

The Doon School WEEKLY



“I sketch your world exactly as it goes.” -Arthur Foot
March 23, 2019 | Issue No. 2531

SEAMLESSLY DONE

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A horror story based on a popular folk lore.

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Inquilab Zindabad?

Ansh Raj and Arjun Agarwal comment on the recently held #FridaysForFuture protest.

School, amongst many other things, is renowned for the aspiration of Doscos to make an impact on the community. What we saw on Friday last week, regrettably, was not one such occasion. The protest may have been conceived with noble intentions; however, by the end of the event, we were only successful in exposing the dark underbelly of our own shortcomings.

An informal survey was conducted the morning the School Captain announced that School has ‘chosen’ to support the cause against Climate Change by enrolling in the #FridaysForFuture movement. The survey asked 25 randomly chosen members of the community whether they knew what the ‘FridaysForFuture’ protest stood for? The reply, in all instances, was a blank gaze. Protests, or *Inquilab* as we chose

to call them, can take a dangerous turn if driven on mob mentality; clearly, we failed to take that into account as we passionately marched towards the Rose Bowl.

What were we seeking *azadi* from? The guilt of stealing the right to eat from so many people?

What we failed more staggeringly in, however, was to create an impact. If slogans and posters serve to raise awareness, must they not be used in places where awareness can actually be created? Or do we feel that newspaper reports and photographs written and clicked inside the pollution-

free campus are effective enough to generate civic consciousness in the public? Admittedly, many streets in the city had been blocked in the run-up to an important rally. But that should have been an even stronger reason for us to march on the roads to register our vehement commitment for the cause. If this appears too impractical, it could have been convenient for us to stage the protest on any other day of the week. If we have truly espoused the cause, it’s surprising to see that we should have remained confined to a foreign trend. The truth in renowned activist Dr Anil Joshi’s speech couldn’t have been more bitterly appropriate when he pointed out “*Humein aavesh hai, ki kisiko internet ya newspaper par dekha toh hum bhi karne lag gaye*”.

A slippery consciousness in the community was another shortcoming that became glaringly apparent on Friday. A conscious protest, if anything, would have been a culmination of all the efforts we had previously put in support of this cause. In such light, did it not seem hypocritical of us to waste enough food to feed 232 people (as pointed out by the Head Master) two days prior to the protest? But even this eyebrow-raising figure is part of a much larger woeful tale which went largely unnoticed by School.

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Date	Wastage (kg)	No. of people that could have been fed.
7th March, 2019	53	212
8th March, 2019	35	140
9th March, 2019	46	184
10th March, 2019	20	80
11th March, 2019	47	188
12th March, 2019	48	192
13th March, 2019	42	168
14th March, 2019	56	224
15th March, 2019	37	148

This Week in History

461 AD: Christian Missionary Saint Patrick died in Saul, Ireland

1926 CE: Robert H. Goddard successfully launched the world's first liquid-fueled rocket.

1962 CE: France and leaders of the Front de Liberation Nationale signed a truce, ending French rule in Algeria.

1965 CE: Martin Luther King Jr started his march from Selma to Montgomery, protesting for African Americans' voting rights

2003 CE: The United States of America, along with other coalition forces, declared war on Iraq.

SAGACIOUS SPEAKERS

The following are the results of the **Junior Inter-House Hindi Declamation** competition:

1st: Jaipur

2nd: Hyderabad

3rd: Tata

4th: Kashmir and Oberoi

In the **Self-Written** category, Keshaw Singhania stood **First**, while Aadi Jain was the **Runner up**.

In the **Prepared-Text** category, Aryav Aggarwal secured **First place** while Sudhanshu Chowdhry came **Second**.

Kudos!

“

If you want to shine like a sun, first burn like a sun.

—
APJ Abdul Kalam

THE WHO?

Who is Jane Austen?

Samarth Kapila: An actress

Raghav Misra: A wild life explorer

Aryendra Singh: A singer

Amal Bansode: An author

Jehangir Mann: A musician

Kabir Sodhi: A celebrity

Siddhant Agarwal: An entertainer

Jane Austen was an English novelist in the 19th century, known for her books 'Pride and Prejudice, Emma and Sense and Sensibility'.

ARISTOCRACY OF SERVICE

The following have been awarded:

King Constantine's Medal: Shivendra Singh

Kanwar Singh Medal: Yash Dewan

Gentleman Sportsman of the Year: Viksit Verma

Congratulations!

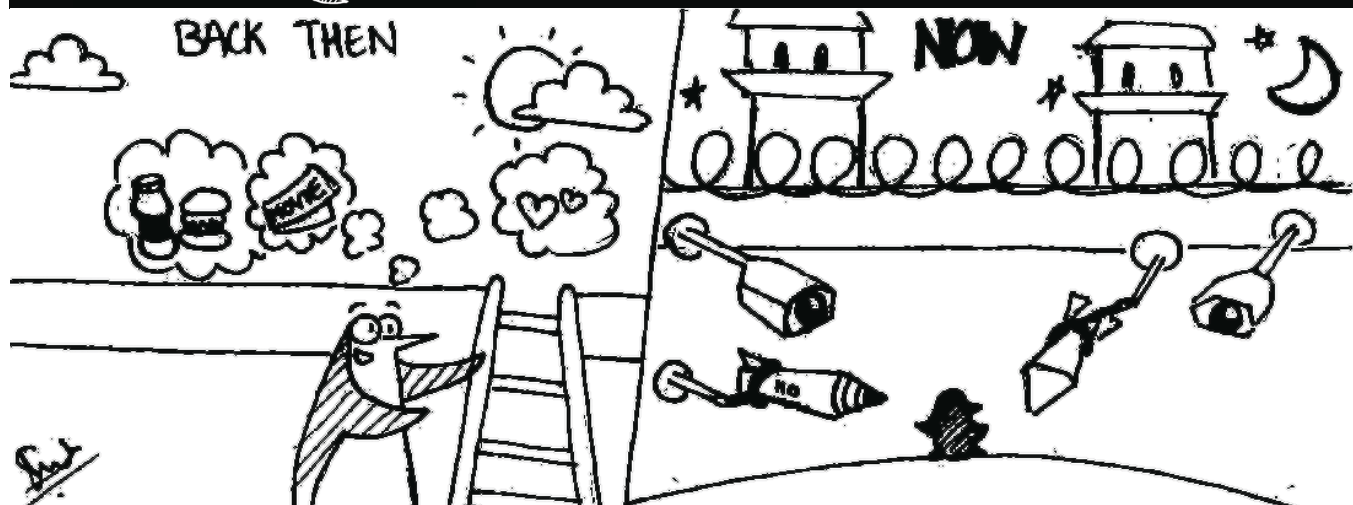
Around the World in 80 Words

A gunman killed 50 people at two mosques in New Zealand, causing the government to ban all semi-auto and assault rifles in the country. The Election Commission of India announced the dates for the Indian General Election 2019, implementing the Model Code of Conduct. International fugitive Nirav Modi was arrested in London last week. Apple released a new version of the AirPods. Cristiano Ronaldo scored a hat trick as Juventus beat Atletico Madrid in the Champions League round of 16.

Dosco Doodle

Big Brother is Watching

Saatvik Anand



(Continued from Page 1)

The table here shows the food we had wasted in the week running up to the march. Even a negligibly knowledgeable person would know how much environmental pollution such enormous waste food-disposal amounts to; yet no significant reduction happened in the wastage over the course of the week. It wouldn't appear plausible then that the full-force of *inquilab*

suddenly hit School on the day of the march. What were we seeking *azadi* from? The guilt of stealing the right to eat from so many people? Or contributing our own share to environmental pollution?

Perhaps the only highlights of the march were the thought-provoking speeches of the Head Master, Old Boy Mr Rahul Kohli, and in particular, Dr Joshi. Through his cleverly-crafted

seething remarks, the latter was able to reveal our own follies to us, as well as talk about the wrongs being committed around the world. We must now use this opportunity to reflect upon where our own mistakes lie, and then celebrate the few concrete steps we have taken at a community level to effect any change. Only if we do this will the "Go Dosco" cheer resonate.

Seamlessly Done

Aditya Jain reports on the recently held Inter-House Cricket Competition.

We got to practise for around two and a half weeks. In Seniors and Juniors, the punters had their bets on a singular house, given their prowess and confidence in the practice nets. However, no house could anticipate what fierce competition lay ahead and who would emerge as the eventual winners.

Since there was barely any time to practice, one could see the teams vigorously sweating throughout the day and the energy level was up to its peak. The sounds of "Watch!" reverberated across the fields and people could be seen sprinting to stop the ball they had between their crosshairs. If the nets were out of bound, the various Houses made sure that fielding practices were promptly held. It had become like a religion to practice during the mandatory

time. The gravity of the practices was so high that if one crossed any of the fields at 6:15 P.M; they would see boys sitting in a circle, doing a much required cool down of their body. Other than that, in some cases, captains could be seen imploring the ground malis to give them the five extra minutes and then would stretch practices for just another 10 minutes. It was as if those 10 minutes were to decide the fate of the cup.

The Senior Cup started during the second week of February and expectations were high from the Houses and their competent players. Having swept the cup in their junior form, Kashmir was seen as the best bet. However, one should never believe one's predictions since the most probable outcomes can become debatable.

The upturning of predictions was seen in the first round itself where Jaipur House unexpectedly beat the heavyweights in a low scoring match, dues to some spectacular bowling by Vijayaditya Rathore. On the other side, Hyderabad House, seen as the underdogs managed to emerge victorious in their first few matches. A lot of cricketing action was seen as well this term in the Senior's competition, with some hitting massive sixes and some very close and crucial matches. Moments like Ishaan Goenka or Adhiraj Palaitha hitting long sixes or Gobind Bhatti and Fatehbir Dhillon stitching a long partnership will remain etched in our memory. The memory which in my opinion, will be the most fond for all of us was the super over which decided the results of the last round. It kept people on their toes the entire time and was personally the most intense atmosphere I have witnessed.

Overall, the Senior Cup ended with Hyderabad sweeping it, not losing a single match in the Leagues or House XI categories. Kudos to them!

Now that the fate of the House Cup was practically decided, the hype surrounding the Junior Cup went down a notch. However, most of the Junior teams still had a point to prove; especially

(Continued overleaf)



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Kashmir House. After all, the young talent was eager to showcase themselves - and they did so by demonstrating their sporting prowess. Tamish Agarwal scored two centuries in the entire season which was complemented by a century each by Abhyuday Kainthola and Tejveer Dhingra. Kapil Thapli did not fail to impress by taking a number of wickets every match, leaving the other side awestruck. The Junior Cup also gave us some humorous moments

to cherish. For example, two Jaipur House batsmen stood in the middle of the pitch thinking they scored four runs, but one of them ended up getting run out because the fielder had not let the ball get past him. The Junior Cup ended with Kashmir House taking the cup while Hyderabad House won the House Cup.

The Inter-House Cricket Season this year was packed with a lot of action and talent. I hope that the level of competition keeps rising so that it continues to generate more interest in the years to come.

Just an Ordinary Eye Glass

Abhay Jain

Morne walked down the dusty road path, squinting to see properly. He was walking to his friend's house for compensation for the glasses he had broken the day before.

Morne knocked at the door and waited for a response. Almost immediately, his knock was answered and Kert opened the door, a maniac grin on his face. But, then again, Kert always had a maniac smile on his face. After he was ushered inside, Morne sat comfortably on the sofa and waited.

Kert's love for dramatics was well known. So Morne expected a full presentation of the glass, and then a brief teasing preview of it before the glasses were handed over to him. Kert did not fail Morne's expectations. He swooshed in, wearing a white lab-coat and holding an object covered in white cloth.

"My dear friend Morne, I have called you here to pay you back for the accident that happened the day before. With that said, Kert removed the white cloth and revealed what was an... Ordinary Eye-Glass.

Seeing Morne's neutral reaction, the spark in Kert's eyes dimmed and brightened again. He continued to chatter excitedly.

"This is not just any normal eye-glass, this is new material. I have created a new transparent compound that allows you to have a greater vision. "Here, try them on!"

"Sure"

Morne put on the glasses and gasped. The glasses worked! He could see literally every detail in the place around him. It was beautiful.

However, there was something unnerving, something on the edge of his vision. It was almost like another world entirely. But Morne dismissed it as something he would just adjust to as time passed. Morne thanked Kert for the glasses and went on his way.

But the visions did not abate. As time passed, they became bigger, and Morne could faintly see the outline of a falling fan! But again, Morne dismissed

it as something he would just adjust to.

That day, he went to sleep, a tired but happy man.

Morne woke up in a dream world. It seemed so realistic, but Morne was just a spectator to his body. He walked his way to work, went down to have a cup of coffee, when something strange happened. The world slowed down around him and he saw the fan detach from above and fall- right into his colleague.

Morne woke up with a gasp. He was still wearing his glasses, he realized. But the dark "things" around his vision no longer existed. Morne was still unnerved by the dream that haunted him that night. The morning went without a hitch. Morne walked his usual commute to work. He worked for an hour and then went down for a cup of coffee. As he took the coffee, last night's dream flashed in his mind.

He was in the exact same position.

And this time it all happened too fast- for real. Morne had barely moved forward when the fan fell - chopping up his colleague into minced meat.

After that it was all a daze. The paramedics arrived, a huge crowd gathered and the body was carried away.

Morne had predicted the future. Was it him, or these strange, new glasses? Morne had an eerie feeling that this was the glass's fault. The visions near the glass rims had begun again, and they were getting bigger by the minute. Right after the prediction was proven true.

But this time he saw an axe.

Morne knocked on the door to Kert's house. He opened the door and ushered him inside. "Kert", he began, "I really don't think-"

He paused. The shifting images in his glasses clouded his vision.

An axe.

He whipped his neck around to find Kert, but all he ever saw was axe and then...

Darkness.

Of Bygone Days

Yash Adalti

Ponderous thus, has been my work,
This standing monolith, is going to blow into dust;
soon
Where is that vigorous maverick, of bygone days?

Crumbling is my effigy,
Remnants of a proud heart, shining with a defiance
resolute,
Deciphering collapsing vignettes, understanding
their implications,
Yet, am I any wiser?

I see strangers standing where my friends once
stood,
But where do I stand? Or have I simply remained?
Has everything else been blown away by- this awful
breeze,
Like so many leaves of a tree?

All this I think, as I gaze upon these lonely sands,

Upon which civilizations once flourished, the
works of people I once knew,
Now turned into grotesque beasts hungering for
power,
Oh, what did happen, to those bygone days?

Where is that saloon that stood on the corner,
And what business does that bank have standing
on the former's spot?
Why do I see monuments crashing down,
Testaments to our old greatness?

Why do I see people no longer wondering at what
is around them?
And glare downwards, with strange contraptions in
hand?

What happened to those smiles and laughs,
That oft greeted the city and the day?

What of those bygone days?

Frau Perchta

Anant Kakkar

It was the twelfth night of Christmas in a small village deep in the Alps. The children of the village rushed to their rooms as their parents warned them of the coming night. On this night, Frau Perchta and her Perchten sweep through villages and punish those children who have not spun their flax and done their chores. On this ungodly night, one such child had foolishly decided not to obey her parents.

Little did she know that this night would be her last.

At the tolling of the midnight bells, Frau Perchta and her hunt were upon the town. The little girl could hear the screams of her neighbour's son and she ran to her parents begging them to save her. They looked at her coldly and stone-faced, telling her, "Stille Nacht, tödliche Nacht". Suddenly there came a rapping, a tapping at the heavy alder door. Frau Perchta was here. The little girl bounded up the stairs and shut the chamber door. Little did she know that her beloved parents kindly welcomed Frau Perchta, her ancient face bearing a toothy smile while ruby rivers ran from her robes. They offered her a bowl of porridge; sticklers for tradition as they were. She ate it and gazed around the house, surveying the undone chores that the girl had refused to complete. She, the one with the iron

nose and shears howled in anger, snapping at the mother and nearly killing the father. The mother, quaking with fear quickly told Frau Perchta where her daughter hid. Perchta quietly stole into the little girl's room and with much relish, tore into the little girl with her fangs and pale fingers. She emptied the girl of her blood and innards and stuffed the unspun flax into the half-empty shell that was her body. Oh! the screams of her agonizing fate rang throughout the village; an annual melody that wafted through every twelfth of Christmas. The screams served as a bloodstained reminder to the village that laziness and disobedience will not be tolerated by the Frau. The parents, unfazed, walked out of the house and silently buried their child along with many others in their cemetery. It had grown to span acres upon acres over the years; a tomb for all those who met the same fate. That night only 20 children were killed, a low number for a village of that size; one of many whose history is stained with its children's blood.

Six years later...

It was the eve of the twelfth of Christmas and there was a little boy who refused to do his chores and spin his flax; true brother of his forgotten, buried sister.

It was the time for Frau Perchta to punish again.

The Week Gone By

Divyansh Nautiyal

As misplaced but 'josh'-ful slogans rang out on Friday, one really appreciated the gesture behind the movement #FridaysforFuture. As talks went on in the Rose Bowl about preservation of the environment, I couldn't help but notice the glaring hypocrisy of our institution with the pristine flora behind the Rose Bowl receding with every term that comes. With the 'not so surprising' DSMUN announcement for some, many in the S form looked forward in anticipation to the other

appointments that are left in the same activity. As the ISC exams ended after an almost month-long stretch, we bid farewell to the last of the SC-L in the ISC cohort as they marched into the CDH for their one last meal donning their yellow and blue Old Boys' ties. The draft schedule for the term following midterms came with much talk about the first two schools on Saturday and the eight school routine.

For the S form, the ongoing trials are extremely decisive with these marks finding themselves a heavy weightage for the US applicants. The SAT results also came out last night and we sincerely hope that the applicants found the scores to match their aspirations. Like every

year, the festival of colours once again found itself right in the middle of trials. Nonetheless, it was played with the same fervour and love with the stress for the upcoming exams being lost in those hours of celebrating this joyful festival. It cannot have been any closer to the truth when our previous School Captain remarked that such festivals bring our community together irrespective of where we belong from.

With many plans (known and unknown) for the upcoming first and last private midterms for the S form, many wait with much excited anticipation for these midterms. With one more week of Trials awaiting us, let us gear up for the final stretch.

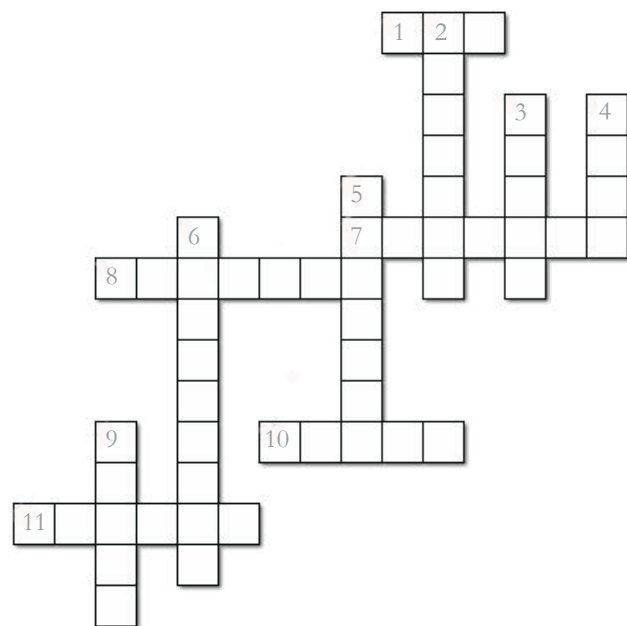
Crossword | 60's Music

Across

- This band is famous for songs like Baba O'Riley and Pinball Wizard.
- This band consisted of artists like Eric Burton and Mick Gallagher.
- This band is famous for songs like 'Hey Jude' and 'Yellow Submarine'.
- The band that made 'Tambourine man' is called 'The _____'.
- This band's logo was a mouth with a tongue sticking out.

Down

- The pioneer of guitar distortion, this guitarist's name was James Marshall _____.
- This famous singer's real name is Robert Zimmerman.
- This band is famous for songs like 'Good Vibrations' and 'Wouldn't be Nice'. The Beach _____.
- Led Zeppelin wrote a song after this Indian state.
- This duo sang the song Sound of Silence: Simon and _____.
- This band's members include Roger Waters and Syd Barrett.



8. Beatles	4. Boys	1. Who
7. Animals	3. Dylan	10. Byrds
11. Stones	2. Hendrix	5. Kashmir
6. Carfunky	9. Floyd	

Answers to This Week's Crossword

Source- <https://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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