

Established in 1936



The Doon School WEEKLY

Saturday, November 28 | Issue No. 2424



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A Personal Reminiscence

Mr Biren Chamola

Only recently has the thought of the important decision that I am taking come to hit me. The time has come for me to leave Chandbagh. All I have been able to do the past few days is turn back the time in my head, thinking about all that has come to pass in the 15 years I have spent at Doon. As I gear up and get ready to make the move, something I had read out to my daughter in her Winnie the Pooh book years ago comes to mind, "How lucky have I been to have something that makes saying goodbye so hard." I feel I have indeed been blessed with the good fortune of being a part of this story called "The Doon School".

The School has not remained the same. In fact, it has changed dynamically since that rainy day in August 1999, when I first arrived on this campus. Be it the infrastructure, facilities, house systems, pastoral care, integration of technology, shift of curriculums, academic achievements, or the relationship between the seniors and juniors, nothing is quite the same, as it never is. I am sure that the School will continue to redefine itself with every passing day, and whenever I revisit, a lot more will have changed, and for the better.

Yet despite these changes, the cornerstones of the School have stayed the same- the things that define it, shape its identity and take it from a 'good' school to a 'great' school. These are its emphasis on character



building, all round education, its sensitivity towards social and environmental causes, a wide range of activities and sports, midterms, expeditions and excursions and its endeavour towards academic excellence. Pervading all this is the undying spirit of the boys and masters that prevails the precincts of Chandbagh.

I have had the privilege of serving in the School in many capacities: as tutor, assistant housemaster, housemaster, a Mathematics master and as master-in-charge of various sports and activities. I have had my fair share of experiences: be it the marathon sessions

with Math HL students, trekking and camping in the hills with the boys, being evacuated on a helicopter from the height of 15000 feet in Nepal during the Everest Base Camp expedition, a 170 km trek in the Thar Desert to the Pakistan border and also the experience of leading a Round Square International Project on the Thailand-Bhutan border.

It is with gratitude that I look back, and as I leave, I do not feel like I carry on alone. Each one of you will an unforgettable part of my memories. I will always remember the times spent and the things we achieved together. Particularly fond memories that I shall always cherish are those of my time spent on the tennis and squash courts, those unforgettable midterm experiences and those endless talks and discussions on various occasions.

Last but in no way the least, I leave you with a thought. We all are unique individuals. We are neither better nor less than anybody but rather the best or least of ourselves. We are the product of and the sum of all our experiences. I am still working on finding the best of me. It is an exciting ongoing journey. Thank you for being my travelling companions along a large and important part of my life. I am forever grateful for your company and the vast collection of shared experiences indelibly printed on my mind.

Once again, on behalf of my whole family a big thanks to you all, the entire staff and all the students for making our life here so memorable.



Regulars

The Akademi

The following appointments have been made to the **Editorial Board** of the **Yuv Arpan** for the forthcoming year:

Editor-in-Chief: Madhav Bhardwaj

Editor: Atrey Bhargava

Chief-of-Production: Shreyash Agarwal

We wish them a fruitful tenure!

Arithmeticians

The results of the **SL Sharma Senior Math Colloquium Prize Test, 2015** are as follows:

Winner: Shreyas Agarwal

Runners-up: Kanav Agarwal & Chinmaya Sharma

Keep it up!

Mechanical Mind

Agastya Shetty Joshi has been awarded the **Ramanan Trophy for the Best Motor Mechanic of the Year, 2015**.

Congratulations!

Asclepius's Men

The results of the **Inter-House First Aid Competition, 2015** are as follows:

1st: Tata

2nd: Hyderabad

3rd: Jaipur

4th: Obeori

5th: Kashmir

Well done!

"We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars."

Oscar Wilde

Doublehit

The results of the **Inter-House Squash Competition, 2015** are as follows:

Under 19:

1st: Oberoi

2nd: Jaipur

3rd: Hyderabad

4th: Kashmir

5th: Tata

Under 14:

1st: Jaipur

2nd: Kashmir

3rd: Tata

4th: Hyderabad

5th: Oberoi

Under 17:

1st: Hyderabad

2nd: Oberoi, Kashmir & Tata

5th: Jaipur

House Cup:

1st: Jaipur

2nd: Oberoi, Kashmir, and Hyderabad

5th: Tata

Well done!

Colourful Actors

The following boys have been awarded **Hindi Dramatics Colours:**

Divij Mullick, Bhuvan Verma, Rudra Srivastava, Madhav Bharadwaj, Dhruv Ahuja, Shreyas Agarwal

Congratulations!

Bibliomania

The following boys have attained various levels of the **Reading Award** in the **Senior Category:**

Gold

Ananay Sethi, Anirudh Batra, Rahil Chamola

Silver

Shreyas Agarwal

Kudos!

Dosco Doodle

Leisure Begins!

Anirudh Popli



Another Starting

Sahir Chaudhary

The beginning is always the toughest part, because the initiation of thought into action is what we dread most. It is a necessity that takes some amount of courage and a startling amount of belief. This is the sum of my beginnings, those that molded me into the person I am today. This is what I have learned over the last six years of my life.

A couple of days back I found an issue of a *Weekly* from 2007. For those of you who remember, it was Ashish Mitter's batch which the *Weekly* in essence represented, and it delicately put forward what the school stood for 8 years ago: A pursuit of excellence. Every article, every cartoon, which was printed stood for the ideological depth which was prevalent within these red walls at that time. It showed simplicity as the central idea behind the ethos of our School. A never-ending endeavor of bettering yourself in what you believed to be your passion. They had the courage to start.

My appointment 8 months back, came as both as a surprise and as something that I would be apprehensive about for some time. Surprise because it was not something I had completely expected. I would be lying outright if I did not acknowledge the abundant rumor-mongering which greets the S-Form every year, but I never paid heed to it because people just like to speculate! When the announcement reached me, I was half way around the world, and it was there that the first pangs of fear hit me. I say 'fear' not in its fullest sense. It could essentially have been the mounting insecurity, which found its way to the central hearth where it acted as fuel. I still do not know how to word the feeling, but what I can say is that it drove the better part of my tenure. It is certainly embarrassing accepting this simple fact. I worked to prove my legitimacy as School Captain. I worked to be an individual who could inspire others, similar to Yuv Khosla's effect on me. I worked to have the courage to start, to initiate an idea. The idea was simple; to stand amongst the likes of Yuv and Ashish. To be an ideal worth looking up to.

So in effect I started my term slightly tipsy from the preceding life philosophy. I remembered words like 'courage', 'honesty', 'respect' and 'discipline', and tried my level best to work towards my belief.

My first mistake: I forgot I was part of a prefectorial body. I forgot I was part of a 21-member team collectively responsible for being an exemplar for the School community. My behavior was slightly over the top at times, and for a time, harbored this stupid notion of me against the world.

My second mistake was failing to establish necessary communication channels amongst the students themselves, as well as between the administration and the students. These unnecessary mistakes cost me to mess up the first term. I took decisions to resolve the various issues and situations, but no one else knew quite why the decision was taken. It was between the individuals involved and me and I do apologize but I had no idea that each decision I'd take, however insignificant, would become a coffee-table discussion. As a result I felt the heat of judgment, and doubts started creeping in. I had underestimated the effect of criticism and it affected my behavior. The original intention behind every decision was for the betterment of the individual, but that was quickly forgotten. Eventually it strengthened my conviction that I was fighting a lone battle, and this idea led to my next mistake.

The third mistake, which I made in the first term, and which unfortunately carried onto the second, was one of misplaced trust. Of believing with my eyes shut, some people I thought were genuinely trustworthy. This, coupled with the excessive rumor-mongering, made me the disillusioned Dosco I am today. Disillusioned in the sense of feeling betrayed, both by the individuals, and in some ways the School. I wish I didn't have to say this but something in Chandbagh felt like, and still feels like betrayal. It was as if I saw a side of our School which made me cringe and in turn to try deny its presence altogether, but I could not. I stood responsible for the Doon School. All of it. Discussions regarding this feeling led me to the answer that "You (I) were too trusting and naive. It was not your (my) fault as you (I) were never involved in such situations." However much as I detested this reason, I knew that the response was true. I was naive. I had lived in my own bubble till it burst in SC-Form. Theatre, Art, Sport, AV was all that occupied the empty space within the bubble. I was away from the politics of a small community! The popping of the bubble was a brutal wake-up call! The realization of a hunger amongst the students for awards, just for awards was startling; I had lived in the utopian ideal of the Dosco chasing after his dream, regardless of the obstacles. But today, when I see the desperation in the community for just a tie, I feel saddened because it is not just a piece of cloth that hangs around one's neck. It has a value. Not a monetary one, or of meritocracy, but of responsibility. Every year, when we have an influx of new Doscos, this tie for them is the lighthouse for a boat adrift. A new Dosco does not know his purpose or place in school, and these ties show them the men who have found theirs. The truth is, a tie-holder's opinion matters more. Not in the eyes of the administration but in the hearts of the younger ones. Every action, every word will be regarded by the juniors with the utmost care. This gives them the power to mold opinions and judgments and essentially they represent the case of what a Dosco should be by the end. The bitter truth is that the "should be" role models inspire ideals, which teach you never to excel. Never to start. Never to follow a dream for its own sake. Who you look up to makes a difference. I have gone from a small, depressed D-Former, an invincible A-former to a disheartened SC-Former. From the Rose Bowl Tea parties, Main Field soccer matches to Committee politics. From sleeping in the afternoon out of boredom, sleeping at 2 after finishing play practices to watching the sunrise hoping tomorrow will be a better day. I have pretty much seen it all. The people I looked up to had the piece of cloth around their neck, but they lived up to it. They pursued excellence. They taught me to start.

And my start is gone. My end is near. I hope I have done justice to the men I looked up to. So thank you all. I leave with hope, humility and a sense of gratefulness. I am apprehensive about what the next term would be like, but I hope we work towards becoming better men. I hope we channelize our hunger towards excellence. I hope that we leave this School with a tear-stained photograph rather than a rusty bronze collection. I have a dream, as I suppose everyone has. I hope to see it fulfilled. I dream of realizing a coming of age character called the 'Dosco'. An individual with the guts to chase after a dream, not a piece of cloth. I tried to start. I hope you do the same.

Signing off,

Sahir Choudhary.

School Captain 2015

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Arth Gupta, last week in his article “Confessions of a Serial Debater” says: “... it is confusion that leads to clarity, questions that lead to answers and struggles that lead to success.” So well put, but then Arth is a true-blue *Debating-wala*. I would like to take Arth's argument two notches further. I believe debating or the art of polemics is at the heart of our very existence, even in serene Chandbagh. It is here that I will differ from Arth. For Arth, Debating was a choice, as far as I am concerned, debating is an absolute necessity. If our body represents democracy or any mature system, then debating is the very breath of this body. Debating trains the mind to tackle paradoxes logically, and at the heart of any functional system rests a paradox. To debate is to recognise this paradox and articulate one's position vis-a-vis the premise. Arth's statement, as quoted above, is such a great example of paradox. So what is a paradox? The word comes from Greek *para-* beyond and *doxa-* opinion. Since 1560's the accepted meaning is “a statement that is seemingly self-contradictory yet not illogical or obviously untrue”.

To my mind every paradoxical premise has two pole positions: the utilitarian and the essentialist. Utilitarianism is the value arising from anything; it is pragmatic. Essentialism deals with the very nature of its essence and existence. Let us consider the example of education.

Question: Why do we need education?

Utilitarian

A: To get into College.

Q: Why do you need to go to college?

A: To earn money/ get a life.

Q: How do you go to college?

A: Through tests and exams—SAT, CAT, JEE, etc.

Q: What do you need from the exams?

A: Marks.

So we need education to get marks.

Essentialist

A: To learn skills and gain knowledge.

Q: Why do you need to gain knowledge?

A: To know the world and our place in it.

Q: How do you gain skills?

A: Through diligence and application.

Q: What do you get from application?

A: Competence and understanding of the subject.

So we need education to know and grow.

Let us ask a tougher question, about aspiration. It is the veritable premise of human existence and The Doon School system is built on this premise. Just look around you, every aspect of any Public School system, from honour boards to inter house competitions to blazers & colours to prefectures, captaincies and editorial positions are all a manifestation of some aspect of aspiration. So in the context of Chandbagh, let us ask our question.

Question: Why do we need aspiration?

Utilitarian

A: To fuel ambition.

Q: What does ambition yield?

A: Entries for CV.

Q: Why do you need a CV?

A: To get into college...

Essentialist

A: To fuel desire.

Q: What do you get from desire?

A: The thirst to delve deeper into something.

Q: What do you get from going deep?

A: Learn skills and gain knowledge....

These rhetorical examples are merely illustrative. A paradox is more complicated than this. It is not a simplistic either/or. This is because all paradoxes are contextual in nature. Human context, by definition, is bound in coils of ethics. Hence, just to get marks you may not cheat. Cheating is utilitarian, true, but unethical as also logically self-defeating. It is in this context that you must read the exhortations by the Headmaster and many other teachers about “not blowing up” at the end of the term. So, you need to reach for the stars, yes, but in a balanced manner. Therein lies the need to understand and decipher the paradox at the heart of the system. Only when we acknowledge the paradox, we recognise the need for balance and look for means to achieve the same.

Even now, Chandbagh is in the throes of a paradox of change. We are entering a three-term model. Many of our concerns are primarily guided by either utilitarian or essentialist premises. Do we just graft our old calendar onto a freshly divided year? Or do we take this opportunity and make the change count by being aware of the numerous paradoxes that lie at the heart of our system? Do we embrace change to adjust curricular and exam models? Or do we raise questions of culture and balance the utilitarian with essentialist aspects of education? As Team Chandbagh, all of us will make decisions in the coming months. All, will debate.

As students, you need to be aware of the paradoxes that face you too. It is inconsequential whether you love debating or not. You take decisions at every moment of your life. You debate all the time. From deciding to go for morning P.T. to jamming a change, you are making decisions. You need to ask: am I aware of the impact of

(Contd. overleaf)

Veni, Vidi, Vici!

Chaitanya Kediya reports on the *International Independent Schools Public Speaking Championship 2015*.

Escorted by DEB, Arth Gupta, Atrey Bhargava and I represented the School at the International Independent Schools Public Speaking Championship held at The York School, Toronto, Canada. With our bags packed and our speeches ready, we left for Canada on the 20th of October, and seventeen hours later (that felt like a lifetime) we reached our destination. As we exited the airport, we were greeted by the beautiful maple trees, turning various hues of red, and the omnipresent cold. We had over two days to ourselves before the championship was going to begin, and so we decided to visit a few places in and around Toronto. On the first day, we visited the Art Gallery of Ontario, which hosts a fine collection of paintings and various major touring art collections. We were able to see the 17th century masterpiece 'The Massacre of the Innocents' by Peter Paul Rubens, as well as a painting from Picasso's Rose period ('Nu Aux Mains Serrées'). We were also privileged to have seen Rodin's 'The Thinker' as well as paintings by Seurat, Monet, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Manet, Renoir, Whistler and Camille-Corot in the same day. The next day, we visited the Niagara Falls and relished the beauty of this natural wonder. The mist rising high and the force of the waterfall that could be felt from the viewing deck was something I will forever remember fondly. While we definitely enjoyed ourselves, it was now time to get back to our game mood as IISPSC 2015 began.

Forty-five schools from over twelve countries were participating in this Championship, and there were over 175 participants. Each participant competes in three categories in the championship; each category has two rounds after which participants qualify for the Final round. The three of us were participating in Parliamentary Debating, Persuasive Speaking and Interpretive Reading. After a quick opening ceremony we were taken to various classrooms where the first round of Persuasive Speaking was held. In this category, a speech between eight and twelve minutes has to be presented on any topic the speaker felt was relevant to the world, and as the name suggests the aim is to persuade the crowd into believing what is presented. Topics could range from 'Albinism in Tanzania' and 'China's Foreign Policy' to 'Why sitting is killing you?' and 'Chronic Depression'. The level of competition was high, as we expected it to be, and some of the speeches we were heard we truly inspiring and left us awestruck. We also had our first round of Interpretive Reading on that day. In this category a participant interprets either a passage or a poem, and in a dramatic interpretation presents his or her piece. The category looks at the voice modulation, the emotions the reader is able to evoke, and the impact of the piece on the audience. The next day, we had our first round of Parliamentary Debating, in which each participant is randomly paired with another participant from a different school. This was something that I found interesting because not only does one have to prepare a debate but also establish an understanding with one's partner to ensure that the team's arguments are better linked and connected. This category had some very interesting motions like 'This House would implement mandatory voting in all elections' and 'This House believes that only violent offenders should be jailed'.

Having faced both rounds of all categories, we keenly anticipated the results of the preliminary rounds. Our fingers crossed, we anxiously waited as the hosts announced the finalists. Much to our delight, in Parliamentary Debating, both Arth Gupta and I qualified for the finals. Nervous but eager to prove our mettle, we were quickly escorted to the venues where our debates were going to be held. The motion that I had for the Final round of Parliamentary Debating was 'This House would allow women to compete in men's sports leagues'. An interesting motion where the notions of equality and equity were analysed, and the question boiled down to whether for equality's sake should men and women compete or would it be better to give women's sports leagues the same recognition as men's sports leagues. With the completion of the Final Round, the championship came to an end. We were once again at the York School's gym, waiting for the Closing Ceremony to begin. Once again the nervousness returned as the winner of 'The St. John's Ravencourt Shield for the Top Overseas School' was being announced. And when we heard those three words 'The Doon School' we went ecstatic with joy. This was the second time that we had one the trophy, the last time was in 2013.

This trip was truly amazing, the friends we made and the memories we have will always be cherished by us. We learnt a lot from this trip, and the exposure we gained is invaluable, and will definitely shape us as debaters and orators in the future. Exhausted but satisfied, we returned after ten long days to lovely Chandbagh.



Cont.d from previous page

my decisions? Given that a paradox lies at the heart of any debate or system, the questions are:

1. Am I aware of the paradox(es)?
2. Have I found a balanced position?

For your sake and for the sake of all the other lives that are or will be dependent on your decisions, I do hope, in life, you answer in affirmative to both the questions.

Sincerely,
Debasish Chakrabarty

The Year Gone By

Salman Mallick and Omar Chishti

The School year began with the romantic month of February (Valentine's, anyone?) bringing with itself a great amount of responsibilities. Whether these were matches made in heaven or not, the results have been seen by now. Leaving that controversial topic aside, the dreaded morning PT sessions were soon part of our daily routine and 'whites' became a regular sight on the fields. As the SCE's (as they were now called) and the AT's lugged themselves through the final stretch, surfacing briefly for meals and Assemblies (Only on the strict behest of the new prefects, strongly under the influence of post appointment 'Prefect Fever'), the School readied itself for the Inter-House Cricket Competition.

Entering the month of April, Test Week rolled out and the entire school got into the groove, with the Tuck Shop and Accounts Office being the main hotspots for last minute revision. Close by, the Music School was almost always buzzing with activity and on the other side of School, one could find the odd phenomenon of three major sports being played on the main field at once. The first holiday of a term well bestowed with extended weekends was Holi, resplendent with scenes of colourful faces and wet clothes. Soon after Prize Giving, as the strains of *Auld Lang Syne* died in the wind, the campus emptied with students departing for Midterms and the post-Boards break. The new D-Formers (Incidentally, our first IGCSE batch) joined the community in our absence. Chandbagh then prepared itself for the searing influence of the April sun, which came as an infernal shock to those returning from their glacial midterms. The Afzal Khan Basketball tournament served as an induction into the school community for our new faces, the down to the wire matches and the all boys school version of a 'cheering squad' serving as a lasting first memory for many boys.

The Inter-House PT Competition tested the coordination (and patience!) of the boys, but all's well that ends well and everyone shifted gears as the Inter-House Hockey Tournament drew closer, with the promise of dusty cheering squads and sweat drenched players. The month of May saw several earth-shaking events, from the tragic Nepal earthquake (the mini-tsunami in the swimming pool is not a figment of anyone's imagination, trust us) and the fire in the Physics block to the record breaking Boards results (a vindication of the hard work put in by the current S-Formers). The bar being raised this high might prove to be a bittersweet blessing for those giving Boards in the years to come. The college offers this year served as the silver lining to the rather large cloud left by the departure of PBR, MLJ, MCJ and DCB, with the news of Pulkit Agarwal's Ivy haul reverberating around the nation. All in all, it was an exciting term which could only foreshadow what was to come after the summer vacations.

The second term saw boys returning bang in the middle of the 'cursed' monsoon; 'cursed' as it only deigned to rain over the weekends and Saturday mornings, leaving weekday mornings crisply dry for sessions of early morning PT (aka physical torture) and other sports practices. Arjun Singh's memorable delivery of the famous (or infamous, depending on which side of the fence one sits) 'Sycophancy' talk ended with the inauguration of the 'Scoping Season', which promised intrigue, manoeuvring and jockeying the likes of which hadn't been seen for several years in the School. This year's intense competition upped the ante in the high stakes battle for positions, responsibilities and awards.

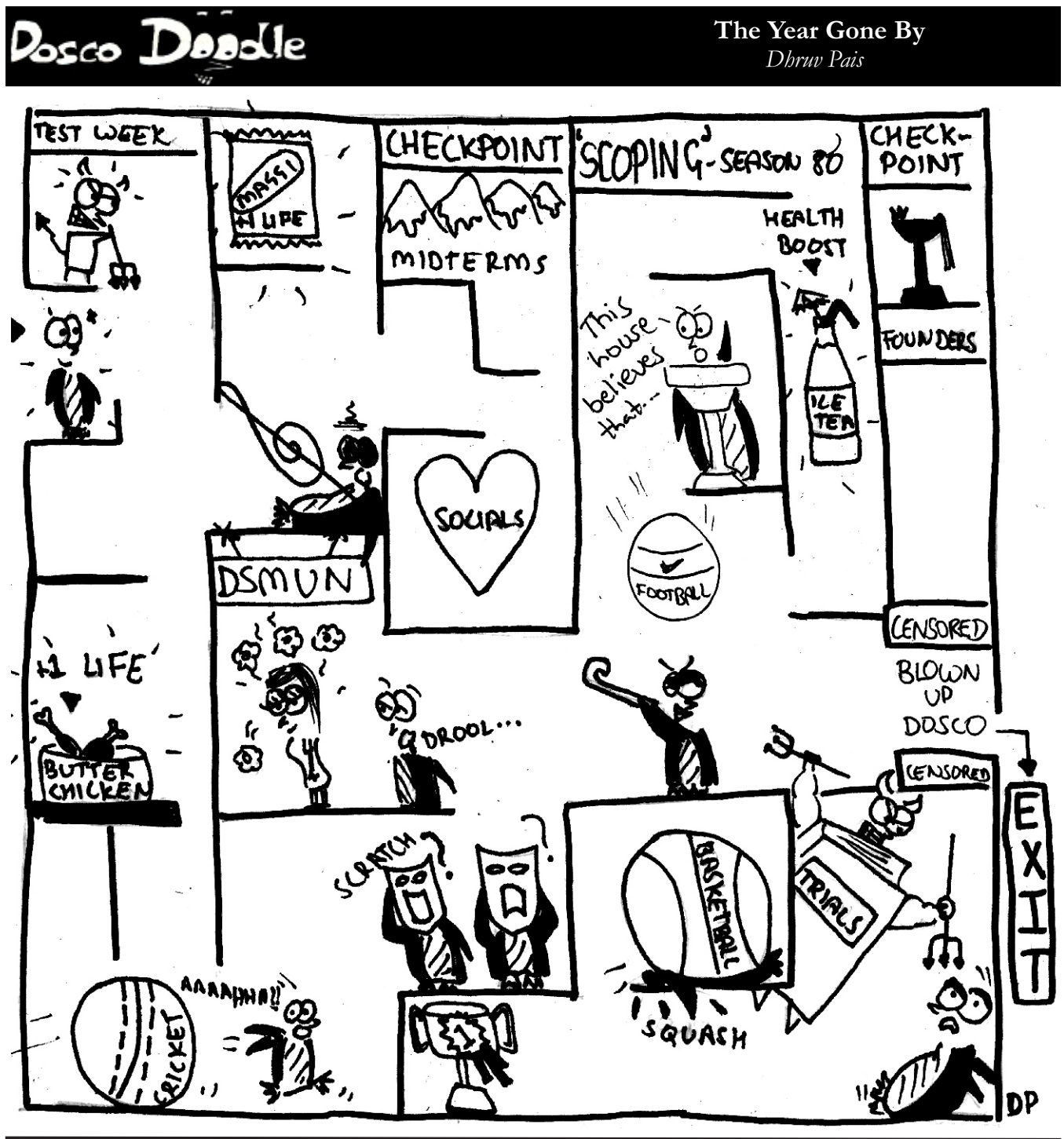
In the run up to DSMUN, Independence Day was celebrated with an early morning cleaning drive, a fiery speech ("Cut Pakistan into four!") and an obstinately introverted flag which refused to rise to the occasion until much cajoled. DSMUN was an elaborate affair this year, with plenty of 'behind the scenes' action, and proved to be a huge success for all involved.

September opened with the much-awaited Inter-House Football Competition. The RC2 followed right on the heels of high octane football matches and well contested debates in the 59th Annual Chuckerbutty Debates. After a long time, this year saw private midterm parties comprising A-Formers leave for expeditions. They passed by without any serious mishaps or misdemeanours on the part of the boys, perhaps because of the establishment of the 'Flying' squads. In the run up to Founder's one could see heads perpetually settled on desks, as all academic activities ground to a halt in the face of late night practices and 'toye-less' evenings. Though rain clouds gathered on the wrong evenings, Founder's went off relatively unscathed, with both the English and the

Hindi plays being well executed and praise pouring in from all quarters for all those involved. The Oberoi House Pagal Gymkhana maintained the standards set by the fetes in the recent past and was a commercial, and an entertaining, success. The Main Building celebrated its centenary in a rather peculiar state, rocked by two earthquakes and stripped of its Ivy coat. In spite of that, the new model classrooms introduced in time for Founders were a fitting present to the monument on this auspicious anniversary.

The weeks following the receding of the Founder's hangover saw the draft Trimester schedule being announced to mixed reception from the School community. The Oberoi vs. Hyderabad Seniors A basketball match was the highlight of the Inter-House Basketball Competition, as the entire School gathered to watch and the atmosphere on the courts reflected the heat of intense rivalries and school solidarity. In a memorable turn of events, an own basket led to Oberoi's victory by a one point margin. A lesson on communication from the Headmaster in the week following the lapse of the Founder's hangover led to a very unorthodox assembly gathering, with the community being conducted by the Headmaster in singing the 'Happy Birthday' chorus to a certain bemused A- Former sitting on stage. The evening trick-or-treating on this Diwali, with not much of tricking but lots of treating, saw unprecedented levels of generosity from the masters, with the possibility of it being the last one celebrated by boys in School looming over everyone's heads. The weeks following Diwali saw boys burning the midnight oil in preparation for the recently concluded November Trials and the YC bonanza (Six YCs in a day!) served as a strong warning to the community from putting a toe out of line.

As we close another busy year, with another Year Gone By, and another Holiday Checklist, we know the year ahead of us will be a year of change and experimentation. This year has been a year of earth-shaking events, records being broken, and dreams being realized. As this may be the final time the Year Gone By is coming in the cold month of November, here's to the final 'traditional' year we are going to have.



The Holiday Checklist

The best things to read, play, watch and listen to this winter.

Movies

Macbeth
Legend
Wazir
The Big Short
The Lady in the Van
Star Wars: The Force Awakens
Bajirao Mastani
Alvin and the Chipmunks: The Road Chip
Concussion
Sherlock: The Abominable Bride
The Finest Hours
Kung Fu Panda 3
Dilwale



Music

Artist	Album
G-Eazy	When It's Dark Out
Chris Brown	Royalty
Pope Francis	Wake Up!
Coldplay	A Head Full Of Dreams
David Bowie	Blackstar
Bloc Party	Hymns
Sia	This Is Acting
Babyface	Return Of The Tender Lover

Video Games

Tom Clancy's: Rainbow Six Siege
Halo 5: Gaurdians
Call of Duty: Black Ops 3
Star Wars: Battlefront
Just Cause 3
Final Fantasy XV

Books

Author	Book
Randall Munroe	Thing Explainer: Complicated Stuff in Simple Words
Hillary Mantel	The Mirror and the Light
Alison Goodman	Lady Helen and the Dark Days Club
Morgan Rhodes	Frozen Tides: A Falling Kingdoms Novel
Masashi Kishimoto	Naruto: The Seventh Hokage and the Scarlet Spring
Phil Szostak	The Art of Star Wars: The Force Awakens

Sports

Event	Date
2015 ASEAN Para Games	3-9 Dec
Wolfsburg vs Borussia Dortmund	5 Dec
Men World Team Squash Championship	12-18 Dec
Women World Open Squash Championship	14-18 Dec
Club World Cup Final	20 Dec
Arsenal vs Manchester City	22 Dec
South Africa vs England Tests	Dec 26 – Jan 26
Manchester United vs Chelsea	28 Dec
Manchester City vs Leicester City	30 Dec
Roud De Ski	1- 10 Jan
Snooker Masters	10 – 17 Jan
Australian Open	Jan 18-31
Manchester City vs West Ham	23 Jan
Arsenal vs Chelsea	23 Jan
Barcelona vs Atletico Madrid	31 Jan



Online Edition: <http://www.doonschool.com/magazine/>

weekly@doonschool.com



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