

# The Doon School WEEKLY

"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot  
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## IN SEARCH OF THE TYGER

An account of a visit to the Jim Corbett National Park.

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An article that reminds us how some things in Doon never change.

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# A Prisoner of Intellect

Adit Chatterjee

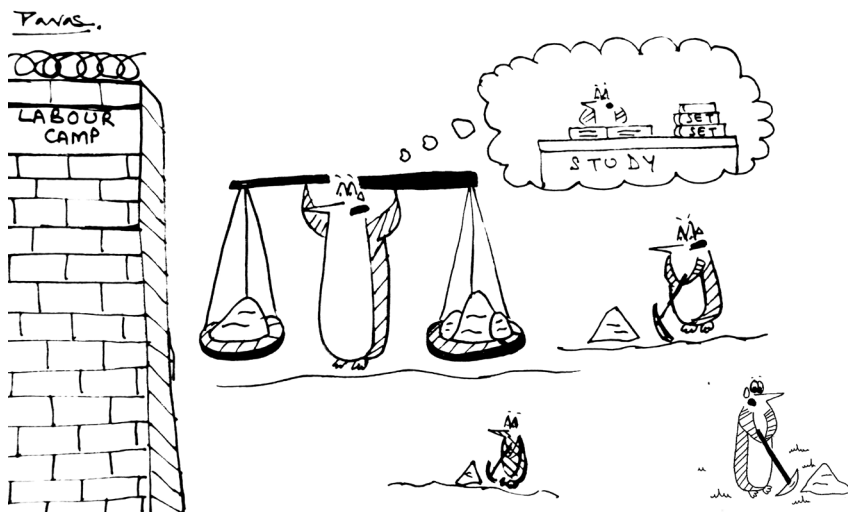
He shuffled along the prisoners' line with his head down, trying to draw as little attention as he could. Tonight was the night prisoners were to be sent off to the labour camps: five days of carrying heavy construction equipment up the side of a mountain. If this had been any other time, he would've gone along begrudgingly, just as he had for the last five years, but this time it was crucial that he found a way to not go. In a week was the Standard Exit Test- the prisoners' aptitude test. Those who scored well were selected by Doscar Schindler to work in his factory, saved from wasting away in prison, and were provided for, for as long as they could work. The prison Führer was rewarded for each inmate that Schindler selected from his prison, making him fanatical about his inmates' scores. It seemed rather contradictory

then, that the inmates were being sent to labour camp just two days before their test. Nearly all prisoners around Germany took this extremely competitive exam. He could take the exam again, and as many times as he liked, but he wished to leave as soon as was possible, for he could no longer bear the cold mush they called porridge, the ugly white prison overalls, and the rock hard slabs they called beds. For that, he needed to make sure his ploy of acting sick worked tonight, and he could study instead of wasting time at a labour camp.

So, he shuffled, and kept his head down, for tonight was too far too crucial to make a mistake. As he reached the serving station, he quickly scanned the area to locate where the chilies were. He noticed them lying next to the bowls. Without the chilies, his plan wasn't

likely to work. He quickly grabbed a dozen and shoved them into his overalls, hoping none of the other prisoners had noticed. If he was caught, it was more probable than not that he would be sent to the gas chamber. He ate his dinner quietly, refusing to talk to any of the other inmates for fear of sounding suspicious or nervous. Immediately after, he headed back to his prison cell to prepare for the long, difficult night ahead.

Near midnight, he slipped out of his room. All the other inmates were asleep, resting for the gruelling five days ahead. He stuck to the shadows, stopping every time a spotlight turned his way. Reaching the ivy-laden infirmary, he crept into the dilapidated old building. This building was often a source of comfort for many, with its air-conditioned rooms and slightly warmer food. The matron was a lively lady too; her bumbling ways and healing hand had a way of making any inmate feel better instantly. He pulled out the chilies from his pocket, took a deep breath, and ate one. Then another. And then one more. His eyes welled with tears, he gasped for air and his head began to spin. He barrelled into the matron's room, hysterically, screaming "I CAN'T BREATHE, MATRON! GODDAMN IT, I



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## A PAINTER'S PALETTE

Shouryan Kapoor, Ujjwal Jain and Vijayaditya Singh Rathore have been awarded **Art Colours**.

Congratulations!

## VICTORIOUS VIRTUOSOS

The School participated in the **All India IPSC Music Festival 'Hertz'** held at the **Mayo College, Ajmer**. The following are the results:

Rushil Choudhary was the **Winner** in the **Indian Classical Vocal** group, while in the **Indian Light Classical Group**, Sparsh Garg and the **Hindi Group Song** comprising Anant Kuriyal, Rushil Choudhary, Samay Sachar, Sparsh Garg, Mizhgan Ali, Pratham Gupta and Vedit Verma received the **Best Performance** award in their respective categories.

Kudos!

## POLITICAL PROFICIENCY

A delegation of twelve boys participated in a **Model United Nations Conference** held at **Modern School, Barakhamba**. The following are the results:

**Best Delegate:** Aviral Kumar and Nand Dahiya

**High Commendation:** Kabir Singh Bhai and Karthik Singh Rathore

**Special Mention:** Lorcan Conlon and Varyam Gupta (as a double delegation)

**Verbal Mention:** Keshav Tiwari and Samarth Kapila (as a double delegation)

Kudos!

“

No amount of fire or freshness can challenge what a man will store up in his ghostly heart.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

## REACHING GOALS

The following are the results of the **Inter House Football Competition**:

### Seniors

**1st:** Jaipur & Oberoi

**3rd:** Tata

**4th:** Hyderabad

**5th:** Kashmir

### Juniors

**1st:** Jaipur

**2nd:** Tata

**3rd:** Hyderabad

**4th:** Kashmir

**5th:** Oberoi

### House

**1st:** Jaipur

**2nd:** Tata

**3rd:** Hyderabad

**4th:** Oberoi

**5th:** Kashmir

### Top Scorers

**Juniors:** Tejveer Dhingra

**Seniors:** Angad Sangerha

Well done!

## UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

*Fat people look thin.*

**Shreyan Mittal**, self-love advisor.

*Can you increase the fan of the speed?*

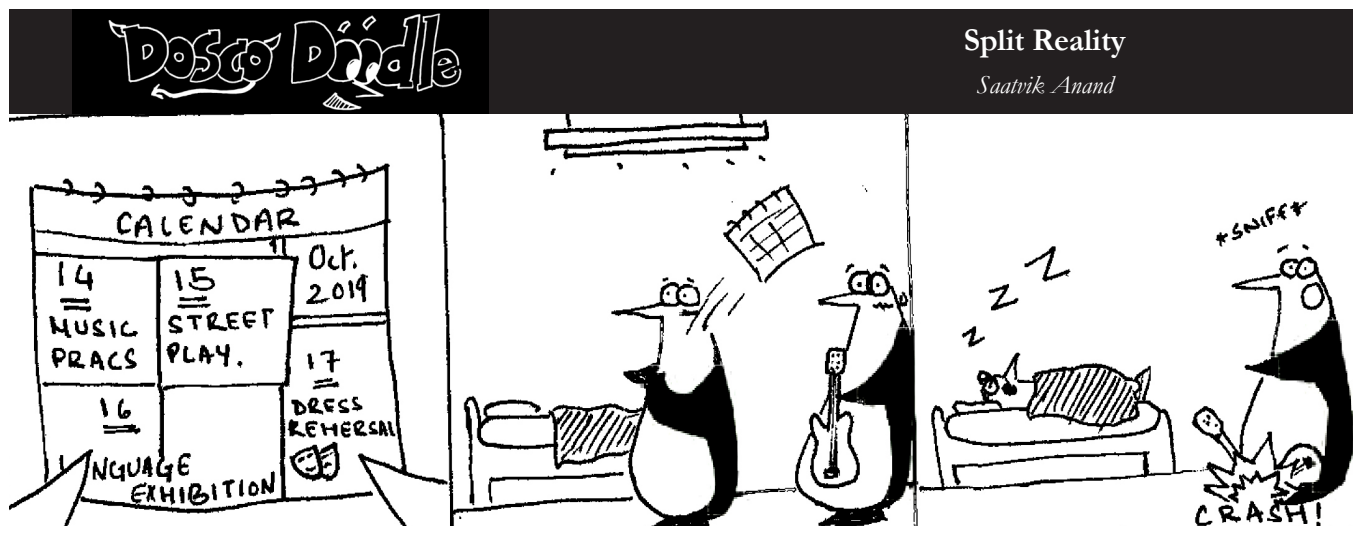
**Ansh Raj**, the heat's getting to you.

*Because the MPT has the dengue, I am the Boy-in-Charge of the House.*

**MKS**, scoping season.

## Around the World in 80 Words

The 2019 Nobel Prizes were announced at The Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences, Stockholm as Olga Tokarczuk and Peter Handke claimed the prize for Literature. Turkey launched a military offensive into Kurdish-held areas in northern Syria. Saudi Arabia ruled that women can now join the armed forces. Iranian women attended their first men's Football match after it was legalised. Scotland beat Russia 61-0 in the Rugby World Cup. Mary Kom entered the semi-finals of the women's World Boxing Championship.



(Continued from Page 1)

CAN'T BREATHE!" She looked up, unimpressed. "Really? What seems to be the problem?" He looked up at her, infuriated, tears streaming down his face. "TAKE MY TEMPERATURE! I'M HORRIBLY SICK AND I'M SURE I HAVE A FEVER!" She remained in her seat, looking at him nonchalantly through all the theatrics. "A fever? How unfortunate. Alright, I'll take your temperature." She strolled towards

him, and stuck the thermometer under his armpit.

"The armpit?!" His plan relied on the measurement being taken from his mouth. He tried convincing her, but to no avail. The temperature read normal.

He returned to the infirmary many times that night, claiming to have an upset stomach, an acute loss of memory, and every other excuse he could think of. For a moment, the idea of breaking his own foot so that he would

be exempt looked tempting, but rational thought stopped him when he realised his leg wouldn't be able to heal before the other inmates returned. He started to realise that none of his attempts were going work. The Führer's hold over camp was too great, and people feared crossing him. There was no way the matron would help him. Dejected, he returned to his cell, and prepared himself for an imminent failure in the SET.

## In Search of the Tyger

Aaron Fareed recounts his experiences at Jim Corbett National Park.

*"Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night..."*

Reading these famous lines by William Blake aroused in me a curiosity to see a tiger in its natural habitat. When I asked my father whether that was possible, he told me that he would take me to the zoo. Not yet satisfied, I went to my best friend Google, and repeated my question. And lo! within seconds, Google threw back at me a far more satisfying answer. "Go to Jim Corbett!", it said. Thus, it was decided that we would drive to Jim Corbett National Park to experience a thrilling adventure in the woods, and try and spot the majestic and elusive Tyger. I could hardly contain my excitement!

We drove to Jim Corbett the next day. After a slightly bumpy drive, we arrived at our resort, Golden Tusk. There were a lot of activities in the resort, but the ones I found most engaging were stone painting and cycling.

As I cycled my way around the resort, I saw that it had all types of birds, chirping against the serene backdrop of the Jim Corbett Forest. In the evening, we had a pasta-making session, after which we were given some piping hot *pakodas* with yummy *masala chai*. A game of football followed, helping us digest the excessive amounts of food we had just consumed. After

dinner, I went to see the Moon, which illuminated everything underneath and around it. Far away from the polluted city skies, after so much time did I finally see such a splendid view.

The next morning, I got ready for the Safari. This was where the real fun began. We were going to go through one of the many Gates at Jim Corbett, called Jhirna Gate. It was a spectacular drive through the dense jungle. There were many rules to be followed — getting off the jeep was a strict no-no. We were also not allowed to pick up anything from the ground and carry it back outside. But all that didn't really matter as long as we were having fun.

The first animal we spotted was a deer, looking like any deer would - innocent and alluring. As we went deeper into the jungle, we found a whole nest of wild fowls. The wild fowl is a wild chicken covered with bright colorful feathers, and lets out a loud call when in danger. In half an hour, we stopped by a vast river in hopes of spotting a tiger drinking water, but we had no such luck. We did find instead a variety of birds like peacocks, kingfishers, and woodpeckers.

An hour had passed, and no tiger had been spotted. We reached a government housing base, where the forest officials stay. There was

also a huge and high platform, which I, driven by curiosity, climbed. My jump disturbed a wasp nest so a bunch of them attacked me. I ran for my life, but was an unfortunate victim of a wasp. Luckily, my parents got help and put an antidote on my sting.

On our way back, we heard the monkeys screaming — an indication that a tiger was nearby. We did hear a roar, and spotted huge tiger pugmarks in the sand. Excited, we kept our eyes peeled. Yet, no sight of the majestic beast. We eventually decided to return, at which I felt rather dejected. We then saw a whole pack of *Sambar* leaping and running around, which helped lift my mood a little.

Thankfully, bad moments don't last forever. We soon got to witness firsthand an exciting wildlife chase! A small peacock was being trailed by a jackal. The guide said that jackals eat peacocks, and that the jackal was in pursuit of the peacock. Though most of us thought that the jackal was going to devour the peacock, it managed to nick a narrow escape. Then we had to finally bid goodbye to the forest.

It was with a heavy heart that we returned home to Delhi. We missed seeing the "Tyger" this time, but we will surely go back to try our luck again next winter.



# Roving Eye

*An insight into the ongoing S form 'Scoping season'.*

Your Closest Allies

Another year, another S Form, and inevitably, another Roving Eye. Since the positions the Form so covets will be handed out almost immediately after Founders, the omniscient Roving Eye has taken up a different narrative. Rather than chronicling the S Form rat race in medias res, it will deliver what could be considered a conclusive account of this year's 'scoping' season.

Tensions are always high when it comes to the race to become the School Poster Boy. This time, riding (or, heartbreakingly, running) forth from the shores of Swan Lake we have the Headless Horseman, who is rumoured to have opened a chocolate factory to find political favour among the young ones. Across Skinner's, *Hey Yaa's* Pet Eagle is busy maintaining focus and avoiding temptation as all his comrades-turned-revisionists soar higher. Finally, from the House of Gentlemen, we have Mr CV, who has worked tirelessly towards building an excessive extensive resume in the shadows. Interestingly, the Back-up Etonian also seems poised to challenge the Horseman's claim, but more on that later.

Meanwhile, Dr D's sanatorium sees three inmates wrestling for control: the eccentric 'Spaz Stick', *Udta Punjab* and the Physicist. Not the ones to be left out of this contention are the Bodybuilder, the 'Boxer', Agent Donald Duck and *Kumbhkaran*. The Nizam Zoo has its own power-struggles, with a primal showdown between King Cobra and Mickey Mouse set to take place as the Squash Hockey Captain disappointedly watches on, flanked by Sergio Ramos, the Poet and the first member of the MMM (My Main Men).

The other side of the quadrangle is also rife with political intrigue. Barring Mr CV (who seems quite content), the Bengali, the Mosquito, 'Cheemamanda', Aquaman, and the Congressman all seek to drain their Sweaty Superior of his blood, possibly risking another bout of dengue for him. Going back to Swan Lake, the Back-up Etonian, emboldened by his last-minute promotion to Vitruvian status, seeks to depose the Horseman with the backing of Ant-Man. Shockingly, *desi* Steph Curry seems to have reconciled with the Horsemen, while the Pianist, the Cricketer and the Bus Conductor all seem to be 'scoping' as well.

Finally, we come to the Eagles' Nest. Energised by the arrival of Stephenian No.2 (and the promotion of Stephenian No. 1), the entire nest seems to brim with competition, as everyone seeks to become the 'best of the rest'. The Physical Trainer and Punjabi Djokovic pray fervently that their resident School Captain nominee achieves his longstanding dream, lest he crashes his flight mid-way upon theirs. Meanwhile, *Bajrang-Balli*, the Dancer, and RaGa's Assassin also

await the announcements with bated breath.

Moving away from the grey ties, we come to two positions that are equally coveted. At one end we have the Secretary General of Asia's biggest suit convention, where once again Mr CV stakes his claim; at the other, we have the Secretary of the School's very own, Game of Thrones-esque Small Council (in that everyone is ineffective, and probably very murderous). The latter position sees the Bodybuilder and the *Abhineta* grappling with each other. Of course, this evaluation will be most incomplete without the B-Grade Oxonian's mention. Ousted from the convention by Mr CV, he has eagerly made his way to the Council, only to find the Bodybuilder standing at the gates. This is not the only instance of the Bodybuilder breaking the Oxonian's heart; even within the Oratory Circuit his chances seem bleak as the former guns for the prestigious Triumvirate.

On the scholarly front, your closest allies may themselves be caught in a skirmish, the black-and-white pages having added colour to their lives. Meanwhile, the not-so-scholarly front also sees the struggle for the annual Coffee Table Book has seen the *Rasgulla* emerge as the prime contender, followed closely by his feathery friend from the other side of Skinner's. Elsewhere, the leadership of 'The *Weekly Leftovers Magazine*' is being hotly contested between the *Gurkha* and the Poet. Over to the Music School, our very own '*Bappi Labir?*' is in pole position to claim the crown, while the Pianist and IDEK? attempt to play catch-up. Things in the neighbouring Rose Bowl seem relatively peaceful as the 64th Sheep and the *Abhineta* are fully ready to take over the drama.

In contrast, matters on the Sports field are fairly sorted. In a bid to appease 'Frenkie', the Horseman has chosen to remain on the racing track, making a certain Nizam the prime candidate for the Hockey captaincy. Sergio Ramos should obtain the Football captaincy, provided that he isn't given a Red (read Yellow) Card. Cricket, quite obviously, seems to be in the Cricketer's hands. With Squash now lying vacant, a battle has broken out between '*Kaccha Mango Bite*' and the '*Flying Jatt*', whereas *desi* Steph Curry has leaped over his injured rival from *Chinar* in the scramble for Basketball.

That this year's Scoping Season has been unconventional is perhaps an understatement. A host of surprises, as well as a shorter period to scope, has left our S Form with an intensely chaotic sprint rather than the marathon of years gone by. Regardless, they have delivered a politically engaging and supremely entertaining contest, because after all, rats will be rats.

# That Founder's *Wala* Smell

*A leaf out of a past Weekly (Issue No. 2325), written by Bipasha (Ex 61 J, 2014), reminding us how some things at Doon remain the same.*

For as long as I can remember, every time October comes around there is a special radiance all around Chandbagh, as if the campus is also doing its bit to welcome Founder's Day. There is cheerfulness of a contagious sort which pervades everything. Waking up early for PT, one can see the migratory birds criss-crossing the skies radiant with the glow of the rising sun. These are the harbingers of winter.

**The campus becomes a little Victorian-era spooky — leaves rustle, cats meow and the fruit bats flit past.**

On my way to first school, the sun is just about warm enough to keep me from shivering, giving everything it touches a lovely golden shimmer. One can see Mr. Katre and his team pacing up and down, putting the finishing touches to the buildings and pathways. Then there are all the *maali bhaiyyas* pottering about — as if trying to get all the flowers to hurry up and bloom. Meanwhile, the hedges are already looking greener and readier to receive the Founder's Day guests. The walls look whiter; the wetness begins to evaporate in perfect synchronisation with the receding monsoon clouds.

In the afternoons, the sun is deliciously warm and both the Main Field and Skinners bask in the golden warmth of autumn. A perfect picture of all that is autumn. Looking up, I see a sky so beautiful — it is almost as if it is inspired by the 'DreamWorks' sky. Or is it the other way around? I wonder...

Late afternoon, the birds practise their exquisite songs (and ornithologists tell me there are no song birds in India!) just as hard as the School Choir and Orchestra, while the gardens look like the annual Raj Bhawan exhibition.

Mid-October. The days are just obligingly long enough, as if to help fit in everyone's hectic schedules! Those amongst the grown-ups with a taste for the finer things in life, start baking in order to keep the October cold at bay. Oh, how I love that! (Though there is a certain someone who has been promising to make me scones for years and I am still waiting!)

At night, cold winds blow, murmuring messages imprinted on dry leaves of bamboos and *chinar*. Even as the skies transform into star-studded

seas and the street lights are like photo-shopped images of firefly nests; the campus becomes a little Victorian-era spooky — leaves rustle, cats meow and the fruit bats flit past. I often stroll through campus just after dinner and then race back home to my mother's apple puddings and then jump into my warm bed, with my cat on my feet like a hot water bottle. I fall asleep listening to the owl hoot just outside my window.

Despite the descending mellowness and calm of autumn, there is an excitement in the air that grips us — in the Music School, the Art School, the Rose Bowl, and even in the classrooms. There is a sparkle in everyone's eyes as the cold winds start to blow into them, and cheeks and nose tips become red. Runny noses and sniffing musicians force PCH to wonder "where have all the hankies gone?" When all of this starts to happen, I start to smell that "Founder's-*wala* smell". Can one really describe a smell? It is the smell of drying soil, cut grass, dry leaves, fresh warm baking, woolens being put out to dry, bleaching powder, apples, paint, wet clay and autumn leaves crackling every time a DOSCO walks over them. As I start to smell it, I try and take it all in- trying to capture it, so that I don't have to wait till next year to smell it again. It is only then that I realise that Founder's is on its way and "winter is coming" (thank you, KAR, Sir).

**Despite the descending mellowness and calm of autumn, there is an excitement in the air that grips us — in the Music School, the Art School, the Rose Bowl, and even in the classrooms.**

Founder's brings a flurry of people, lights and lots of other smells among which that "Founder's-*wala* smell' gets lost, and before you know it, Founder's is over and the smell is gone, till next October. So hurry up, go stand on a balcony or on the Main Field and take a deep breath and take in that glorious smell that you'll have to wait for one whole year to smell. Take a little time to stand in the sun and take in that "Founder's-*wala* smell".

# The Week Gone By

Divyansh Nautiyal

With the walls being repainted, the fields being trimmed and the Main Building receiving its finishing touches in preparation for Founder's Day, no stone is left unturned to ensure that we put our best foot forward. Preparations for the Music concert run in full swing as is the Founder's Play production. With the pool of talent and potential in both the areas, one should expect nothing less than outstanding performances.

The Basketball Courts witnessed a final few rounds of the Inter-House competition, and are now occupied with practices for

the U-17 tournament. One also notices athletes practising on the Main Field for their individual events. As our Athletics team sets out for IPSC today, we wish them the best of luck!

On a different note, our SC Form seems to find it easier to understand predictions by the Oracle than the Predicted Marks awarded to them by School. Speculation and confusion reigns as they grapple with the implications of these 'Predicteds' on their future prospects. Hopefully, the situation will be resolved to the benefit of those faced with this predicament.

With the much-awaited Activity Week round the corner, though many in School will be busy preparing for Founder's, the rest will find time to rejuvenate in the middle of long and busy term

This arrangement is certainly a better alternative than a week of unfocused and distracted classes. The mammoth editions of both the *Weekly* and the *Yearbook* release the week after, and the fruits of the hard work and commitment of both Boards will finally be seen by all.

This also happens to be a last 'Week Gone By' by yours truly. While a sense of nostalgia overwhelms me, a feeling of gratitude also washes over me for finding an opportunity to serve an institution like the *Weekly*. However, this certainly would not have been possible with the readership base that we cater to inside and outside School and for that, I cannot thank you enough!

## Sudoku

	6		3			4		8
					8			
		2						5
		3			6	7		
		1		9				
	9				2			1
		4		6		1		
	2		9			8	4	
8					3		5	7

Source: <https://worksheets.theteacherscorner.net/make-your-own/sudoku/>

Key

7	5	6	3	4	2	9	1	8
3	4	8	1	5	9	6	2	7
9	2	1	7	6	8	4	3	5
1	6	5	2	3	7	8	9	4
2	8	3	5	6	4	1	7	9
4	9	7	6	1	8	3	5	2
5	1	9	4	7	6	2	8	3
6	3	2	8	1	5	4	7	9
8	7	4	9	2	3	5	6	1

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