

INKWELL

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Editorial

Only when you sit down to write an editorial do you feel the weight of the pen hitting the paper; the responsibility of saying something meaningful that resonates. You wonder what to write and how to start, but essentially, how to capture a journey, an experience shared by every Editor-In-Chief. So, like many before me, I sifted through past editions, hoping to find the right words. As I dug deeper, I saw no single answer; it was a collective truth- that this magazine is not just printing words onto paper but shaping perspectives, inspiring revolutions, and immortalizing the ordinary. This issue, *Alchemy of Words*, celebrates how language can shape realities, bridge divides, and eternalize fleeting moments.

As editors, writers, and thinkers, we often ponder whether what we do is significant or not; the answer...it always is. The simple act of creating, expressing, and trying is enough to validate our efforts. That's what makes this magazine more than just a collection of articles. *Inkwell*, at its core, is a testament to the students who pour themselves into it; any grade, any house, creativity, and expression are not limited in *Inkwell*.

With every issue, we engage in a process of literary alchemy—turning raw thoughts into polished prose, refining emotions into ink, and distilling ideas into stories that resonate beyond their pages. It's a pursuit of something greater

than ourselves, a dynamic transformation building each edition upon the last, in the journey shaping and curating not just a magazine but the ones who create it too.

With the release of this magazine, I don't only mark the release of a new edition, but something greater; I mark a personal turning point. Taking on the role of the Editor-in-Chief, I have come to realize that each editorial cycle isn't simply a continuation, it's a quiet re-invention. A chance to reset, to refine, to grow.

This magazine has never been about perfection, it has always been about the process. The slow, sometimes chaotic, but always meaningful process of shaping something real. That is where the magic lies, not in the final product but in the act of creation. And that is what I hope for you to embrace: the honest mess of making something that matters. Even in that mess, let it boost your self-esteem and give you something that makes you feel valued in this paragon of schooling. Here, your words don't have to be flawless, they just have to be yours.

**-Signing in,
Adhyayan Gupta
Editor-In-Chief**

Readings to Remember

We connect with one another through writing and expression. A well-informed citizen is the cornerstone of a progressive society, shaping the future of a nation through thoughtful choices. The way young minds think today determines the direction of tomorrow.

It is essential for young people to cultivate the habit of reading and writing, as these skills shape their perspectives and expand their cognitive abilities. A rich vocabulary enhances the thought process, while writing fosters deep reflection and imaginative expression. Equally important is the art of listening—ideas are conceived and enriched when we truly pay attention. Engaging with diverse viewpoints strengthens discussions, allowing disagreement and dissent to be seen not as rebellion but as valuable contributions that foster understanding. Unfortunately, these ideals are often compromised due to individual insecurities and a reluctance to embrace opposing ideas.

Interaction among students plays a crucial role in nurturing intellectual and emotional bonds. In a boarding school environment, the emphasis on reading, writing, and listening is even more pronounced. Conversations serve as a powerful medium to strengthen friendships and convey support. The choice of words determines the depth of a dialogue—whether one aims to be persuasive, articulate, and assertive, or rational and logical. Consensus, when achieved, cements camaraderie and mutual respect.

The avenues for reading have expanded with the advent of digital platforms, offering instantaneous learning akin to instant coffee—convenient, yet sometimes at a cost. The rigor of research and critical thinking has suffered in this fast-paced information age. True learning requires reflection, which deepens our understanding and enhances our intellectual growth. The desire to explore, enrich, and extend our knowledge depends on our objectives in life, which evolve as our priorities shift.

Our choices define our intellectual journey. The breadth of our knowledge expands based on our curiosity and creativity. Students, in particular, can achieve remarkable feats when they apply acquired knowledge in innovative ways. Thinking outside the box arises from necessity and the drive to find solutions beyond conventional methods.

Ultimately, learning is a lifelong journey. We gain wisdom from one another, and books remain our steadfast companions. The pursuit of knowledge should never be limited by time constraints. To truly grow, we must remain forward-thinking and embrace the idea that no matter how much we learn, there is always more to discover. The possibilities in life are endless, and the quest for knowledge should never cease.

Wishing all readers of Inkwell a fulfilling and inspiring reading experience!

-Dr. R.M.Bhandari

Secretary's Message

“O my soul, do not aspire to immortal life, but exhaust the limits of the possible.”

– Pindar

Things change. Times change. People change. Situations change. The only constant is change itself. Not long ago, I was seated at the back of council meetings—observing, learning, waiting. And now, here I am, leading it. I wouldn't say I never saw this coming—because, truth be told, I dreamt of it from day one. But dreams alone don't shape reality. It takes effort, ambition, and, most importantly, the right people around you. For me, those people were Ms. Amita Kandhari, our dedicated LRC in-charge; the previous secretaries, Jossh and Siddhsavir, who set the bar high; and my batch-mates—Vikas, Divij, Adhyayan, Anagh—and every single member of the council. Together, we make the LRC what it is.

Because the LRC isn't just a council; it's a team. A collective of individuals united by a single goal—to make a difference, to leave a mark, and to ensure that every voice in

our school is heard.

As Secretary, my role isn't just about keeping minutes or drafting reports, it's about bridging ideas, ensuring our literary aspirations don't just remain discussions but turn into actions. It's about making sure that when we look back at the year's end, we see more than just events and meetings—we see a lasting impact on Welham's literary culture. We see a legacy worth continuing.

This year, I look forward to working alongside my fellow council members—bringing fresh initiatives, pushing boundaries, and redefining what's possible. Because if there's one thing I've learned, it's that limits exist only until we challenge them.

Signing in with a metaphor too deep to explain,

–Keshav Bhatia
LRC Council Secretary

EXPERIENCE IN THE DELHI WORLD BOOK FAIR

A group of 12 students, accompanied by 5 teachers from Welham Boys' School, went on a thrilling literary adventure at the esteemed New Delhi World Book Fair, New Delhi, on February 10 and 11, 2024. The visit aimed to foster a love for reading and discovery amidst a vibrant sea of books and stories.

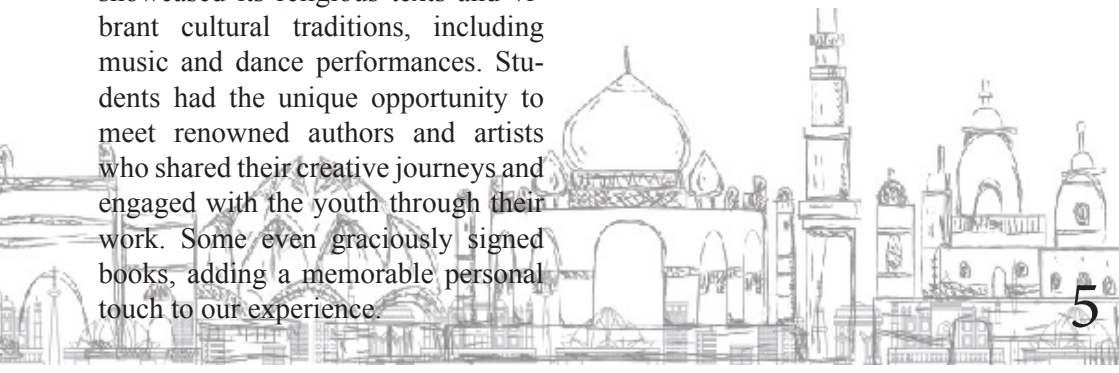
The Welham staff and students carefully selected a wide range of books from various genres. Their choices included non-fiction, philosophy, encyclopedias, autobiographies, quiz books, romance novels, and gripping thrillers. All titles were shortlisted to enrich the school library's ever-growing collection. This year, special attention was given to books on philosophy and general knowledge, chosen to intellectually stimulate and inspire the curious minds of Welhamites.

A highlight of the fair was the Country of Focus stall—Saudi Arabia—which showcased its religious texts and vibrant cultural traditions, including music and dance performances. Students had the unique opportunity to meet renowned authors and artists who shared their creative journeys and engaged with the youth through their work. Some even graciously signed books, adding a memorable personal touch to our experience.

Students also attended several fascinating panel discussions and book talks led by these creatives, which offered fresh perspectives and sparked lively conversations. These sessions were not only informative but also deeply inspiring.

In a nutshell, the visit to this fair allowed students to broaden their knowledge and broadened students' literary horizons and deepened their understanding of the world through books. It was an incredibly rewarding and unforgettable experience. The fair comes highly recommended for students, educators, and bibliophiles alike.

-Ishaan Agarwal
VIII



Irony Unveiled: The Forbidden words that defined the World

Literature. It is your one-stop destination—a realm brimming with joy, emotion, criticism, and, above all, impact. From heart-wrenching tragedies, and fascinating biographies to razor-sharp satire and heart-warming, depressing romantics, literature has served as a mirror to society, unearthing truths that often make us uncomfortable or rather reflective at times. Whether it's the stand-up comedy we relish (barring IGL, of course), or the novels we eagerly devour after lunch, both of them share three undeniable traits.

First, they leave a lasting impact—whether for better or worse is a matter of perspective. Second, not every word carries its literal meaning (our English classes are only scratching the surface on metaphors). And third, there is always something new and unique to discover. Take Inkwell, for instance—if this article hasn't captured your interest yet, turn to our book reviews, lose yourself in a fictional story where dreams blur into reality, or browse through the Book Recommendations, thoughtfully curated, observing nothing else but the esteemed Welham Library.

But what happens when words are silenced, when ideas are deemed too dangerous to exist? What happens when someone turns down your catharsis? What happens when the government takes away your pickaxes, stopping you from mining gold? There is a simple answer to all the questions, dear readers. We turn to alchemy. Not the alchemy that Newton preached about, but rather the alchemy of words! Ironically, it has often been the forbidden, the ridiculed, and the censored words that end up shaping the world the most. Galileo's claim that the Earth moves was once a crime. George Orwell's vision of surveillance in Nineteen Eighty-Four was once dismissed as fiction. Salman Rushdie's 'The Satanic Verses' has called for a death sentence for the author.

Irony, in particular, has played a fascinating role in literature, serving as both a shield and a sword. Shakespeare wielded it masterfully—Romeo and Juliet's love story became a tragedy precisely because they fought for it, and King Lear found wisdom only after losing everything. The more one tries to suppress truth, the more it finds a way to emerge—wrapped in sarcasm, laced with humor, or disguised as fiction. History, too, is drenched in irony. Pop culture, once a vibrant expression of creativity and a unifying force within communities, has now turned blindly indulgent in commercialism, prioritizing virality over value and trends over truth.

Yet, this irony is what makes literature so powerful. Like alchemists who sought to turn base metals into gold, writers have taken sarcasm, paradoxes, and simple words to craft masterpieces that stand the test of time. Even in our everyday language, words take on double meanings—"Oh, great!" can be sincere praise or dripping sarcasm. It is this transformation, this hidden magic within language, that makes words more than mere tools of communication. Irony is more than a literary device; it is the unseen architect of revolutions, of movements, of art. It proves that words, even when suppressed, never truly die. They evolve, adapt, and ultimately shape the way we see the world. After all, 'the greatest irony of all is that the most powerful words are often the ones that were never meant to be spoken.'

-DIVIJ GUPTA
XII

The Spellbinding Art of Wordcraft: How Writers Transmute Ideas into Gold

Writing works like magic. It takes simple thoughts and turns them into something special. This “alchemy of words” is a powerful tool that helps writers organize their thoughts and showcase their inner ideas, leading to the creation of stories, novels, and even short comics that move readers and convey meaningful messages—all through the careful choice of words.

Just like an alchemist turns metals into gold, a writer can transform basic ideas into something valuable and exciting, which takes the reader on a dream ride. The trick is in how the words are used—how they are put together, how they sound, and the meaning behind them. Each word is like an ingredient in a recipe, just like ingredients are added to make a delicacy special. Each word that the author is trying to express adds something important to the story. Writers use their words to paint pictures in the reader’s mind. They use comparisons, examples, and details to make simple things stand out. For example, instead of just saying a sunset is “pretty,” they might exalt it as “a bright ball of fire going down, turning the sky orange and purple.” This helps the scene feel more real and exciting. Characters are also made with these special words. Writers take simple ideas and turn them into real, breathing stories.

But the real magic happens in the refinement. The first version may just be a draft, but with careful editing, writers make each sentence related to their literary facts and imaginations. This is where the real transformation happens—turning rough ideas into polished, beautiful writing.

The alchemy of words is not just about writing sentences. It’s about making something magical with each word so that it touches the reader deeply. Whether it’s a book, poem, or short story, the true power of wordcraft is in its ability to turn ordinary things into something extraordinary.

-Samarth Khirwal
X

The Bourne Identity

Genre: Fiction

-Robert Ludlum

Rating: 4.5/5

The Bourne Identity by Robert Ludlum is an exciting action novel. The story follows Jason Bourne, an assassin who fails a mission and wakes up in a Paris hospital with no memory. Critics praise the book's mystery, saying the amnesia adds excitement as Bourne tries to uncover his past. He soon realizes powerful groups are after him and that he must act fast to survive.

Bourne has a secret Swiss bank account, so he heads there to withdraw money and escape. On the way, he is attacked but reaches the bank, withdraws \$50,000, and pays a taxi driver to take him to Germany. His journey is full of danger, and each step he takes puts his life at risk. Many readers admire

Ludlum's
ability to
create

thrilling action scenes, making The Bourne Identity a standout spy novel. The way Ludlum builds suspense keeps readers on the edge of their seats, unsure of what will happen next.

On their journey, Bourne and the driver stop at an abandoned house. That night, Bourne wakes up sensing danger. He grabs his pistol and discovers an FBI agent has found them. A fight breaks out, and Bourne, in self-defense, kills the agent. The fight scenes in the book are written so well that they feel like they are playing out in real-time. Ludlum makes sure every detail adds to the intensity of the moment.

After two days, Bourne and the driver reach his safe house in Germany. The taxi driver gets paid, and Bourne settles in. Some critics find the book complex due to its political details, which may be difficult for some readers to follow. However, most agree that it is a thrilling read that keeps the audience engaged throughout. The mix of action, mystery, and espionage makes it a must-read for fans of the genre.

Ludlum's writing is fast-paced, making every scene feel real. The suspense, twists, and action keep readers hooked. His descriptions bring chases, fights, and tense moments to life, making this a true page-turner that is hard to put down.

I highly recommend this book to action lovers. It teaches lessons about survival and caution. Readers aged 12 and up would enjoy it, though some scenes are intense and may not be suitable for younger audiences.

-Dhruv Aggarwal

VII

*First Time
Contributor*



The Picture of Dorian Gray

Genre: Philosophical fiction

-OSCAR WILDE

Rating: 4/5

“The only way to get rid of temptation is to yield it.”

The Picture of Dorian Gray is a philosophical fiction and a gothic horror novel written by Oscar Wilde. This book is often regarded as a true masterpiece of Gothic Literature and has been adapted for the screen, stage, and other forms of art. The book explores the themes of beauty, vanity, and moral corruption.

The story revolves around the portrait of Dorian Gray, painted by Basil Hallward, Dorian’s friend, and an artist deeply influenced by Dorian’s eternal beauty. Basil sees Dorian as his muse, believing him to be the embodiment of artistic perfection. As Basil and Dorian meet Lord Henry Wotton, they are soon drawn to his hedonistic worldview that beauty and pleasure are the only things worth pursuing in life. Lord Henry’s cynical yet persuasive philosophy fascinates Dorian, making him obsessed with maintaining his youth and beauty at any cost.

Fearing the inevitable loss of his outward beauty, Dorian becomes desperate and sells his soul, wishing that his portrait would age in his place. As his

wish is granted, Dorian’s outward appearance remains unchanged, while his hidden portrait grows old and displays the true deterioration of his soul. With this supernatural gift, Dorian indulges in a life of reckless pleasure and immorality, causing pain to those around him. He manipulates and ruins the lives of many, including the woman he once claimed to love, leading to numerous tragedies and deaths. However, despite his lack of remorse for years, he eventually begins to feel the weight of his sins.

Haunted by guilt and paranoia, Dorian attempts to destroy his portrait, hoping to rid himself of the consequences of his actions. However, the plan backfires, and he dies tragically. His body is later found lying beside the painting—his face now disfigured and aged beyond recognition, while the portrait is restored to its original, youthful form. This novel serves as a cautionary tale about the dangers of vanity, unchecked hedonism, and the pursuit of pleasure at the cost of morality.

— Vihaan Goel
X

I'm Thinking of Ending Things

Author: Iain Reid

Rating: 7.5/10

Reading this book is like staring into a fogged-up mirror—uncertain, eerie, and strangely revealing. *I'm Thinking of Ending Things* by Iain Reid is a gripping psychological thriller that crawls under your skin and lingers there. It starts with a young woman traveling with her boyfriend, Jake, to visit his parents at their faraway, isolated farm. From the very beginning, there is an unsettling feeling, as the woman keeps repeating in her mind that she is “thinking of ending things.” As they drive through the cold, empty roads, their conversations become strange, and something about Jake seems off.

When they finally reach the farmhouse, the eerie feeling only grows. His parents act strangely, and time seems to move in unpredictable ways. The tension builds as they leave the house, and the story takes a terrifying turn when they stop at a deserted high school. What follows is a deeply disturbing descent into the fractured mind of the narrator. This book toys with reality in a way that keeps readers guessing about what's next. The writing is simple but filled with deep, hidden meanings. It's not just a horror story; it's a deep exploration of loneliness, mental health, and the sensitive tendencies of human understanding.

One of the most powerful things about this book is how it goes in depth with the human mind. It shows how people struggle with their thoughts and memories. The book makes you think about identity, isolation, and reality—what is real and what is not? It also teaches how mental illness can

shape a person's perspective of the world. Another important lesson is how relationships work. The narrator and Jake's relationship feels strange from the beginning, and the book makes you question what holds people together. It makes you wonder why people stay in relationships that no longer make them happy. It also showcases the fear of regret—how people look back at their choices and wonder if they could have changed their pasts. This feeling of ‘goosebumps’ stays with you even after you finish reading.

Although the book is unique, it may not be for everyone. The ending is confusing, and some readers might feel frustrated by the lack of clear answers. If you prefer stories that explain everything in the end, this book might leave you unsatisfied. Another issue is the slow pace in some parts. The long conversations between Jake and the narrator can feel repetitive. While they add depth to the story, some readers might lose patience.

If you like stories that are unsettling and make you think, this book will stay with you. But if you prefer clear answers, it might leave you confused. Either way, it's an unforgettable read.

-Agastya Gupta

X

***First Time
Contributor***

The Oliphant Gate - A Midas Touch

The Oliphant gate opens, yet
again;
This time to allow them out,
Seniors,
Or brothers I must call them,
Hid a tear in their smiles too.

They left with a legacy,
To follow or to leave out.
The name they kept moving
From strength to strength,
Welham;

A name to scream aloud.
But there is a thick line in
between,
Differentiating the role of the
Oliphant gate.

As some leave, others enter.
Through this gate, the one who
enters is pure,
It's a Midas' touch.

Spring it is,
Beginning of the year,
Beginning of the journey of
years along the line.

Alas, it sounds like a long time,
Trust me, it's a few grains of
sand in the hourglass.

**-With Ambivalent Feelings,
The Young Poet**

Book vs Movie

“Life is a box of chocolates, you never know what you’re going to get.”

Forrest Gump, the “idiot savant” as he is known to be, was born with weak legs that required braces and an IQ below 80; he still managed to serve bravely in the Vietnam War. His life is a series of unexpected events, proving his resilience and adaptability. But is this how everyone remembers him? The answer is no, we don’t. Because the majority of the people have only seen the naive, belittled version of Mr. Gump as shown in the film adaptation, but for readers, Mr. Gump is not a man of strong morals, but rather a crass, rude, and indifferent person.

As a devoted book lover, I usually favor books over their movie adaptations. However, this time, the stark differences between the two have left me completely intrigued. Jenny, Forrest’s one true love, who becomes a hip-

pie, deals with drug abuse and ends up marrying Gump later on, is almost insignificant in the books, having less to no contribution to the story as she leaves Forrest early and does not die from any disease. In the books, Forrest’s adventures are even more bizarre as he befriends an orangutan called Sue, becomes a stuntman working in Hollywood, works for NASA with his savant like mathematics skills and becomes a professional wrestler, while in the movie his talents are limited to ping-pong and serving in the ‘Nam war where he meets his future best friend, Bubba.

Bubba grew up in a family where shrimp was everything, and it was his dream to one day own a shrimp business, but these dreams were shattered when he was killed in the war. However, Forrest honours his dreams and starts a shrimp business, but in the book, this story is not as heartwarming as even though

Forrest Gump

Forrest mourns the death of his friend, he does not start his own shrimp business to honour his friend's dreams.

While serving in the war, Forrest also meets Lieutenant Dan, a man coming from a family of great warriors who sacrificed themselves in war for the glory of their country, but unfortunately, Forrest saves him while he tries to sacrifice himself, and he loses both his legs in the accident. In the movie, we get a wonderful character arc that revolves around Lieutenant Dan getting over his injuries and starting the shrimp business with Forrest and eventually marrying; however, in the

books, this fairy tale ending is not granted to us, as he remains bitter about his injuries.

In the end, Forrest ends up raising his son alone in the books, in the movie, Forrest and Jenny briefly reunite, get married, and share some time as a family before Jenny passes away.

In conclusion, the book is a morally enriching story, while the movie is emotionally heartwarming and fun to watch.

-Angad Singh
X



BUT THEN

I took a deep breath and suddenly started coughing. I looked around, and darkness surrounded me. It was three in the morning. In the blink of an eye, I heard a strange sound outside the room, followed by a click— the switch-board sound. All the lights turned on at once. For a few seconds, I had no clue how to react. Peering through the window, I stood up slowly and walked out of the room, looked around, switched off the lights, and went back to bed. I opened my eyes the next moment, and everything was shimmering and unnaturally bright. The lights were switched on again— no sign of any movement; no footstep, no creaks, not even a breeze. Curious, I stepped out of the room once more.

Silence. Thick, stale silence. And then, there it was again, that strange sound. Trying to trace its source, my eyes drifted upwards and landed on a long shadow lurking on the 1st floor. “Who’s there?” I called out. Within a fraction of a second, the shadow vanished. Troubled by the eerie events, I decided to chase it down. I rushed downstairs and out of the house. That’s when I heard the rattling of pebbles. Someone was on the move.

I checked the time again, it was 3:30 AM. I knew chasing this presence would steal the rest of my night. And with morning practice ahead, I decided to let it go. Maybe the drama would end now that I had seen it. I returned to bed,

pulled the blanket over me, and tried to enjoy the peace. But soon a chill crept over me.

Cold winds brushed my skin, and I realized my blanket was gone. Something was wrong, so I got up and looked around. To my shock, I found the blanket hanging from the 3rd-floor railing, swaying gently in the wind. Climbing the stairs, thoughts flooded my mind— who could’ve done this? And why? Had I upset someone recently? Was this just a prank, or something more sinister? My heart thudded in my chest as I approached the railing. The blanket fluttered halfway down, bending gently.

I reached out to grab it. And then— I froze. A presence loomed behind me. Heavy, close. I couldn’t tell if it had stopped or if it was still drawing closer. My hand went stiff in the air. From the corner of my eye, I saw it— just for a second. A shadow, swift and silent, cutting across the dim hallway. Someone was there. Standing still. Watching me with a presence so heavy, it made the air turn ice-cold. Their outline was hazy, almost flickering— like they didn’t fully belong in the world. My heart thundered, my breath caught....

But Then I Woke Up

**-Kushagra Gupta
XI**

I WOKE UP

CREAK! CREAK! I was brought into wakefulness by the door; All my friends were still asleep without caring or even noticing the jarring sound; I decided to go and quench my thirst, I got out of bed, but as soon as my feet hit the floor; All my friends vanished without a trace—nowhere to be found

My heart stopped!
I tried to rush out of the room, to find out what on Earth had happened and to find my friends;

Then the floor vanished in the blink of an eye, and into an endless void I dropped; As I kept falling, I knew that this would be the end.

When I crashed onto the ground, after what felt like an eternity;
I felt an immense pain, like every bone in my body was shattered;
I felt like I was bound to chains, not allowed to be free. Oh! How badly I was battered.

The next thing I saw was a demon over my head, sucking up my soul. Hands of fallen angels pulling me into the ground, making me a part

of the paid toll. I didn't know what to do. I screamed, but no one was there to help me.

I then woke up with a start, my breath shallow and fast, Shivering in the dark, unsure how long the terror would last. The room was still, my friends lay sound asleep all around—

Yet I couldn't shake the silence, or the dread that still abound.

Was it just a dream, or something deeper?

Either way, I knew—it was a night without sleep.

- Shivank Gupta
VIII
*First Time
Contributor*

The story of thousands out there I write

Hiding behind veils of smiles and pretending to do what's
"right";

Struggling through every day and thinking it'll be better,
Or to believe it's the end of the slump, couldn't get sadder,
Trust me, it can be; the depth in these chasms is unfriendly.
Trust me when I say it, it's all in the mind, emotions taking over
unabashedly:

The 15-year-olds are dying cause they "couldn't take it";
The 30-year-olds crying cause it's hard to "make it";
Those 70-year-olds lying cause it's easy to "fake it",
And here I am asking, is it worth it?

The answer's NO! It never was and never will be;
The wounds that the soul incurs can be treated perfectly.
But not many of us believe in that, sadly
It's not a myth, it's real, not a hoax, it gets surreal;
So take it seriously and talk, it's not the path you're supposed to
walk;

And laugh at and be grateful when it ends;
If nothing else, it made you strong and wiser; time makes amends.

-Bhavit Singal

VIII

First Time Contributor

Hold Me Down

You held my hand like it meant something.
Like I did.

Like maybe this wasn't just another story,
Or a repeat of a show I swore I'd never watch again.
You looked at me—no, through me.

And I mistook that for seeing.
You leaned in, slept on my shoulder,
And I felt like I mattered,
Like I was real.

“Something bad is ‘bout to happen to me,”
I could feel it when you let go just a little too easily.
“I don't know what, but I feel it coming,”
And yet, I stay, all open, waiting to bleed.

Was it kindness?
Or just another beautiful way
to leave someone in ruins?

And yet, if you'd reach for my hand again,
I'd take it.

-Keshav Bhatia
XII

INTERNATIONAL
BESTSELLER

The Unbearable Lightness of Being



a novel by the author of
IMMORTALITY

MILAN KUNDERA

"Brilliant... a work of high modernist pluralism and deep pathos."
Jane Metcalfe NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS



PENGUIN CLASSICS

JOHN KEATS

Selected Poems

LITERARY

The PROPHET and Other Tales

-Kahlil Gibran-

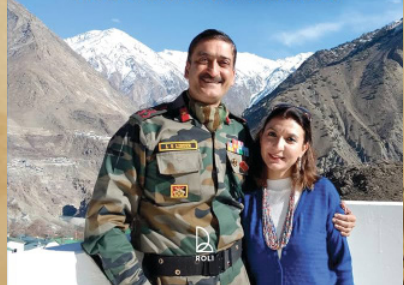


Foreword GENERAL UPENDRA DWIVEDI
PVSM, AVSM, Chief of the Army Staff

GEETIKA LIDDER

I AM A SOLDIER'S WIFE

The Life and Love of Toni Lidder



"The sort of tribute Mercury himself would have wanted ... full of perceptive and moving insights" SPECTATOR

The
Definitive Biography
of Freddie Mercury
**BOHEMIAN
RHAPSODY**



Lesley-Ann Jones

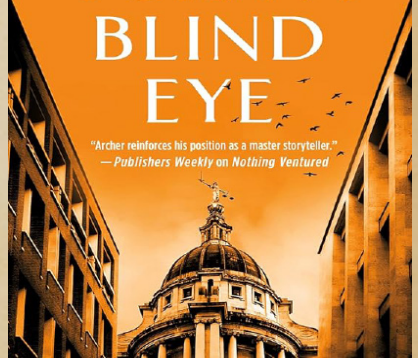
#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR
OF THE CLIFTON CHRONICLES

**JEFFREY
ARCHER**

A DETECTIVE WILLIAM WARWICK NOVEL

**TURN A
BLIND
EYE**

"Archer reinforces his position as a master storyteller."
—Publishers Weekly on *Nothing Ventured*



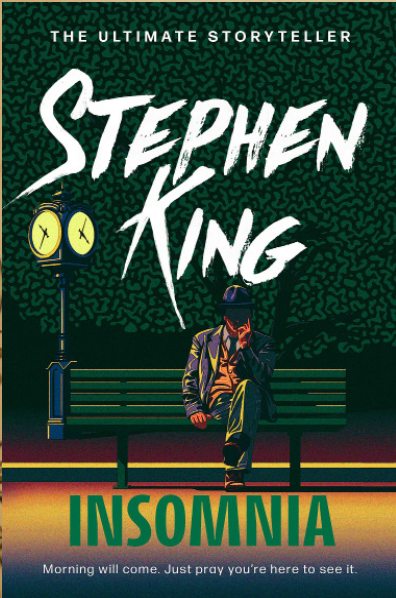
RECOMMENDATIONS

THE ULTIMATE STORYTELLER

**STEPHEN
KING**

INSOMNIA

Morning will come. Just pray you're here to see it.



"The struggle itself towards the heights is enough to fill a man's heart"

**THE
STRANGER**

ALBERT CAMUS



WHAT IF

1. What if your batch had a group chat—what would its name be?

Class 7: The 2 AM Cram Crew

Class 8: The Boys

Class 9: The Sleep-Deprived Squad

Class 10: The Midnight Snackers

2. What if you could meet any famous personality—who would it be?

Class 7: Jawaharlal Nehru

Class 8: John Cena

Class 9: Donald Trump

Class 10: Samay Raina

3. What if your batch was part of a movie—what movie would it be?

Class 7: Student of the Year

Class 8: 3 Idiots

Class 9: Zindagi Na Milegi Dobara

Class 10: Chhichhore

4. What if your batch could create one rule that every teacher must follow—what would it be?

Class 7: Classrooms should have a snack station

Class 8: Every alternate class should be a sleeping class

Class 9: We should be allowed to order food from outside

Class 10: There should be no examinations

5. What if your batch could have an unlimited supply of one thing—what would it be?

Class 7: Tuck Slips

Class 8: Substitutions

Class 9: Sunday Breakfast

Class 10: Phones

6. What if every subject had a theme song—what would Math's be?

Class 7: "Stayin' Alive" by the Bee Gees

Class 8: "I Will Survive" by Gloria Gaynor

Class 9: "The Final Countdown" by Europe

Class 10: "Coffin Dance"

7. What if your school memories were a movie—what genre would it be?

Class 7: Fantasy

Class 8: Thriller

Class 9: Comedy

Class 10: Action



PopCult

1. Shrek’s roar was a mix of the sound of a Lion and a Tiger and.... :

The iconic roar of Shrek was made by blending lion and tiger roars with—you guessed it—a jet engine. Because ogres are complicated.

2. Mr. Bean Has a First Name:

His official full name (in some scripts) is Mr. Bean. That’s it. “Mr.” is his first name. Truly mysterious behavior.

3. There’s a Phantom Starbucks Cup in ‘Game of Thrones’:

In Season 8, a Starbucks cup was spotted on a table in Winterfell. Westeros might have dragons, but it also has a coffee chain.

4. Michael Jackson Composed Music for Sonic: The Hedgehog:

He was involved in the soundtrack for Sonic 3 but was not credited... possibly because he didn’t like how it sounded in 16-bit.

5. The Wizard of Oz Sneeze Requirement:

Actors playing Munchkins in “The Wizard of Oz” were required to

fake sneeze, as their real sneezes weren’t audible due to their small size.

6. Friends Had a Live Audience... Except for Ross’s Bagpipes Scene:

The producers thought people would laugh so hard that multiple takes would be impossible. They were absolutely right.

7. SpongeBob’s Address Is Real (Sort Of):

124 Conch Street is an actual address in Bikini Atoll, Pacific Ocean, and people have tried to send letters.

8. Elvis Presley Had a Pet Chimpanzee Named Scatter:

He dressed him in clothes and let him drive a car. He was also banned from Graceland (his mansion) for bad behavior. Yes, the chimp.



Quill And Scroll

1) What is full of holes but still holds water?

Answer: **A sponge**

2) I have cities but no houses, forests but no trees, and water but no fish. What am I?

Answer: **A map**

3) What has an eye, but cannot see?

Answer: **A needle**

4) I am a path to knowledge, yet I have no feet. I hold stories, wisdom, and worlds you can't meet. What am I?

Answer: **A book**

5) I am a journey between covers, a world of words for all to discover. What am I?

Answer: **A novel**

6) What begins with an "e" and contains only one letter?

Answer: **An envelope**

7) I have many keys, but open no doors. What am I?

Answer: **A keyboard**

8) What has no life, but can die, and is reborn with every sigh?

Answer: **A flame/fire**

9) I am a place where stories unfold, a stage for actors, both brave and bold. What am I?

Answer: **A theatre/stage**

10) I speak of love, loss, and ancient lore in rhythmic lines that people adore. What am I?

Answer: **Poetry**

11) What has to be broken before you can use it?

Answer: **An egg**

12) What is light as a feather, yet the strongest person can't hold it for five minutes?

Answer: **Your breath**



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