

The Performance of Playing It Cool

Hasn't the phrase 'I don't really care' become the modern social currency? Whether you are looking at your report card or returning from a match that you have just won, it has become a norm. Turn out your empty pockets to see what these words have cost you: your sensitivity, not only toward yourself but everyone else, too.

The truth is that casually caring about things isn't a concept anymore. It is a trained reflex that we have adopted in response to the coolness our society increasingly associates with nonchalance—the same society that is keen to classify all people into two groups: those who care far too much and those who do not care at all (*yes, the Goldilocks Problem yet again*). In the latter case, you are a convincing liar because empathy is wired into our psyche, whether something concerns us or not.



Today, being 'emotional' is considered synonymous with being 'embarrassing', and both have long gone out of style, with stonewalling emerging as the latest social performance. It is in this place that we find our declining mental health and collective EQ glistening like medals. Grinning right after getting yelled at, walking off (or limping away) after twisting an ankle despite the throbbing pain, not apologising first during a fight – all this to show how much we Do Not Care. To show that feelings are lame, because "Why don't you go cry about it, loser?" is the new normal. Because getting to hear yet another "Gee, glad you didn't overreact," on a bad day is the final quietus.



Consequently, we conceal our emotions so poorly that we have to hide how terrible we are at it, which is a whole lot of work compared to just being open. It is as if we are all method acting (but the method is denial), only acknowledging our emotions at 2:00 a.m., when our thoughts scare us into sleeplessness.

Our fear of judgment is our leash. Not showing what you feel is depriving yourself of who you are. Pulling an all-nighter before an exam, only to tell people you have 'barely studied'? Casually shrugging off a compliment you get for something you worked on for days? Not letting yourself worry about how terribly unprepared you are for that class test you were hoping wouldn't happen? It is society that we hide from, but honestly, isn't society just a group of pretenders?



So, all I want to say is that maybe being #TooCoolForSchool is a motto that only sounds smart on T-shirts, and that, instead of faking it till you make it, maybe try not to fake it at all.

**-Seeya Arora
Class 11**

MOVIES

- 🎬 Project Hail Mary (2026)
- 🎬 Michael (2026)
- 🎬 Waiting for Godot (2001)
- 🎬 Newton (2017)
- 🎬 Sunshine (2007)

TV SHOWS

- 🎬 Northern Exposure (1990)
- 🎬 The Office (2009)
- 🎬 Stargate Atlantis (2004)
- 🎬 House of the Dragon (2022)
- 🎬 Death by Lightning (2025)



BOOKS

- 📖 The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde
- 📖 The House of Doors by Tan Eng
- 📖 The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald
- 📖 Human Acts by Han Kang
- 📖 Crime and Punishment by Fyodor Dostoevsky

ALBUMS

- 🎵 Sweet Child O' Mine by Guns N' Roses
- 🎵 Tere Binaa by Mustafa Zahid
- 🎵 A Mission In Life by Stan Ridgway
- 🎵 Dracula by Tame Impala

How to Sell Nothing and Call It Content

Do you want to earn a thousand dollars just for holding a glass of celery juice near a window? Do you want to turn one mildly emotional interaction with a barista into a seven-part vlog series? Congratulations! There is a 21-billion-dollar industry waiting for you.

The barrier to entry in the influencer market is not talent or expertise; it is the ability to make nothing look like something, consistently, across multiple platforms. The most imperative part of this process is to first choose your aesthetic. What you say is less important than how your room looks when you say it. Experiencing life and developing your character is overrated. On social media, you can jump from 'Clean Girl' to 'Dark Academia' and if you are even slightly fun-loving, 'Chaotic Main Character'. We will be sending you the finalised list of personality aesthetics via e-mail; choose your own personality at your own risk, the algorithm rarely rewards originality.



The second step is to click perfect candid photos. The camera needs to capture you in a private, almost natural moment. Natural light only, of course. Specifically, the natural light that occurs between 4:00 and 5:00 pm when the sun is low enough to highlight your Lana Del Rey album, and of course, that Stratocaster you haven't touched in years. Your Dostoyevsky book should fit slightly in the frame, and your Charles Leclerc poster has to catch most light. Finally, and most importantly, always know exactly where the camera is. Then, proceed never to look into it. Just past it, at the beautiful horizon that inspires no actual thought, but the vague suggestion of deep poetic contemplation.

Thirdly, at some point in your amazing career, you need to share something personal. This is NOT optional. People do not follow content; they follow people, and people get hurt a lot.

The good news is that vulnerability, if deployed correctly, will be your highest-performing content category. Even if you have had the best days, put those eye drops to play, spread a little mascara and play the 'hit-hard-by-life' trope in front of the camera. You can shift from relatable stress to soft reveal, and lastly, and most effectively, a live breakdown! Play Vienna by Billy Joel in the background and reveal to the world the tragic nature of growing up, crying over how adolescence 'left a gaping hole in your heart' while cashing in on a carefully curated breakdown.

If you feel like you're losing yourself at this point, we recommend VSCO and Substack to vent and post some Notes app poetry. Rupi Kaur and Atticus have to be your role models in this. Just follow their lead. You can be Icarus or Eurydice. Do not worry, everybody is slightly Greek on the internet.

Don't keep the audience at a distance; make them your family. Address them with something like, 'my little red flag parade,' showing how they are more than just spectators. The development of this parasocial relationship is what will essentially give you your own internet army. They'll probably get Reddit servers overloaded and shut down in your defence. Besides, if you die, wouldn't you want a nice, emotional AI-generated song in your memory?

If you've complied with this list correctly, you've probably received a sponsor from an Indie skincare brand by this point. Drop your supposed 'gatekeep' and introduce that niacinamide face wash like it personally carried you through grief. Explain that this candle changed your outlook on life. Suggest that Audrey Hepburn herself once inhaled the air inside this tote bag while filming Breakfast at Tiffany's. Oh, and before I forget, you must also, at one point at least, casually condemn Capitalism. It's ruining your life, isn't it?



Your life has to be democratic. It has to be aspirational without ever being attainable. People should believe that fame and glam are only one tote bag, one skincare routine and one emotionally charged vlog away.

-Riddhima Agarwal
Class 11

SPOTTED

- ✂ Ms. Vibha Kapoor promising B2s one Cadbury Silk each if they return laughing from their outing (*Fortune favours the junior-most, apparently.*)
- ✂ Flycatcher PreSCs failing at sneaking in green tea sachets. (*A classic example of confidence steeped in stupidity.*)
- ✂ The school authorities cutting off the internet to set up the new tech system over the weekend. (*Ah yes, the Firewall separating Pyramus and Thisbe.*)
- ✂ PreSCs awaiting Socials and Social Service on an unfortunate Wednesday. (*two in the bush but none in the hand*)
- ✂ The Hoopoe inter-house Kathak dancers are allegedly dancing to ‘20 Min’ by Lil Uzi Vert. (*K for K-pop culture, K for Kathak*)
- ✂ Shatakshi Singh intentionally cracking jokes in front of the N&V Ed-board for a mention in Bird Brain.
- ✂ Ananta and Rudrani predict their AP scores through an online fortune teller site.
- ✂ Ms. Subohi Rashid confusing the Hoopoe Folk Dance song with a Shaadi band. (*Band Bhangra Baaraat*)
- ✂ Rashika Bhardwaj solving Blinkit packet quizzes at 12:00 am the night before her English Literature First Term. (*more importantly, two nights before her English Literature AP*)
- ✂ Gayatri Bhatia getting golgappa extras because beararji thinks Punjabis cry too much.

BIRD BRAIN






- 🐦 **Medha** (*in late April*): I’m not checking my Board results so there’s no chance I got below 95%. (*Schrodinger’s Board results*)
- 🐦 **Seeya**: Hey, have you done the O. Lit homework?
- Ojasvi**: Wait, I thought it was Optional. (*“For the love of the subject” – her words, not mine*)
- 🐦 **Shalini Ma’am** (*during Pol. Science class*): Tell me the full form of U.S.S.R.
- Ojasvi** (*speaking with the accuracy of a microwaved history textbook*): Union of Slavic Soviet Re-union, Ma’am. (*Boney M. in the background: Ra ra Rasputin...*)
- 🐦 **Kripa**: ‘Who is the bowler for Gujarat Titans?’
- Himakshika**: ‘Rabdi’
- Varrtika**: ‘Rwanda’ (*Rabdi + Rwanda = Rabada. Close enough.*)
- 🐦 **Rashika**: I miss debate season. **cries**
- Arunima**: (*very aggressively*): PANEL, UNDERSTAND THAT- (*A direct invitation to the English DebSoc was sent to Arunima Goel.*)
- 🐦 **Zara**: (*after a productive chemistry class*) “How are you feeling?”
- Hitisha**: “Chem cho? majama!”
- 🐦 **Rudrani**: Rudranshi, please open your mouth, we really need a ‘Bird Brain’.
- Rudranshi**: But bro, everything I say is stupid.








BIRD BRAIN

Roses

Raspberries

-  Bouquets of freshly cut roses to the Sports Department as consolation for the absence of all IHMD participants from sports. (*practically everyone*)
-  Umbrellas full of vibrant and fragrant roses to the Welham Weather gods for bestowing rain upon us every other day and giving us a respite from the heat and the Subway crossing.
-  Gardens full of the purest white roses to the *maali-jis* for maintaining the beauty of the campus even in varying weather.
-  Bouquets of freshly picked, dewy pink roses to all AIs and SCs for their exceptional Board results. *You make us incredibly proud!*
-  A single delicate hand-picked white rose to all the newly elected Vice-Captains. *All the best!*

-  Trucks filled with insect infested raspberries to Ms. Sarika Dubey for constantly making unfulfilled promises of Social Service on Wednesdays.
-  Auditoriums full of putrid raspberries to Ms. Vibha Kapoor and Ms Vatsala Dubey for teaming up to ensure that every assembly ends just a minute after our First Term tests are to begin.
-  Ice boxes full of gooey, moth infested raspberries to Doctor Lanka for not allowing cold milk or cold Tang in the sultry heat.
-  Theatres full of gooey raspberries with misspelt notes written in indecipherable, ant-like handwriting to the English Department for organizing the longest assemblies for English Week.
-  Notice boards full of unripe, sour raspberries to the school administration for changing the routine a gazillionth time. (*Time truly turns at Welham.*)

Diplomacy in a Dress

Diplomacy is astoundingly theatrical. Or at least it used to be.

On a state visit to Japan—the first in history for a British monarch— Queen Elizabeth II, in a gesture of unmistakable intent, was robed in a seafoam blue silk dress, sleeves embellished with appliquéd cherry blossoms. In another visit to China, she was adorned with sewn pink peonies—the country’s national flower. Sometime after India and Pakistan broke free from her colonial rule, in a trip that held momentous political significance, she appeared in Islamabad in a seemingly unadorned and almost entirely white gown which lacked any embellishment apart from Kingfisher green shoulder straps— an stuble tribute to the country’s flag.

This was not merely a political statement, or a show of solidarity; it was something much more strategic. It was fashion diplomacy. She understood well and acted upon what most leaders today tragically overlook: gestures of political importance extend beyond referendums and diplomatic press releases. What the Queen understood was that diplomacy resides in gestures of respect. Through them she embodied a British ideal of dignity and restraint that outlasted the nation’s fading political power, shaping the Queen’s political legacy and the UK’s relevance in the world. On the other hand, the American Vice President, J.D. Vance, on a similar endeavour to the same land recently was seen in the colours of his own flag: white, red and blue. Strikingly self-referential!

Precisely in that high-handedness lies one of modern diplomacy’s greatest failures— specifically, American diplomacy. Be it war rhetoric or the disregard of esteem, the nature of diplomacy has become shrewd and toxic. The current American President has a major role to play in this. Under him, diplomacy has been recast in economic terms quite flippantly. In his negotiations on the Israel-Hamas conflict, as in many others, it was seen that his line of vision does not exceed his dream of making America Great (or Greatly De-



pressed) Again. “Americans fight,” said Winston Churchill during the Second World War, “not for the lust of conquest. They fight to end conquest.” Fast forward a few years, and the President’s tone shifts to bend toward a rather belligerent side: “Open the strait,... or you will be living in hell JUST WATCH!” Diplomacy has had its grand fall from grace. It fails to realise the purpose it once was close to fulfilling. All of this on account of impulsive and self-serving leadership. World economics, politics, and narratives rely greatly on the actions our cultures identify with and when leaders fail to uphold dignity on the global stage, the consequences seep into the very culture they represent.

-Zara Khan
Class 12

WHAT’S PLAYING	WHO’S LISTENING
 The Winner Takes It All	▶▶ Hoopoe House
 Wedding Bells	▶▶ Paanya Gupta
 Drop Dead	▶▶ The Math Department
 The Dog Days Are Over	▶▶ Bio and Math SCs
 James Bond Theme Song	▶▶ Mr. SK Singh
 Back to Friends	▶▶ Fly Gang & Benetint Gang
 Shakespearean Sonnets	▶▶ Ms. Anindita Banerjee
 Aal Izz Well	▶▶ Ms. Sugandha Shringhari

FINISH =100=	99	THE GREAT Firewall OF WGS	97	96
81	SR. SCHOOL TUCK CHECK 82	83	98	85
80	79	78	77	76
61	62	63 CAPTAIN'S TREAT	64	65
60	59	58	57	MATH EXAM AFTER SOCIALS
41	42	CHAIRS in ASSEMBLY	44	45
40	39	38	37	36
HAIL STONES DURING PREP	22	23	24	25
20	19	18	17	16
1	2	3	SIXTH SUBJECT	5

95	94	93	92 <i>pasta after pasta FOR DINNER</i>	91
86	87	88	89	90
75	74	73 <i>MISSED MAGGI on Saturday</i>	72	71 <i>NO 'KADDU' TUESDAY</i>
66	67	68	69	70
55	54	53	52	51
46	47 <i>HIS/ACC/PHYS BLOC</i>	48	49	50
3	34	33 <i>GATE crossing</i>	32	31
26	27	28	29	30 <i>SPORTS DURING IHMD</i>
15	14	13	12	11
6	7	8	9	10

The Algorithm Ate Authenticity

We had a time when social media used to feel like the wild west of the internet. Back then, the internet felt alive. Facebook had 73 pictures of the exact same birthday party, and Instagram filters made everything aggressively orange. The online world was reckless, quite literally ruled by the Tumblr girls - totally nonchalant divas posting grainy sky pictures and Lana Del Rey lyrics with captions like “I don’t know who I am anymore” after one mildly inconvenient Thursday afternoon.

Fast forward to today, where influencer culture has reached its zenith, posting feels less like self-expression and more like submitting a complex and well-drafted university application. This sets the stage for the Dead Internet Theory—the idea that the internet is slowly being taken over by bots, AI, and entirely automated content. These bots write comments, share posts and like stories, all just to fool the most vulnerable of solace-seekers. According to the theory, half of the online personas are either inactive or are automated systems designed to imitate human interaction. The internet feels dead, not because there are fewer people online, but because fewer people genuinely want to interact anymore. This stems not only from culture and insecurity, but also from what can only be described as the Mannequin Challenge syndrome.



A survey by Ofcom found that nearly half of users don’t even post anymore, not even a reluctant “Happy Birthday” on someone’s story. Meanwhile, your feed is packed with influencers who somehow manage to wake up with perfect lighting, perfect outfits, and even more perfect lives. Mix in some more perfectly curated ads sponsored by algorithm-approved personalities, and voilà, suddenly you can’t differentiate between Instagram and Pinterest.

So people retreat. Not offline— nobody’s becoming one with nature voluntarily— just to the extent that has increased interaction with private stories and group chats with memes and pictures of the Yeezus concert, both so crazy that it looks like a black market operation.

That’s why ‘2016 is the new 2026’ might just be fundamentally flawed in its approach. Back in 2016, people uploaded blurry rain videos and captioned ‘mood’ over a picture of a traffic cone with zero fear. Nobody had any content strategy, and the internet was— in its true form— ugly, loud, and embarrassingly human.

Today, every platform feels monetised and weirdly corporate. With their reach so far, even normal people’s personalities sound sponsored. That is why we stay quiet. Not because we have fallen short on things to say, but because the once ‘unfiltered’ internet now feels like a courtroom where every post is evidence, every single comment is examined to the bone, and nothing ever truly disappears; it simply waits to be rediscovered.

-Aanya Jindal
Class 10

INTO THE WELHAM VERSE



- ☞ The morning cold coffee has coffee in it and is cold. (#‘Water’aretheeffects)
- ☞ Varrtika Malani is Varrtika Malani (*and not Valabhi Todi*).
- ☞ Prarthana Goenka is the best dancer in school.
- ☞ The News & Views Ed-board and the English Debating Society are completely separate entities.
- ☞ We have chairs in assembly.
- ☞ Flycatchers won the Ace House.
- ☞ Yagyana and Vedanshi now conduct drama classes every week.
- ☞ Ananya is back in Groton. (#gujjusingroton)
- ☞ P.E is considered harder than EVS. (#thebarisintheunderworld)
- ☞ Vedanshi Dabral proof-reads the N&V to check the grammar.

JUNIOR Samboree

Crewmate or Imposter?

Back when sentences were framed and not generated, writing well meant consciously using correct grammar, overcoming writer's block and holding back the urge to end every essay with 'I woke up and realised it was all a dream'. With this emphasis placed on articulation and on originality, essays were distinct, each reflecting on a new issue, and this process was celebrated, talked about in Book clubs or TV shows. Now? There is a new fear in town.

We, readers, are standing dead in the middle of the age of AI suspicion, ushered in by tools like ChatGPT, where every sentence with appropriate punctuation is supposedly 'too good to be human.' Any form of creative writing is being accused of automation, and even the accidental use of a hyphen earns you an odd look. Instead of just submitting their work, students are largely found hunched over their desks, running their essays through AI detectors or 'humanisers'. Sounds like something from a Dark Web movie, right?

To combat this suspicion, some people record themselves while writing, which sounds productive enough until you realise most of that video is just someone opening new tabs and thinking about food. Others keep their handwritten drafts, proudly presenting pages full of scribbles and saying, "Look at how messy this is, no AI bot could have possibly written this."

And then there are the 'lie detectors' of the writing world. Unfortunately, they are about as reliable as a weather forecast that says, "There is a 50% probability of precipitation" on a sunny day. These 'humanisers' may help someone score an A in English, while simultaneously giving their creativity a solid D-minus.

Professional writers are not spared either. Imagine working for years to master a craft, only to be told, 'This is great... but did you actually write it yourself?'

At this point, the future of writing might involve extreme verification methods. Live-streamed essay writing, maybe even dramatic behind-the-scenes footage similar to National Geographic. The intensity of this behind the scenes would be equivalent to an IPL commentary:

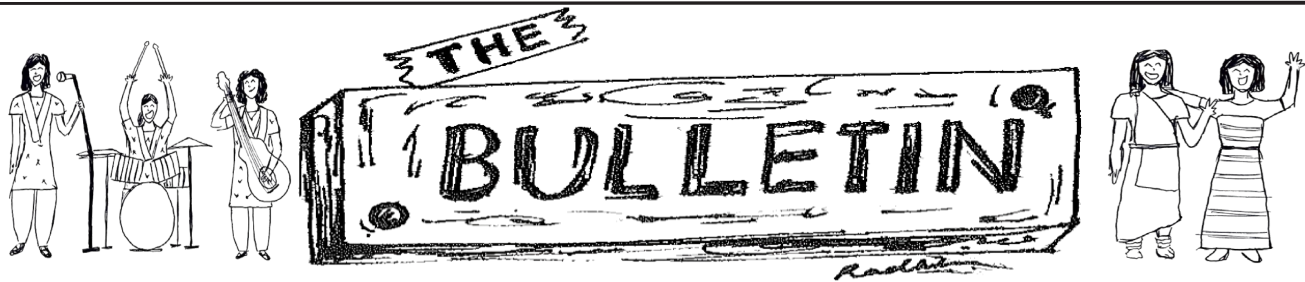
"Here we see the tense writer hesitating before choosing between 'however' and 'nevertheless.' A common experience nowadays."

The silent, deep-seated irony emerges when humans try very hard to prove they're not machines by documenting every tiny, inefficient, unmistakable human habit. This could be overthinking, random rewrites, or the occasional doodles in the margins, which become signs of actual working. And suddenly, imperfections become proof of humanity.

**-Sanaa Sachar
Class 9**

YELLOW GUMBOOTS





3rd April – 11th April: Two students from Downe House, United Kingdom joined us at Welham for two weeks as part of a student exchange programme.

15th – 20th April: Mayo College Girls' School hosted their annual MCGSMUN. The delegation from Welham returned with a Special Mention, two Verbal Mentions, and an Emerging Delegate award.

16th April: Welham Girls' School successfully hosted the second edition of Francofiesta '26, wherein events spanning culinary sciences, poetry writing, and extract reading celebrated the French culture and heritage.

16th – 18th April: Welham Girls' School placed first in the Pratispardha Invitational tournament hosted by Unison World School. Avicka Jain and Mudra Kharche were awarded the Best Player in the junior and senior category respectively. *Well done!*

23rd April: Seventeen students from Welham Girls' School participated in the 16th Edition of Earth Art hosted by Hopetown Girls' School, Dehradun. Competing against leading schools across the city, the school won the Overall Trophy. *Good work!*

25th – 26th April: The Annual Oliphant Memorial Debates were held in Welham Boys' School, Dehradun. Prarthana Goenka received the Overall Best Speaker of the Debate award, and Gayatri Bhatia was adjudged the Overall Second-Best Speaker.

25th – 26th April: Thirty students participated in the Dehradun District Karate Championship and brought back many medals. Nineteen students qualified for the State championship. *Congratulations!*

25th – 26th April: The World Scholars Cup 2026 was hosted in Unison World School, Dehradun. Our students participated in events ranging across debates, creative writing and quizzes to win many accolades.

7th May: The Kiran Nadar Museum of Art hosted the city round of Art Battle Season 6 at The Doon School, Dehradun. Rudrani Rajya Lakshmi secured the First Position and qualified for the national finals to be held at the Kiran Nadar Museum of Art, Delhi. She was also awarded a cash prize of ₹11,000.

➤ Sharanya Maheshwari wrote a poem titled 'Coronavirus' for the N&V. (#Bring2020back)

Someone tried to trade a chocolate tart for points in an Inter-house Tennis match. (#Desperatetimescallforesperatemeasures)
Vedanshi mistaking Michelangelo in Rudrani's European history AP book for Dumbledore. #Stupefy)

➤ Signing for a printout is as stressful as signing for a sixth subject.

Diwija ma'am was taught etiquette by Mother Teresa. (No amount of SUPW can surpass community service in convent schools.)

People brought their laptops and physics textbooks to the fire drill line-up. (#BurnTogetherLearnTogether)

➤ Mr. Ayaan Mittal, Mr. Hrishikesh Ayer and Mr. Aditya Koradia are the self-appointed Editors-in-Chief of this magazine.

Welhamotes can't tell the difference between white bedsheets and white paper. (#17timesthecharm)

The Welham Boys' School Captain is more infamous than The Doon School School Captain. (#deeprootedhistory)



Mythic Markups

“Man is least himself when he talks in his own person. Give him a mask, and he will tell you the truth.” – Oscar Wilde

It is a truth universally acknowledged that Homo sapiens love to live in the world of myths and mysticism. In consumer culture specifically, we see this symbolism and mythology stylistically blended with digital design that hints at historic handcraft and our roots, bringing an ancient understanding of spirituality, nature, and meaning into the modern age. When brands use mythological ideas in designing their logos, consumers relate to them, forming a connection. A logo or a name is the mythic threshold—the sacred point where a brand’s vast history and a consumer’s personal story finally meet eye-to-eye.

To all the Greek mythology lovers, you must have most definitely heard about the Sirens. To the ones feeling a little lost, let me acquaint you with them: the Sirens were known for luring the sailors to the shore, towards them. Symbolically enough, Starbucks places a siren at its centre, luring all the sailors or in this case, you, the caffeine-deprived coffee lover, into buying their irresistible Venti-sized coffee.



Now that I have delved into this topic, I might as well shed light upon how some of you have just given away a packet of ‘Trident’ gum without knowing that you were carrying the weapon of the Holy Poseidon. Trident, as the name suggests, was a three-headed spear used by Poseidon to control the seas. However, the gum Trident is named so because of its supposed godly power to safeguard your teeth with its ‘three-enzyme formula’. Even Nike has derived its ‘swoosh’ logo from the wings of Nike (the Greek goddess of victory). It cleverly promises its customers ‘victory’ and ‘strength’, be it in surviving a gym class or winning Wimbledon like Carlos Alcaraz.

However, one must remain astute and not be bewitched by the promises of divinity, the name or the logo that a brand projects. Whether it be Versace with its Medusa-headed logo, whose beauty threatens to paralyse the rational mind or the unrealistic dental protection that Trident offers, in branding, myth can operate as a veil of persuasion rather than a promise of substance. Perhaps Sallustius captured not only the essence of myth, but also the psychology of branding when he wrote: “Now these things never happened, but always are... for as the body is seen, but the soul is invisible, so the myth is the body and the truth is the soul.”



**-Manya Agarwal
Class 11**

What’s In	What’s Out
☠ Interhouse Music and Dance	☠ Parents
☠ Punjabi Tadka	☠ <i>Real</i> Tea
☠ Math before Socials	☠ Makeup before Socials
☠ Studying for First—Terms	☠ Studying for APs
☠ Art Competitions	☠ Socials
☠ Visiting the Hospi for ‘Munjal’	☠ Visiting the Hospi for ‘Medicine’
☠ P.E classes	☠ SC batch meetings



Q. Why do AIs not have Socials?

*My dearest, delusional Welhamite,
It seems that your inner social butterfly is excessively impatient to break through its cocoon to fly away to territories that lie so near. As your concerned aunt, however, it is my duty to burst that bubble of imagination you have, those dreams of locking fingers when you should be locking in to study. It seems as if the skies above your head are turning pink, the dark grey clouds of academic pressure fading away, only to return when you see your First Term answerscripts (more realistically Pre-boards 2, observing your hopeless state). If the exceptional benchmark set by your seniors and the astounding grandeur of 'Board percentage' is not enough to pressurize you into studying, then I seriously doubt that my solemn words of auntly advice ever will. Let academic panic, and not disappointment, see you through this year before you start Assembly protests on the same. Instead of looking dreamily out of your classroom window in search for what's two streets away, look down at the open textbook in front of you and fear for what's two terms away - and as for not interacting with our dear neighbours, let your laptop VPNs speak for you next time you claim to be deprived.*

Q. Why is it necessary for a Welhamite to lose their voice right before IHMD?

*Dear master of the silent treatment,
I see you have noticed the sudden epidemic of 'voice rest' sticky notes that plagues everybody's chunnis in IHMD season. Let's be honest, while everyone thinks you're preserving your precious voice box for hitting high notes, or maybe they assume it has been shattered after all the pep talks the crying juniors require, we all know you're just enjoying the luxury of not having to answer questions in your History class. Of course, this silence miraculously vanishes the moment the IHMD results are announced and the winners start cheering wildly realising that their classroom chairs are about to morph into the velvet cushions of the movie theater and the roaring of the summer break's countdown echoes throughout Dalanwala. For now, let silence speak for you when you're asked where your assignments are. My advice? Try to keep your eyes off ice cream and iced tea for the next week, and if you don't manage to regain your voice, blame it on stage fright.*

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

Credits

<p>Art Editors: Soha Vea Valabhi Naaya Ojasvi</p>	<p>Junior Editors: Sanaa Aradhya Miraya</p>	<p>Teacher-in-charge- Ms. Bela Pandey Editors-in-chief- Rudrani Rajya Lakshmi, Gayatri Bhatia and Prarthana Goenka</p>	<p>Technical Editor: Rudrani</p> <p>Special Thanks: Sara Tara</p>	<p>Senior Editors: Rashika Krishnangi Aadha Dakshayani Senna</p>
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