

The Doon School WEEKLY

"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot
March 17, 2018 | Issue No. 2497



A HOUSE OF CARDS

A recounting of the recent trip to The Indian Parliament.

Page 3

THE GHOSTS OF OUR PAST

The first in a two part episodic story by Varen Talwar

Page 4

INK AND SOUND

A poem penning down a few thoughts on writing.

Page 5

Of Masters, Music and Memories

Ms. Priyanka Bhattacharya reviews the recently held 'Music with Masters'.

What an evening it was, Wednesday, the 7th of March! The nucleus of Chandbagh seemed to have shifted to the Music School Auditorium for an evening of musical extravaganza. A motley crew of schoolmasters, of all shapes, sizes and vintage were to "entertain" the school with music for the duration of an hour. Smartly attired masters, all dressed in black, were frantically whizzing in and out of last minute rehearsals, despairing, downing throat lozenges by the metric tonne, sweating, looking anxiously at their watches, and exchanging nervous laughs. "It's 6.15, and no audience! *Koi nahin aayega!*" Well, by 6.35 pm, the auditorium was bursting at the seams, with even the windows overflowing with greys and whites.

The show began with an exploration of Raag Kirwaani: sounds of piano (JJW), santoor (PRY) and harmonium (ASA), guitar (SNA and ARK) and sitar (STK and ANK), accompanied by ABC and MAG on percussion, set the bar very high indeed for all performances that evening. The fusion clearly caught the audience by surprise: we could see the little ones gawking open-mouthed at STK, ANK and SNA in admiration and wonder. Those of us, who were squished against the wall, yet to perform, felt our throats going dry with



anxiety. Then came the class act of JJW and PBR with their rendition of 'Lennon's Imagine'. JJW's piano and stunning vocals soared across the room, while PBR's expertise on the harmonica elicited a collective jaw-drop; so much so that some members of the audience had to pick up their dentures off the floor and fix them back on, quietly, while no one was watching.

The Masters' choir was up next: along with the accomplished musicians from the music school such as ASA, JJW, Ms. Bronwen, trooped in PBR, DEB, CRK, DKY and ANI, MLV, ANK, RHS, AMB and yours truly. JJW on piano (and vocals), SNA and ARK on guitar, MAG on the djembe, ABC on the congo and Mr. Bakshi on the drums, made up this diverse group. They sang an arpeggio set to "Humpty Dumpty Sat on a Wall" as sound check, and we could see a range of expressions on the boys' faces, ranging from "seriously?" to "I'm

so not going to enjoy this".

After much laughter and a few encouraging whoops from the audience, the choir sang (rather well, in my view) their cover of Elvis Presley's "Can't Help Fallin' in Love with You". PRY who had huffed and puffed in barely 45 minutes prior to the show, after having had an invigilation duty for the ISC, was both MC for the evening, and our conductor. The audience would have only seen his elegant baton, but we saw the joy and pride and encouragement on his face. The song was arranged to allow the ladies' trebles be offset by the gentlemen's alto back vocals, and altogether, the effect was pleasing. The generous applause, enthused the group to invest their energies into the very pulsating and dynamic Bollywood medley that was the closing act of the evening.

PRY and his team had carefully designed the medley to cover a range of eras of popular film

(Continued on Page 3)

FUTURE LEADERS

The following are the appointments for the year 2018-19:

Robotics: Rushil Choudhary

Astronomy Society: Raghav Grover

Round Square: Mayank Sojatia

We wish them the very best!

KNOWLEDGE OUR LIGHT

Harshit Bansal and Kanishkh Kanodia have been awarded the **Scholar's Blazer**.

Congratulations!

YOUNG LEADERS

The following boys have received **The Duke of Edinburgh's International Award for Young People**.

Bronze awards:

Rahil Vohra

Rishabh Goyal

Sresht Garg

Gold award:

Kanav Agarwal

Kudos!

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

They have earphones in their eyes.

Ishaan Mauli Mishra, wake up.

Anthropology is the study of fossils

Kanishkh Kanodia, School Quiz Captain

“

The worst enemy of creativity is self doubt.

Sylvia Plath

BOOK WORMS

The following have been awarded **Reading Awards** in their respective categories:

Senior:

Gold: Devang Laddha

Silver: Zoraver Mehta

Bronze: Aayush Chowdhry and Ishaan Mauli Mishra

Mediums:

Gold: Adit Chatterjee and Tegbir Singh

Silver: Raghav Kediya and Divy Kavadiya

Bronze: Aadita Chauhan

Juniors:

Gold: Anant

Ganapathy, Ivor Ismail,

Shreyan Mittal and

Yatin Gour

Silver: Abhyuday

Singh, Aditya Saraf

and Aryavardhan

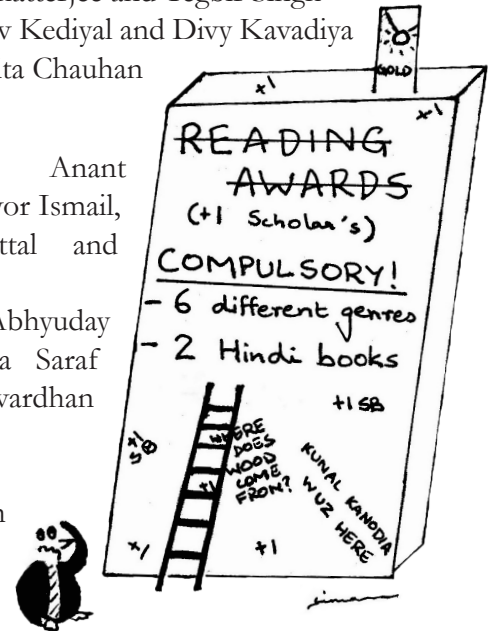
Gupta

Bronze:

Harshvardhan

Maskara

Well done!

**Around the World in 80 Words**

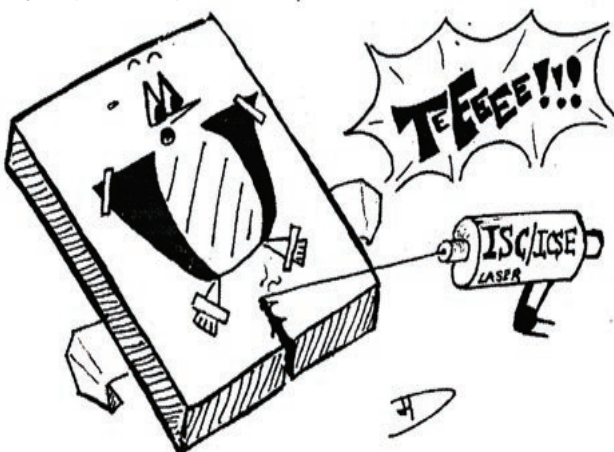
The excavation of an unexploded World War Two bomb led to a mass evacuation in Italy. Stephen Hawking died aged 76 of motor neurone disease. A plane crash in Nepal killed 49 passengers. Moscow refused to explain the use of nerve gas on former Russian spy Sergei Skripal, in response to which UK expelled 23 diplomats and froze Russian state assets. A forest fire in Tamil Nadu left nine trekkers dead. Donald Trump fired his Secretary of State, Rex Tillerson.

Dosco Doodle

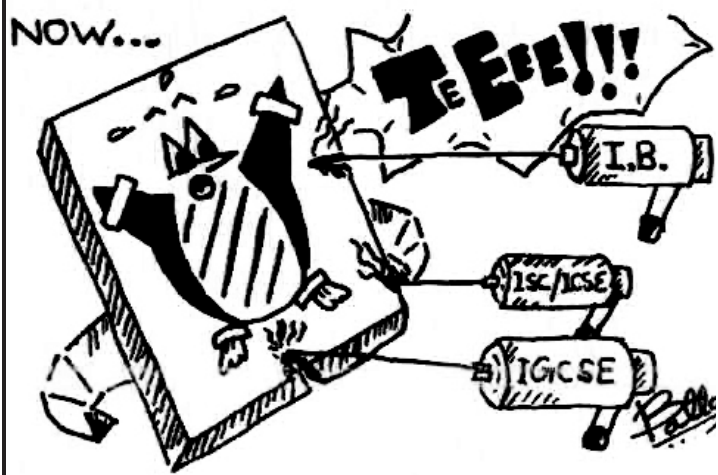
The Times They Are a-Changin'

Armaan Batta and Madhav Dutt (35-K, 2014)

THEN...



NOW...



(Continued from page 1)

music, ranging from 'Ajeeb daastan hai yeh', to 'Ek ladki bheegi bhaagi si', from 'Neeley neeley ambar se' to 'Pyaar hamein kis modh pe le aaya', all crowned with the super-popular 'Senorita' number from the film 'Zindagi Na Milegi Dobara'. Well, if you missed the act, then this review cannot begin to describe the energy and pure, unadulterated joy in the Music Room while that medley was sizzling on the speakers. The audience connected to each and every element of the songs in a manner that defies description: your strict, serious, and one-dimensional subject teacher,

housemaster or tutor channelling their inner rock star on stage is not an everyday affair, is it? DEB's RD Burman style REEEBAABAAA set fire to what little had not been kindled in the audience: many senior boys leapt to their feet, clapping out the beats, faces aglow with pleasant shock and genuine affection for the whole bunch of us, braving it out on stage. The closing Senorita number extracted all it could have, from the performers, and the evening ended to deafening applause and cheers, thanks to the efforts of the AV squad and Music School.

DEB and STK headed straight to dinner duty, some ageing rock-

stars to night toy, and others to schoolwork waiting at home: corrections, question papers and sundry other duties. Only at Doon could such a glamorous and lively hour have settled straight back to work at the flick of a wand. What shall I carry closest to my heart? The memory of the bonding between us as performers, and the "love that unites us", masters and boys forever. And yes, the memory of the hours spent in rehearsals, with PRY smilingly handing out bad chits and yellow cards to his colleagues for missing their cues or notes, will bring a smile to all of us who were part of the magic.

A House of Cards

Shivendra Pratap *recounts the recent trip to The Indian Parliament.*

With the Budget session in full swing, the Parliament is one place which is getting its adequate share of fire and fury to get on with. The Historical and Political Circle Society decided to organise a trip to our constituent apex law-making body last week, with eleven SC-Formers from the Political Science Class along with politically-inclined students, going down to New Delhi, to witness the parliamentary proceedings and get a taste of modern parliamentary politics.

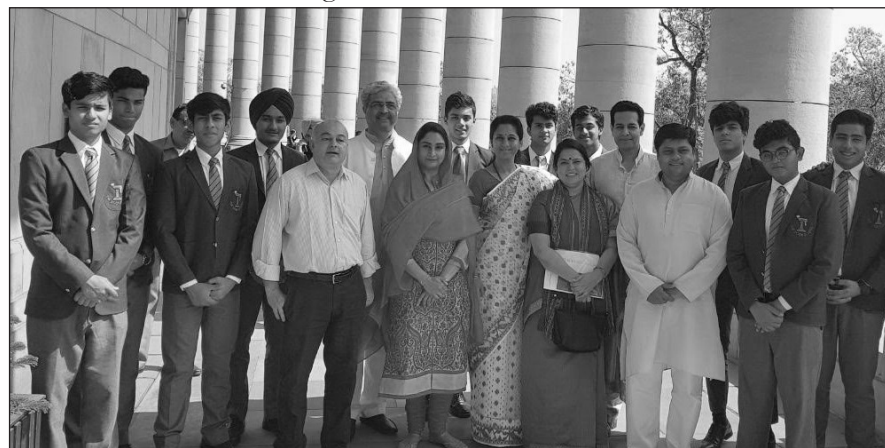
The night the delegation reached, it was met by two Old Boys, Yash Gandhi and Chetan Agarwal, both from the Batch of 2008. Yash is a Research Officer in the PMO and handles the social media, and Chetan is APS to the Ministry of Railways, Mr. Piyush Goyal, and handles the R&D cell of the Railways Ministry. We had a lively discussion with them on how bipolar politics played by the same party (BJP in this instance) were justified due to the extensive diversity of our country.

The next day, we were greeted by the electric fences of the Parliament. After we had gone through six rounds of frisking,

we were finally inside the Lower House of the Parliament, The Lok Sabha, for the Question Hour, accompanied by three Dosco MPs—Raghav Lakhanpal, Bhartendu Singh and Dushyant Singh. As the proceedings were stalled in less than a minute (due to the Nirav Modi fiasco), we were out before long for a meeting with Harsimrat Kaur Badal, the Minister of Food Processing Industry. Over the course of the day, the delegation also came across Supriya Sule and Jaya Bachchan. The delegation went on to meet Rahul Gandhi in the evening, where we had an engaging and informative discussion on India's 'flawed' foreign policy.

For the final day of the visit, we went to the Lok Sabha again, this

time to observe the Zero Hour in motion. The House was adjourned after 15 minutes, after which we met with Kalikesh Singh Deo and Dharamvir Gandhi, the latter of whom explicated his theory of the four cardinal inequalities in the world: caste, gender, religion and nation. The delegation left for school soon after, having been tasked with digesting a stack of newfound knowledge. However much we might underestimate the relevance of our law-making body in today's world, it still endures as the most prestigious forum for legislative debate that India possesses and I believe if not anything else, we did learn to respect that.



The Ghosts of Our Past

Varen Talwar

We all have nightmares. We are all horrified by something, but we keep it inside us. It can be anything- a crime you witnessed but didn't tell anyone about, a crime you yourself committed, or the death of a loved one.....

These demons from our past can arise any time- and this is when true torture begins. Your life isn't the dormant, monotonous, sad entity anymore; rather, it is your earlier suffering returning to you in a form so evil, the human mind can't help but leave it.

What would you do if, one day, you had to face this demon inside you? What if you had to live the nightmare rather than just rot away thinking about it?

This story, whose narration spreads over two weeks, is of a man. Just like all of us he has a ghost from the past which haunts him and breaks him down. This man, like everyone else, has to one day finally confront that ghost.

So pay attention, and listen closely, for you might find your past bump into you any time.....

He was running in the fields as the bright blissful

The white clouds suddenly became black, and the peaceful chirping changed into the loud threats of the thunder.

sun radiated the sky and the wheat crops turned golden. As he reached the well, he stopped and looked back. She was catching up with him. He laughed, and beckoned for her to run faster. She was nearly there, just a few feet away, but then the sky suddenly changed its hue from golden to a dull blue. The white clouds suddenly became black, and the peaceful chirping changed into the loud threats of the thunder. The wind grew stronger than ever, and nearly lifted him off his feet. He was feeling scared, and he looked where he had last seen her, but he saw nobody. Instead, he heard her helpless voice echo through the wind, saying, "Dear brother, come to me!", and in the uproar of nature, he was stuck alone, and his screams faded in the din.

Harry Selznick woke up with a start. The night was silent and dark, and the sweat on his face felt cold against the chill of the night. It was the third time he had a recurring dream, and the dream continued to horrify him to new limits each time. He was panting heavily, and he felt absolutely terrified. It was as if a ghost had been talking to him in the dream.

He lay back on his bed, but he just couldn't sleep so he got up after a while, and made himself some

coffee. He sat at the table, sipping coffee, thinking about the dream, but the more time he spent thinking about it, the more horrifying it became. The first time he had seen the dream, he had gone to his widowed mother (his father had died a few years ago) and asked her about his sister. He knew that he had a sister who had died in their childhood, but his parents had never really told him how it had happened, and his mother didn't open up to him even after he told her about the dream. The next time he had the dream, he went to a therapist, who told him that the dream was probably a memory returning to him metaphorically. However, this third time, he was unsure what to do.

Soon, the sun came up, and he went to take a bath. After he was ready and was about to leave for work, the postman came to his house and delivered a letter. Harry opened it while walking, and as he read it, he stopped abruptly, and gasped with horror.

The letter had only one small sentence written in big handwritten letters - "Dear Brother, come to me!"

That day Harry didn't go to work. He went straight to his mother's house after reading the letter. He told her about the recurring dream and the letter, and repeatedly asked his mother to tell the truth. He was determined to find the truth this time.

"Okay," his mother finally said, "I'll tell you what happened."

Harry stopped and started to listen.

Harry Selznick woke up with a start. The night was silent and dark, and the sweat on his face felt cold against the chill of the night.

"You and your sister would go to play in the field every day. That day, when you had reached the well, your father called you back to the house for some work. While you came, she waited by the well. However, when you went back, you found her in the well, dead from the fall."

She and Harry both broke down crying uncontrollably. Harry hugged his mother in grief, but soon grew quiet, and without saying anything, went back to his flat.

To be continued in next week's issue.

Letter to the Editor

Abhyanshu Uttkarsh

Dear Editor,

This letter is in response to the article 'Favourable Change'. First of all, I would like to thank the author for highlighting such an issue and directing people's attention to it. The writer has based his article on facts based on the average number of favours a junior receives, but he has missed some much more important 'facts' that I want to state.

The writer has totally ignored the fact that whenever juniors need guidance, it is their Seniors and Teachers that they go to, but more often than not, it is seniors. We offer them our help and experience in everything, ranging from MUN research, to solving their problems or lending them our laptops for their work. Despite all this the fact that every single one of us could have simply said no. Seniors are not obliged to help juniors.

Many juniors have been guided and mentored by

The writer tells us there is a sense of fear amongst juniors regarding seniors.

their seniors, creating a cycle of knowledge that is passed on by seniors to the juniors. If it weren't for this cycle, I believe the clock for school would reset every year. The writer tells us there is a sense of fear amongst juniors regarding seniors. But then how do they approach them, asking for help? How do they ask their seniors to fight for them, saving them from cards and defending them from masters? The writer did not research thoroughly, because if he had, he would know that the level of harshness there was in School a few years ago, regarding favours has gone down drastically. But instead the writer chose to ignore these 'facts' and decided to baselessly criticise seniors. I would like to tell him that things that have lasted for such a long time just don't fade out. It does take time, and if he does expect them to just be jettisoned from the system, then the expectations are indeed unrealistic.

Although I do not deny that there are some people who do exploit this system, to conclude that all seniors are the same is a very irresponsible assumption. The Dosco community is considered a fraternity in which I believe it isn't morally wrong for a senior to ask a junior to help him out with a few things.

So the next time a junior is in a sticky situation don't come to a senior to sort it out. If you make a mistake

don't ask us for advice. Next time you need advice for a conference, when you need guidance in anything don't approach us and if juniors are ready for that, we are also ready to set our own alarm clocks! Every relationship works on reciprocity. And if nothing else, I believe seniors at least deserve respect. The marked decrease in respect, in general, for authority is a cause of concern.

I owe my capabilities and skills to seniors who consistently guided me every step of the way. I am deeply indebted to them for their patience and time. A routine of blaming has come into place, where we try and keep shifting blames on to each other. This is not the way to solve such a problem. Instead of this cycle of blaming and complaining we should try and come to a common consensus, where both seniors and juniors need to compromise, and where the brotherhood lives on and thrives in Chandbagh.

Regards,

Abhyanshu Uttkarsh.

Ink and Sound

Aryaman Kakkar

To write is an opportunity we are often not given, not entrusted.

For beauty, monsters, and entire universes are borne of paper, not voice.

Yet voice carries. It carries itself through legacies and histories, making its way to our ears, our fears, our aspirations.

We still wonder about the birthplace of malaise.

We are so easily moved. By the way words fall like sweetened lies and that voice of chthonic horrors goading, feeding that which you have kept starved, and in parallel, taught patience.

We say words and voices are but pale imitations, a means to an end. As abundant as its creators.

They are nothing but a common idea made universal and necessary.

Yet both are capable of tactile emotion. The crackle of paper and trembling speech are forbearers of the unknown and the terrifyingly known.

We forget both hold the mightiest of words. Of weapons. Of hearts. Of us all.

The Week Gone By

Aayush Chowdhry

As the last weekend before Trials drew close, many boys took the opportunity to enjoy their final bit of freedom; however, some prudent ones used the weekend productively to reduce the burden of the upcoming week. The first few newly christened old boys doing the ISC Board spent their last days in School this week. However, the only last days the risk-taking IB half of the batch saw were that of their impending deadlines; as many *extended* their efforts to finish essays, while others *explored*

other ways to relieve the stress (the School Captain had something to say about that though).

Monday morning assembly challenged the boys' faith in the student leadership as they couldn't answer where trees came from. The old boy who was recently awarded a Scholar's Blazer, Kunal Kanodia, couldn't give a satisfactory response to the question either, but the other Scholars Blazer came to the rescue with a very thought provoking answer: carbon. That morning we saw the last of the Headmaster; much to the boys' joy as they didn't get the traditional sermon on Academic Honesty. Speaking of Academic Honesty, the ICSE victims were despondent as predicted papers didn't come

through; but with the last paper a few days away, they have a reason to persevere.

The sporting front took a backseat this week; the only event to report was the end of the junior cricket competition. As all focus moves to Trials, many toil late into the night, and as a consequence the general crowd around the offices of the administrative heads has increased. Yet, as the boys geared up for their paramount examinations, the senior boys were also made to finalise their midterm plans and college recommendations, much to their grouse. Let's hope that we find a way to finish the syllabus despite all the work and scramble through trials as most of us always do: gracefully!

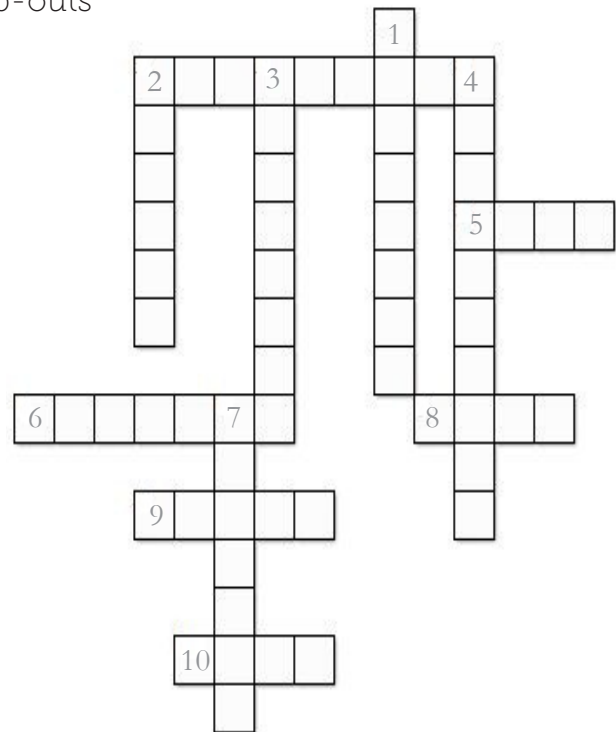
Crossword | Successful College Drop-outs

Across

2. ____, along with Mark Zuckerberg, co-founded Facebook, became the youngest self-made billionaire and later on, left Facebook.
5. An entrepreneur quit college right before graduating, went to work for Yahoo and later invented the viral messaging app, Whatsapp.
6. Julian Assange is an Australian computer programmer/hacker who dropped out of the University of Melbourne, and then founded ____.
8. This technology mogul dropped out of University of Texas at the age of 19 to start his own multinational computer, which is named after his surname.
9. This man dropped out of Washington State University and became the co-founder of Microsoft with Bill gates.
10. Despite dropping out of Reeds college, ____ used a calligraphy course as the inspiration for the typography he used on his first desktop, which now sells worldwide.

Down

1. After dropping out of college, this man found a job at Google, after which he founded Twitter.
2. ____ studied religion and philosophy at the University of Texas before dropping out, to start his own business, 'SaferWay'.
3. Before becoming the CEO and founder of Uber, ____, he dropped out of UCLA and worked for a search engine- 'Scout.'
4. A Harvard drop out who went on to run a multi-billion dollar company, which recently bought over WhatsApp.
7. After dropping out of the University of Illinois Chicago, ____ started a multinational software company, Oracle.



Note: All answers to this crossword are the concerned persons' surnames.

Down:	
1. Williams	9. Allen
2. Mackey	10. Jobs
3. Kalanick	
4. Zuckerberg	
Across:	
2. Dell	5. Kounin
3. Kalam	6. Whitaker
7. Ellison	8. Moskovitz

Source: <http://worksheets.theteacherscorner.net/make-your-own/crossword/>

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Online Edition: www.doonschool.com/co-curricular/clubs-societies/publications/past-weeklies/ weekly@doonschool.com



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