



NEWS & VIEWS

Estd. 1964

“And in this moment, I swear we are infinite.”
 – *The Perks of Being a Wallflower*



Year 2026 Issue No. 1

Welham Girls’ School

Investiture

Dear Readers,

As we try to find the right words to begin this editorial, the entire issue already stands complete. All that is left is to place these lines on the front page, finalise the quote, and decide how we sign off one last time. Ironically, every other time we have put together an issue of *N&V*, the editorial has been the first thing we finished. Yet, right now we sit with our thoughts completely jumbled, with so much to say and somehow no words at all. So here we are, one AirPod each, mildly bickering over what song might get us into the right ‘feels’ for our very last contribution to a magazine that has become our identity.

N&V has lived in stolen minutes and stretched hours: in rushed drafts between classes, in late-night formatting sessions, in laughter after meetings that were never as short as we promised. We have waited by the aisles during events just to watch you flip through those yellow pages, half-anxious and half-proud. We have argued over the smallest details, threatened to chuck out the PreSCs, and fought (*extremely passionately*) with the Captain Body for the Principal’s Porch after dinner. Unsurprisingly, passing on this magazine feels extremely difficult, not because the next pair of hands will not be capable, but because these pages hold pieces of us that only exist because *N&V* gave them space to. As this solemn tradition marks the transition into a new cycle of school life, one marked by the exchanging of crisply ironed blazers and the passing of badges, Welham seeks to preserve all that belongs to it while still reaching for greater heights. It is at this moment that the energy in the auditorium quietly splits in two. On one side sit those for whom this day feels like an ending, a ceremony that gently closes seven years of habit, belonging, and memory. On the other hand, sit those who have just stepped into the day they had dreamt of since they first arrived, finally becoming the figures they once looked up at from the back rows.

Investiture is powerful because of the reverence with which it is held. It is special because of the silence before each name is called, the careful way a badge is pinned, the measured walk to the stage. Each gesture carries the weight of everything that has come before and everything that is expected to follow. When a candle is lit, it is not just a symbolic flame passed from one hand to another; it is continuity made visible. It says that what was built will not be lost, only entrusted anew. One batch lets go, another steps forward, and the school, unchanged yet constantly renewing itself, moves on.

So, all we have to say to the incoming batch is to stand by your batchmates as they take the oaths they have been practising for months; cheer them on as they step onto the court for the first time as Captains; and read their labours of love as they sign off the editorials they have been waiting to write under their own names. Hold each other’s hands tightly when your voices echo through these halls as you sing your first-ever “Auld Lang Syne,” and if you end up falling, make sure you all fall together. (*literally!*)

Still fighting, still bickering, (hopefully not for the last time)

Aahana Gupta and Gauri Nanda

Editors-in-Chief

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The Weaponisation of Nepotism

The word that once served to expose systemic inequalities and injustices inherited through legacy has now been reduced to a passing fad. It no longer carries the weight it once did. Instead, it is thrown around as casually and recklessly as a greeting. In current times, due to its overuse for content and clicks, the public has become desensitised to it. The label of a “nepo kid” now simply denotes someone we dislike—whether due to personal prejudice, bandwagon mentality, an irritating public persona, a poorly received interview, or merely because it is trending.



The dilution of the meaning of *nepotism* has severe implications for us as an audience. Rather than sparking meaningful conversations about structural imbalance, it now generates either unnecessary hate or a few extra clicks on social media. There exists a collective and convenient amnesia surrounding the term. When Suhana Khan and Khushi Kapoor deliver similar mediocre performances in their much-praised Netflix debuts, they are subjected to harsh scrutiny. Yet when Ananya Panday offers an equally lukewarm performance, the response shifts to excuses of miscasting— as though there is a meaningful distinction in either effort or outcome. The irony, of course, is that Panday herself is a product of the same nepotistic ecosystem, making this selective generosity less a matter of fairness and more one of familiarity.



There is something rather disturbing about how casually we now invoke the term nepotism. It requires no real engagement— no thought, consistency, or self-reflection. It allows us to feel morally superior, as though we are taking a stand through pseudo-activism, while in reality we barely scratch the surface of how power truly operates within the industry. We do not pause to question why Bollywood functions the way it does or what meaningful change would entail. These uncomfortable questions remain unanswered because acknowledging them would require us, as an audience, to accept our own complicity in sustaining the system. It is far easier to type “product of nepotism” under an actor’s photograph and feel as though we have checked off an item on our moral bucket list.

This raises an essential question: are we genuinely opposing the unfairness of the system, or merely disguising our biases under socially acceptable labels? In the rush to call out injustices— and in the pursuit of public approval— have we risked becoming accomplices in promoting the very system we had set out to dismantle?

Yashita Jain
Class 11

BOOKS

- 📖 Art in History by Martin Kemp
- 📖 Heart Lamp: Selected Stories by Banu Mushtaq
- 📖 Mother Mary Comes to Me by Arundhati Roy
- 📖 The Last Queen by Chitra Banerjee

ALBUMS

- 🎵 Yaariyan by Pritam
- 🎵 Gone, Gone, Gone by Phillip Phillips
- 🎵 The Spins by Mac Miller
- 🎵 Uptown Girl by Billy Joel



MOVIES

- 🎬 People We Meet On Vacation (2026)
- 🎬 Dhurandar (2025)
- 🎬 Haq (2025)
- 🎬 Homebound (2025)
- 🎬 Avatar: Fire and Ash (2025)

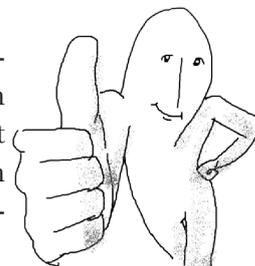
TV SHOWS

- 📺 The Wire (2002)
- 📺 Mindhunter (2017)
- 📺 Rocket Boys (2022)
- 📺 Sacred Games (2018)

The Great Meme Reset

Surprising no one, the epidemic of short-form media surfaced during the Pandemic. Short-form media refers to all the under-a-minute forms of media we consume daily, ranging from Instagram reels to YouTube shorts. The manner in which our minds consume media has been revolutionised, and compulsive scrolling has become a determining factor of our generation. We have, unarguably, become addicted to consistently being on a ‘do not disturb’ mode, where the brain is underwhelmed by mindless consumption, yet is not quite concerned with the ever-increasing number of common and open-to-interpretation ‘six-seven’ jokes.

People behind social media companies have also jumped in to capitalise on this large-scale adaptation, wherein they attempt to introduce newer forms of shorter media on their platforms to enhance viewer engagement and kill whatever little attention span that still survives. If this trend continues- marked by rising digital anxiety, dopamine-driven scrolling, and mindless viewership, netizens worldwide are bound to face a big intellectual setback.

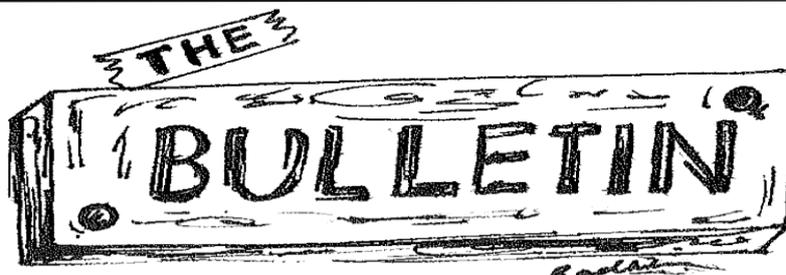


Many representatives of Gen Z have begun the Great Meme Reset, wherein the various, longer trends of 2016 are being actively revived. Thanks to the longer, more context rich trends of the previous decade, content felt more familiar and engaging, and was far less likely to stifle critical thinking. Not only did trends survive more than a few months, but they very often shaped essential pop-culture. The Great Meme Reset aims to abolish the fast-emerging and fast-dissipating pattern of trends, and encouraging people to scroll through social media for fun rather than out of boredom.

With anti-intellectualism on the horizon, the Great Meme Reset is one of the ways we can reform our media consumption patterns and challenge the stereotypes tied to us. As the last species of the ‘Thinking Generation,’ it is, maybe, the most crucial responsibility on our shoulders— to remind the world of a time when life felt just a little more lush.

**Tamaira Sapra
Devika Jain
Class 9**

Roses	Raspberries
 A single white rose to all the outgoing officials and Captains. <i>You will be missed!</i>	 Basketball courts full of putrid raspberries to the sports department for keeping the Pre-SC physical test on the first day of school.
 A truckload full of red fragrant roses to Ms. Manjeet Kaur for waking up the Bulbul SCs every morning with the same love and affection.	 Dormitories full of moth-infested raspberries to the Board classes for always hogging up the scarce heaters, even in this cold. (<i>#IAmOnlyHuman</i>)
 A bunch of fresh dewy roses to Kshitiza ma'am for working day in and day out on our college applications.	 Foul smelling raspberries to Ms. Diwija Pande for giving truckloads of assignments even after finishing her syllabus ages ago.
 A single freshly picked pink rose to Mrs Vibha Kapoor for the G-pie treat. <i>With full hearts and stomachs!</i>	 Buckets full of rancid raspberries to Dr. Ritika Uniyal's Psychology class for setting the standards of 'true love' too high. (<i>#neverHeathcliff</i>)
 Plates full of aromatic roses to Ms. Anu Gupta for the surprisingly delicious Monday dinner. (<i>#When'sroundtwo?</i>)	 Cabinets full of mushy raspberries to the matrons for playing <i>#too hard to get</i> as soon as they hear 'Laptop'.



27th September – 31st October: The annual IPSC swimming competition was held at The Mann School, Delhi. The WGS team comprised sixteen students and ranked the 4th Best School among 17 others from all over India.

25th – 26th October: The 9th Valley of Words Festival was held at Hotel Madhuban and brought together connoisseurs of various fields in art and literature. Dr. Nalanda Pandey moderated a discussion with Dr. Banibrata Mahanta, an acclaimed translator and professor at the Banaras Hindu University.

8th November: A troupe of dancers from WGS performed a Bharatnatyam performance on ‘Mahishasura Mardini’ for the Uttaranchal Yuva Youth Festival at the Parade Ground, Dehradun, where they received much appreciation.

1st – 3rd December: The All India IPSC Hockey Championship was held at The Punjab Public School, Nabha. The WGS Hockey team secured the runner-up position in the U-19 category. Ahana Jindal was recognized as the Most Promising Player of the Championship. *Keep it up!*

2nd – 3rd December: Four students from Welham Girls’ School participated in the 3rd Doon School Technology Conclave. They received the award for Best Work in Electronics demonstrating strong core understanding and application of robotics, electronics, and problem-solving skills.

5th December: The Inter-House Dramatics Competition was held in school, showcasing thoughtful performances from all five houses. Sofia Sadgi was named the Best Actor, and the Flycatcher House claimed the First position.

20th December – 8th January: Students took part in international educational and cultural exchanges across Morocco, Japan, and Bhutan. These enriching exchanges led to delightful cultural and academic dialogue.

13th January: Riddhi Agarwal and Amaya Marwah from the SC class, represented the school at Raj Bhavan, Uttarakhand, where they met the Honorable Governor of Uttarakhand, Lieutenant General (Retd.) Gurmit Singh (PVSM, UYSM, AVSM, VSM).

20th January: Welham Girls’ School hosted an event to commemorate the 250th anniversary of Jane Austen, comprising a panel discussion and a literary quiz, in which we stood first out of four participating teams.

SPOTTED

- ✂ Hockey students found something new to break. *(Best of luck to Mrs. Kapoor)*
- ✂ The lights and weather were paid actors in Tanya’s exorcism presentation in the PreSC Psychology class.
- ✂ The career counselling office is the new SC hangout spot *(strictly gang stuff)*
- ✂ SCs fail to get marks even in their English Language exam. *(We will never fail to surprise you!)*
- ✂ Morning Assembly is making everyone’s head turn. *(quite literally)*
- ✂ The school has planned to replace tuck checks with Laptop checks. *(#NewYear.NewRules)*
- ✂ Kettles becoming the new replacement for geysers in the Flycatcher dormitory. *(#WhenTechnologyFails)*

BIRD BRAIN

- 🐦 **Rudrani:** Bro, why do you laugh so much?
- Vedanshi:** It’s a scoping mechanism.
- 🐦 **Achin Sir to Ahana:** Why aren’t you taking part in the math Waterloo competition?
- Ahana:** Sir because the questions fly over my head
- Achin Sir:** Then you better stand on the bench and write it!
- 🐦 **Aahana:** I have to finish my Amsterdam application.
- Manini:** Bro, don’t go there, the Germans are very rude.
- 🐦 **Vani Ma’am (one week before investiture):** SCs, what Colours do you want?
- Samaira Seth:** Holi colours? *(only pakka rang for you, Samaira)*



BIRD BRAIN

Architectural Association

The tragic flaw of humankind lies in its inherent territorial nature. Much of war and villainy arises from possessive conflict. At the same time, human beings are creatures of society and convention. These two instincts—territoriality and social belonging—interact to shape our emotional attachment to our surroundings. As a result, the propensity to develop deep sentiments toward places and environments becomes embedded in the human psyche, acting as a counterbalance to pure possessiveness.



The Pianist (2002) follows Wladyslaw Szpilman, a Polish-Jewish pianist, as he is torn away from both his family and his profession as a musician during the Nazi invasion of Warsaw in 1939. This radical change from his moderate, comfortable life into one of isolation, prejudice, and hiding, is only a tragic extension of man’s sentimental association with architecture and his immediate environment.

It may be thought that loss has an inalterable effect on humans. However, the most devastatingly profound trauma that Wladyslaw experiences, throughout his journey from Warsaw to the city’s ruins, is change. Human beings are most vulnerable to the terror that change brings forth. This change is the effect of having an attachment to normalcy.

The sensibility we develop toward our everyday surroundings arises from the emotional value we assign to places and physical objects. Even the smallest pencil gifted from an old friend carries sentimental value, the same way an apartment you lived in as a child does. These things, per se, have no more value than graphite or bricks, but once they hold some form of memory, once they give you a sense of comfort, or regret, they gain emotional value. This is the endowment effect, commonly explored as the psychology behind keepsakes.



There is a recent and relevant example of this. Our school recently witnessed the demolition of the field, warranted by the promise of a state-of-the-art sports complex. Though this idea is incredibly appealing for forthcoming batches, it leaves one to wonder *how much will Welham remain their own*, once we graduate? Is development always contingent upon the erasure of memory? Must growth occur at the expense of constancy? And how far does this shift distance us from those who came before us—the ‘Old Girls’?

One is left to ponder, will it really be worth it? Every patch of grass of the field that we had balded, every moss-covered brick, and every sprint to the Baddie court when it began to rain, all of these are the memories we shelter. Now that this foundation has been dismantled to clear the path for development, maybe we ought to let go of our inhibitions. Yes, change is undeniably terrifying, but depending on where you stand, it can be beautiful too.

Krishnangi Gariya
Class 9

WHAT’S PLAYING	WHO’S LISTENING
 Ratta Maar Goa Wale Beach Par	▶▶ The SC Batch
 The Night We Met	▶▶ Aahana and Gauri (We will miss you, N&V)
 Mein Hun Don	▶▶ Matrons
 Flowers	▶▶ Dr. Ritika Uniyal
 Everybody Wants To Rule The World	▶▶ The PreSC Batch
 Mastermind	▶▶ Rudrani Rajya Lakshmi and Vedanshi Dabral
 FA9LA	▶▶ Nysa and Divyanshi

Dear SCs,
one last 'Auld lang
Syne'?

Ellis

all our love,
Aahana & Gauri
(editors-in-chief)
♡ 2025-26 ♡

Jab tak suraj
Chand rahega

Section A
Gang 11

Duyyambali

Mitya

Vanya

40
100

55

Akash

Ziya

VJABS

Manoj
Rishabh

Sauri

Prabhu

Shubh
Vishva

Shruti

Parth

Anshu

Aashi

Pratham

Deval

Sanjay

Vishal

Tanish

Pranav
Vishal
Vishal

Durga

Harsh

Tarun

Angshu

Pranav

Pranav
Vishal

Harsh

Ahika

Pranav

Harsh

Pranav

Pranav



Self Roasting

“If anyone tells you that a certain person speaks ill of you, do not make excuses, but answer, ‘He was ignorant of my other faults, for he would not have mentioned these alone.’”

— *Enchiridion, Epictetus*

Self-roasting as a culture has taken over the world of comedy one performer at a time. From Bo Burnham to John Mulaney, from Chandler Bing to Jake Peralta, from Joan Didion to George Orwell, we have all watched as it crept from comedy stages and monospaced essays into popular culture that gleams on every screen and magazine cover today.

It is one of the most strategic ways to effectively get through to an audience. Not only does it break the proverbial ice by lowering social tension—people admire performers who can laugh at themselves, as it signals humility and emotional self-awareness—but it also efficiently blocks unwanted criticism. By pointing out your own flaws first, you take away others’ ability to do so. Beat the sceptics to the finish line by beating yourself up before they can – self-deprecation in exchange for the audience’s laughter.

Instead of taking the risk of misconstruing confidence as arrogance, let vulnerability show your credibility; it is an easier game to win. Most comedies of the 90s like Charlie Chaplin and relatively recent ones like Mr. Bean swear by it and are therefore successful.



This is also a form of reputation management at its finest. If you are the teller of the joke and the punchline, too, then the joke most certainly will land well, and through it you can control how you’re perceived. Of course, you must set a limit by asking yourself where to draw the line, and the one between self-roasting and self-erasure is very thin. If you don’t deliver your joke with evidence of deliberation, it might come off as a projection of low self-esteem, which can be concerning and often off-putting for most people.

For those of you who have watched Ba****ds of Bollywood on Netflix, you would know what an Indian satirical show looks like. Rather than targeting a particular individual, it critiques the industry as a whole, dismantling what its power imbalance looks like, and also highlights the inherent ‘nepo-kid’ culture that has embedded itself into the industry’s structure for years. Overall, it sends a rather sharp message to the film industry, but this is why it is considered to have resonated deeply and widely. It is more entertaining and playful than accusatory and confrontational – and maybe this is why it is a hit.

Self-roasting is a layered concept. It is not only an art but also a strategic form of posing a confession as a jest, and gaining all the more respect for it. To laugh at yourself (and get others to) is a skill -but only as long as you remember not to laugh too long. The show, after all, must go on.

Seeya Arora
Class 10



INTO THE WELHAM VERSE

- ☞ PreSCs are talking about something other than Investiture.
- ☞ National holidays are actually treated as National holidays in Welham. (*never heard of an extra class... ever?*)
- ☞ Welhamites actually own stationery.
- ☞ Prarthana Goenka is single-handedly responsible for teaching Pre-SC A manners.
- ☞ SCs are treating their Boards more seriously than Goa itineraries.
- ☞ Juniors drink more cocoa than seniors. *#onlywhenyouletitgo*

JUNIOR Ramboree

‘Crossing Over’

From sniffing B2s to soon-to-be A2s, we never expected the shift to senior school to feel so indistinguishable from our very first step into Welham. Carrying our suitcases across the subway, our faces would be marked with homesickness and tear-stains—but this time, not missing the warmth of home, but the comforting familiarity of junior school.

A strange juxtaposition of eagerness and dread washes over us as red crosses slowly fill our calendars, counting down to the day we cross over the threshold into a world where mornings no longer begin with dreadful hot cocoa and nights stretch far beyond nine thirty. The same dark, intimidating dorms will start to pronounce themselves as home, and the seniors who once towered over us will soon become faces we will pass in the House corridors every single day.



Soon, you will find us hiding alongside the lizards in bathroom crevices, desperately trying to avoid the logistics of preparing yet another ‘Digene’ ad for our next “bonding session” with the dearest SCs. We shall remain blissfully unperturbed by the realization of entering the pre-board class, concentrated on memorizing the lyrics to every Hindi pop song known to mankind (a natural consequence of our discharged speaker).

As Checkpoints come to an end, so does our reign of seniority in junior school (good luck, B1s). Once again, cardboard boxes will magically appear outside our dorms—but this time, it will be us filling them up. Tears blur our vision, shrouding everything but the heaters we are about to leave behind. We will certainly miss junior school as we lose our final shred of dignity performing an impromptu dance at midnight. We often like to divert our thoughts to the privileges that we will unlock as we become seniors.

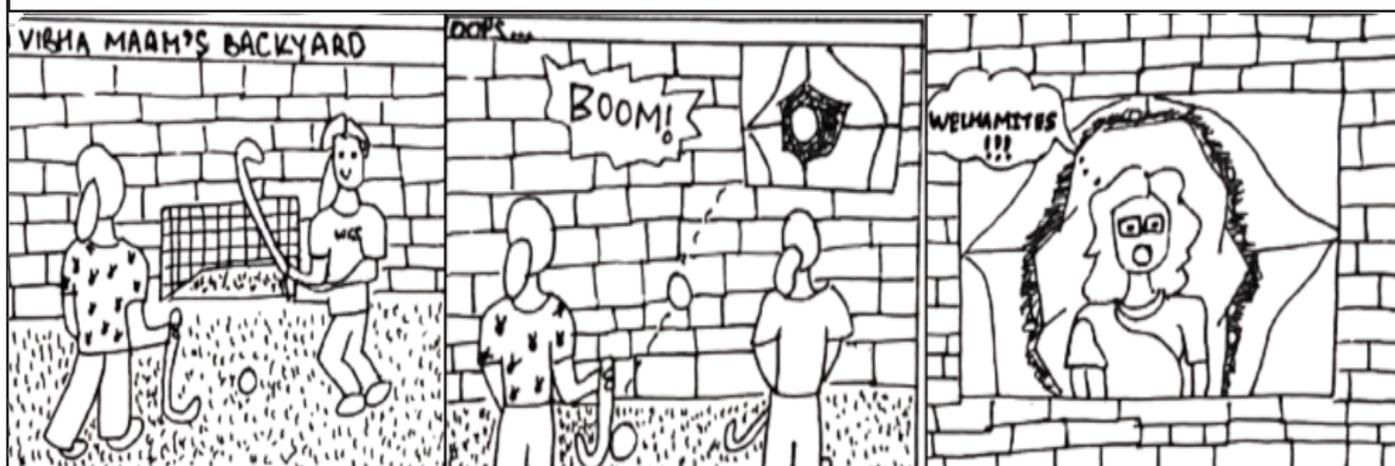
As for everything else, we believe that it possibly cannot be that bad; after all, we will eventually end up uncovering the mystery of the missing charger and mastering the art of how to make a perfect toast, right?

Quietly trembling at the thought of becoming an A2,

Tara Claire

Class 8

YELLOW GUMBOOTS



Flying Off the Handle

From an average person's position in front of the television, it can be hard to discern which problems in status quo the world unifies to solve, and which smaller groups and persons must take the initiative to bring to light. This confusion in motive is heightened when, in recent times, youth-led protests have increased in number. What is most noteworthy, however, is not only the rise in their frequency but also the abrupt rise in the similarity of their goals. Protests with nearly same demands have taken place in nations with very different political systems, including authoritarian states, democracies, and semi-democracies. Emerging in South America, Southeast Asia, Europe, and North America, these protests make it clear that the global youth is unified in their approach to broader structural flaws, extending their impacts from the local level, only outwards.



The student-led protest in Nepal was an immediate response to the ban on social media, as well as an objection to the deep-seated nepotism in most aspects of Nepalese community. Besides this, the failure of the K.P. Sharma Oli's government in terms of preventing corruption only gave more justification to their actions. Even in the United States the student led campus protests were in direct context with the Israel and Gaza conflict, but the students also called for transparency in university investments and the protection of freedom of speech. A few years ago, protests emerged in Thailand due to the dissolution of a party with huge youth support, but what began as a fight against youth exclusion grew into a call for greater accountability and transparency in the decision-making process. Despite taking place in different political scenarios all these protests were at large against any decision that the youth perceived to be opaque or exclusionary.

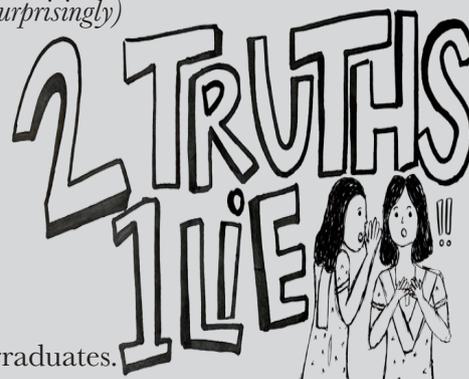
The one thing in common that the youth of the world seem to be asking for is equality of opportunity for themselves. They seem to be demanding for equal say in matters of governance, in matters of community and service, in matters of transparency. These ideas often come from a dislike of traditionalists and conservatives, who view youth liberalism as an attempt to overstep authority. Extremist results of such things have led to political propaganda like the Republican Party's ban on most books about social reform in places like Tennessee in the USA. This is meant to discourage people from consuming literature that could even potentially spark protest.



Our world today sees an existing divide between older people and youth. Such movement and tension in the socio-political spheres of the world can further divide these people.

Jia Thakkar
Class 9

- Table tennis being the only sport with a designated place to play. (*surprisingly*)
All banks across Dehradun are shut except the 'Welham Bank'.
Paanya Gupta is actually Aahana Gupta's long lost cousin.
(#Wearefamily)
- Ananta cut her hair short so that she does not have to take part in Inter-House Bharatnatyam.
Flycatcher Inter-House Drama play's theme song was actually *Dhoom Machale*.
Campusie and School Captain are still the same thing.
- Aahana will continue to fill the *N&V* humour page even after she graduates.
(*attachment issues at its finest*)
Manini Yadav is Auld Lang Syne Official. (*We thrive on nostalgia!*)
Vibha Chadha was asking for the UCAS Buzzword three days before the deadline. (#AlwaysOnTime)



The Tyranny of Faith

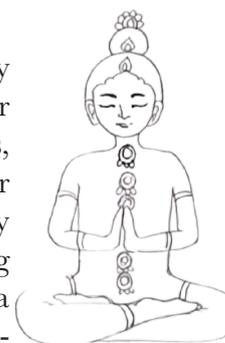


From ancient oracles to modern gurus, history is littered with personalities who mastered the art of bending belief to distort reality. Few illustrate this more vividly than Grigori Rasputin, the “mad monk” of Russia. Born a common peasant, Rasputin ascended to the Romanov court by convincing Tsarina Alexandra that he alone was capable of healing her hemophiliac son. Rasputin was given unprecedented access to the royal family simply by praying over the boy during severe bleeding episodes.

While Alexandra credited him for his miraculous interventions, his grand declarations unsettled ministers and diplomats alike. Cloaked in piety yet thriving on rumours of scandal, Rasputin reminds us of a age old danger that when mysticism seduces reason, even empires fall.

In today’s world, the phenomenon persists, but the methods are more sophisticated. The ‘viruses of influence’ that once thrived in royal courts now spread through television and social media. Televangelists in the United States promise prosperity in exchange for donations; African prophets claim immunity from disease or natural disasters; in Brazil, evangelical leaders have built sprawling political empires. Despite centuries of scientific progress, the human craving for certainty and miracles remains insatiable. Millions still suspend disbelief, entranced by extravagant charm and rituals.

India, with its longstanding traditions of religiosity and spiritual practice, is extremely vulnerable to this phenomenon. Spiritual leaders often emerge as guides offering moral or metaphysical counsel, yet many rapidly transition into cultural icons and, in some cases, political figures. This trajectory reflects the entanglement of religion, media, and power in a society where reverence for spiritual authority is apparent. Asaram Bapu, previously followed by millions, was convicted of sexual assault and sentenced to life in jail, revealing the magnitude of his abuse of power. Gurmeet Ram Rahim Singh, the head of Dera Sacha Sauda, was convicted of murder, and his sect’s violent protests in reaction demonstrated the terrible influence such leaders can have on their followers.



While spiritual traditions can offer profound meaning, blind faith has always been exploited. Bertrand Russell’s warning is imperative. “The trouble with the world is that the stupid are cocksure and the intelligent are full of doubt.” History tells us clearly, whether it be in the twilight of the Romanovs or in the age of social media, when bold claims and fake promises are elevated to a divine status, vigilance is absolutely indispensable.

Rudrani Rajya Lakshmi
Class 11

What’s Out

What’s In

<input type="checkbox"/> The sports field	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Principal’s backyard
<input type="checkbox"/> J.D for teachers	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> J.D for school posts
<input type="checkbox"/> Goodwill is an asset.	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Goodwill is a liability.
<input type="checkbox"/> Military	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> ‘Millitant’ (#SCsneverfailtosurprise2.0)
<input type="checkbox"/> Bajri	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> ‘Dal-Dal’
<input type="checkbox"/> Strawberries	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Ber



Q. What is the process of making an N&V issue?

Dear overly-intrusive Welhamite,

How free are you to be prying into my personal workplace when we expect you to be simply grazing over the humour columns. However, I shall generously assume the burden to guide you, and should you, god forbid, be yet another hopeful PreSC in the making, you must sincerely take notes on precisely what not to do. The operation begins with our tri-annual scout for writers, a serious search for those individuals who can successfully string a sentence without brutally disgracing the English Language. The process shortly demands me to take out my magical reading glasses, to cast aside the entries that look like they have been generated by a chatbox, after a rather burdensome spit-out of prompts by the writer. And when the humour fails to simply flow its way into these very humour columns; we improvise. You suddenly spot our workers under-cover do things that are, in themselves, simply ridiculous, all in the noble service of contributing to this column. The word 'deadline' does not seem to exist in the N&V dictionary. Actually, now that I think about it, the process of making the N&V actually culminates in a day, with aggressive clatter of keyboards punching in till the very last second.

Q. What is a Welhamite's favourite event in school?

Dear Welhamite,

It's adorable that you think Welhamites have favourite events. Since you've asked, I must reorient you to the basics of Welhamite functioning. After all, events may change, but priorities rarely do. While we all admire the sweat, blood, and tears behind these events, our hearts lie firmly in the side quests that quietly define the experience. It usually begins, quite predictably, with the food at Founders: four months of slightly dry pasta and watery coffee, suddenly replaced by lavish sandwiches, aromatic brownies, and tantalising tarts. With our gastronomical needs satisfied, our attention seamlessly shifts elsewhere. We fast-forward to spring, when escort volunteers at Inter-School events suddenly surge, as do Welhamites actually dancing at socials (#RealJazbaatiSpirit). And just when this enthusiasm seems seasonal, Inter-House approaches, bringing us full circle—dance becomes a godly escape from classes and conversation (voice rest²), all fuelled by the incessant quest for an Inter-House treat.

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

CREDITS

Editors-in-chief:
Aahana Gupta and Gauri Nanda
Teacher-in-charge:
Ms. Bela Pandey

Senior Editors
Rudrani
Gayatri
Prarthana

Senior Correspondents
Riddhima
Paavni
Aashvi

Technical Editor:
Rudrani

Junior Correspondents
Sienna
Tiaa

Artists
Urvi
Soha
Aashna

