of the Russian Revolution in 1917?  
Keara Modi: Ukraine.
- 🗨️ Nandini: Why did Newton have to discover the many laws of gravity?  
Ananta: Wait, wasn’t that Isaac? (*No, it was Agarwal*)
- 🗨️ Navya Verma: Bro why are they playing UNO in economics?  
Samaira: Bro that is the United Nations Organisation..... (*draw 4 Navya*)
- 🗨️ AIIs: Achin sir, are you a part of Gen Z?  
Achin sir: *Mein Gen nahi, Jain hun. Jain Ji.*
- 🗨️ Deskit (looking at the poster of To Kill A Mockingbird): Bro, where’s the bird? (*It’s killed bro.*)

## Before the Water gets too Hot

*Take a frog and put it into boiling water, and it will jump out of the water immediately. But take a frog and put it into cool water, and then gradually heat the water up, and the frog will not notice the changes until it is too late.*

Such instances surround us in a multitude of spheres. For example, take the advent of social media. When social media first appeared, its demands were rather simple: name, maybe an email ID and a profile picture. Nothing too dubious. Then came birthdays, phone numbers and locations. Next the platform wanted access to contacts, photos and even mics. Each new erosion of privacy was framed as something harmless or even exciting such as “Get personalised suggestions” or “Find people near you”.



In social sciences this effect is referred to as creeping normality. It is the process by which initially unacceptable major changes are made acceptable by introducing them in gradual and almost imperceptible steps. This phenomenon, also known as gradualism and landscape amnesia, works on shifting anchors of normality subtly but as these changes accumulate our baseline for what is considered normal changes. The changes are so subtle often leaving no room for immediate, significant reaction or protest unlike if the change happened in one large, abrupt step.

Think of the US right now where the rule of law crumbles as Donald Trump coerces the executive branch for excessive political power and personal gains. This approach has weakened accountability and tightened presidential control over independent agencies.

The rest of the world is experiencing this too in a more economic sense as fuel prices go up a little each day, food becomes more expensive and transport fares rise. Slowly the unbearable rate becomes the new normal, eroding a common man's purchasing power. It is one of the reasons why so many countries in the Global South have backslid from democracies into authoritarianism.

The most frightening example today is definitely AI. With each passing day, our reliance on it increases tremendously. And as the water gets warmer our critical thought takes a back seat and our ability to process information independently, diminishes.

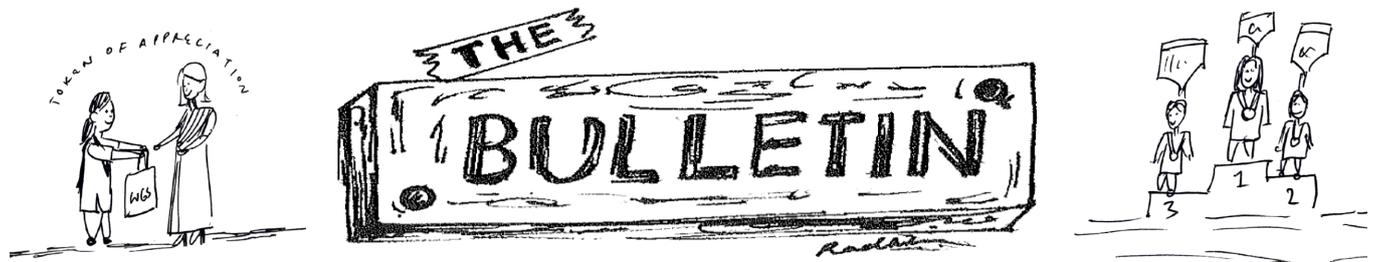
To better recognise this phenomenon, always remember where you were before and return and reflect on changes every so often. Recognise when progress starts looking like democratic backslide and when genocide is branded as protection. The Holocaust began with small political restrictions on Jews. Macbeth, too, was led to his doom one step at a time. And yet, as T.S Eliot warned, “The world ends not with a bang but a whimper.” Before typing in “Please summarise the first two chapters of XYZ book” ask yourself, “Is reading it that hard?”

**Tushti Arora**  
(Class 12)

## INTO THE WELHAM VERSE



- ☞ It rained every morning once march-past started.
- ☞ Manini should get roses for saying *vishraam- savdhan*.
- ☞ Writing the roses in Roses and Raspberries is the hardest part of making the N&V.
- ☞ The brand-new Sports complex will be ready by Sports Day.
- ☞ PreSCs think they have socials every weekend.
- ☞ The Welham Bank is more serious about their cheques than the RBI.  
(#NoOverwriting)
- ☞ Welhamites are readers of classic literature. (#descendentsofShakespeare)



**19<sup>th</sup> July:** Welhamites excelled at the IPSC Table Tennis Tournament and CISCE Regional Tennis Championship, securing 1<sup>st</sup> Position in both U-17 and U-19 doubles.

**17<sup>th</sup> – 19<sup>th</sup> July:** Eight students represented WGS at the IPSC IT Fest at BK Birla School, Pune, where Vaishnavi Agarwal bagged 1<sup>st</sup> place in the Senior Line Follower event.

**25<sup>th</sup> July – 29<sup>th</sup> July:** Welham won the Overall Best Delegation & Research Trophy, along with top positions in Scriptwriting and Bardolatory at IPSC Dramatics Fest.

**27<sup>th</sup> July:** 25 swimmers dominated the CISCE Uttarakhand Regional Meet, winning 67 medals (37 Gold, 21 Silver, 9 Bronze), with 22 qualifying for Nationals. *Impressive!*

**30<sup>th</sup> July:** WGS hosted Francofiesta'25, an inter-school French fest. Krishnangi Gariya won 1<sup>st</sup> position in Poetry Recitation; Arshia Aneja and Ditsa Garg placed 3<sup>rd</sup> in the Quiz.

**30<sup>th</sup> July – 1<sup>st</sup> August:** At WELMUN hosted by the Welham Boys' School, students earned multiple awards. Rajvi Banik & Nabhya Shekhar won 3<sup>rd</sup> position in the Movie Making event.

**3<sup>rd</sup>– 4<sup>th</sup> August:** WGS hosted Jazbaat 2.0, a National Symposium on Positive Psychology with 15 schools, inspiring talks, and engaging student-led events.

**14<sup>th</sup> August:** WGS and WBS co-hosted the Incredible India Quiz 2025, celebrating India's heritage, culture, and knowledge through a spirited quiz.

**16<sup>th</sup> August – 18<sup>th</sup> August:** The Doon School hosted its annual DSMUN'25 conference in which students from WGS bagged several awards.

**18<sup>th</sup> August – 20<sup>th</sup> August :** At the CISCE Athletics Regional Meet, Welham athletes won 7 Gold, 4 Silver, and 2 Bronze medals across U-14, U-17 & U-19 categories.

**19<sup>th</sup> – 21<sup>st</sup> August:** WGS hosted the 7th Diamond Jubilee Invitational Basketball Tournament; WGS Blues defeated Pine Grove School 34–15 to lift the trophy. *Kudos!*

**22<sup>nd</sup> August:** Ten students earned Distinction in the WLSA Cross-Cultural Leadership Programme, excelling in global debates, online events, and capstone essays on world issues.

**28<sup>th</sup> August:** Ms. Shefali Verma, head of department of sports, was felicitated on National Sports Day by The Times of India.

**25<sup>th</sup> September:** Mrs. Vanshree Scott received the Global Sustainability Award 2025 – Educators' Category, for integrating UN SDGs into the school's curriculum and projects. *Congratulations, Ma'am!*

**25<sup>th</sup> – 27<sup>th</sup> September:** Gayatri Bhatia, Prarthana Goenka and Aashvi Gupta secured the Runners' Up position in the JTM Gibson Debate hosted by Mayo College, Ajmer. *Way to go!*

# REJECTED SHAMIYANA

## TITLES



**BULBULS**  
Red Hair Baddies  
Laal-kara  
TheBads of bully-wood

**ORIOLES**  
Sona kitna sona hai, Oriole jaisa hona hai  
One in a Minion



**FLYCATCHERS**  
We are the Lablue-blues  
The Summer We Turned Blue



**WOODPECKERS**  
Langoor ke muhh mein angoor  
Wood Wood Dabang Dabang

**HOOPOES**  
Gaajar ka halwa, Hoopoes ka Jalwa  
Cheeto Cheeto Sabko Peeto

## A Far Right Turn



The 2024-25 election roundup saw a surge of what can be labelled as an ideation of Mao Zedong's Cultural Revolution. What began as an anti-establishment protest has evolved into a coherent alternative governing philosophy, one that categorically rejects both globalist economics and multicultural social contracts. This resurgent right-wing movement, amplified across the West, appears to be driven by a need for a traditional political spine.

With the United States at the forefront, the Trump administration continues to deliver rampant changes to the Conservatives, aggressively pursuing the removal of immigrants. While there have been questions and wide criticism about the strict measures adopted by ICE (Immigration and Customs Enforcement), it bears down to Americans' growing anxieties about the employment struggle and the pretext of cultural invasion. From Charlie Kirk's rightist youth organisation to the new H1-B visa fees, it is indeed a strike against what America has stood for in the past few years.



In Europe, the Alternative for Germany (AfD) achieved a notable electoral success, marking the first state election victory for a far-right party in Germany since the post-World War II era. Following their Xenophobic and Islamophobic stance during the 2015 refugee crisis, the party gained support, leading to its radicalization.



It is understood that such rightist regimes rose after years of mistrust and dissatisfaction among the masses (which is palpable across the globe as we witness in the Nepal protests while I write this article), leading to people turning to traditional structures. These bring with them the prospect of revival of stability. While we cannot deny that there has been a recent resurgence in right wing activism across the globe, it occurs with a simultaneous desire for reform and liberalism at the other end. Masses in countries with authoritarian regimes have risen up in protest. As the global pendulum makes rampant shifts, it is us, the people, we are at the forefront. After all, it is in our hands to ensure the democratic working of the nation. It is up to us to hold the people in power accountable and thus change the working of a nation if time arises.

**Tamanna Baid**  
(Class 12)

◁ SCs did Auld Lang Syne after their last *Shramdaan*.

(with *colin spray* and *jharus*)

There will be no News & Views this Founders'. (not surprising)

There will be no Nukkad Naatak this Founders'.

(*Aahana Gupta* is extremely inefficient.)

◁ Day 1 and Day 2 productions are co-operating with each other. (*Maria's mare* & *Meera's mare* part 2)

The newly installed curtains and industrial fans are what people are actually coming to watch. (*the real showstoppers*)

68th Welham Girls' School Founders' Day is being hosted at Welham Boys' School. (*love thy neighbours*)

◁ Rajvi accidentally solved a PreSC English Language paper.

All Editors-in-Chief are bargaining for articles with each other. (*You write for mine I will write for yours.*)

Teachers were really looking forward to receiving good marks and bad marks on Teachers' Day.

(*They were ready for suspensions too!*)



# A TALE OF THREE GENERATIONS

*The Editorial Board asked a family of three generations of Welhamites to recount what makes Welham so special and their favourite memories of school.*

## Sheila Datt (Batch of 1965)

As an Exie, who joined Welham in January 1959, the 1st No. '133' (later 'F133') in the fun-loving 'Blue-jays,' the best of the 4 Houses that was disbanded with the creation of 'Flycatchers' and 'Woodpeckers,' I recall my brilliant European History classes with Miss Linnell, when History became my favourite subject. Welham has recently dedicated a room in No.12 as the School Museum. I am proud to add to the Welham Book of Records that my daughters and their daughters have treaded the same hallowed ground at No 12, and carry unbroken threads of nostalgic memories, like best friends and best food '*Kadhi Chawal*' to name a few!



With Welham having been my abode for many years, there are many memories that shaped my time at Welham. One of the most humorous ones, however, would be that of one of my classmates in our dorm who used to pretend to sleepwalk at night. By leaving powdery footprints on the stone floor everyday, she convinced our Dorm matron that there were Ghosts and that our Dorm was haunted!

## Noor-Priya Nanda (Batch of 1993)

I remember my days, filled with all sorts of adventures, in the 'never ending No 17 Junior School'. At the age of eight, I was the youngest person to ever 'bust-bounds' to save 'Cat'. Cat was a part of a trio of abandoned kittens I had rescued. Two kittens found good homes but Cat stayed with me. We were best friends until on the last day of the term, a Didi took it upon herself to decide it was impossible for me to take her home. She took Cat away while I had gone for games. This had to be fixed. In the dark of the early hours of the morning I snuck over to our favourite swinging tree in the playground near the wall, scampered up to the very edge, hoping the branch would not break, landed on the wall and slipped over the side. I managed to evade three guards and reach the No. 19 line of quarters. "Cat" I shouted as I walked down the side of the building and sure enough her singular meowing started. She was a very vocal kitten. I ran into the room, grabbed Cat and ran back out with her. I explained to the teachers, with complete sincerity, that I could never betray Cat and leave her behind and I would stay in school through the holidays if required. The teachers finally allowed Cat to accompany the Delhi party all the way home! I realize now that it was in moments like these where the true Welham spirit shone through—the courage to follow one's heart, the strength to stand by what one loves, and the quiet conviction that sets a Welhamite apart wherever she may be.

## Rudrani Rajya Lakshmi (Batch of 2027)

It is a delicious feeling to know that the very Mess where my grandmother once smuggled an extra *paratha* from breakfast is the same hall where I yearn for coffee and Nutella each morning. Or the library where I take out my million printouts, is where my mother slept with her million stuffed toys. Sometimes, when I walk past the water tank or sit on the steps outside the TOD, it feels as though a part of them lingers still, in the breeze that stirs the Frangipani, the sunlight that rests gently on the red brick walls. There's something quietly thrilling about tracing their footsteps, knowing that where their laughter once echoed, mine now rings. Every time I glance at my number tag stitched into my clothes or I wear my blue house t-shirt for marchpast, I realize how close Welham keeps us to each other. In classrooms and dorms that have seen three generations of us trip, tumble and triumph, this legacy feels alive. My *Nani*, *Mamma* and I; we may have lived through drastically different versions of Welham, but we understand that as Welhamites, we belong to a story much older than ourselves.





### March to May:



As unfamiliar classes get inhabited by older-but-not-wiser faces, and the newly received responsibilities start taking centre stage, the soft but ubiquitous rays of the sun start melting the winter away. The semblance of peace is unkindly shattered when barely four feet tall invaders start marching around this pre-owned territory, their armour restricted to the chunnis draped around their necks. The campus feels more of a home to pestering dragonflies, than it has ever felt to the SCs who battle them. As the sun opposes the clouds, friends become rivals, each striving for the perfect appeasement to the weather Gods in the form of their Inter-house Music and Dance practices. Sulalin along with Volini becomes the new holy grail for these overworked Welhamites, as the over-delayed night practices give them the perfect excuse to sleep through Mr. Dora's class as well.

### July to October:



Black shoes get replaced by floaters, and the pervasive calm gets fractured by a thunderstorm (literally and figuratively). The temperatures rise causing heat to infiltrate the debaters' flashcards as well, and ambitious 'MUNners' gear up in the best pursuit of rekindling their 'relations' hidden under the treachery of simple international relations. Before there is time to even introspect about the shamingly empty answer scripts submitted, a different kind of freshly printed scripts are thrust into our hands. The frangipani tree starts losing its flowers, and Welhamites start losing their sanity, one *flower* brain cell at a time. A slight chill, which can only be felt as the chants of 'left right left' echo, starts settling in. The storm subsides, the haste dissolves, and like fading lights after the final bow, silence settles in at last.

### October to December:

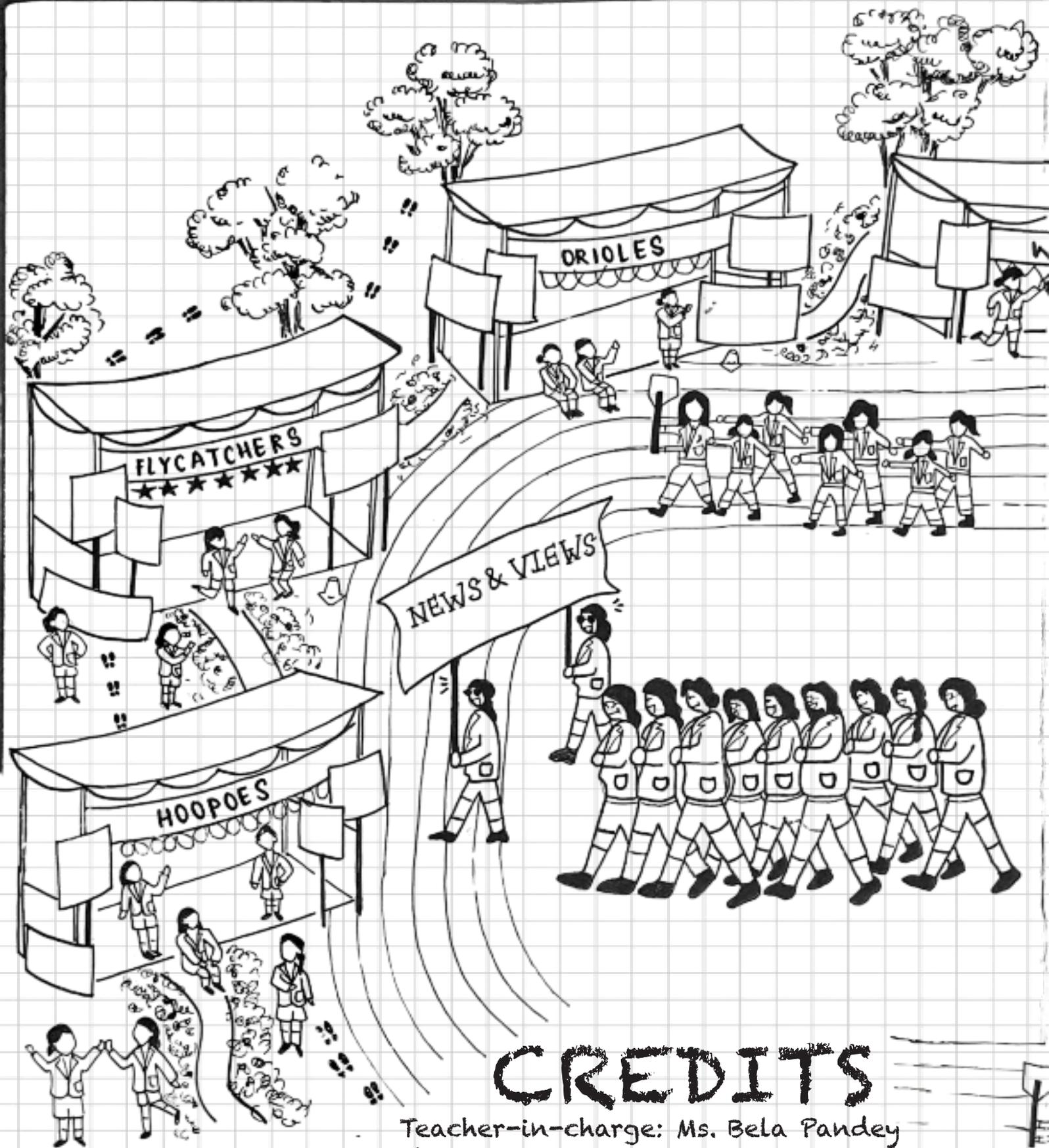


As the sun reluctantly leaves and the cold begins to take hold, salwar kameezes retreat into the depths of wardrobes, only to be replaced by fleece and trousers. Morning sports vanish under the tyranny of cold and Pre-Boards, leaving the campus eerily still except for the PreSCs trying to find their place as seniors. Hoodies are tucked discreetly under the fleeces, and red flannel pyjamas peep out from under the trousers. There is one night in the year when even the bitter Dehradun cold bows in defeat: Farewell. Inter-house Debate strikes first, a lightning storm of seven-minute tempests where voices boom like thunder. Barely has the air cleared when Inter-house Drama marches in, turning the stage into a cyclone of misplaced props and emotions dialled high enough to drown out even the December wind. As the final showdown of the previous twelve months approaches, everyone dives deep into introspection about The Year That Was.

### January to March:



A cold chill in the air welcomes the new year, providing a perfect backdrop for the solemn continuation of the rest of this term. The post-holiday blues are gently subdued by the laughter that now echoes through the previously silent subway, or the weeks of recapping done over a plate of unfinished rajma chawal. However, the bleak cold is startlingly fractured by the warmth given out by the candles lit during Investiture, evoking a sense of both comfort and nostalgia. Finals loom around like a sword hanging from a thread, and amidst the silent fear of these exams and the bitter cold, blooms the flicker of comfort in the spoonfuls of Nutella and the steam from the cuppa clasped tightly between freezing fingers. The sky is laced with dullness, as final echoes of Auld Lang Syne float through the hallways — the SCs holding onto each other probably for the last time. And before we know it, an unfamiliar voice sounds through the auditorium saying, 'SCs and BIIs please lead out.'



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