

WEEKLY



October 19, 2019

"I sketch your world exactly as it goes"

Issue No. 2552 | Founder's Day Special Edition

ARTS AND CREATIVITY

The Ghost of Beatrice

A brother faces justice when he encounters a ghost from his past as he returns home.

Varen Talwar | PAGE 4

Resurgence

The winning entry of the 2019 B.G. Pitre Science Fiction Short Story competition.

Shourya Agarwal | PAGE 5

OPINION

Point - Counterpoint

A debate over the effectiveness of holding protests over individual action in order to tackle climate change.

PAGE 9

FEATURED

The Colonisation of Mars

An extensive insight into the prospects of humanity succeeding in the colonisation of Mars.

Keshav Singhal and Sriman Goel | PAGE 10



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CHANDBAGH

Too 'Trying'?

A reprint from 2010 that delves into the dread faced by Doscos during Test Week.

Vivek Santayana | PAGE 6

Ubiquitous Ecology of Learning

Examine the systematic changes required to integrate AI in classrooms and their implications.

Rajesh Majumdar | PAGE 6

Architecture of Change

Explore the ways in which Chandbagh's architecture interacts with student's lives and the campus' natural beauty.

Sandeep Khosla | PAGE 7



September 01, 2019, 0013 hours

W on Chucks! Had a strange feeling when I was sitting on stage before the debate, as the whole School stared at us. I felt an absolute stone calm as I stared back at them. No emotion, no nervousness, no excitement; just a strange quiet. Honestly it was almost as if I surprised myself. Perhaps it was that which gave me this strange focus throughout the debate. My speech went well. I think it was one of my best yet.

There was the 'Grand Dinner' the night before the Finals. Had a lot of fun there. Just for a brief moment I was comparing this particular one to the ones I've had before. Guess Chucks really has seen me grow up. Danced for a bit. Went for a walk after. It was fun.

Chucks is perhaps the cutest event I've yet been to. I mean, everything about it is just so refreshing. First time I saw a bunch of masters letting themselves loose at the dance. That was really endearing too, seeing this other side of them. Loved the food as well. The judges were also young – mostly undergrad students from DU. Even they let loose at the dance- the first time

I've seen people let their guard down with almost absolute strangers en masse.

Bonded a fair bit with team-mates, too. Didn't expect it to happen so easily before, but things fell into place just the right way – and quite unassumingly too. They turned out to be people I once knew and had lost for a fair bit afterwards. We shared some genuine moments, which I'm glad of. Met a guy I've been seeing in MUNs since B-Form. I remember being a chit-boy then, and then his Deputy Chair in S-Form. Poof, it's all changed. The dynamic. But well, I mean, it had to.

Maybe debating is the single most impactful pursuit I've engaged in. I could almost physically feel the neurons growing inside my head. Got better consistently with each debate. Even clinched a few tight ones for the team. Glad I did. Glad we were in the Finals.

I can't imagine this is something I've wanted to do since C-Form, and now that it's happened, I don't seem to care as much for it as I thought I would. No, I really care about it, but, it feels like the best has passed. Am I making sense?

Aryan Bhattacharjee

February 17, 2019, 2244 hrs

Oh, Hello Dear Diary!

You must think today was just another typical day, with the occasional twist here and there. One that began with me getting up at seven in the morning for PT, followed by breakfast and then classes. Break and more classes. Lunch, and finally some free time invaded, as always, by activities, most of which are academically demanding. Sports next, followed by dinner, and then dedicated Toye time. Some time with form-mates, some discussions, some messing around, and finally to bed. Well, isn't that how you think my day went? Well, today there is something new that I must tell you about: there was a 'special' event today— a place for one to meet the better half, the chance to balance the ratio, a chance to discover one's hidden feelings. Yes, I am talking about 'Socials', which for the worker bees is that time of the term they most eagerly await. On the other hand, for the more dormant bees, which, mind you, constitutes a majority of the batch, it is just another day. Perhaps it is worse since they have been left behind in the race. It is important for you to know that these so called 'dormant bees' also have a set period of dormancy, and when they do become active, some even manage to overtake a few of the active ones in their endeavors.

The real twist began at six this evening. One could see the 'dormant-turned-active bees' flock first to the place, already gobbling the chips and peanuts on the table, every last hair combed, kurtas white as ghosts, and smiles plastered on their faces. Slowly, the others trickled in, their time of entry based on the degree of 'scope' they had at the event. Of course, the ones that already knew their tables, came last, though this too depended on the degree of their insecurity. It is worth also mentioning that the 'studious' ones, who were busy studying in the Main Building — came for dinner, just before the dance.

As soon as the sister school arrived, well... some tables were already full (with boys), while others were occupied exclusively by the opposite sex. These bees are those who prefer to keep to

themselves. The other tables were bustling with all kinds of jokes and conversations- these people obviously knew each other.

Then came the tables that were the most interesting to observe. These were the ones where people were trying to make new friends. The basic subject for most conversations was career and subject choices-related drivel. Once all discussions on these traditional subjects was exhausted, only a few tables managed to move on to other interesting subjects. Otherwise, the conversation at many tables would be subsumed by awkward silences, and occasional (and failed) attempts by either side to revive it.

Meanwhile, drinks (Coke, Fanta, and Sprite) were served. One could see people switching from one table to the other with the excuse of looking for food. Well, this was obviously only a ruse; the real reason was the desire to interact with the person they had set their eyes on!

All this while, you must have been wondering what my part was in this grand event. Don't expect much, I was sitting on yet another table where the conversation had come to a most unfortunate demise.

Then came the much awaited (and equally feared) dance, flagged off by the School Captains of each school. Oh, you should have been there: it was a sight to see masters pushing the suddenly-innocent, diffident bees on to the dance floor.

This was also the time when the single sex tables finally showed some animation, while some other tables were sad as the commencement of the dance marked the end of their little get-together. The rest of the day was all about speculation. Most people were, by now, discussing how some had improved their prospects, and how others had already reached the finish line.

I wish you had been there for it all, but isn't it weird how I am talking to you during Socials when I should actually be talking to girls instead?

See you tomorrow, hopefully with another story...

Arjun Agarwal

August 25, 2019, 2350 hrs

Dear Diary,

Today was my last Inter-House competition. It's funny. This term has held so many 'lasts' – last Chucks, last DSMUN, even last Mid-Trials. But Inter-House Music is different. My first one was in C-form, five years ago. This first experience being on-stage created an intense love for the Santoor, and performance and music have formed an integral part of my identity ever since.

All of us had rehearsed our performances on the MPH stage in the afternoon, but performing in a dark, packed auditorium is a completely different ballgame. Like always, there was pre-performance anxiety, but the constant assault of conflicting emotions was eventually replaced with complete serenity. The metaphorical 'calm before the storm'.

The evening started with the Vocal competition. I spent the better part of an hour tuning inside the makeshift green room behind the MPH during the first few vocal performances and occasionally came out to listen. After 'vocals' got over, I went back in to tune. Our performance was last, and incidentally, it was the final performance of the entire music competition. The Raga we were to perform, Raga Bhairavi, is always played as a concluding and final Raga in any performance. It's only fitting that the last performance was to be a swansong by two SCs in Raga Bhairavi.

Before I knew it, Nikunj and I were walking onto stage to loud cheering from the audience. Despite my dismal Hindi-speaking skills, something I have been teased about extensively, I reluctantly decided to go out on a limb and give our introduction in Hindi. Luckily, it wasn't too bad – apparently my South Indian accent barely came through. The initial sections of our performance, the Alaap and Vilambit, went really well. This was surprising considering the fact that these sections were the most challenging. It's interesting how things play out. The performance was going well, but we were gradually speeding up the composition to uncontrollable levels. Ironically, the final composition (Drut), which was the piece we had practised the most, had the most mistakes. Unaffected though, we transitioned to the final section, Jhala. As Nikunj was wrapping up his Jhala, his string broke. Typical – this happens almost every time we perform. I extended my section in the hopes that he'd be able to fix his string in time, but just as he attached one side, the other came undone. I found out later that the audience was staring with rapt attention at the drama unfolding. Unfortunately, I had to finish the piece on my own, one bitter moment in an otherwise exhilarating evening.

Waiting for the results was as nerve-wracking as ever. Unsurprisingly, Kashmir House won the vocal category. Instrumental was the last category to be announced. Tata came 5th, Jaipur 4th, Oberoi 3rd. As expected, it was down to us and Hyderabad. Finally, PRY Sir announced "...and Kashmir House is the winner". The MPH erupted. At least it felt like it did. The next hour went by in a flurry of congratulations, and we returned to the Kashmir House 'Quadi' to shout "Best Instrumentalist Hamaara Hai". In those moments, the entire house shouts as one person. Amidst all this, I couldn't help but feel a slight twinge of sadness – this night, this inter-house, this experience – they would never return. Still, we might as well enjoy it while we can.

Karthik Subbiah



For Writings' Sake

Ansh Raj

The idea of using an edited Uncle Sam poster to encourage contributions for the Founder's issue was exciting for us at the Board, especially to me. Over the year, voluntary submissions to the *Weekly* had increasingly (and alarmingly) dwindled. As such, a multi-coloured poster taken (and modified) from the pages of history would perhaps be a more refreshing sight than the black-and-white pages of the *Weekly*, and inspire young writers to churn up something. Indeed, the response, at first, was relieving. However, reality soon set in as we realised that there will still be a dearth of "quality" content. Quality, a word that I had despised in my junior years as it was used smugly by past editors to reject articles that failed to meet the *Weekly's* standards. Having rejected a few articles myself, I may sound like a hypocrite. I probably am one. But

today, quality is something that every Dosco urgently and actively needs to seek. In particular, quality must be sought in what we read, and what we write.

Read, Think, and Write

In my maiden Editorial, I had mentioned how the proliferation of internet usage in School had given students great access to information, causing us to re-examine, among other things, the role of the *Weekly*. This relationship with information, however, has begot more pertinent issues which require thought. The most prominent among these pertains to our reading. It is no lie that as we rely more on the internet, we subconsciously push our books aside. The internet makes available quick, concise, and diverse information at our fingertips. Books, on the other hand, are slow of purpose and demand effort and patience in order to be absorbed. Why should precious time be spent on books then? It is no wonder that the Library is now a place where most students visit primarily to use computers, even as more

dust settles on the books lying in their shelves.

One may ask why I am so critical of the internet. It is not the internet itself which is a source of the degradation of quality, really. It is how we have come to rely on it, and subsequently treat knowledge, that is really worrisome. The almost fleeting rapidness with which we consume information has worked greatly to incapacitate us from reading in depth — we simply lack the patience and the persistence required for it. A direct result of this is our now limited ability to think, both creatively and deeply. This reflects strongly in the kind of conversations we have and the things we do for entertainment and leisure. Most importantly though, it reflects in our writing.

In Search of Creativity

One would lose count if one were to list all the platforms we have in School to write. Other than the myriad publications, there are also several essay competitions that prompt us to write in a way we would not have normally conceived of. That both participation in

the latter and creativity in the former (including, perhaps most prominently, the *Weekly*) are low prove that writing in School is far from what can be its peak. Creativity may not be the only measure of quality for publications, but its nature allows it to subsume all other parameters. It is creativity that can change the nature of an inward-looking commentary (or rant) on School to a forward-looking satire with open interpretations. It is creativity that can turn the bitterness of criticism into light-hearted humour. It is creativity that can expand itself.

How do we break from this inertia of shallow thought? How do we achieve quality? Shifting our focus to richer literature, as argued earlier, is a part of the answer; for this will give us the depth to broaden our creative horizons. This is not all though. Writing is an art, and just like art is done fundamentally for art's sake, so must writing be. Let us write not just because we have to address a problem or protest against something. Let us write so that we can stretch our thinking

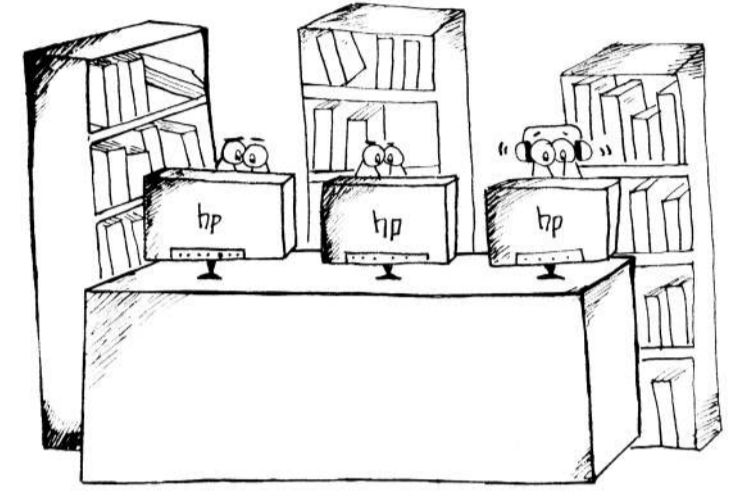
to its greatest depths, only to find more depths to explore.

A Swansong, Looking Forward

Almost all Founder's editorials, if I recount correctly, talk either about the *Weekly* or the Chief Editor's journey. In that regard, this editorial is a break from tradition. Having said that, it would be most incomplete if a few people close to my heart aren't acknowledged. I am grateful to my juniors for bearing my occasional wrath and working diligently for this institution. My own form mates, Aryan, Karan, Divyansh, and Aryaman, have been my biggest

sources of inspiration, and have, in their individual ways, looked out for me; for this, I am forever indebted to them. Credits for the *Weekly* are also due to IHS sir, and now PKB ma'am, for their invaluable inputs. Finally, I would like to thank PDT ma'am, whose guidance and love have helped both the *Weekly* and me grow.

I end my swansong, dear reader, not with remorse, but by looking forward in hopes for a better future. To sum this sentiment, as well as my editorial, I would apologetically like to misquote Uncle Sam again: "I want you to write."



Love Letters to Myself

Aryaman Kakkar

30th September 2019

We are meant to do everything except sleep, it seems. We are busybodies who carve and chip away at niches in sport, in art, and in academia, if fate be kind. It's okay. Dreams are in the eye of the beholder, and if you follow someone else's dream, you may turn blind to your own.

It's okay. You are not everything they think you are. They think you are kind, good, maybe even happy. You know the weight of your lies, of your head as it lolls in your chair in bright daylight. How many beds and swords have you conquered, how many

nights have you lost wishing for something that will never come? Stop searching in other poets what you can write for yourself. You are not the filth you were. You are what they say: sweet and a little bit *meetha*. You can stand outside while it rains and clutch your notebook as if the rain - as it disguises your tears - will be inspiration for you. You are as sticky and persistent as red wine on white cotton to talk to the people you know, the ones who can see that something in you is slightly off kilter. It's fine that you stay in their houses and make pancakes and laugh and talk till two and you're not thinking of sleep at all. It's okay. You are as lost and listless and apathetic as you think you are. There are downsides and upsides to everything, and you can see every side of this four-dimensional

maze of perspective, of sides so objective it's like flipping through pages in a book to know what ten people think under the same sky. You can float, not fly, but you are quiet. You think you need your space because the wrong people are parasites crawling on your skin and in your brain and you prefer the solitude of the night to scratch and itch and bleed into the marble.

It's okay that you do not spend time. Your parents can't raise you the same way their parents raised them, they were all born for different times but you flipped the paradigm to create your own micro realities of empty beds, growling dogs, and the same thirty-four songs on repeat not because they are all you listen to, because they help you sleep. I don't know what I'm going to do with these beautiful thoughts in my head. I don't know what to write for the divine rage of the gods as a driving force in Sophocles' *Oedipus*. The effect of the Lavender Scare on the community. The discarded essay ideas that were on my desktop less than an hour ago. Oh look there goes my will, my love, my life. I am so careless with everything I own and everything I have. If I have money in my pocket I will always spend it to the last paisa. A phone in my hand, I cannot stop looking. Looking. Looking for love, for warmth on autumn nights and free days because there is nothing better to do in these holidays. Yes I do care about my future but apparently not enough to care about what I'm going to work on tomorrow or day after, or the day after that

or the day after that because oh, look, there goes my will, my life in the hands of that knife I carry in these hands. The sharp edge caresses these hands, these palms in my nocturnal timetable and I throw these kitchen blades like daggers hitting a target on the plastered wall to train, to defend myself from every rugged man, thief or misguided paedophile that comes off the highway. But we all know what the knife is there for, right? Because nobody in their right mind would caress such a sharp beauty. There, I did it again. I called bloody instruments beautiful. It's okay. It's okay! You can sometimes bathe emerald-specked blades with rubies. You can go on not bathing for days because the dirt makes you feel the same, constant; it petrifies you. You can go on swigging glass bottles of coke in the sunrise halls like it's some sort of intoxication you pray will sate you. It's okay. Not everybody knows this side of you so for them, it's just words being rattled, tattled, spread off of a teenaged, dirty, unbelievable mouth from a footstool. It's okay. You can go make chocolate pancakes now. You can go have salami on a Tuesday. You can scoff at the *pandit* that performs the rites. It's okay. They will never gape at you. It's not their thing you see. Challenge them to say anything, they will always retreat behind gossip and dark talks, and the family feuds they perpetually perpetuate. Spit venom when you can. Spare some for me, will you? Love me not,



pinterest.com

An Institutional Love

Divyansh Nautiyal

A circle of seven Junior Correspondents stand nervously in front of the Editor-in-Chief (resting on his stone slab throne outside the CDH) with the entire board looking intently upon them. A memory which stretches far back to B Form when a few of us were handed over our termination letters, with yours truly being one of them. Within the next few months, as I found my way back to the board of the *Weekly*, I really questioned myself as to why I wanted to be a part of this institution, as well as the reason for my recruitment on the board. Surprisingly enough, after having

spent almost four years on this publication and with half of my school life revolving around this newspaper, the same question continues to remain unanswered.

With a special love for hearing and reading stories, and making some of my own, I wanted to churn out a few by myself and credit them to my name. It was an intention as innocent as that which made me want to write and work for the *Weekly*. It was also the lost B-form-me wanting to find a footing for himself and hoping to leave a mark with whatever best I could receive out of the *Weekly*. Somewhere was a part of me which wanted a platform of expression and it was exactly there when the *Weekly* stepped in for me.

What ensued was an onslaught of reading, writing, and working till late in the night, finishing the

issues. Between the vexatious designing to the repeated proof readings to pestering individuals to meet their deadlines, while I did certainly learn and grow as a writer, I also learnt about the institution that we live in. It was not the critical article and the reading of it that helped me grow so much in School as seeing the response that various segments of the School had to it. It was the anticipation of being at the receiving end of the criticism as well as the compliments of the issues that were made and distributed to the School.

However, beside the academic experience of learning, writing and debating, the *Weekly* turned from more than just a professional duty to something which I attach far more sentimental value to than anything else in School. It was the place where I found a set

of people with similar interests and outlooks. Very soon and very nonchalantly, they turned from more than just a set of friends to a set of people whom I could always trust and rely on. Everything from a treat at PDT's place or completing the Founder's Issue droopy-eyed at three in the morning almost became normal routine with the people I had the chance to work with and learn from. For all of this and so much more, I cannot thank the *Weekly* enough.

Often in School, we discuss the way our institution is evolving and changing. With every policy change, the same questions arise once again: Are we losing our traditions? Is change happening for the sake of change? Amidst so much heat and tension regarding these topics, when the answer to these questions is

anything but one and definitive, it is imperative that we discuss them when the time is ripe and take tangible initiative if we do arrive at a conclusion. At the very same time, it is also unfair for us to expect change to take place instantly and rapidly, not realising the presence of the various stakeholders who have a role to play. While all these are topics of constant discussion, it is discussion itself and dialogue that will lead to the answers that we as a community seek. To fulfil the purpose of discourse, it is imperative that we use platforms like the *Weekly* to bring forth the ideas we have and want to share. In an increasingly digitised world, as our attention span deviates (and shortens!), an institution like the *Weekly* becomes futile when we as a community fail to engage with what the writers and

the speakers in the community have to say. To put it simply: speak up if something feels wrong and do not hesitate in using the *Weekly* as your pillar of support in the process.

In a country where private schools are mushrooming rapidly, a public institution like ours only becomes scarcer with time. With the competition around us only increasing both in number and intensity, staying ahead of the curve requires more of an initiative from every member of our community. To ensure that we maintain the unique identity we have, we need to put our best foot forward and use democratic institutions like the *Weekly* and many others that are so unique and characteristic of a public institution like ours.

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On Community and Censorship

Karan Sampath

There are two main stakeholders in the creation of a publication: the sender and the receiver. Much like a dyad, this inextricable pair often has opposing incentives. While one wants to express freely, the other often wants to control and calm the rhetoric, often due to the fear of communal reprisal. The *Weekly* is no different, with the School Community having an active role to play in its conception. Censorship is a part and parcel of this, along with the idea of every individual having a stake in the publication — from giving feedback to defending its editorial independence. As members of the School Community, there remains an expectation of us to play an active role in our flagship publication, and it is vital that we fulfil it.

The ability to censor, most of us would agree, is one that must be used as sparingly as possible. It follows then that the criteria for censorship be as transparent as possible. Not only does this include articles with inflammatory rhetoric, but also articles which can damage and severely “harm” the School’s reputation, considering the *Weekly* is globally accessible on the internet. But what does damage to reputation include? Is it criticising School in any form, or does the tone matter as well? Does the length of the piece matter? In the midst of the semantics, it is far better for the School to err on the side of risk, because the hallmark of the strength of an institution’s ideals is to what extent is it willing to stand for it. If Doon stands for free speech, allowing for controversial and even abrasive writing only increases our reputation outside, as our school is perceived as being able



to allow for such rich discussion and therefore education as well.

The discussion on censorship brings a deeper idea: it is always more convenient to err on the side of caution, but we should always aim for the exact opposite. How is this achieved? In School, this can best happen if there is an active involvement by our community to value and protect the publication. Involvement can range from just passing comments to actively raising attention in forums where action can be taken. However, for it to be truly effective, it must have popular participation. If you’re reading this, you’re on the precipice of involvement. Being involved means going further, bettering the publication and protecting its foundations. This is part of our moral duty as members of the School Community and as conscientious human beings. In a global context of media being under attack repeatedly, it is only through intelligent popular outrage to protect its independence can foundations of news media be protected.

The *Weekly*’s ability and willingness to assert itself and express as freely as it wanted to has fluctuated throughout my time in School. While it initially began as a symbiotic relationship between publisher and censor where a modicum of self-censorship and goodwill meant few changes made, a

that is needed. One of them was Kailash Satyarthi, who shared the Nobel Peace Prize in 2014 with Malala Yousafzai. He shared his experiences of building civil action in the form of marches to influence policy makers and bring about legal and constitutional changes that have already helped 90 million children in India alone have a childhood and an education in the last two decades (though there are still 160 million in work). As usual I made notes as the speakers shared their thoughts, deeds and reflections and, as usual, I tried to knit their ideas together with the picture of the world that I have created with 46 years experience of living in it.

If I’m honest, Kailash was not a good speaker; he was very slow, there was little energy in his delivery and when he tried to engage the audience it fell flat. He used no photographs or slides to show what he had done or what a march that included 15 million people looked like. He was not charismatic, polished or eloquent (the afternoon speaker on the same day was Sashi Tharoor... wisely chosen as the after-lunch speaker precisely for his energy and charisma, Sophia, the first AI citizen spoke the following morning) and yet what he was able to share has stuck with me and captured my imagination.

In the context of The Doon School and of the students that I have worked with around the world, the comparison between words and action, and style and substance that I saw on stage in Indore reflects something that I worry about when looking at what many outcome-focused,

rebellious mood soon took over. Regular confrontations over pieces meant that there was a general frustration in the School with the Editorial Board, leading to individuals disconnecting from the publication. While the frustration has perceptibly gone down, reconnection has not led to a necessary increase in involvement. This has meant that the criteria for censorship has become broader, and fewer pieces make it past the existing filters. This can be extremely harmful, because when the *Weekly* is unable to act as a voice and vent for our views, these views are buried deep or expressed in other, more harmful ways. Burying anger and strong emotions can cause psychological harm, which must be avoided at cost. This can only happen if the *Weekly* is able to serve as an effective platform to voice our thoughts. An involved School Community can ensure it is able to.

At this point, the *Weekly* faces a chronic lack of involvement from the School Community. This involvement will help not only protect the publication itself, but will help the community as well in the future. Fundamentally, as members of the School Community, it is vital that you and I involve ourselves as active receivers of The Doon School *Weekly*.

aspirational university applicants projects, say and do; we have robots, smooth talkers and doers.

All good schools are in the business of preparing their graduates for success in life, not simply for success at the end of the school. Achieving one’s potential in exams and getting into a good college are an indicator of capacity, but succeeding once you get there and on into the adult world is the real indicator of success. Every year the feedback we get from students who have made it into their chosen college is that they need to work harder than they imagined to succeed, to do more than they thought and to read more in less time than they were used to and to write far more than they imagined. The feedback we are getting from our recent graduates is that they are not as well prepared as they thought... or more specifically, as they thought they needed to be.

The difference that I have seen over the years is that it’s our doers who flourish. Robots manage and spend their time wondering what they should be doing. Smooth talkers make easy friends and they love the life... until the work catches up with them and things unravel. The doers are the people who take action, seize opportunity, make connections, love their learning and, as a consequence, they excel — academically, socially, emotionally, spiritually and eventually, in the teams, research groups, careers and life.

So, how would you describe yourself?

Why the Weekly?

Aryan Bhatthacharjee

What does the *Weekly* mean to me? A forum for intellectual discourse? A platform for catharsis? No.

I spent most of my B-Form in ‘the room’. It was home at the time. I kept my books in the many drawers on the desks - my hidden stash of tuck too. I worked on the issue, almost religiously, between three and four each afternoon. At four thirty, I’d pull out my earphones and surf YouTube, watch a debate, force myself to read the news, skim through the New Yorker without really understanding anything. Right before dinner, I’d rummage through old issues and almost memorize the articles of the revered Editors of the past, a glow of intense admiration within. On the way to the CDH, I’d picture myself with a similar status in my SC-Form. It was only the promise of being similarly remembered that drove me in those years. I tried hard to become an intellectual, in my eyes alone if no one else’s.

I remember being asked to leave the Editorial Board in my A-Form. It was in the meeting after dinner that I was “front and centered” as the others watched. I remember Arjun Singh (then Chief-Editor) distinctly saying the words “Your membership on this board is terminated with immediate effect”. I cried on my way back to the House that night. When I returned from exile, sometime into S-Form, I felt this outsider status pervading my presence on the board — a gentle mocking to everything I said or did. Maybe it wasn’t so, maybe these were just my biases. But it was then that I stopped seeing value in engaging as fiercely with School. I decided that everything I did would be towards the sole end of my own growth and satisfaction.

I confess I haven’t contributed remotely as much as I should have as Senior Editor. In fact, all the times my sporadic attendance is greeted with the taunting “Look who’s finally here”, I feel the B-Former within me curse the person I’ve become. Perhaps he’s being but too hard on me. I haven’t engaged too fiercely with School after that dismissal. But what is regret? The belief that a different course of

action would position you better than you already are. I, however, do not regret anything...? I know that the person I have become today, a person I am truly proud of, would not be if not for that specific sequence of choices, those particular mistakes endured. And that, the process of becoming who I am, is one I have come to value far more than the craving for status felt earlier.

So, what does the *Weekly* mean to me? More than a series of black and white pages printed every Saturday morning (Friday evening if I were to reveal to you a secret). Even more than a fraternity. It has come to represent a journey to my mind. A journey, in many ways, inseparable from my School-life as a whole — and perhaps my identity too. I do not know what I would have been if not for the *Weekly*. I owe so much to the people who became a part of my life through the *Weekly*, and the extent to which they influenced me. So much is owed to the masters-in-charge, present and past, whose houses I have invaded at the oddest hours, in whose company I have eventually begun to seek solace. So much is owed to those six printed sheets that circulate the CDH every Saturday morning — without fail.

D-FORM

Free Time Blues

Vivaan Sood

My worst nightmare is having nothing to do. Nothing to play, no one to talk to and becoming restless. I’m certain many other people have a similar problem. When all your regular activities have disappeared and you have about two hours to spare, it’s quite boring. What if the answer to this problem is the journey to the solution? What I mean is that thinking of things to pass time is a way to pass time.

Sometimes when I’m bored my mind starts to wander and conjure up crazy things. What if an apocalypse envelopes the Earth and I’m the last human? What if I

lived in a real life Jurassic World? When I snap back to reality, I start to remember all of the mundane tasks I have to do. Mundane they may be, but at least it’s something to do! Sometimes even the mind-numbing task of cutting nails can stave off boredom.

Boredom sometimes makes us do crazy things. I like to call the phenomenon of being overly bored, “Boredom Fever”. Often, people with this symptom start to do crazy things like wandering into a random dorm and stand there gaping, or bothering others with inane conversation while on the way to any activity. Some feverishly bored guys may resort to hooliganism.

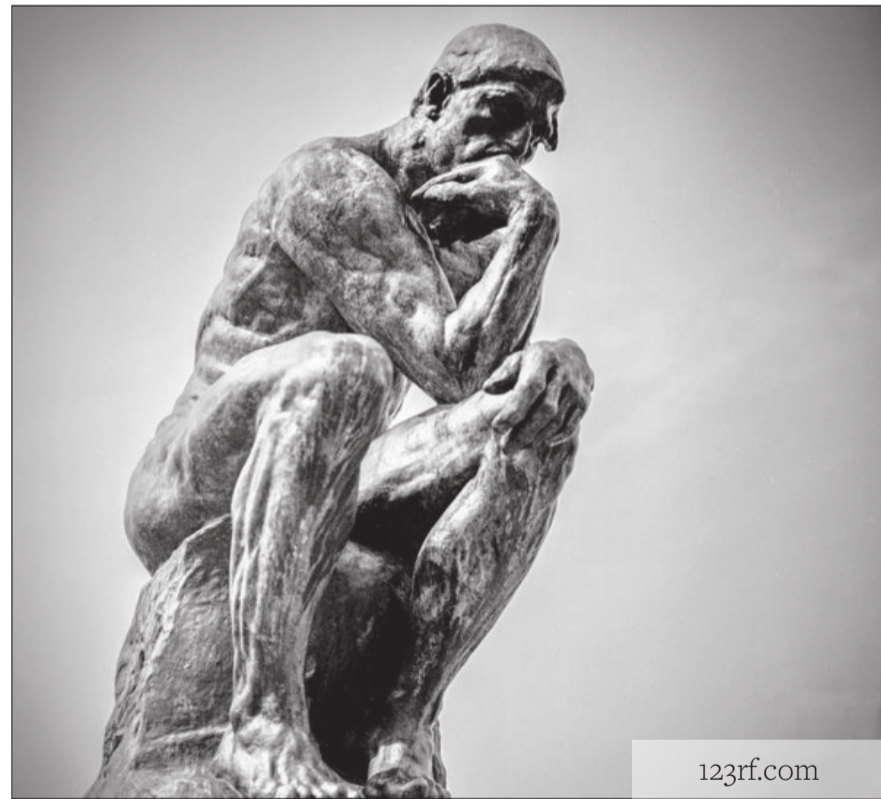
Some people prefer to vegetate in the common room and watch TV. This does sound like an ideal Sunday routine, but sometimes

you are so bored that even changing the TV channel is a struggle. D-Formers especially are trapped in boredom as we don’t have much to do. We do realise that we are being unproductive; given a choice, we would rather be doing something than be left to our own devices, which is possibly why I’m writing this article. I think if your brain is unproductive for too long, it might turn into a neural soup.

You could just sit on your bed or on a bench, and start to think of things to do. Our mind is like the sea— there are many things left to discover. You can think of all the things you’ve been wanting to do ever since you’ve come to this school, which should be a lot, and try and think of ways to do them. Another way is to think of anything, literally anything and ponder over that. After that your train of thought should connect the dots, and then you have a thought process. It can go on for a long time.

I find that this works because, by searching for things to do, you’re keeping your mind on the lookout mentally, by trying to remember things that you used to do, and physically, by actually looking.

I think this sums up what most Doscos face when they are jobless. There could be another way to keep yourself occupied if you have nothing to do, but this should help you. Or you could do the revolutionary thing called sleeping.



123rf.com

Me, Myself and I

Neel Sahai

Be yourself. Even though I’ve heard this phrase countless times, I can never get the grasp of what it means. What does ‘be yourself’ mean? People say it so frequently, that it sounds like something I could do on command. People say it in a way that is so simple. It annoys me every time people say it, even though they always mean well. Does being the ‘popular kid’ make me happy, or is that just a ‘messed-up’ me? Or does it just mean that my judgment, thoughts and interaction with

people is getting clouded with the fearful thoughts inside me? Does it include thoughts of not being accepted into society and thoughts of being alone and how this affects me? To me ‘be yourself’ is what you make of it. Sometimes you are yet to find yourself. I think every person is a blank canvas— you can either make it a masterpiece or throw it away.

Being yourself is living life the way you want to, not based on others’ thoughts and opinions. You can never change what other people think, you can never change the world to make it work your way. Being yourself means you respect yourself, changing what you are to satisfy others is throwing away what you have

grown up to be, however old you are.

Being you also means not trying to brag or bring people down to make yourself feel better. Don’t misunderstand me, you can be yourself while still listening to others’ opinions and thoughts. Trust me when I say this, even if you are popular and everybody likes you, you always will have that feeling in your gut, that people don’t like you for who you are and for what you are posing to be.

Who knows, if you stop trying to pretend being more than you are, you will start to find who you are and what you can do. Life has endless possibilities.

The Temple of Heartbreak

Yanglem Akash Singh

Tears streaming down his face
Breaths in short, rapid gasps
Hands working furiously,
Heart beat pounding
Slashing away
Angry words in black ink on
Pure white paper.



Sweat beads his forehead
Anguish in his eyes
Words on his lips
And agony in his heart.



Up, down, the words are slashed
Big angry strokes of pain
Sometimes, the paper recoils
Tearing under their anguish
The very air cringes from him
Writing in aching, heart breaking sympathy.

Eyes black as midnight
Shining with the radiance of a thousand
Fiery stars
Now blurred...
With the mists of misery.



And...
If you step closer
And care to look at the words
What you will see is sure
To break...
Your heart.



Your eyes will fill
Your hands will tremble
Your shoulders will shake
And you will bow your head
In obeisance
At...
The temple of heartbreak.

Barriers

Kabir Subbiah

The raging lights oppress
The rough expanse of blue,
Know not that they possess
That which makes one of two.

They marry at the horizon
Which brightly shows the lights
A sheep amongst sheep,
A night amidst nights.

The dark waters are slayed
By the radiant beacon of death,
The wedding led astray
By He who kills, dismayed.

These awful proceedings mar
The rage above.
Why shine, a star,
With no hope of love?

The Ghost of Beatrice

Varen Talwar

Behind him, the long corridor extended into darkness. The hall stretched infinitely in front of him. Giant double doors on either side stood wide open, welcoming him to this monumental room, which was dimly lit with the faint yellow flames of enormous candles, giving the bead of perspiration trickling down from his temple an unnatural, orange hue. The distant singing reminded him of the path he knew only too well.

As Frank Scott stood in the exact same spot he had stood on all those years ago, seeing his childhood home for what he had supposed was to be the last time, he couldn't help but think about the tragic incidents that had forced his family to abandon their ancestral house against all sentiments. Memories came rushing back, and he remembered the long corridors and archways the ancient building had boasted of in his early years. The giant double doors and extensive halls adorned with intricate carving and illuminated brightly by a million candles during the feasts of that winter materialised in front of him.

Before the events of those few disastrous days of November of 1799 could convince him to retreat, Frank reached the front door, and for the first time in over five decades, he inserted the key into the keyhole, and pushed the enormous door open.

He crossed the threshold and followed the central path to the Gothic windows on the opposite wall. Passing the long array of tables and benches with shaky feet, he winced every time he heard his feet fall on the hard floor, not as much because it scared him, but because it interrupted the sweet sound of music he had longed to hear all those lonely years.

Now that he was inside, Frank allowed his memory to traverse the sad events which had occurred just before the turn of the new millennium.

The house used to be the shelter of a family of five people – his parents, an elder brother, and a younger sister. However, after the tragedy, only four remained, as the youngest of all, the sister Beatrice, all of twelve, was consumed by the evil lurking in those dark corridors and secret rooms. Beatrice was the apple of the everyone's eye. Her sweet voice would pervade the entire house during her singing practices, in times of crushing silence, much welcomed by the inhabitants who would revel in the beauty of her shrill, melodic singing. Her innocence won everyone's heart, and she was on

her way to becoming the "most respectable wife and mother the town had ever seen", as her midwife often exclaimed, and to which her young eyes showed the unquestioned renouncement of all other ambition.

He finally reached the end of the hall, and turned right to the wooden door, behind which he believed lay the origins of the beautiful harmony for which he had tread such a dangerous path through his memories to witness. Standing just a foot from the door, the sound was louder than ever before. He reached for the door knob, twisted it, and pushed the door open.

Apart from the family, the servants' quarters housed over 15 members who toiled day and night to keep the house in a state as immaculate as it had been in its golden age.

However, of these 15 people, there was one malign man – Johnathon, the new kitchen boy. He hid his evil behind a fake congeniality. In the day, he would work in the kitchen like any other worker, indifferent and focussed. In the night, however, he would let down his façade, and in his room, which was just beside the hall, he would let loose his malice, writing appalling descriptions of paedophilia in crude language in his unkempt diary with his rough hand.

The obvious victim of his lust was little Beatrice, who was blossoming in her adolescence. It was tantalising to Johnathon as he stared at her eating, singing or playing in the gardens. He befriended her by giving her sweets he made himself, and waited for the perfect day to execute his elaborate plan.

The room seemed empty, but the sound of the singing continued. One side of the room was illuminated by the timid yellow light of a lamp. On the other side, a broken lamp on the wall hung uselessly, and just below it, was a wooden chair. Seated on it was a woman in a red gown, her head drooping and her long hair falling to her feet. He walked closer to the chair, his body shaking violently with fear and anticipation. By the time he was just beside it, the singing had changed into a forced melody into his ears, and verged on a scream. He gathered all his courage, and extended his trembling hand towards the woman.

The day before the family abandoned the house, the parents had gone away for the evening and the staff were to have a party in the nearby restaurant. Johnathon grabbed this opportunity. He knocked on Beatrice's door, and told her with his noble face to come with him if she wanted sweets. She followed him enthusiastically through the long corridor, the hall, and into his room.

He took out some sweets from a wrapping on his table, and handed them to her. She sat on

the chair under the lamp as she devoured the succulent eatables. Meanwhile, Johnathon walked slowly towards her, savouring the approach of the climax of his meticulous efforts, as his hand extended to grab hold of the unsuspecting Beatrice.

As soon they came into contact, the motionless head aggressively jerked backwards, banging into the stone wall behind, revealing the face. The ghastly visage was a map of scars and wrinkles, with red spots of blood scattered as if to mark places on the ugly landscape. The mouth was wide open, making him aware of the loud, shrill and demonic scream filling his ears.

Outside, at that moment, Frank, then only fifteen years old, entered the hall and was making for the kitchen opposite Johnathon's room in search for an evening snack.

Inside, Johnathon pinned Beatrice to his bed and tied her arms and legs with the rope he had kept in his drawer for this very moment. He jumped onto the little girl, who was screaming at this sudden brutality. Johnathon forced her down, bringing to life what had been his fantasy all along.

The screams reached Frank loud and clear, and he turned towards the other door, scared to death, realising that it was Beatrice. He ran to the door and tried to open it, but it was locked. He banged on the door with his fists, but the screams of his sister's pain drowned his efforts.

Inside, Johnathon continued violating Beatrice, acknowledging the helplessness of the little boy outside. If anything, it gave him more pleasure to make him witness his sister's rape. Maybe it was that thought that made him leave Beatrice for a while to open the door, pull Frank inside, hastily and clumsily tie him to the chair and then return to Beatrice.

The spots of blood started to expand, soon covering the whole face in red. The flow continued, and the blood gushed onto the floor. The

door slammed itself shut, and the scarlet woman was up on its weak legs. She pulled on his hair, and threw him into the pool of blood on the hard floor. The river continued from the face, drowning the whole room in the boiling crimson liquid. All was red.

Frank would always remember Beatrice's crying face. The life had been sucked out of her blue eyes, and her bruised face had started to bleed. Frank had been tied to the chair by Johnathon in a hurry, so the knots were quite loose. Though he had to struggle a lot to free himself, when he finally did, he committed the blunder that would haunt him for the rest of his life; the reason why he had come to this place now - he had stood up, and ran straight out of the room for his own life, rather than helping Beatrice.

When the parents had later returned, they had found Beatrice lying dead on the bed with a bloody face, wearing her red gown. Johnathon had disappeared.

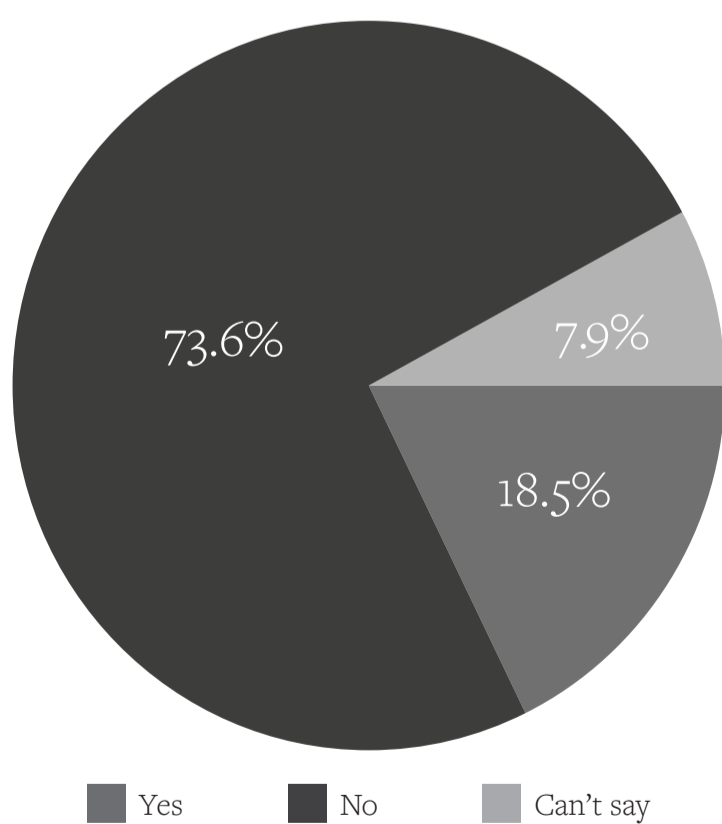
That night, when the house was mourning, a scream shot out of the room. When everyone reached there, they saw all the three workers who had been tasked with cleaning the room, lying dead in front of the chair, where they had found Beatrice's corpse.

The next day, the house was abandoned as the suffering caused by Beatrice's ghost was far too much for them to handle. Frank never spoke of the incident to anyone.

But now, in the evening of his life, he was back, longing for the fate he had deserved that November evening to be delivered to him by the hands of his long-dead sister. So, as he lay in the pool of blood with the ghost of Beatrice glancing expressionlessly through the red, all he could do before embracing his destiny was to say the words he had craved to say all those years of his miserable, unmerited, futile life – "I'm sorry."



Should outing clothes be worn during DSMUN?



The DSMUN has grown to be one of the largest School held events annually, and is participated by delegates around the country. Its importance lies not just in its participation levels, but also in the learning value that it imparts. However, in the recent past, as fancy suits and accessories have become a staple item in a Dosco's wardrobe, a few feel that this goes against the School's ethos, especially against Arthur Foot's idea of an aristocracy of services that is inspired by ideas of unselfishness than of wealth. Therefore, it has been suggested that Doscos should be made to wear their outing uniforms instead. However, a resounding seventy three percent of the school community does not agree with this view, and supports Doscos wearing clothes of their choosing during DSMUN.

Danger Awaits

Aditya Jain

Afraid, I hesitantly walked with my two teenage daughters in the darkness through a dense thicket. The waning moon acted as the only source of light. We were going to the nearest railway station to catch a train. *Papaji* had stayed behind to protect his *mulk*. Houses were completely burnt, and there were several half torn, ill-fitted posters hanging on the streets - some promoting Hinduism and Islam, while the others glorifying various political leaders. Signs of riots and massacres were everywhere—in the broken buildings and burning cars. Chants of *Allah hu Akbar* and *Sat Sri Akal* echoed down the streets. The Partition had completely torn the country apart.

My legs quivered as we walked

slowly, but steadily. I remained alert at all times, wary of any movement other than our own. Suddenly, the bushes rustled. My heart skipped a beat and my daughters leapt back, clutching my hand tighter than ever before. I could sense the anxiety gushing through their veins. All of us feared one thing - an ambush. It was exactly that. Five Muslim men had now surrounded us, and in the dim light it was obvious that they loathed us and wanted to devour us, simply because we were Sikh women. I took a step forward and was ready to protect my daughters at any cost. The five men waved their axes, spears and swords at us. A confrontation was inevitable.

Their leader smirked and in an apathetic voice said, "Give me one, and I will set you free with the other." This left me shell-shocked. The mere thought of doing so crushed my heart and

crippled me. I wasn't going to give up so easily, and let out a blatant "No." This really angered the men. The chief ordered two men to hold my daughters who were now separated from me. They continuously wailed for help and I was powerless. The man struck me across my back twice with a *lathi* until I fell down with a loud thud. He tried to strip my clothes and I resisted till my utmost capacity until the man finally gave up. I was gasping loudly and felt seemingly unconscious. He had now taken full custody of my daughters. I was not to give up so easily and I tried lifting myself. But my legs didn't support me. I tried thrice but miserably failed each time. They all had their weapons pointed at my daughters, as if they were ready to slit their throats open. The men continuously threatened to kill my precious children. Tears were now streaming down my cheeks

and I cried in anguish. I was helpless and begged for mercy but those unsympathetic people did not seem to care anymore. All they said was "You should have realised the consequences of casually denying our deal earlier." I was tired and could hear continuous screams of "Mumma...save us, they are taking us away."

It was at that moment when I realised how women had little place in the world and how they were being oppressed. It was then that I realised how it felt to be treated like an inferior. Time had completely ceased. I lay defeated, as now, I had lost everything. The soft breeze blowing had finally stopped. The rustling of the leaves stopped. The wailing of my children slowly merged into the distance and my eyes closed slowly.

Resurgence

Shourya Agarwal
Winner of the BG Pitre Science Fiction Short Story Writing Competition, 2019

The sea was Shamu's sustenance. He hailed from a lineage who survived on the gifts of the ocean. His forefathers had explored the enigmatic seabed for any valuable object that could keep the stove warm for the night. Back in those days, the sky had not yet been chained by the mesh of telephone wires. The horizon had not yet been blacked out by the smoke of various fires- of hunger, pollution and diabolical envy.

Those days, the ocean gifted the brave divers with gems of fortune. Sadly, Shamu had not seen those days. Now the trash emanated from the seabed. The dive of hope had been reduced to a plunge in eutrophicated water gleaned with filth. The sea had

lost its absolving essence and Shamu had been reduced to an oceanic ragpicker.

Shamu had never detested his life. The slender boy of seventeen had accepted even the contaminated ocean as the extension of himself. One dive at a time. Slowly, his hands would scour the ocean surface, extracting any hidden treasures. His hands were adept in the subtle art of unearthing objects stuck in the sea bed. After a lifetime at sea, his eyes gleamed with sea-like tranquility and his breath swelled and fell like the tide. All along, the ocean had carved him like the beautiful beaches of sand.

A research facility had been built beside the distant lighthouse on the coast. Shamu's limited understanding could presume that the research was done to improve lives of people like him. He keenly waited for the druids from the facility to spray a streak of silver liquid and bring the flagrant BOD levels down. He yearned for the clear ocean bed



on which he had already danced in his dreams. He viewed science as magic. He was waiting for a magic potion to clean all plastic bottles from the turtle homes. However fanciful as it may seem, isn't it true? Isn't science a means to make the lives of ordinary people better?

The water was becoming more and more toxic. An expert marine biologist would have enchanted Shamu with the ambiguity of volatile graphs, posted in offices furnished with luxury. The rising pH of the sea consumed his life's joy. He no longer saw the frolic of the fish and turtles during the plunges. The red corals had

been bleached off all colour. The scientists would have lectured about the implications of the alarming developments, but the reality was set in stone. The ocean was dying, and along with it the balance of life it had shouldered for millennia.

Every night the tide would fill the coast with carcasses of dead fish. The radiance of dawn exposed the need for action as the rooting beach became a center for communicable diseases. The waves which once brought pearls to the frontiers of humanity, now bore pathogens instead. The giver of life became the embodiment of death in a

complete reversal of fortunes.

During an earnest dive, Shamu encountered a fascinating sight. He saw a unique breed of turtles. The organism was smeared in red rather than the regular green. The creature had grown in size and had various extra appendages. Shamu lacked the formal education to identify the obvious case of genetic mutation. His economic status that had deprived him of education had also enriched him with a heart of gold. The compassionate boy extracted the turtle from its misery and chaperoned him to a comfortable home on land.

Shamu was unaware that his new pet had been mutilated to acquire abilities which strengthened its chances at survival at both land and sea. The red turtle was genetically stronger than the others. Shamu's innocent joy was about to be interrupted.

The fame of the red turtle spread like forest fire. The purveyors of gossip carried it to the distant research facility where

even the shrillest cries of misery had failed to penetrate. The researchers were soon sprawling the coast for the genetically modified organism. The turtle was snatched from his master. Again, Shamu was alone amidst the flux of his surroundings.

On the next day, a huge wave engulfed the entire coast. The sea had had enough. In one stroke the tsunami cleaned the shore of its pollution. The debris of the research facility was united with the tatters of humble dwellings.

There are varying accounts to why the tsunami came. The scientists will point at the shaky tectonic plates. I think the sea had tolerated the selfish interests for too long. The scales of balance had slowly tipped out of equilibrium. The hordes of transgressions had alighted the shore for too long. The all-pervading force of sea restored the balance. The water broke all barriers humans had grown around each other. Finally, the juggernaut from the sea satiated the human desire to colonise.

Guilty

Kabir Singh Bhai

I walked down the street clutching my daughter's hand. It was way past the sun's bedtime, and the only light was from the waning moon and promised street lights. We waited patiently at the bus stop, but we knew it was going to be late again. Multiple posters of a politician were clumsily stuck on the wall. Against the backdrop of the crumbling slum, it fit right in. Written in a big font was a religious slogan that was no longer just a party slogan, but a national anthem. It echoed down valleys, it swam in the rivers, it hid in smog - it was felt everywhere but seen nowhere. It walked into living rooms, turned one brother on the other and left.

Finally, in the distance, I could see the bus. Its headlights stared us in the eye and warned us, but who were we to listen. We had

just broken our fast at my cousin's house and we were exhausted. Eid was tomorrow and I had to be fresh for it. I stepped in as soon as the bus pulled up and handed my ticket to the driver. It was bound for Sanoi- just a few minutes from here. The driver examined me top to bottom and said, "Get out". I was taken aback. "Why," I asked politely. But as I looked him in the eye, I knew why. His look of contempt and loathing—it was obvious. I had seen it many times before—like I was a parasite, a virus to be eradicated. He repeated in a jarringly unsympathetic voice, "Get out". Fear crippled my legs, cut off my hands and sealed my lips. But I didn't care and I wasn't going to go. I turned to him, blood boiling in my eyes and this time I was the one looking in contempt. 'No', I said plainly. His hefty hand struck me across the cheek. My daughter let out a sharp cry. Tears came gushing out of her eyes.

I lay defeated on the floor of

the bus. Dust entered my eyes, but I wasn't giving up. I tried pushing myself up, but my hands gave in. I tried again and again, until finally on the third try my feet stood their ground. My shirt was drenched in blood and my mind was awash with thoughts that I wasn't going to give in too. Just then I saw my daughter in his arms and a gun to her head. "Jai Shri!" he screamed in triumph and as he pitifully looked at me, I pleaded for my daughter's life. "I will do anything, anything. Just let her go."

"I want one thing and one thing only. Scream Jai Shri!"

He was relishing every moment of this. "Maa!" she screamed, her voice echoing down to every part of my body, every inch of my resistance.

"Jai Shri" I choked, "Jai Shri!" From the floor I could see his hand on the trigger, I could see it stretch back, it was almost like I waited, waited to hear it. Time slowed down and all I could focus on was my daughter's face. Her jaw hung low, wailing, "Mumma". I had failed.

Or have WE failed? Isn't it our fault that we let such incidents happen? We are guilty of being the passive observer that sits at the back row and watches incidents like these happen. We are guilty of polarising our nation, of letting propaganda brainwash us to turn on our brothers. We are guilty. And we have failed too.

Only Flowers Were Seen

Aryan Agarwal

Deep and breathless wails woke six-year-old Mayur up. The wails were pitiful, but in his state of semi-consciousness, he passed this detail. He turned his head around with an irritated sigh and laid it to rest on his pillow, and thrust the woollen blanket over his ears.

Soon, he heard the door creak gently. He cocked his head spontaneously and saw his father with shoulders slumped and head bowed. The skin under his father's eyes was moist, and his eyes were as if staring into an inescapable void. In what seemed like ages, Mayur's father walked up to him, and gently nudged with his trembling hands, saying that it was something that needed to be attended to immediately. Mayur could only wonder what had put his father in a state like this? His father did not seem like himself.

Mayur shuffled behind his father and stepped inside the car that waited outside, in the cold winter air. Mayur held on to the insides of the car straining his neck to see beyond the window. The car passed his favourite ice cream parlour and was now crossing his school. Mayur's eyes sparkled with joy and he sprang from his seat. "We are going to Dadaji's house aren't we?" The reply from Mayur's father was a weak, forced sound of affirmation, barely able to move the air around it.

Mayur was incredibly close to his grandfather. He was drawn by his grandfather's voice, which was imbued with equal amounts of gravitas and gentle endearment. Mayur usually saw his Dadaji on Sunday afternoons. He would be wearing his unblemished *kurta*, reading; during which his grandfather's metal-rimmed spectacles would always hang from the tip of his nose- but never fell. This was a queer fascination for Mayur.

In the car, an unusual gravity hung—even Mayur could sense it. When the car arrived at his grandfather's house, Mayur saw an abnormally large hoard of *chappals* and shoes. A familiar face glanced by him and turned to embrace his father, who flopped into her arms.

Mayur entered the house, which resounded with powerful waves of ominous religious chants. A wall of people stood before him. He tried to get a glimpse of the spectacular object that he presumed they were staring at, and caught sight of a mountain of flowers. Intrigued, he pushed his way through the adults, who were oblivious of his presence.

He was greeted by drooping, grey feet. His Dadaji was draped in light clothing, and lay motionless on a low wooden bed. Mayur was bewildered by this. He wondered why his Dadaji would want to lie down in front of other people. He was also unable to grasp why most people were staring at the bed. But, the most elusive question of all was why his grandfather would prefer a rickety wooden

bed to his springy, elevated bed. Not knowing that he was violating all traditional norms, he approached the body, hesitantly. He urged his grandfather to wake up and entertain him, but he just wouldn't oblige. In the state of utter confusion, he went to his father and sat on his lap.

In the meanwhile, the onlookers felt pity for him, and cursed themselves for their inability to help the child understand.

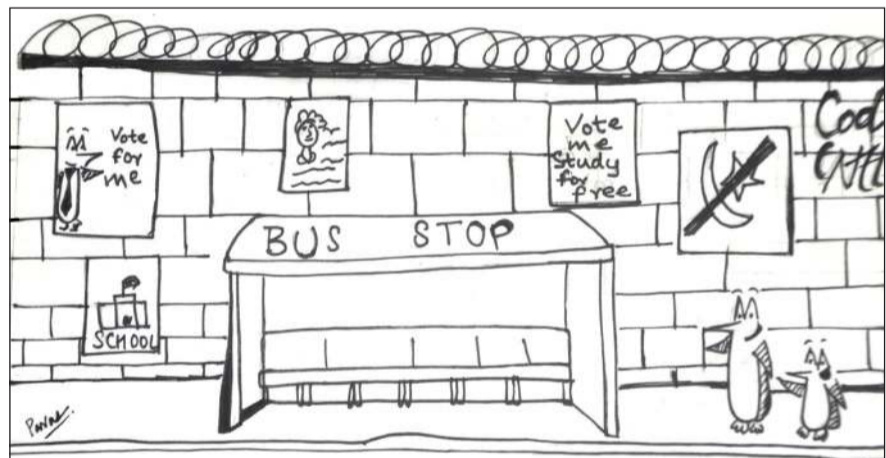
In his state of overwhelming incomprehension, Mayur went to his father and sat on his lap.

"Papa, why is Dadaji sleeping here?" Mayur asked while staring into his father's eyes.

His father held him reassuringly by the arms. He was undecided as to what to tell his son. At the moment, he wanted to preserve Mayur's innocence and protect him from sorrow and pain. The knowledge that his grandfather had died would crush the spirit of the child. Finally, he decided to tell Mayur a milder version of the truth.

"Mayur, come here." he beckoned in a mellow voice "The gods have requested Dadaji to live with them. He is now a star in the sky that will look out for our well-being."

Mayur took a moment to fully understand what his father had told him. He was taken aback by the gods' apparent selfishness. He complained to his father with an air of possessiveness. "Well, I know exactly what the gods want. Word about Dadaji's stories has spread, so they must have got to know too. But it's unfair that he won't tell me stories anymore"



Microfiction

Eeshan Mehrotra offers a different outlook on the genre of fiction.

Rock-Paper-Scissors

My favourite childhood game was Rock-paper-scissors, because I was unbeatable. So I decided to take things up a notch, try something challenging, play with someone as good as me. So I did. One night, I was playing with my reflection in the mirror and he smiled after he finally won.

Near End

I met this incredible lady through an online dating platform, fascinated by her profile that said she was an avid reader, a Cynophilist and loved going to the cinemas.

We'd been dating for a smooth month and two weeks. The authorities had termed her as the Fifty-day killer. I was that close.

Strangers at Home

"What shall we do these holidays?" Oscar asked Carl. "Trekking with the Sherpas? Camping with the Xhosa people?"

"Kayaking with the Inuits?" suggested Carl. Oscar and Carl loved cultural adventures; meeting strangers and making friends.

"The house will be empty. Better tell the next door neighbour," urged Carl. "I wonder what his name is though?"



Darkness

Aryaman Kakkar

Darkness is not despair, though we have made it to be. It is not a fear a monster (incorrectly named, for monstrem meant 'the one who warns' / we are constant perpetrators of misnomers for we believe the old demons to be gods). It is simply the absence of light, the unknown. And man humanity fears everything it cannot understand.

Darkness is not grief or pain, though we have ascribed it to be. It is simply beyond you; the universe of you simply cannot comprehend what lies beyond your reality. So for you, my universe is darkness.

Yet, we grow. Yet, we see light.

Fear is unwanted, unneeded.

I may write of dark things. That for me is words, thoughts, and the genius of oppressively suffocating history that paints the dark with colours, names you so dislike. You so don't understand.

My darkness is beyond your reality. You cannot begin to comprehend the infinite possibility of the void. If devoid, means empty, shouldn't darkness mean everything?

Nonetheless I accept your reality. I cannot comprehend but feel envy. I cannot know but feel lonely. So hear me when I say, when I reside in darkness, everything helps me love glimmers and rays as best I can. It is the only thing darkness will give me. Love for the impossible light.

The Perils of Being a Dosco

Adit Khosla

In the morning, while the darkness fades,
The main field showcases a sea of five different shades.
And as the distant bell tolls,
This sea is dismissed till the next morning.

In the evenings, forests of wooden sticks are grown,
and little white balls are seen zooming across, ravaging everything in
their paths

The calmness of the still water in the pool
is ruined by deep dives and continuous laps.
The quadrangles are disturbed by some football or
distinct lines made by the mark time.

At night, everything changes;

While one corner of the house is silent and studies,
Another matches its movements to distinct beats or
Makes musical notes and melodious sounds.

Finally, as everything dissolves for the day,
the serenity of our beds calls us for a rejuvenating stay.



Too 'Trying'?

Vivek Santayana
(Ex-369 O, 2011)

Test week has now become the equivalent of a midterm examination. When I first heard of the new system, I was fascinated. Maybe it was just something new that I was willing to try out. I did feel, initially, that giving us more time to study, suspending all school activities and taking these tests more seriously would be beneficial, academically. After having appeared for my first 'mini-Trials' this year, I developed certain reservations: I felt I was in too deep over my head. The pressure was just too much for a test week.

We have to be discerning about the objectives of such internal, during-term testing. There are three broad objectives: to keep us in touch with our syllabi, train us for the exams and have us learn something. The testing method must correspond with the objective. As far as I can see,

we have more time to study a smaller volume of our syllabus, hence covering a narrow section in great depth: we deal with two-hour unit test papers. This indeed prepares us for an examination as exam orientation requires us to practise presentation, time management, writing answers and any number of any other 'skills', rather than only acquiring knowledge. It does not suit the purpose of periodic revision as we focus on a confined segment of the syllabus disproportionately. Furthermore, it renders our curriculum examination-oriented. This one-time testing even caters to our tendency to procrastinate. As we are given ample time and opportunities, we can study at the last moment, rather than be consistent with our course of study.

Somewhere, we should reconsider the objective of having report-card tests. I was always of the opinion that a report-card test was to keep boys in contact with the course that has been transacted and to make them revise the covered sections

of the syllabus periodically rather than sporadic, examination-intensive study. Therefore, it is best we disperse our assessment rather than focus it. The Trials-like environment is too serious and harrowing to be considered a test week or a report card. Also, with the earlier system of periodic, small-scale assessment, there were enough opportunities for us to make up for one bad report card. With the new system there is no much sought-after second chance (especially for IB students, whose predicted grades are the line). There is also no question of missing a test week, the legitimacy of the reasons notwithstanding.

Also focussing entirely on examinations is, in my opinion, not the right way to go. Assessment should be more inclusive of our actual learning rather than performance in occasional tests. We should perhaps develop a system of pop quizzes, class tests, interactive assignments or other such testing methods. Teachers should have the freedom to grade us on the

basis of our overall performance. Objectivity need not be an issue as these are mere internal report card tests. They don't need to be as serious as an end-of-term examination. They need not be as objective or concrete as a final transcript, but should only be an estimate of the student's capability.

This system is on one extreme, and, unfortunately, it is the extreme of pressure and tediousness. A more flexible system would greatly ease the stress that students are facing. We have forgotten what the report-cards were originally meant to be: a recurring exercise to set benchmarks for our progress. They also measured, to a great extent, our learning rather than just serving as preparation for an examination. While the 'in-depth studying' may be welcomed, there is no deonying that we are heading in the wrong direction.

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From Tyrant To Leader

Adit Chatterjee

I'm sure it can be agreed that a school's duty and prerogative is not solely to churn out academic toppers and Ivy League candidates. Children are sent to learning institutions at extremely young ages, to learn not just an academic syllabus, but also to learn social norms and develop emotional intelligence, amongst other things. The fact that all of a child's formative years are spent in school proves the importance of school in developing socially beneficial, intelligent and nurturing members of tomorrow's society. One could even argue that school can often impact children's development more than even their parents, considering the sheer amount of time a child spends in school. Further, the fact that teachers provide their undivided attention to children, when for many, their parents are not able to provide the same amount of attention and care, illustrates the deep impact that schools have on children's development.

The impact of one's school on his or her development cannot be underestimated. Schools have the immense responsibility of not only ensuring that students excel academically, but that

they also learn how to live in a society outside of the classroom; a society which includes nearly seven billion other people. Naturally, for a boarding school, this responsibility is magnified exponentially. Students should be equipped to develop the social and emotional intelligence required to thrive in society, as what a student may be able to get away with in the insulated environment of a school, he/she may not be able to get away with in the outside world. Lack of such development may result in potential job dismissals due to the lack of a good work ethic, or even worse, being hauled to court for a case of sexual harassment due to the simple truth that they weren't taught what is acceptable

and what isn't.

These scenarios beget the question: Are we, in School, developing the said traits that will make us socially and emotionally smarter? Are we being taught what is acceptable and what isn't?

I believe the answer is a resounding no. Now, I am not suggesting that DoscOs lack emotional intelligence as a general rule; the few months we spend at home surrounded by friends and family do a fair bit to stimulate our social intelligence. Having said so, there are many more measures that we as an institution could adopt in the eight months spent in School to build and exacerbate such skills, and really chip away at the toxic masculinity and 'bro' attitude

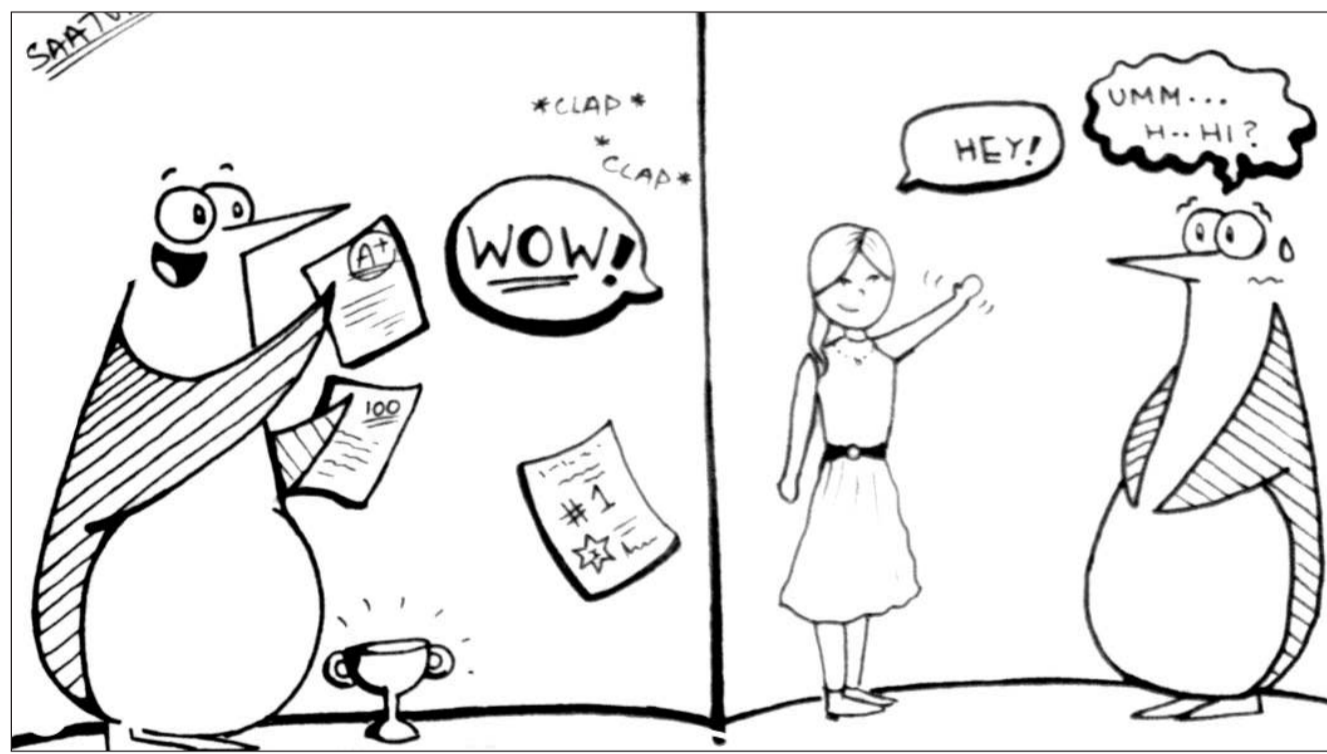
that six years in an all-boys boarding school bring about. Really, the added benefits of such an attempt would yield far better results as DoscOs graduate out of School. It's no secret that a large number of Old Boys feel distant from School due to the way they were treated during their time here, and they attribute much of it to the senior-junior hierarchy they faced here. Of course, one may tote the adage: "It's character building", when justifying a majority of practices here at Doon, and in a majority of cases, they'd be right. However, what happens when one of our students passes out of School and suddenly finds himself without the absolute power he wielded for a little more than

a few years? Surely, the result can't be great. What I believe will help is teaching our students the extent of their responsibilities. If they are responsible to punish and discipline, then they must do so wisely, and with an acute awareness of where their responsibilities begin and end, for responsibility without the knowledge of how to enact it is as good as no responsibility at all. If more importance was given to our students learning to wield their responsibility, perhaps as boys we would learn to respect each other more, treat each other better, and to simply be kind and nurturing people.

Apart from learning to be respectful and nurturing leaders, such measures may also help us learn how to interact with the opposite sex, a crucial process to aid us in learning how to respect women, to interact with them decently, and to simply coexist in the future in college, at work, and at homes. To achieve this, we don't need to turn Chandbagh into a co-educational campus, as some of my more optimistic peers would suggest. There is no guarantee that even actual interaction with girls in a controlled environment like school would prove effective, for even boys from co-ed schools can prove to be as emotionally handicapped when it comes to such interactions. However, it does lie on School's shoulders to

guide us through this complicated and tumultuous process. The few life skills classes, occasional interactions with a female teacher or female Dosco, and SC form socials can in no way be sufficient. They also happen to be unguided and therefore fail to teach our students anything, and may actually even leave them with more confusion than they began with. However, if workshops or organised guidance were to be provided and made fundamental aspects of our leadership program, perhaps the outcome would be different, and all of the benefits I mentioned above may become reality. We spend countless hours developing leaders; workshop after workshop, session after session. If some of the time within these workshops was devoted to imparting these unique skills as well, I'm sure DoscOs would be able to learn to develop their emotional and social intelligences more holistically.

Our school is prestigious, and it is proud of its heritage. I am certain that if the development of these social and emotional intelligences was prioritised slightly more, the results would be truly outstanding, and the overall development of a Dosco would be significantly boosted. It is then that Doon would truly be able to boast that it creates future leaders for tomorrow's society.



Ubiquitous Ecology of Learning

Rajesh Majumdar

In my previous articles 'The New Order', published in Issue No. 2475, and 'Transformational Change' in Issue No. 2492, I intentionally emphasised my thoughts and suggested making systemic changes in School's learning environment. Strengthening my argument further, I would like to emphasize the emergence of 'ubiquitous ecologies' in the new world of connectionism in school systems.

In my previous articles, I brought up the sub-systems of 'teacher as a resource' and 'assessment structures' which required transformation. In this article I will finally come to the two most profound and relevant sub-systems of virtual space architecture (VSA) and heutagogy which are potential

game changers. These have the power to replace 'physical boundaries' and 'confined real time spatial interactions', and hence need a slow but definite treading. Critics will immediately jump to argue that any VSA will need mobile devices, regarded as naturally distracting, and start alluding to elite institutions like the Waldorf School in San Francisco which banned the use of laptops for its students. On the contrary, I would rather flip the apprehension to strengthen my arguments and say that the school, in the middle of Silicon Valley, had the courage to devise its own systems and sailed against the winds of change elsewhere, to establish new norms suiting them. I do not propose taking away laptops/computers in our school as it might not serve a similar purpose. I also do not know for how long Waldorf can sustain their ban on computers, since interactions between learners are being virtually augmented even by artificial intelligence (AI), disrupting prevalent pedagogical notions. UNESCO has been

promoting ideas to bring about measurable changes in teaching-learning processes, students' understanding levels, and adding to their knowledge base for many years. Incidentally, this year it is promoting AI based impacts. This essentially indicates how far the reach of AI has been in developing pedagogy.

Our VSA, in its fundamental form, seems to be more of a support system and much less a learning platform. It provides some elements of self-directed learning strategies, though this virtual space is used to engage with the regular and/or additional study materials, commonly used in our classrooms. This kind of architecture is primarily based on the incubation of resources taken from various domains, mainly the internet and a few old time tested hand-outs and worksheets. The structure in its purest form is nothing but a customized version of a textbook for a suitable audience. Primordial unidirectional communication is embedded in the system, used occasionally by learners as per

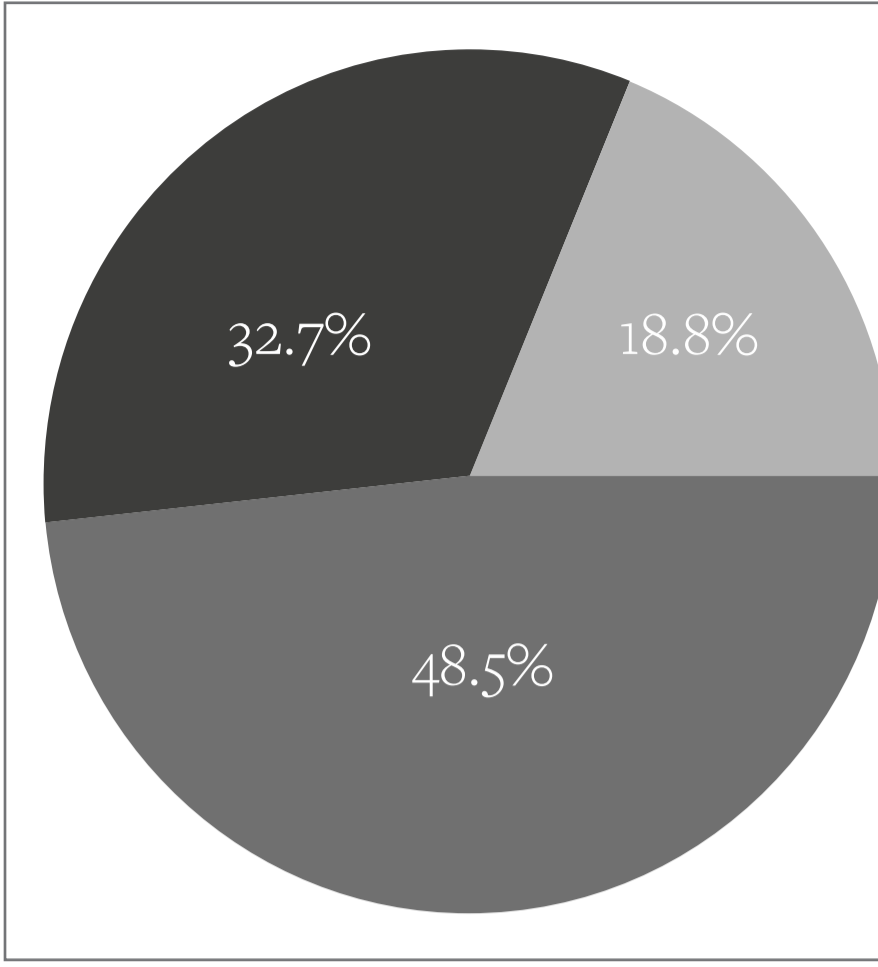
their need. The higher order cognitive self-evolving systems of communication architecture addressing the century's requirements of collaboration and skills are definitely a far cry. Today, technology in education is not being used for dumping or replicating resources but creating a communication architecture which can ultimately lead to heutagogical approaches. Ubiquitous ecologies are based on such advanced architecture. This looks quite unbelievable in our context but actually Office 365 used in the school is not being used for dumping or replicating resources but creating a communication architecture which can ultimately lead to heutagogical approaches. Ubiquitous ecologies are based on such advanced architecture. This looks quite unbelievable in our context but actually Office 365 used in the school is not being used for dumping or replicating resources but creating a communication architecture which can ultimately lead to heutagogical approaches. Ubiquitous ecologies are based on such advanced architecture. This looks quite unbelievable in our context but actually Office 365 used in the school is not being used for dumping or replicating resources but creating a communication architecture which can ultimately lead to heutagogical approaches.

space for advancing the learning continuum.

In the last few years, we have seen the emergence of the virtual learning environment (VLE) in School but this has been restricted mostly to the reproduction of documents, minor data processing, and self-motivated activities. It is quite bemusing though, that few who have been venturing into VLE for some time now, did not even bother to develop their own communication architecture for the new learning. The virtual space could have been used to evolve a system to enhance learning of the main coursework. I understand that the graduation to heutagogical levels of engagement requires an intrinsic desire to incorporate academic discipline as an inherent trait. I think given the level of our relationship with technology, we require at least a decade to establish such a system. On the other hand, in advanced school systems, doing well in the Program for International Student Assessment (PISA), the

ubiquitous ecology of learning keeps on advancing. They are now looking at AI, and at bringing in the quantum change. The best systems have already started adopting AI-based communication architecture, and are now emphasizing the need for such systems even at the primary level. It is hence quite frightful to see us missing out on developing a realistic virtual platform and further losing out in establishing an augmented and virtual reality-based ecology. We are stranded on a much lower plane where there seems to be no real intention to end this self-imposed status quo.

Our dream to be among the best can make no real headway if we delude ourselves with pseudo pursuits. If we can't even handle a simple machine which can otherwise change our life how then do we prepare for future? I just recall Oren Harari's saying which is quite relevant here- 'The electric light did not come from the continuous improvement of candles'.



Should students fill feedback forms for their teachers?

Here at Doon, we have always prided ourselves upon the level of transparency and depth that exists within the relationship between our teachers and students. Subsequently, the Teacher Feedback Form was conceptualised, giving students a platform to provide their teachers with constructive feedback and/or criticism, and our teachers a consistent method of improving their teaching. That being said, the results of our poll have clearly shown that the debate over the feasibility of such a form has shown no signs of calming down. While approximately half the School believes that students are in a viable position to comment upon the methods of their teachers, an equal number have either disagreed, believing they aren't qualified enough to do so, or remained neutral, choosing not to comment on the matter.

■ Yes ■ No ■ Can't say

Architecture of Change

Sandeep Khosla (Ex 489 JB, '87) reflects on the recent architectural changes in School.

In the summer of 2007, my architecture firm was faced with a unique and exciting proposition- we had just won a competition to design the new Art and Media Centre here at Chandbagh. The old Art School and the art master's residence had both been declared structurally unsafe and were to give way to a state of the art 25,000 sq ft. facility. This was a sort of emotional homecoming for me, having served as the School Art Secretary in 1987. The Art School, where I had spent a better part of my S and SC-Forms holed up in a small and musty room with my charcoal sticks and Strathmore paper, and frequent visits from my art master Mr. A.Z. Khan, had nurtured my creativity. Getting the opportunity to design a significant building at the historic heart of the campus, facing the iconic 100 year old Renaissance-inspired Main Building and South Garden, was intimidating. I, however, felt responsible for setting a precedent for the direction new architecture could take in School. The Board of Governors (BoGs), the then-Headmaster Dr. Kanti Bajpai, and the Campus Development Committee (CDC) led by Rohit Handa, all agreed that we were at a point of inflection. School had embarked on a journey of embracing positive change while still holding on to its core values and traditions, and this needed to be reflected in the spirit of the new architecture of Doon.

In form, the building breaks away from the past, not referencing the existing gabled colonial edifices of campus. Neither does it attempt to mimic some of the earlier post-modernist interventions. It is viewed as a contemporary composition of abstract sculptural forms of varying materials and textures emerging from a central spine.

In materiality and climate

responsiveness however, the building is contextual. The yellow slate walls are redolent of the nearby Shivaliks, the red brick tiles resonate with the Main Building and with the rest of the brick architecture on campus, and the olive coloured corrugated metal sheets are in harmony with the rare collection of trees surrounding the building. The internal volumes are filled with a wonderful quality of soft north light via a series of skylights, which minimise the use of artificial lighting during the day. All studios open into courtyards or terraces, allowing easy interaction with the outdoors and ample cross ventilation. The design also preserves the vital north-south pedestrian path that moves through the campus, via an overhead bridge connecting the two halves of the building.

Integral to our concept was the journey of an artist and his or her process of self-discovery. Our aim was to bring art and creativity to the very core of the intellectual life at Doon.

With frequent visits to School over the past decade, I have enjoyed getting feedback from young artists on the quality of natural light in the studios, and how the building has inspired them. I also had the opportunity to walk around Chandbagh and appreciate some of the other infrastructure that has left an indelible impression on me.

Last year, on a visit to campus, I took a stroll to the wonderful masters' residences at Hathikhana and at the Mall Road site, designed by Delhi-based Anagram Architects. I chatted with Madhav Raman, co-founder of Anagram, about his thoughts while designing this cluster of eighteen residences. As we all know, at Doon, teachers' interactions with students is not confined within classroom walls. The new masters' housing addresses these needs practically and lyrically. I liked the fact that the teachers' apartments have been designed to be welcoming, not isolated. "The barriers of the old masters' houses with the front garden and the demarcated hedge have been done away with," says Raman, "giving way to an accessible approach from a central axis." Existing pathways,

sightlines, and trees on campus were also maintained in this scheme. Shared patches of green promote a sense of community. A combined study/library has been provided in each unit so students can interact with teachers without infringing on their private space.

There is an exciting play on the facades of these apartments with the familiar gabled roof vocabulary. A child grows up drawing a house as a floor, two walls and a gabled roof, and it is this very iconography that makes its way onto the elevations of the housing. "Gabled portals in the corners are pulled out into shaded balconies to act as sit-outs to the bedrooms, and similarly portals from the living room extend onto a recessed verandah sit-out", says Raman. The message to students is clear, that these are warm, welcoming, homey, and approachable spaces.

I was also pleased to see a sense of continuity, materially speaking, in the houses from where we left off. Brick tiles like in the AMC maintain a visual integrity with the rest of the campus, and the vocabulary has been subtly and sensitively extended into a light terracotta for apartment recesses, and beige Gwalior sandstone for sit-outs and fenestrations.

I had a cup of tea on my last visit with a teacher living in one such residence, and was particularly impressed with the ease with which these buildings interact with the landscape.

The other significant design intervention on our campus has been the renovation of our iconic Main Building. This has been a sensitively and carefully

executed renovation spread over the past 5 years. I spoke to the conservation architect Aishwarya Tipnis on her conservation strategy that started with treating the building for structural stress, waterproofing, plinth protection and rainwater management, and ultimately led to the design of the vibrant smart classrooms.

I think the biggest triumph of this effort is the inconspicuous manner in which educational technologies have been integrated into the building. "While integrating acoustic paneling, flexible seating, and smart technologies into the classroom, I was keen not to hide any of the original features of the building. I wanted to expose the Jack arches on the ceiling and the lofty arched windows to retain and glorify its Edwardian architecture", says Tipnis.

The other striking intervention in my opinion has been the liberal use of colour in some of the renovated classrooms. Tipnis largely credits Headmaster Matthew Raggett for this. I think this is bold and contemporary, adding an unexpected contrast and cheer to the otherwise austere building. Two pilot classrooms were created for Founder's 2015, one with a beige/brown colour palette, the other in pastel blue. Feedback was sought from students over the next year. Particularly interesting to me was that most Humanities students responded positively to the conservative beige/brown scheme while the Science students gravitated towards the colourful blue. I had thought it would be the other way around! The refurbished AV room has been freed of the heavily loaded



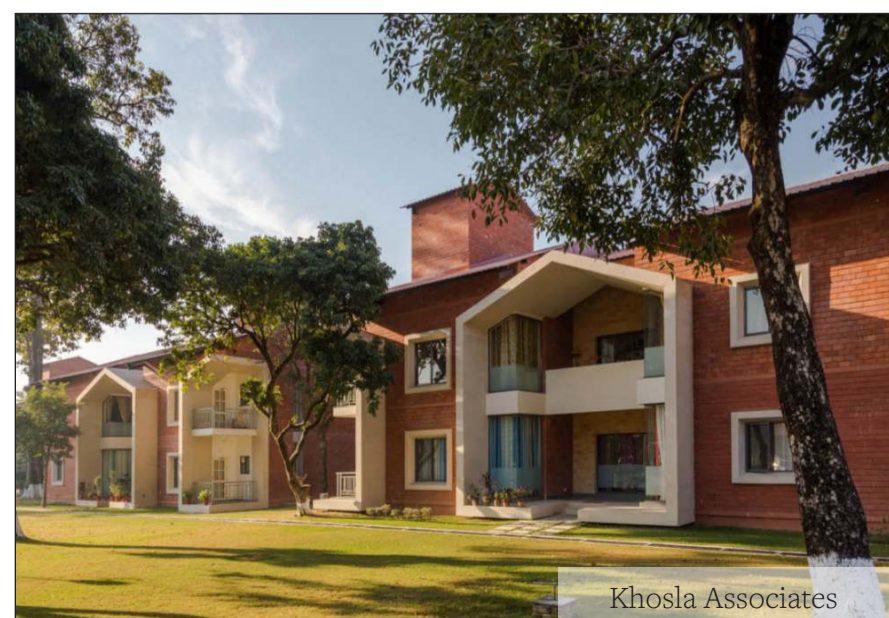
concrete steps, into a light and airy space with a sunny yellow colour scheme. This space, I hear, is one of the most loved rooms in the entire building.

The renovation respects the 100-year-old heritage of the building, while creating future-proof educational tools that keep pace with School's pedagogy of teaching. The heavy wooden desks and chairs from our time have given way to light and flexible furniture, which improve movement and interaction between teachers and students. Although I have highlighted only three projects, the eager involvement of the BoGs and CDC in the careful research and planning of each project was encouraging. At a recent IPSS meeting the outgoing CDC chair, Sumanjit Chaudhry, elaborated on the exhaustive list of projects

undertaken over the past six years, as well as future projects like a state of the art Indoor Sports Complex.

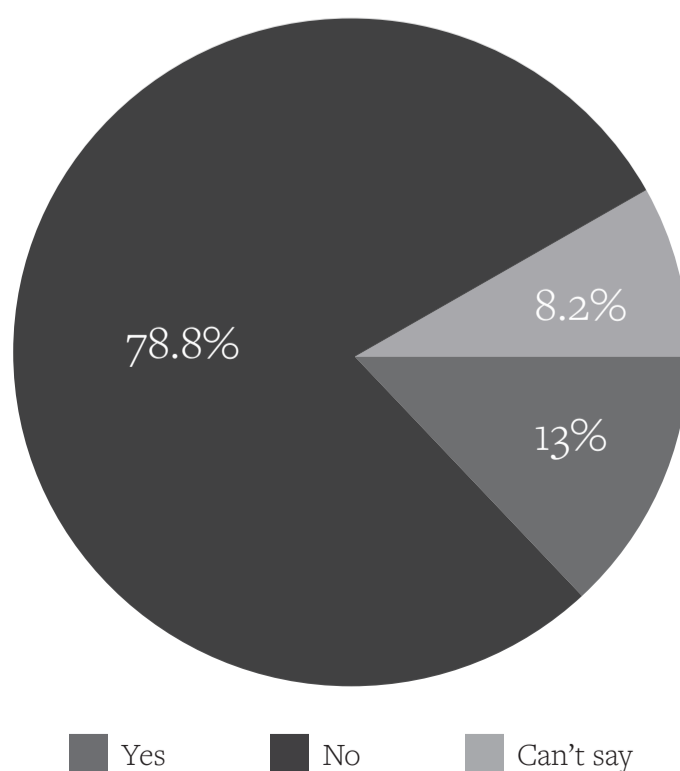
I was encouraged to see that there is a certain syntax, a train of architectural thought that shall hopefully continue into all future buildings and renovations at Chandbagh. The Headmasters, BoGs and the CDC have been the conscience keepers for the aesthetic beauty of Chandbagh.

Future developments must be rooted to have a sense of place and context; they should respect the topography and rich flora of the campus; they should be sustainable and subscribe to the tenets of green architecture, while being easy and cost effective to maintain. They should look at our past for inspiration but should be wholly contemporary, innovative and forward-thinking.

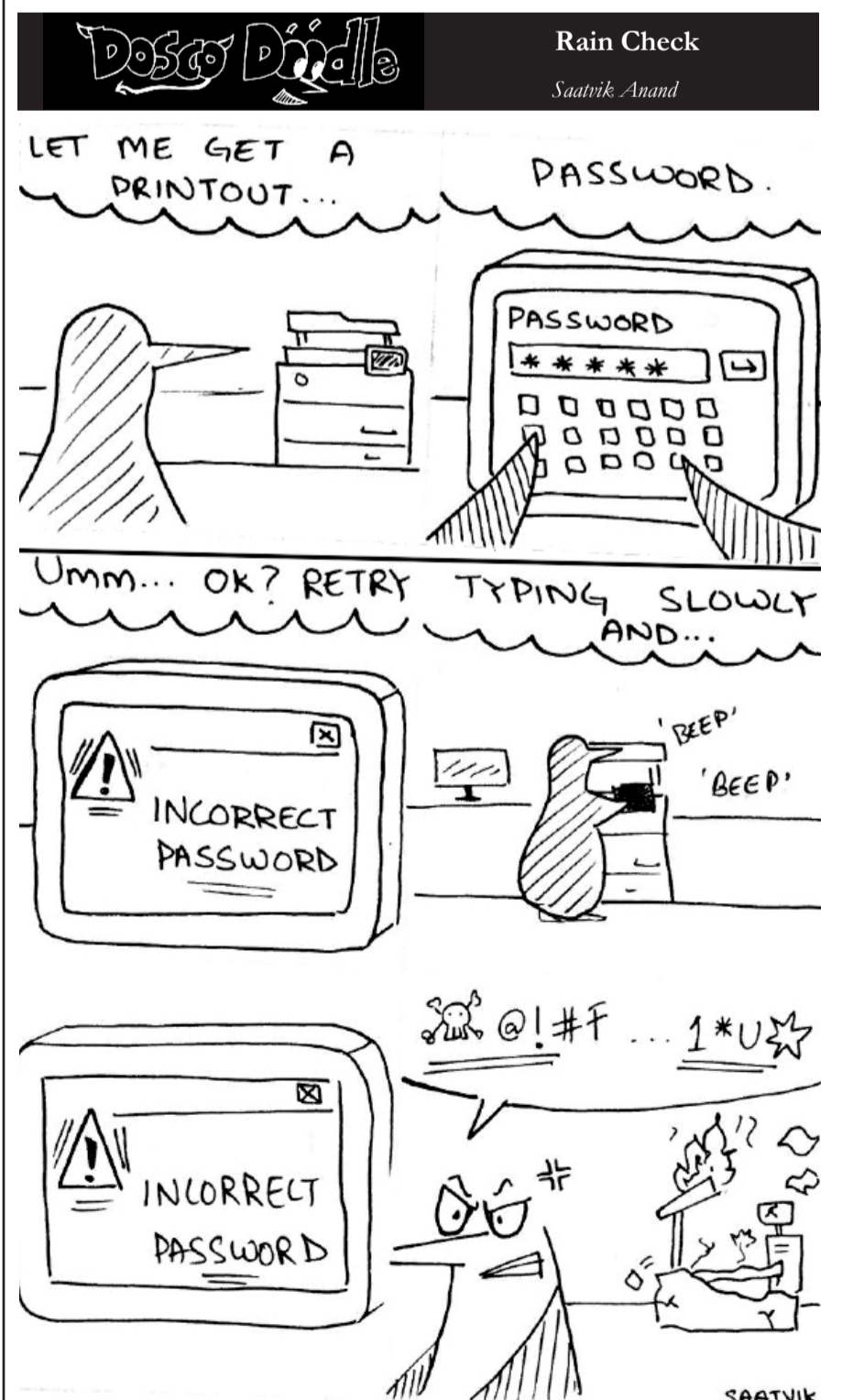


Should a One Activity One Sport rule be applied to all students?

With the numerous activities School has to offer, Doscocs can find themselves pursuing a series of interests that divert them from making use of their academic time. Therefore, it is constantly being debated as to whether students should be limited in the number of activities they are allowed to participate in, so that they may focus on their academics.



■ Yes ■ No ■ Can't say





Diamonds or Dust?

Ahan Jayakumar

It is believed that the best time in one's life is one's childhood. Freedom prevails, and it's almost like the weight of the world doesn't exist. This is true till we reach a higher grade, and the stresses of grades, CV-building and sporting excellence begin to weigh in. Everything one does eventually leads back to working for that college offer. Vacations lose their essence from being a break to becoming a window where one can cover up

on time lost during school days. As academic stress increases, so does the stress of extra-curricular activities. The essence of childhood becomes diluted. As the responsibilities and workload pile up, one begins to lose time for oneself, something that I believe is incredibly important for one's personal development. Introspection is an important asset in performing better and correcting mistakes.

Children almost always need to be on top of their grades. However, in many cases, it is not something that comes from within, but something that is instilled in them. Some are fine with not being in the top 5%, but

it is an unfortunate reality that parents put pressure on their children to excel academically. Apart from the stress of examinations that children experience, they now have to deal with the added pressure of not disappointing their parents in any field. If a student were to perform poorly in an examination, not only would he or she have to deal with the sorrow of not receiving a good college offer, but also the disappointment of his or her parents. Frankly, I believe that it is detrimental to a child's growth, as expectations lead parents to scold and diminish their children, rather than nurture and help them improve.

Bhagwaan Ko Maante Ho?

Sriman Goel

Regardless of your faith, you do have a position on religion, don't you? Maybe you are a devout follower of a religion, or you believe that we cannot confirm any God, or maybe you believe that the idea of God is man's own creation. Have you tried asking yourself, "How has a belief in a god, or the lack of such beliefs, changed my life?"

It's not a question we ask ourselves often. Most people today don't attentively evaluate the benefit religion could have on their lives. Religion passes down through families as a requirement and as a custom. In households that are reluctant to accept faith blindly, religion dies without being given a chance to make its case. According to the Census of 2011, religious beliefs appear to be receding in most urban households in India. As generations shift and rethink,

it seems that religion becomes obsolete. Of course, many of us challenge traditional notions and turn into agnostics or atheists, but only a handful consciously consider religion and give it a chance to create change in themselves. In the dynamic and conflicted world of today, we need to question religion, but also be cognisant of what it may offer, and not just be a blind follower without an understanding of the reasoning behind religion.

This begs the question - "What is the purpose of religion, really?" "Why must we believe in a set of rules that may be thousands of years old?" One answer is that the purpose of religion is to tame human beings and teach us to be better versions of ourselves. The most-followed faiths are reliant on holy books, which, if followed, are bound to create the happiest and most prosperous devotees. Notwithstanding, some argue that these books were created for a different time and are not suited to our world today. This is a recurring debate - with dedicated devotees adamant at such a suggestion and unwilling

to let go of sometimes outdated beliefs. This is the conflict that religion presents, as society divides itself into believers and non-believers. The debate is of logic against religion, as the popular idea among non-believers is that religion is no longer logical.

This tide against religion is fuelled by religious scandals and extremists acting out in the name of religion. In the past, religion has been used to influence uninformed people, with a few misguided individuals using faith to exploit and hurt others. An example of this are greedy priests in the Catholic Church of old, who manipulated churchgoers to pay the church by using the fear of judgement and hellish consequences. A second example that we see today are religious extremists using violence to 'protect' their religion, and harm non-believers. What is important to note here is that this behaviour is not endorsed by the religion's customs, but the actions of a few people who believe they are doing the right thing. The tainted history of some religions push

Education for All?

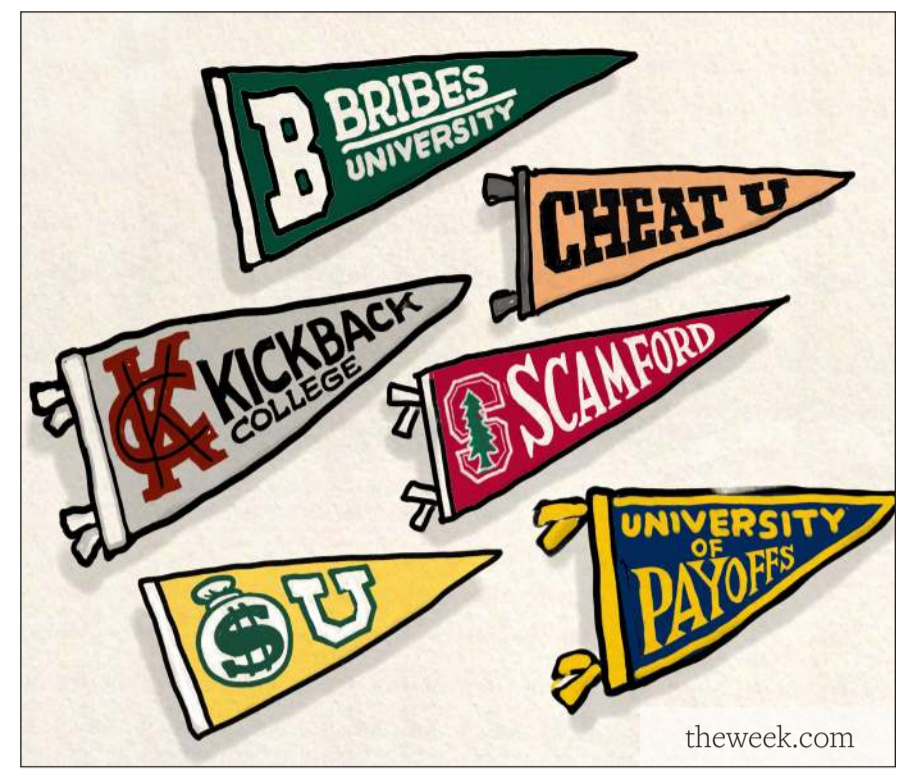
Shreyan Mittal

Our lives today have become a rat race, where we compete to achieve great college admissions, well-paid jobs, and earn as much money as we can. This especially applies to students who are striving to receive admissions offers from elite institutions. This is nothing new to a Doosco. Every year, juniors see their seniors work day and night to realise their college aspirations.

To add to this heap of pressure are parents who are overwhelmed by their children's college offers. While it may not be wrong to worry about such challenges, it is indeed wrong to push their children for better college placements just in order to boost their pride in front of other parents. However, parents are not willing to take the risk of their child failing to get in, and cannot fathom the thought of being embarrassed. It is due to this very reason that they go to extreme lengths to ensure that their children get in.

In a recent sting operation named Varsity Blues, the American government managed to unearth over 30 cases in which guardians had bribed universities to accept their wards. What is even more surprising is that even prestigious Ivy League institutions such as Harvard and Yale have been found guilty in this scandal. Reports show that over 25 million dollars were exchanged between 2011 and 2018 as bribes for college admissions. Apart from these eminent universities, popular celebrities such as Lori Loughlin and Golden Globe winner Felicity Huffman have also been accused and found guilty of paying off colleges.

Today's age demands an exceptionally hectic schedule, and it is hard to attempt so many activities and do well at each. Children undergo "training" to improve almost every aspect of their CV (Life). Free time becomes a luxury, one that is only available to a selected few. Parents, in the pursuit of excellence, push their children as hard as they can to do well. They are expected to become a master of all trades. Unfortunately, sometimes this well-intentioned nudge from ones' parents may be beyond tolerable, causing the child to buckle under the pressure. Asking a mere child to balance a workload that most



Another major discovery is John Wilson, who not only paid for his son to get into the USC, but also for his twin daughters to get into Harvard and Stanford.

This scandal has received attention not only because of the individuals and institutions involved, but also because of how it portrays privileged individuals in society. It says a lot about how they are able to use their money and power to engage in unethical practices despite living in a country that prides in the values of merit and hard work. The USA is often known as the Land of Opportunity—countless students come in search of equal opportunity and better lives. In such circumstances, hundreds of students have to deal with the painful realisation that no matter how talented and deserving they are, they will still fall victim to the manipulations of privilege. They will be disillusioned by the manner in which their ideals of effort and honesty have been devalued.

However, one must also realise that the parents are not wholly at fault in this scenario. The universities must also be blamed for scandals such as these. It is often through members of

staff, who succumb to greed and accept these bribes, that these scandals are routed. What is even more dismaying is the fact that these prestigious institutions risk their reputation and respect for money, something that they already earn so much of. It has taken many years of effort and investment for colleges such as Stanford and Harvard to come to be known as the world's most elite institutions. Scandals of such a nature compromise their standing in unimaginable ways.

Even though the act of bribery is in itself enough to make 'Breaking News', when it is connected to academic institutions of the highest standing, which are already rich with endowments and grants, the student who believes in merit and equality will be disheartened beyond measure. As more cases like these emerge, like the recent racial discrimination case alleged against Harvard University, we as a society must question the moral standing of such institutions. The whole point of these schools is to educate students into leading society towards justice. In a way, these institutions are the guardians of our morality.

But who will guard the guards?

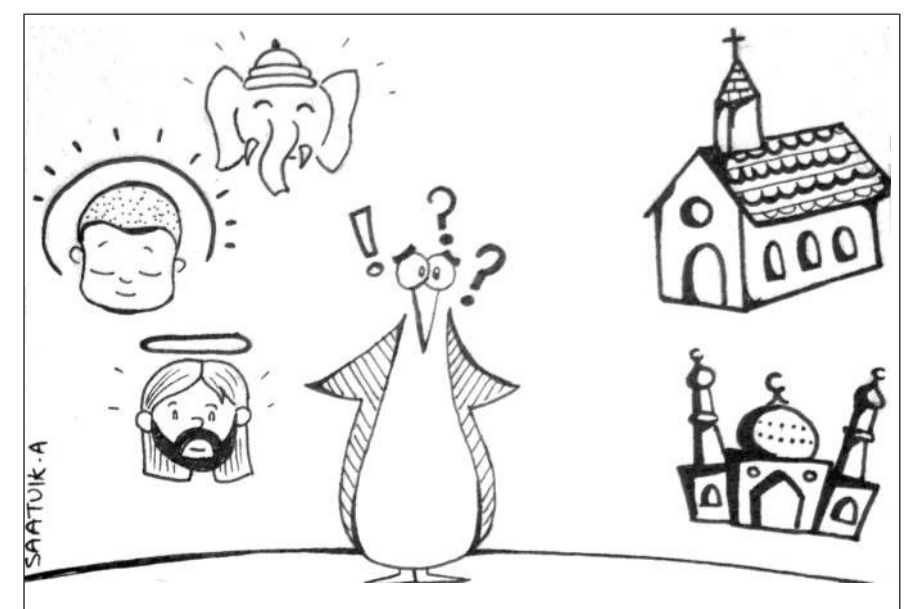
adults would find unbearable will only drain the child physically, mentally and socially. All three facets are imperative to a child's development, and perhaps cutting back on an activity or two would be extremely beneficial. This would allow much more time for the child to relax, focus on the other activities he is pursuing, as well as excel academically and maintain a social life. Even better, the long-term benefits of such a practice would yield happier children who are more focused on the activities they pursue, which undoubtedly improves their performance in their respective fields.

I'm not trying to say that

incredibly hard to change others for the better, which is what religion aims to do, but we can change ourselves easily - by having the right beliefs. Those who act to hurt others have misguided beliefs that lead them to act in a particular way, but those with the right state of mind can see the reasoning behind customs and act accordingly. It is up to each one of us to create change in ourselves where religion can only act as a guide to righteousness.

Lastly, Albert Einstein, the

renowned physicist, provided us with an interesting insight. He said, "The most important question facing humanity is, 'Is the universe a friendly place?' For if we decide that the universe is unfriendly, we will put our every resource to protect ourselves against this unfriendliness and may destroy ourselves in the process. But if we believe that the universe is friendly, we will put our resources into understanding that universe, and we will fight to keep it that way."



Protests Are a More Effective Way Than Passive Individual Action to Bring About Awareness Regarding the Climate Change Crisis

Climate change is one of the most pressing issues of our time. Day by day, the situation becomes more dire: melting ice caps, soaring temperatures, floods and numerous other natural calamities are all indicators of the increasingly sinister state of affairs we may find ourselves in. A large driving force for climate change are the corporations that constantly indulge in activities that are immensely detrimental to the environment, and they get away with it due to nonchalant laws and legislators who are all easily convinced to look the other way by the fat cheques these billion dollar corporations send them. In recent times, however, youth movements all over the world have risen, demanding that policy makers take strict action against these corporations, and refrain from sacrificing the future of the planet in their own selfish motives. Unfortunately, they are not free of opposition, with many countering these protests by claiming that it is not protesting that will solve the issue, but informing people about the actions they can take as individuals in order to counter climate change. This brings us to the debate, where Adit Chatterjee and Varen Talwar argue that protesting is more effective than individual action, and are argued against by Rushil Choudhary, who advocates for individual action.

Point

Adit Chatterjee and Varen Talwar

A lot of major reform in humanity's way of life has sprung from the protests of the oppressed. It has been seen in the Communist revolution in Russia in the early 20th century, the American Civil Rights' Movement of the 1960s, our very own struggle for independence through the Civil Disobedience and the Quit India movements, and most recently, the fight for LGBTQIA+ rights. History then gives us reason to believe that protest is effective, for it has

toppled the most tyrannous of rulers and the most stringent of mores.

So, why is it that when we start doing the same for our very survival - the most intrinsic of all human cravings - that we encounter so much criticism? Why is it that we are told to bring about change at our own individual levels, and trust other oblivious people to follow suit, rather than demand action from those responsible? Why is Greta Thunberg repeatedly told to go to school and become a climate scientist to solve the problem, instead of continuing her fiery campaign against global

warming?

The answer is as simple as it is implausible. It is simple because it is the same as all the other times such objections have been raised. The privileged white world complained when its 'superiority' was being threatened; British colonists resorted to imprisoning the person leading the resistance against them when he gained an unprecedented influence - and now, just like then, huge corporations are opposing this new rebellion because it is hurting their position of power. That is why we regard these leaders - Dr Martin Luther King Jr., Mahatma Gandhi, and Nelson Mandela - as

heroes and messiahs in hindsight, and not revolutionaries creating unrest aimlessly.

On the other hand, it is implausible because these people are choosing their affluence over their existence, or that of their posterity! It contradicts a reasonable assumption we hold about mankind - that the ultimate goal of our species, like all others, is its sustained reproduction. The very fact that some people choose personal benefit despite the threat of extinction - the most terrifying of all threats - is shocking, and, to most, utterly incomprehensible.

Having established the invalidity and ludicrousness of this opposition, let us now elaborate on why protest is beneficial, for it is not only the ridiculousness of the criticisms that negates the need to pay any heed to them, but also the merits of the method we advocate. Firstly, protests are essential because they create public awareness about problems, which is one of the most important steps towards any reform. If people do not know that their activities are causing problems they are not aware of, they will continue to practise them. That is why we launch awareness drives about social issues like open defecation, waste management, and disease

prevention. Similarly, if people are not aware of the dire reality that their specie is under the imminent threat of extinction because of their pursuits of materialistic luxuries, they will not change their ways to prevent that.

Furthermore, this stimulation of change does not end here, for when people realise a truth as grave as climate change, they don't just keep it to themselves. There is an extreme sense of urgency that such a realisation carries with it, one that forces people to take the initiative to further spread the message. This will result in fast dissemination of knowledge and increased awareness in people regarding the environmental crisis, which cannot be rivalled by a dependence on an extremely slow and inefficient "demonstration effect."

For instance, if Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. had kept his dream to himself and tried to fight off white supremacy alone, would the Civil Rights Act ever have come into existence. Through his speeches, marches, and protests, he created a sense of solidarity among the oppressed African-American population, which finally rose to secure equality. It is fostering this same sense of solidarity which is key to all revolutions, and it does not come

by sitting alone.

Lastly, the urgency of the climate change issue has far surpassed the stage where such 'individual action' is an acceptable solution. In a world where all our troubles to compost and plant more trees are undone by the blind actions of big corporations and the governments they control, it is quite clear such an approach cannot work. Individual actions can only succeed if every individual performs these actions, and that level of singularity can only be achieved through widespread awareness campaigns.

The bedrock of democracy is the voice of the people, and these protests convey exactly that, a voice which says, loud and clear - we refuse to tolerate the consumerist rape of the planet any longer. In November last year, Greta Thunberg sat alone outside the Swedish parliament. Today, she has the support of millions across the globe. Such rapid growth for any climate-related cause, or any cause at all, is unprecedented, and reflects the dire straits we have placed ourselves in. Therefore, we believe, that to secure the future of humanity and democracy, protesting is the only way forward, and we encourage you too to spread the word!



Counterpoint

Rushil Choudhary

Every day, the newspapers inform us of countless merciless gun shootings, or of shocking incidents of blatant racism or discrimination. Despite the growing protests condemning these atrocities, they still occur alarmingly regularly. After all, a small ignorant group with outrageous and dangerous beliefs are enough to wreak all sorts of havoc. Even now, tragedies like the Peshawar school attack, in which 141 people lost their lives, are blamed on a few extremist individuals. On contemplating this situation, one cannot help but wonder what influence protests exert over people whose obviously flawed beliefs seem to remain unchallenged. It's then that we realise the importance of individual action, and how only this can propel humanity to unprecedented, yet necessary levels of social welfare.

The problem of climate change, as is already obvious, has proven to be painstakingly difficult to solve. Even the thousands of environmental protests that have occurred over the years have failed spectacularly in affecting change. Over a billion cars still spew carbon dioxide into the atmosphere, while sea levels continue to rise at accelerated rates to life-threatening levels. Then, have protests been able to really achieve much, apart from giving the media fodder for sensational headlines, and inconveniencing people?

Protests, I find, are not sustainable or efficient as they generally involve over-enthusiastic, sometimes not entirely well-informed, individuals who gather to voice their opinions, often without

considering other viewpoints. Recently, well-intentioned children have been proposing solutions that seem impractical. Governments will never make the desired legislative changes, even if making such changes may be essential to combating climate change. Although such expression of one's right to free speech is an inalienable one, disrupting the daily life of many to advocate what are unfeasible solutions to problems is not the right approach to solving the problems of the future.

Many protests are deeply marred by hypocrisy, as protests advocate changes which the protestors may not have themselves achieved. By solely demonstrating an ideal world, and, specifically, what the government should do to achieve it, environmental protests neither reduce individual carbon footprints, nor do they contribute in stabilising rising sea levels. Supporters of such demonstrations might retaliate by stating that such protests help influence people, namely those in the government, who could enforce 'real' change. However, at least according to current realities, the possibility of this seems improbable. With world leaders torn between the aspirations of uplifting those trapped in ever-increasing penury and indebtedness and listening to the demands of those who, insulated by their relatively stable economic situations, go on protests, the belief that protests alone can affect change is indeed far-fetched. Now, it's essential that protestors, even though they possess the right to openly express their opinion as part of a democracy, recognise their duty to at least try to reduce the growing extent of the bifurcation that currently plagues

civil society. Therefore, while respecting the urgency the issue warrants, it becomes essential to adopt a more feasible way of generating actual measurable change - individual action.

Humans have a tendency of conveniently extrapolating the responsibility of problem-solving on to others in society, asserting the other's greater capability to inspire change as the reason. Then, in the absence of the desired change, we even go on to blame the entities that we ourselves elected to posts we feel they no longer 'deserve'. But why not be the change rather than running after it? After all, not all leaders are unreasonable; they do understand the dangers that climate change poses. Where the difficulty and implications of implementing environmental laws on such large scales prevents any sort of significant change from occurring fast, we must, before commanding others, ensure that we ourselves reach the stringent standards that we have set. Are we doing justice to such voracious demands by

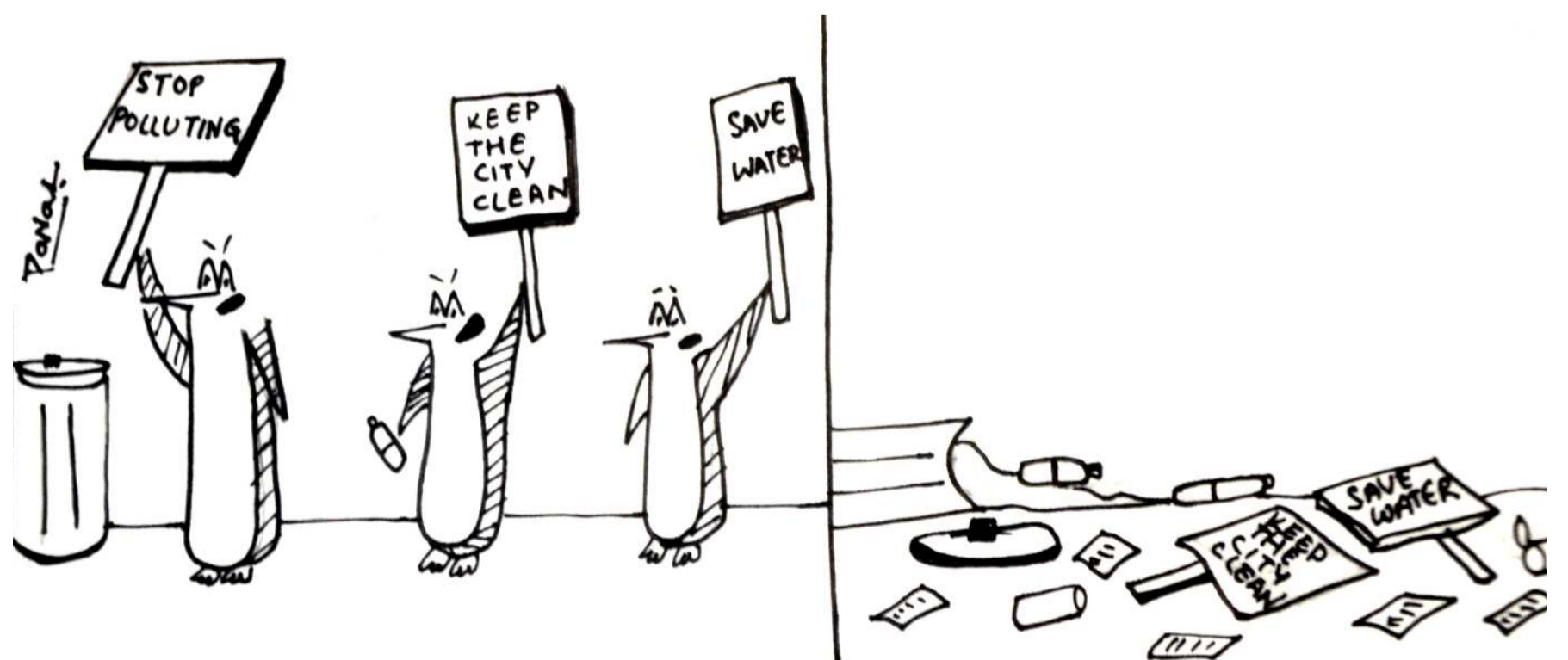
flooding the streets with bright posters when our families still use electricity in unconscionable amounts? Quite visibly, taking definite action is many miles asunder from pushing others to do so. The essence of the famous Mahatma Gandhi quote - "Be the change that you wish to see in the world" - identifies most concisely this intrinsic necessity of taking individual action. The difficulty of this conditions our feeble minds to seek an easier method to show one's 'concern' for the environment - by protesting, rather than forgoing the comfort of our air conditioners at night.

It's clear then that only individual action can succeed in effectively fighting the growing threat of climate change. Just look at Greta Thunberg, the Swedish child environmental activist whose protests found global support. The journey that she undertook across the Atlantic in a zero-emissions ship in order to attend a U.N climate summit was one of the only instances that drew support and appreciation from all sections of society. Yet,

despite the ethical soundness of her evocative protests, the criticism that they drew, and will inevitably continue to draw, reduced the effectiveness of the movement. On the other hand, there is no criticising individual action; our ability to tell right from wrong instinctively categorises such action as sacred, as something that cannot be opposed or reasoned against. Only consistent individual action can, therefore, unite humanity in its struggle to survive as a species, helping us discover how we can protect the environment without squabbling over who should do so.

In a world which is dependent only on rarely efficient political action, individual action offers a much-needed authenticity and effectiveness. Although protests have, in the past, been effective in bringing a host of issues in to the limelight, individual action surely appears as the better method in combating climate change. While the honest efforts of protests globally have failed in halting climate change, the

strength of individual action is yet to be tested on a global, all-encompassing scale. The millions of children who have already participated in the ongoing student strike for climate could benefit the environment more by rather individually ensuring that everyone in their vicinity, for example, in their families, wholeheartedly contributes to environmental protection, rather than staging mass demonstrations that might not even achieve the intended effect. After all, it is equally possible to influence others with subtle, yet real, actions as it is with powerful demands that are yet to convert into any tangible benefit in the imminent future. So, let us not quarrel over who should help fight climate change, and in what manner. Climate action ultimately begins with us, and with our small, regular, and ultimately effective, efforts. We must all then be conscientious and motivated in our endeavour to bring about change, to be the change ourselves.



The Colonisation of MARS



In this era of change and innovation, we as a species have looked for ways of survival. Since our ability to save our planet continues to be questioned time and time again, Mars is being viewed as our last resort. Are we being too ambitious in our endeavours? At the same time, are we also forgetting our responsibility of preserving our home planet?

Keshav Singhal and Sriman Goel answer these questions.

One of the few positive effects of the Cold War was the so-called 'Space Race' in the latter half of the 20th century. New innovations and developments in the field paved the way for the consideration of life beyond our home planet Earth. While this view may have been thought of as a distant glory in the past, extensive research into this field has presented the human species with the sound possibility of expanding life beyond the boundaries of Earth. Mars, given its terrestrial features, has been looked towards as a potential base for taking humans closer to their aim of expanding their civilisation.

The Red Planet, as we know it, has been explored by a number of space probes in the last three decades. By launching orbiters around Mars, renowned space agencies such as NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) and the ESA (European Space Agency) have been able to fill up a few of the large holes riddling this tremendous ground of mystery. Yet one of the greatest paradigm shifts took place when the Curiosity Rover discovered erosion due to a steady flow of water on Mars in the year 2012. While this discovery has been significant to our civilisation, it only serves as a cog in the machinery needed to make the vision of Mars colonisation a reality. Scientists still strive to look for a way to develop a sustainable atmosphere on the

planet. In addition, the viability of almost all plans put forth by NASA has been questioned time and time again. The plan involves increasing greenhouse gas emissions on Mars - ironically, it's these emissions on Earth that may force us to search for life elsewhere.

Using its orbiter around the planet, NASA discovered frozen carbon dioxide on the north and the south poles of Mars. Since the planet has a thin atmosphere, the heat levels on the planet can reach extremely low temperatures at night. To counter this problem, NASA plans on vaporising the carbon dioxide, releasing heat into the atmosphere and making the planet warmer, and thus more sustainable for human life. Such a project would be carried out by a solar flare that would direct sun rays towards these poles, sublimating the carbon dioxide, and making the red planet more habitable. A scientist at MIT has also invented an oxygen-producing machine that would create a breathable environment by pumping oxygen from Mars's atmosphere itself.

But all these inventions and research projects would be in vain if we fail to find a way to reach Mars. In fact, no space agency has a rocket strong enough, including the revolutionary firm SpaceX's world's most powerful rocket Falcon 9, to take us to Mars yet. That the enormous distance separating these two planetary bodies cannot be traversed in a single journey remains a hard

truth. What this also means is that we would have to find some form of middle ground to dock a spaceship, refuel them, and then resume the journey. The only spot where we could build space stations and dock our ships is the Moon or a satellite station. In NASA's Artemis program, plans include building lunar landers and space habitats on the Moon. By building landers and a common port, space agencies can resolve the issue of the vast distance between the Earth and Mars.

Thinking further, even in a situation where we are able to land humans on Mars, how will we sustain life on the planet? In terms of agriculture, the most viable practice is hydroponics, which involves growing crops in nutrient-rich solutions instead of soil. The soil on Mars comprises 60% water, adequate to sustain the growth of plants. However, humans might have to transport themselves back to their primitive stages and live in underground caves since the dangerous cosmic radiation on the planet would not allow us to build space habitats to live in.

This may sound like a stretch - even discouraging - for a few. However, if we wish to make the colonisation of Mars a reality, we would now need to think anew, and think fast.

SPACE LAW?

Mars settlement has caused the word "colonisation" to be mooted often. Considering we even establish a small settlement

on the Red Planet, what would order be like on another planet? How will a colony operate? Who will be in charge? Will countries own land on the planet?

Luckily for us, there are plenty of space pacts that can answer these questions. International agreements such as the Outer Space Treaty and the Benefits Declaration have tried to outline the practicality and order required to carry out such an endeavor.

We can understand the laws governing outer space by conceiving of establishing a settlement in Antarctica or the middle of an ocean - in international waters. In the fictional movie *The Martian*, as Mark Watney travels out of NASA property on the surface of Mars he declares, "I'm going to be taking a craft over in international waters without permission, which by definition... makes me a space pirate." As interesting as this may sound, it's true that since no one nation can impose law in international waters, maritime law will apply in space where one could do just about anything they want to, within the basic boundaries of the Outer Space Treaty.

First off, the Outer Space Treaty states that no nation can claim land on any celestial body. Though some believe that a loophole allows them to privately own land on another planet, one cannot own property where there is no state granting that property right. This means all land on Mars



is simply for staying temporarily, and there can be no permanent residents... as of now. One could buy a deed to the land on Mars since there are websites that provide such offers, but most of these are promises that hold no value until a Mars landing is realised and extraterrestrial real estate becomes available through a major modification to the Outer Space Treaty.

As far as rights are concerned, any person who wishes to go to Mars or build a habitat there is free to do so (as Elon Musk has already vowed), provided they take permission from their government to launch a rocket, do not claim extraterrestrial land rights and do not blow up nuclear weapons in space (surprisingly, this has happened before).

Of course, we would require some level of law and order in space too. Therefore, in any colony by a private company like SpaceX, the laws within that habitat and the spacecraft used to get there would be of the country where the company is registered (the USA, in SpaceX's case).

IS IT ETHICAL TO LIVE ON MARS?

Regardless, the biggest argument against the colonisation of Mars is the ethicality that accompanies it - the contention transcends state boundaries, and instead involves mankind and the natural world itself. We may be allowed to do what we like in space, but what we need to consider are possible Martian life-forms. As improbable as that sounds, life forms called 'extremophiles', which are usually present at a microscopic level, can survive the common freezing temperatures of -70 degrees Celsius on the surface of the Red Planet. Identified

traces of water and produced methane suggest that microbial life forms have a likelihood of existence. Furthermore, there are possibilities of flowing water in underground tunnels that can support such life forms. Through the study of meteorites from Mars that have struck Earth, astrobiologists have concluded that "apparently Mars has had organic carbon chemistry for a long time." There is enough evidence to suggest that chances of life do exist, and if there is a possibility, we must consider that even visiting Mars could make these life forms extinct. We kill microbes every second here on Earth, and 'colonising' Mars essentially means harming any such organisms on the planet. Furthermore, we may impose Earth's own bacteria and other microscopic life-forms that would compete with any extremophiles on Mars. Spacecrafts are already decontaminated today for this reason, so that we can keep Earth microbes away from accidentally inhabiting other worlds.

Even if we do not find life forms on Mars, there could be evolutionary change occurring on the planet right now. Similar to Earth, single-celled organisms that may be in the process of formation could be harmed by our trip to Mars.

This means that even if we do get to Mars, we need to consider this ethical aspect of Mars colonisation and make our decisions accordingly. Maybe the first human will step on Mars in our lifetime, maybe we will still have a longer way to go then - we don't know. What we do know is that it will be a spectacle worth the wait.



Desi Renaissance

Aviral Kumar

It would be an understatement to say that India as a country is diverse. Home to several religions, more than two hundred languages and innumerable dialects and cultures, it is a vast melting pot. Within this dynamic landscape, if any one facet of Indian culture could lay claim to being unchanged, ever-present and universally appealing, then it would undoubtedly be our film industry. There seems to be something about the lavish, glittering lifestyles of our actors and the films they make that captures the adulation and imagination of hundreds of millions of Indians. Rather, there was

My usage of past-tense is quite intentional - with every passing year, Indian television is gradually producing a now-consistent stream of quality shows which have garnered a huge following across the country. When talking about these shows, one instinctively thinks towards the flag-bearer of the movement, Netflix's *Sacred Games*, but it would be easy to lose oneself in the show's popularity and forget that *Sacred Games* would've faced a very different reception even half a decade ago, and that it is a combination of both technological innovation and, more importantly, social change within our country that has propelled the Netflix thriller and similar shows to the forefront.

To begin with the more straightforward of the two, the introduction of streaming services can and should rightly

be considered as the impetus for this 'television renaissance'. In Netflix, Amazon Prime, Hulu, and so on, Indian actors, producers, and writers were given the opportunity to work with already established, financially powerful global brands who weren't conceived and developed within a society that had, until now, sustained itself on melodramatic soap-operas and reality television. Rather, these streaming services came from an American market already well-versed in producing more grounded and varied content, and they in turn have provided our writers with the creative freedom to produce shows of a similar nature.

While streaming provided the accessibility and financing, there has also been a major shift in terms of what our consumers want. Gone are the days where

only flashy cars, grand mansions and foreign vistas would suffice - no, the Indian audience of today wants to see grittier, realistic, even 'grimier' (in the literal sense of the word) stories that paint an accurate picture of Indian society as a whole, discussing themes such as sexual orientation, abuse, psychological trauma and such.

The smoke-filled, neon-lit alleys of *Sacred Games*' Gopalmath encapsulate this; it's that Mumbai, whether that be the 90's or a modern iteration, may be a city of dreams and the gateway to superstardom, but it is also a cesspool of corruption, prostitution and crime. Similarly, underneath the educated, 'South-Delhi' etiquette of Amazon's drama *Made in Heaven* lies an interweaving web of complex people who each possess a dark, troubled and ultimately flawed side. The latter

is the key word here - it can be said that these shows have introduced the flaws of human nature to Indian entertainment, bringing an unprecedented level of relevance and humanising the conventional, perfect stories that Bollywood had built an entertainment empire upon.

These shows are also providing new opportunities to actors who weren't suited to what *masala* Bollywood demanded of them. Actors like Nawazuddin Siddiqui, Radhika Apte and Arjun Mathur, who could only be provided more supporting roles due to their perceived lack of marketability, have now gained national recognition. These actors have been given a platform where they can work on a slew of more unorthodox, *avant-garde* projects which allow them to showcase the full range of their acting capabilities, something

that may have been both under-represented and unappreciated otherwise.

The best part is that the movement isn't an exclusive one; the film industry is clearly getting the message, and even more established actors such as Saif Ali Khan and Kalki Koechlin have made their way over to the small screen. Simultaneously, movie writers are also beginning to understand that critics and audiences alike will no longer be satisfied by just mindless entertainment. Yes, there will always be a place for the 'Bhais' and 'Badshahs' within Indian hearts, as well as a market, but the failure of flicks such as *Student of the Year 2* and the success of films like *Pink*, *T3en* and *Kabir Singh* clearly shows that times are indeed changing.

The Weekly Gone By

Ansh Raj

Salute to our Editor-in-Chief would be incomplete if the word commitment was to be left out. Ansh's acknowledgement of his responsibility towards the *Weekly* along with his emotional attachment truly surpassed any of my expectations. Although harsh and firm at times, Ansh was willing to understand and connect with us, something that defined his role not only as a Editor, but as a devoted mentor as well. I found a confidante in Ansh, something that enabled me to never hesitate before sharing anything with him, be it about the Board or something else. His ability to maintain this relationship both at a

professional and personal level is something I will always cherish.

By Keshav Singhal

Aryaman Kakkar

Being the newest in the outgoing Board, whatever Aryaman lacked in experience he made up for with his diligence, bringing a nuanced and sensitive mindset that perfectly balanced the more hyper, zany characters on the board. Aryaman was not only an excellent editor, but also chipped in with some wonderful poetry when the *Weekly* needed him to. It didn't take him long to grasp the reins of working on the *Weekly*, and once he did, he worked with a sincerity I have seldom seen across my time on the Board. Wherever he goes, I wish him the best of luck.

By Aviral Kumar

Divyansh Nautiyal

Divyansh, or 'Nauti', has always been an inspiration to me. His ability to balance his intense CLAT prep alongside writing the *Week Gone Bys*, Debating and being the voice of change in the School Council has always seemed superhuman – since I've never seen Nautiyal say no to what was needed of him. His positive response to everything has been 'Ho Jayega!' and to me, he is proof that striving to attain a vision can get you there. Nautiyal has forever pushed the editorial board to improve the publication and better our efforts, helping all of us through the sweat. He has constantly been my logical and moral support, and I greatly treasure the times I've spent with him. I wish him well for his potentially incredible future.

By Sriman Goel

Aryan Bhattacharjee

"Success is 20% content, and 80% confidence." Hearing these words from Aryan Bhattacharjee, whom I had always classified as the 'serious intellectual' before working with him during this year's DSMUN, was shocking. However, as I worked more closely with him, I realised that they perfectly encapsulated 'Bhatta', whose unrivalled smartness came with the most senseless humour and a bluntly fun-loving nature. His carefree outlook on the spectacle of life was a great inspiration for me, and the consistency with which he produced rib-tickling *Week Gone Bys* was a standard the whole Editorial Board aspires towards. At the close, I am greatly thankful for having the opportunity to work with him, and for having him as a friend.

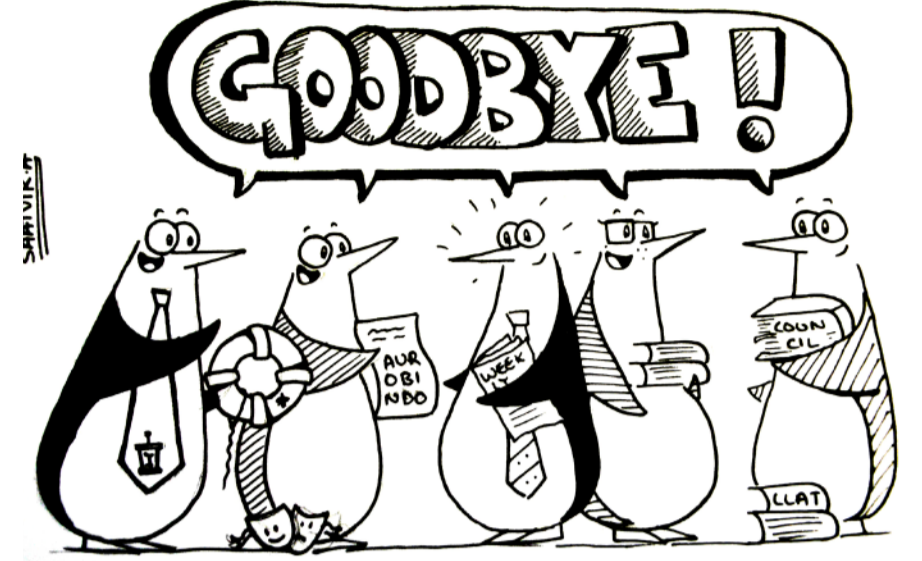
By Varen Talwar

Karan Sampath

Karan's bumbling presence and messy appearance can be misleading to the untrained eye, but a closer look reveals someone who has been a monumental presence in numerous fields across School. His impeccable work ethic and 'always do more' attitude are his defining features, and these features shall be missed most

in his departure. From debating alongside him to swimming against him, our journeys have been greatly intertwined, and though we have been at opposing faces many a time through these four years, his ability to forgive and forget is unparalleled. The Editorial Board shall miss him, but Chandbagh will certainly feel empty without him.

By Adit Chatterjee



Crossword

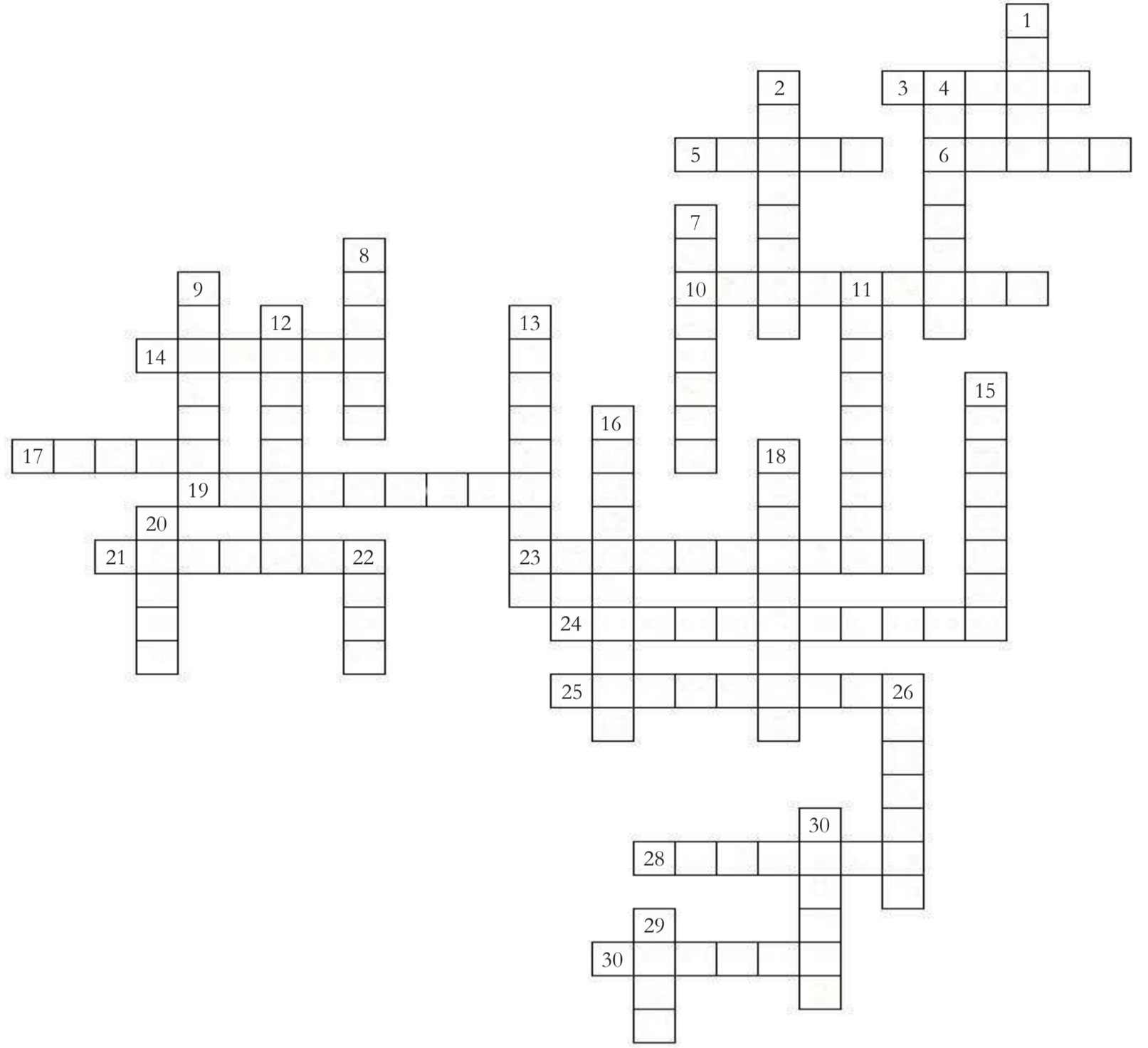
Interesting Facts

Across

- The fattiest organ in our body.
- George Orwell was born in this state.
- This country's national anthem has no words.
- This former British Prime Minister won the Nobel Prize for Literature.
- These reptiles have three eyes.
- This ex-One Direction member has a fear of spoons.
- The word for a single strand of spaghetti.
- This person discovered the RMS Titanic's wreck.
- The longest word that can be typed on one row of keys.
- The first Governor General of Independent India.
- This famous director has a bizarre phobia of the police.
- The national animal of Scotland.
- This recreational drug was once used as a medicine for headache.

Down

- The book *Alice in Wonderland* is banned in this Asian country.
- The *Beatles* made a song after this city.
- This famous Russian mystic survived being shot, poisoned and stabbed.
- Adolf _____ is considered the architect of 'The Final Solution.'
- This famous composer who wrote 'Symphony No. 40' did not attend school.
- The only non-mammalian species able to recognise itself in a mirror test.
- The first known contraceptive is the dung of this animal.
- The first Indian epic.
- This technological feature was named after a 10th century ruler, King Harald.
- This physicist declined Israel's presidency.
- The phobia related to the fear of heights.
- The author of *Grapes of Wrath*.
- Japan uses more paper to make _____ comics than toilet paper.
- The author of *Matilda* who also served in the Royal Air Force.
- He is credited with the phrase, 'White Man's Burden.'
- The name given to a group of bees.
- Youngest player to score in a football World Cup match.



20. Manga	11. Crocodile	1. China
22. Dahl	12. Kamayana	2. Dehradun
26. Kipling	13. Bluetooth	4. Rasputin
27. Colony	15. Einstein	7. Eichmann
29. Pele	16. Acrophobia	8. Mozart
	18. Steinbeck	9. Magpies
		19. Spaghetti
		17. Payne
		14. Igwana
		10. Churchill
		6. Spain
		5. Bihar
		23. Typewriter
		21. Ballard

THE VERY BEST OF UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

I'm idealeess.

Bhai Kabir, on probation.

Why didn't it get sticked.

Jinay Borana, sticky situation.

How do you know my dreams, are you a psychopath?

Arnav Chaudhary, hypnotised.

The hospital is not a place for sickness.

Dr Amar Lanka, *cough*.

Duck the germs out.

Keshav Singhania, maintaining hygiene.

Only facts can be wrong.

Shrivar Kanudia, evidently.

I won't see any dinosaurs because only a few of them are left.

Ribhav Bansal, Shrivar agrees.

I am a very dumblo.

Aryaman Kakkar, having an epiphany.

The man was non-reachable.

Siddhant Agarwal, Mission Impossible 7.

Mark your mans.

Aryansh Sharma, the hockey mastermind.

Mine CV is better.

Sargun Mehram, Ivy League aspirant.

My old school has an underwater swimming pool.

Maharshi Roy, Indian Aquaman.

The floor was tallness.

Shreyan Mittal, scaling new heights of stupidity.

I run one hour in ten minutes.

Aviman Singh, breaking world records.

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

MKS, 'scoping' season?

I stole it.

Amrit Agarwal, honesty is not the best policy.

Laptop will not on.

CSG, switched off.

I didn't have a Spain food.

Yuvraj Sarda, trying new things.

I am agree with you.

DKY, let's agree to disagree.

My legs are standing here.

Tarun Bhide, standing ovation.

Infertility is inherited.

Shaan Bulchandani, Biology topper.

These lemons are broken.

Saatvik Anand, bitter revelation.

Switch off the door.

Ahan Jayakumar, off his hinges.

Can you increase the fan of the speed?

Ansh Raj, in a whirlwind.

Stop overshooting the time.

VKL, in extra time.

I'll eat paper cuts.

Krishang Arora, hungry for more.

Donald Trump is the butt on my pimple.

Varen Talwar, angry young man.

You losted its originality.

Ansuhtup Giri, one of a kind.

I literally saw the ball thrice, but I didn't see it.

Saatvik Anand, clearly hallucinating.

This is the happiness of sadness.

Udaya Goel, living the paradox.

Switch on your notebooks.

GYA, from the future.

Fat people look thin.

Shreyan Mittal, you wish.

Pass the vegetarian paneer.

Aryan Prakash, desi Gordon Ramsay.

Pass the penne sauce.

Yatin Gaur, following Aryan's footsteps.

I need to go someone.

Tanay Gour, lost.

I want to be an architecture when I grow up.

Rajveer Singh Machre, building castles in the air.

9/11 happened in 2012.

Aryaman Goyal, conspiracy theorist.

Make sure you do your works.

Ansh Raj, roger that?

Sudoku

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

Key

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