

The Doon School WEEKLY



"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot
November 9, 2019 | Issue No. 2555

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A satire on the dreaded Morning PT held in cold weather.

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Editorial

Sketching Your World to Perfection

Varen Talwar

As I begin my tenth attempt at writing this Editorial today, I am reminded of just how daunting writing can be. Despite having been part of the *Weekly* for some years now, I am still haunted by the unforgiving, eternal blinking of the cursor. The empty Word document still remains my nemesis, making me feel angry, panicked, and most of all, helpless. This time, however, this helplessness has really put some things in perspective.

There has been an age-old problem and criticism of the *Weekly* being an elitist publication and that most articles printed are written by the Board members themselves. For many years, we have wondered about how this came to be so, and how to solve the issue, which somehow keeps on getting worse. So, in the excitement of my appointment, I went around all the Toyes in my house asking people why they wouldn't write for the *Weekly*, so that I could solve the problem once and for all.

Most of the responses that I received from form-mates and juniors were about dearth of time, laziness, lack of topics, and self-doubt. While the latter two could be fixed, what could one do about the first two factors? We couldn't extend the Earth's rotation or the human body cycle by a couple of hours, nor could we draw laziness out of people. I thought

a lot about it, trying to arrive at solutions that were somewhat easier than changing the laws of physics and evolution, but to no avail. Since time was running out, I left the problem for another day, and began to write my Editorial.

We need you to help the *Weekly* in its mission to 'sketch your world exactly as it goes', because it needs the hands of all Doscos to sketch this world of ours to perfection.

It thus came to be that ten frustrating attempts later, as I found myself defeated by the diabolical blinking of the cursor yet again, the answer finally struck me. I realised that the reason I had persevered through ten failed attempts was not only that I was bound by a duty and a deadline to write, but that my Editorial was guaranteed a place in the issue. It took me back to my D Form, when I had stopped writing anything for the *Weekly* after my first poem got

rejected. In fact, it wasn't until I joined the Board in B Form that my first piece, a shabby half-pager on Hindi losing its prevalence in India, was published.

That just proved that I didn't feel motivated enough to write for the *Weekly* until it was my job to do so. It meant that I, too, had once been a dormant Dosco too scared and demotivated to write. After my poem didn't appear in the *Weekly*, I was mired in self-doubt, and I stopped trying. To justify giving-up, I lied to myself that there was nothing to write about, and with time, that lie transformed into a belief set in stone. A sense of laziness kicked in, and then came the age-old excuse: scarcity of time.

Fortunately for me, however, I was rescued by the *Weekly* in B Form, when the then Editor-in-Chief finally accepted me as a Board member after my third attempt at the test. As I was encouraged to write, and was given feedback by my seniors, the self-doubt slowly faded away. So did all other obstacles that had prevented me, like they had the people in my house, from writing for the *Weekly*.

However, not everyone is as lucky as I was to have found a place where I was pushed to express myself – that finally brings me to the point I initially set out to bring

(Continued on Page 3)

VOCES NOVAE

The following is the **Senior Editorial Board** of the *Weekly* for the year **2019-20**:

Editor-in-Chief: Varen Talwar

Editor: Adit Chatterjee

Senior Editors: Aviral Kumar, Keshav Singhal, Sriman Goel

The *Weekly* would like to thank its outgoing Editors for their commitment to the publication, and wishes the incoming board a fruitful tenure!

THE LEADING LIGHTS

Rishin Reddy and Sresht Garg were appointed as the **Boys-in-Charge** of the **AV Squad** for the year **2019-20**.

We wish them a fruitful tenure!

RIPPING RALLIES

School participated in the **All India IPSC Table Tennis Championship** held in Pune from **October 20-23**. The **Under-19** team comprising Aryan Kasera, Gautam Singhal, Harshvardhan Agarwal, Ransher Mann and Shyamal Singhal won the **Silver Medal**. The **Under-14** team comprising Advay Kajaria Hridayam Tusnial, Mohak Jain, Shaurya Agarwal and Samartha Singhal won the **Gold Medal**.

Well played!

“

It is stimulating to live in a society that is not standardised or mechanised, and is free from monotony.

—
RK Narayan

ON THE RIGHT TRACK

School participated in the **56th All India Athletics Meet, 2019** from **October 13–15**. Ajaypartap Grewal won the **Bronze Medal** in the **1500m race**. Adhiraj Palaitha won the **Bronze Medal** in **Shot Put** and Arijit Sannamanda, Harsh Sethi, Pradyut Narain and Udbhav Tomar won the **Bronze Medal** in the **4x100m Relay**.

Well done!

SUBLIME SWIMMERS

Swimming **Full Colours** were awarded to Jayaditya Dahiya, Tarun Bhide and Raghav Kediyal. **Half Colours** were awarded to Aryan Prakash, Balraam Suri and Ishaan Singhee.

Kudos!

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

You should care for the people surrounding you.

MKS, being considerate.

You have thought and given your thought.

AKS, wise thoughts.

The baby births the mother.

Veer Agarwal, reverse biology.

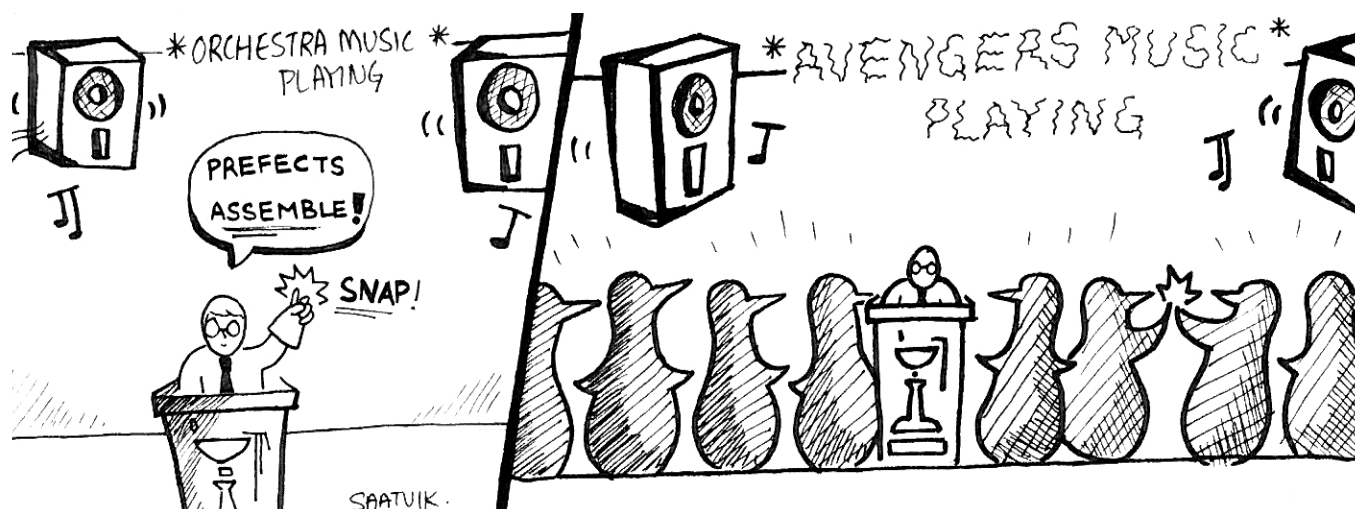
Around the World in 80 Words

Elections are set to take place in Mauritius on Thursday, two years after former Prime Minister Anerood Jugnauth stepped down and his son succeeded him in taking the Prime Minister's office. Colombian Defense Minister Guillermo Botero announced his resignation under pressure over bombing casualties. The World Bank agreed to help Lebanon overcome its economic crisis. Liverpool won 2-1 against Aston Villa in this weekend's Premier League fixtures, while in the Champions League, Real Madrid managed a 6-0 victory over Galatasaray.

Doosco Doodle

The New Order

Saatvik Anand



(Continued from Page 1)

out in this Editorial.

Expression is a human function as innate and essential as breathing and eating. Take away the ability to express one's thoughts and feelings, and might as well suffocate that person. This emotional asphyxiation needs to be relieved from time to time, otherwise it leads to outbursts elsewhere. We adolescents are infamous anyway for suppressing our emotions because of peer pressure. All this has led to the unwelcome environment one experiences in many places in School.

So, I implore you to write – to pour your heart out on the pages

of the *Weekly*. Don't be scared that it won't match up, for I promise you that we will not let any – ANY – article go without giving it at least two rounds of editing and guidance. This goes for everyone, right from the D Formers to the SCs. We need you to help the *Weekly* in its mission to 'sketch your world exactly as it goes', because it needs the hands of all Doscos to sketch this world of ours to perfection.

I urge you to get creative by expressing your opinions uniquely. If you don't like to write a thesis summary on world politics or climate change for a Saturday morning, try writing stories and poems, because all fiction is

therapy. The boundaries for your imagination are limitless.

However, please keep one thing in mind: don't write rants for the sake of it. It would be hypocrisy on my part to allow people to publicly tear each other apart without using any logic and evidence while promising a safe platform. We must create an environment that is conducive for everyone to be able to express themselves freely and respectfully.

I will give my best to live up to the promise of facilitating your growth as a writer. All that is left for you to do is overcome your fears, let go of your hesitation, and take a leap of faith.

In the Fast Lane

Mayank Agarwal reports on the recently-concluded *Inter-House Athletics Competition*.

The results of the hard work put in over the past few weeks was evident this year as the Inter-House Athletics Meet began with explosive performances. Despite its overlap with the festive season, which left several boys regretting their food choices over the past few weeks, there were stellar performances to be seen. On more than just one occasion, races would end with nail-biting finishes, and leave many wondering who had charged past the finish line first.

Before anything else, the School Team gave a splendid performance at the Districts and the IPSC Athletics Meets. Fast forward to October 24, and the Inter-House begins. The meet opened and closed with synchronous displays of marching in which Tata excelled, winning them a large cake for the evident effort they put in the evening practices. Once the races began, crowds characteristically gathered on the sidelines to bolster their athletes' determination every single day. However, after just three days of events, boys were given a three-day Diwali break, a breather

that many felt was necessary.

In the Junior's category, Shardul Raghuvanshi won the Best Athlete's trophy, blistering past all competition in the 100 m and Hurdles events.

This time there was fierce competition seen in the mediums' category and splendid performances were given by Balraam Suri, Iman Chatterjee, Krishna Agarwal, Karmanya Yadav and Harsh Sethi, who redeemed the 400 meters record he had been denied last year. He went on to narrowly win the award for the best athlete in the category as well. There was no lack of surprises either as a certain Nizam and Swan gave their fellow housemates stiff competition, albeit ultimately conceding in the end. In the Seniors' category, 'Young' Udbhav Tomar managed to surprisingly win gold in the discus throw, and also to win the Pentathlon on Saturday. With little effort, Arijit Sannamanda managed to win the long jump with only half a run-up and also clinched gold in the 100 and 200 meters race. Unfortunately, none of this was enough as Ajay Grewal stole the show and was adjudged the Best Athlete of the Year with four consecutive victories in the long distance events. In the relays, Hyderabad House dominated in all categories and even bested the long-standing mediums' 4x400 meter relay record by a second in emphatic fashion, one of only two records broken this year.

At the end of it all, Hyderabad House almost replicated their previous year's clean sweep, missing out on the Mediums Cup to Jaipur House by the smallest of margins.



Winter is Here

Shreyan Mittal

He knew what was coming. Every day, he hopelessly followed the same monotonous and exhausting routine. He looked out the small window in front of his bed, saw the snow falling rapidly, and icicles forming on the cold glass. Normally, it would have been a sight to admire, but on this harsh winter morning, it simply meant more pain for the soldiers. He opened the small cupboard containing his plain grey overalls. When he had first received them during the start of winter season, he had hoped to protect himself from the merciless cold. However, he quickly learned that looks can be deceiving, as the grey apparel offered no defence from the chilling cold.

He slowly dressed up and went down for morning tea. Again, he had been misled into thinking that he would be served delicious, piping hot tea before heading out. In reality, tea was nothing more than slightly flavoured water. These comrades were hopeful - getting the presiding officer's permission to visit the infirmary would present an escape route at least for one day. Only to be thwarted by the Leaders of The

Barracks, who were only too familiar with such tricks. Just a week ago, two young soldiers had slept through the 'Physical Torture'. What followed was one of the most gruesome events to be seen in the cantonment, as had to run until they couldn't stand.

As he stepped out onto the field, all he could see was the never-ending stretch of green, a thin layer of white now forming on top. Alongside the rest of the troops, he fell into his designated line, something which had become muscle memory by now. The only thing keeping him from fainting was the knowledge of the fact that it would all be over in half an hour, and soon the sweet release from the chilling winter would arrive. He only concentrated on synchronising his movements with the rest of the people. Each clap, thump and command given by the youths were together, working like a well-oiled machine. From afar it was a thing of beauty, but if only they were in the shoes of the soldiers would they finally see the broken world through their eyes.

| Spoken Word |

October 28th, 2019

Aryaman Kakkar

The night is no longer sacred for it is full of peeping eyes in place of blinking starlight. We are doused in poisonous potions of light and fire and the world echoes with the glee of gunshots. We can no longer be trusted with these limbs and voices; who knows the havoc that they hold.

The night is no longer sacred for the air is a soup, a closed room of suspicion, of averted eyes and open, voiceless mouths, unsure of words they would say. We are no longer the masters or students in a world that no longer wants us, we are dictated to and told off as if we are petulant children. Our names and years of our lives hold no place.

They used to be one of us. With all their diktats, the authoritarian democracy, the lies and the cheats; they used to be one of us. Now they are everywhere, and now we are left with hushed words and pained faces and pained lives and pained wombs for the children are no longer safe. Freedom is no longer necessary. They push us deeper and deeper into the depths as if the pressure would mould us into diamonds. Raw and shining, as if the darkness would make us see the light. Raw, for wounds not given time to heal, to scar over, they bleed and scab and tire and flame and rage! Rage! Rage! Silence, ignorance, dying movements. Dying breaths. Dying ink and drying blood and the night is no longer sacred for wooden meanders that were once solace and howling ice are not solace anymore. The light stabs and slices the road and clandestine pages hold numbers as if the tattoos of the second war, the cages of identity never went away but disguised themselves.

As if the oppressors who never saw the light of night never left but blended. Hid. Returned. We are no longer the masters and the students in a world where knowledge is muddy, identity is objectionable, and the faces are so many. We are no longer caged but blinded. Blinded by idle talk of pawns and the embers of dying fires while forest fire feast beyond the whites of our eyes. Destruction had never seemed so soon for I was taught that empires who defended from without could always rebuild but those that divided from within never rose again. Never rose for a new dawn, a new day.

We are no longer sacred for the day has fallen away and the nightmares have stayed. The nightmares have stayed in the dawn of the moon and we are plagued by creatures who once languished in the sun and now feast in ignorant darkness. The nightmares have stayed.

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UNDER THE SCANNER

Pollution in Delhi | Pratham Joshi

Air pollution in India has been estimated to have killed about 1.5 million people every year, and leading this 'death race', New Delhi has been one of the most polluted cities in the world for a while now. This change is due to the many events that take place during this time, such as burning crop stubble and garbage, as well as bursting fire-crackers. The pollution in New Delhi is so horrifying that in October 2017, according to numerous pollution experts, simply breathing in the city is equivalent to smoking about 33 cigarettes a day. The pollution levels in Delhi have deteriorated to the point that it causes numerous health problems such as breathlessness, chest constriction, irritation in eyes, asthma, and also

triggers various allergies simply by living there.

Since the 1970s, farmers have been burning crop stubble in areas like Punjab and Haryana. This creates toxic clouds which end up in Delhi and is a major cause of pollution. The fog brought on by the cold weather in December leads to smog, further choking the capital. Moreover, though, the city has repeatedly reported immense spikes in the level of pollution during the festive season of Diwali.

Ironically, the 'festival of lights' allows no room for breath in the city and over the past few years, Diwali has had a devastating effect on Delhi's air quality. It has led to many breathing problems for all residents and is now a dreaded part of the year. As pollution levels

moved into the 'severe' category this Diwali, the government was forced to shut down schools. The government tried to specifically tackle the problem of burning firecrackers. Their proposed solution was to put a ban on the sale of firecrackers within the city and some surrounding regions. Residents of Delhi were only allowed to burst green crackers which were 30% less polluting. Although this Diwali was the least polluting in the past three years, the government's plans for regulation cannot be called entirely successful. The government had set time slots allowing the bursting of green firecrackers but people were seen bursting crackers all day long. The government has also taken other preventive measures to reduce the pollution levels such as shutting down huge power plants and banning the burning of leaves, but to no avail.

As citizens, we have failed to see the bigger picture as the government has tried hard to make our capital cleaner and better. The situation in New Delhi really is toxic enough to qualify it uninhabitable. So, if we wish for real change, we can only attain it when we, the citizens, are extremely conscious about making choices which are best for us all and our collective future.



Microfiction

Eeshan Mehrotra

Revenge

Ross had waited fifty years for revenge. Searching the hospital wards, he found Ted napping, feeble. "For what you did to me at that party" Ross sneered. He pulled out a marker and marred Ted's face with a moustache and glasses.

Protector

| It protects me. From the seven-legged creature under my bed.
| It protects me from the violent visitant in the kitchen.
| It protects me from the girl in white with hair down to her feet, standing outside my window.
| It protects me, the thing in my closet.

Redemption

I had a dream, where I was being dragged across the floors of hell, burning in the flames, writhing in agony. I woke up, startled, to hear the doctor exclaiming, "Phew!, We'd lost you for a few seconds there!"

Putting the Bagh in Chandbagh

Mr. Piyush Malviya outlines the steps taken by School to become eco-friendly.

Coming in from the city and entering Chandbagh has an immediate effect. The temperature drops, it's calm, it's green, it's heaven! But recently I was in for a shock when Rahul Kohli (President DSOBS) told me that Chandbagh is a degraded campus. He said he too had the same reaction when an environmentalist told him about this. I started looking back and began to wonder what went wrong. As I started on this journey there were many realisations. The *bajri* has given way to far too much tarmac, the hedges have turned into boundary walls. The Rose Bowl has lost all its glory with the bamboos gone and God knows how many trees we have lost over the years. The School that was tucked carefully amidst all its pristine greenery is now visible through and through. I realised, for a seventy acre campus which houses barely eight hundred humans the School's carbon footprint is outrageous. We use one crore twenty lakh liters of water in a month. Our average electricity bill for a month is about four lakh rupees. In winters, our boilers and generators guzzle four thousand liters of diesel per month. This drops to almost half in the summer months thanks to the cool climes of Chandbagh. We are pampered! However, we will have to change our habits. Reduction and alternative sources like solar energy will have to come in very soon. Simultaneously, we need to tackle the waste that we generate in School. Take for instance the amount of plastic, i.e., tetra packs, plastic bottles, and plastic packets that come as a part of 'night café' every day. Going by simple math would make any sensitive person feel guilty - one tetra pack of juice, plus a plastic snack packet for every child, i.e., about five hundred thirty tetra packs, bottles, and plastic wrappers, six times a week, multiplied by thirty days into eight months, i.e., two hundred and forty days. To add to that all that is the other plastic that comes into the CDH, G. Store, Bookstore, Tuck shop, Workshop, Hospital, etc. Surely, we need all of these resources but it is imperative that the School learns to handle and dispose its waste. The sooner, the better, for institutions are legally bound to do so.

Fortunately, our board is an aware and concerned one. The CDC led by Mr. Arun Khanna and Bawa Amarjyot Singh in tandem with Mr. Rahul Kohli is doing a yeoman's service. Solar paneling of major areas of electricity use is under consideration. Cleaning of the *khud* and 're-wilding' of the campus has already started. Indigenous trees, native bushes, shrubs, creepers, climbers, grasses, herbs are being planted, as they will attract birds, butterflies and insects. This will bring back the biodiversity to the ecosystem of



Chandbagh. Waste bins are coming in to segregate waste in the school. To handle plastic, we have tied up with the GATI Foundation, an NGO that collects plastics from all over the valley and supplies it to the Indian Institute of Petroleum, which converts some of the plastic into diesel.

The incorporation of environmental education into the curriculum to sensitise the faculty and students alike is much needed, thanks to the 'Fridays for Future' event earlier this year in which Rahul Kohli and Dr. Anil Joshi's speeches struck a chord in many of us. We followed it up by forming an Environment Committee. The committee has embarked on an ambitious project of 'geotagging' trees under the guidance of an expert, Mr. Page, Vijay and his team. This would be a permanent 'digital tree census'. The campus has been divided into sixteen grids. The purpose is that in future if a tree is cut or falls down, we have all the information so that the same species could be replaced. To atone for the past this year, we planted a number of trees, like Sita Ashok, Barringtonia, Maulshree, Lotus Flower and two Chinars around the campus on August 15. We intend to make this an annual practice. Our other initiative is to make school events 'plastic-free'. DSMUN and Chuckerbutty Debate have been successful to some extent but we have a long way to go. Apart from this, for our daily usage we have thought of replacing wooden graphite pencils with those made of paper mache or wood dust. The next step would be doing away with ball pens and getting back to the good old fountain pens. The paper recycling plant also is being revived.

School, since its inception, has had an inclination towards being close and respectful to nature. Unfortunately, we are on the verge of forgetting these traditional Dosco values. These measures would not only revive some of those values, but also set the

School as an example of being an environmentally friendly school. The Doon School is a role model for schools across India. We should be encouraging others to take part in a 'Save the Environment' initiative. We should be able to go beyond the environs of Chandbagh to include other public schools of India and possibly overseas Round Square schools as well. We are fortunate to have many DoscOs in the media through whom I intend to publicise the whole

exercise. It's about time for Doon to be seen on the firmament and play a role in this critical battle. But first thing first we need to get our own house in order and dealing with issues on our campus itself will be a Herculean task. It will be a shame to allow the essence of Chandbagh to erode by our own negligence. I would urge all DoscOs to come forward and help in this cause.

The Different Dynamics

Kabir Singh Bhai *comments on the unfair basis of status in School.*

The establishment of a hierarchy in society is an inevitable consequence of human nature. In any society, there will always be a lower, middle and upper class. The divisions, ideally, should be based on the merit of one's achievements – the harder you work, the higher you stand — where rising higher in the social hierarchy isn't meant to grant certain individuals the right to push others around, but rather to instruct and show them where they are going wrong. Similarly, in School, we have our own system of hierarchy; and no, for all those who have already started hurling abuses at me, I am not referring to the senior-junior hierarchy, but rather the system of *aukaat* in School.

Contrary of our founders' vision, our School functions on the system of *aukaat*, which grants certain students in the same form power over their peers.

In the most idealistic scenario, our school – being an educational institute – should not have a social hierarchy to maintain the self-esteem of students and preserve the egalitarian and meritocratic vision of our founders. Much to the contrary of our founders' vision, our School functions on the system of *aukaat*, which grants certain students in the same form power over their peers. Certain students are considered to have more *aukaat*, so they can bully their peers.

The basis for gaining *aukaat* in school is not based on merit, but rather on one's ability to pull others down in an effort to lift oneself up. Therefore, the way to gain *aukaat* is not to be successful in your time at School, but to pull other downs by actively *paeloing* them. This is clearly visible in the way certain students are treated compared to others. Those who have managed to accumulate *aukaat* for themselves

are feared by juniors and even by their own form-mates. Therefore, they have much more freedom in the way they can operate. Those who have less *aukaat* have an inferiority complex built into their minds, so they stay silent when those 'above them' cross lines that are completely unacceptable to be crossed. This inequality can take a significant hit on one's self-esteem and can cause students to underperform. It is also observable how these students are disrespected and their inputs are automatically rejected.

The central dilemma lies in the encouragement the structure of School provides. The first thing new C Formers learn when they enter the Main House is which senior has the most *aukaat*, and he is instantaneously glorified in their eyes. The culture in the houses conditions juniors to look up to those with *aukaat*, while also to fear them. The effects of this are amplified when peers remain bystanders and even hoot to validate this behaviour. This leads to people being encouraged to *paelo* others to feel good about themselves and assume their actions to be correct. Ultimately, a few students emerge with *aukaat* while others suffer from being the '*paelod-case*' of the form.

This impression often trickles down into the minds of juniors, seniors and sometimes even masters, who then begin picking on that same student, pushing him further down. Additionally, this entire system of *aukaat* hinders form unity, as many of the students believe themselves to be above others.

An even bigger problem arises when students leave School and attempt to replicate this behaviour in colleges and workplaces where it is looked down upon heavily. They grow up to assume pulling others down is okay and continue to conduct this behaviour as adults, and are shocked when those around them reject this behaviour. The alternative to this is mutual respect, which would encourage bonhomie among students. A system that runs on the fundamentals of respect would prevent such destructive behaviour and encourage students to be more inclusive and helpful. This would provide a much better environment for all students to grow together to their full potentials.

The Week Gone By

Keshav Singhal

To begin with, I welcome the Dosco Community to this column of the *Weekly*, which I shall share the honour of writing for through the following year. I promise to keep your Saturday mornings ever more piquant with a flavoursome summary of the week's proceedings.

All said and done, this week kept everyone on the edges of their seats as they impatiently witnessed the new set of leaders take the centre stage. After a series of appointments and disappointments, our new contingent of leaders could be seen reunited with their peers, reminding us of how despite anything, our

camaraderie is all that matters. To the disappointed ones though, the rescheduling for the 'test' batch as we are, may not have served your right, but do not hesitate from expressing your grievances, as the Housemasters' suggestion box has been empty for a while.

Disappointment could also be observed amongst the SCs who were tasked with handing in not only their responsibilities, but also their IAs and drafts of Extended Essays. Perhaps the outrage caused by this could be detected in the Quadrangle across the Main field, as our SCs extravagantly expressed their love for one of their own on his birthday. For all others who did not get an opportunity to watch this escapade, the boxing ring shall keep you entertained as our mighty boxers jab their way through screening tests. On a walk across

the Main Field, one may also find our valiant victors practise Hockey diligently in their pre-pre season. While our valiant victors in their pre-pre-season strive to earn four gold points next season as well, our 'Kam Jam' debaters are fighting hard to reclaim the trophy once again.

With the passing of a prefectorial body, we also saw the Senior Editorial Board of the *Weekly* hand over the reins to the new one. Congratulations to my dear colleagues, as we successfully manage to produce our first issue this week. On that note, I would also like to congratulate the entire community on surviving this term's military training. As it comes to an end, I hope you all get a chance to finally attain some peace before facing the huge stacks of books that await us!

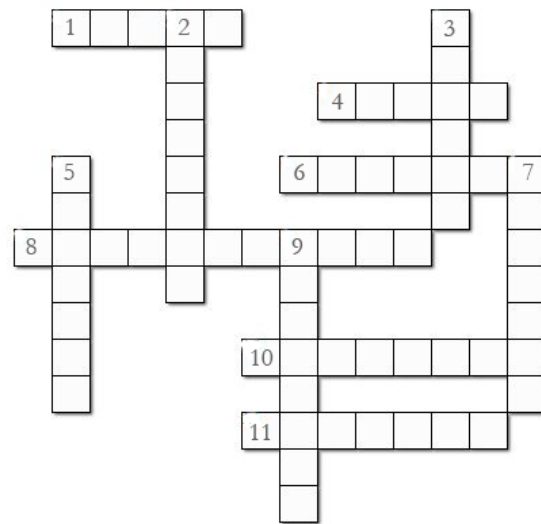
Crossword | Absurd Records

Across

- 1. Manjit _____ holds the record for lifting the heaviest weight with just one eye socket (of 16.3kg).
- 4. The record for the most rotations while hanging from a power drill in one minute is held by The Huy _____.
- 6. This person broke the record for completing the most backflips in a row, while on a pogo stick, by doing twenty of them.
- 10. The world record for the tallest mohawk belongs to this Japanese designer.
- 11. This person holds the record for knitting the longest scarf while running a marathon.

Down

- 2. Xie _____ holds the world record for most one-finger push-ups in 30 Seconds, by doing 41 of them.
- 3. _____ Gorske holds the world record for consuming the most Big Macs at a time at 26,000.
- 5. Julia _____ holds the record for the fastest 100m sprint while wearing high heels in a time of 14.53 seconds.
- 7. This person has set the world record for the most toilet seats broken by the head in one minute.
- 8. The frozen hot chocolate at this restaurant holds the record for the world's most expensive dessert, with a price of \$25,000.
- 9. The shampoo giant Head & Shoulders has insured the hair of this football player for \$1,000,000.



Answers to This Week's Crossword:	
Across	1. Singh
2. Guizhong	11. Babcock
3. Donald	4. Giang
5. Plecher	6. Cabelus
7. Shelley	10. Watanabe
8. Serendipity	
9. Polamalu	

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

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