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The Doon School WEEKLY

"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot
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To Memories Made

The Weekly bids farewell to **Ms. Amrit Burret**. On this occasion, her friends, students, and colleagues share their thoughts and wish her well for the future.

Social service is one of the first thoughts that come to my mind when I hear the name of AMB. She is a master who I have seen dedicatedly involved in social service. Whenever some plan had to be cancelled or there was some unforeseen event, AMB's very mature handling of the situation with patience and calmness is something that we really respect her for. I have also seen ma'am playing an active part in Jaipur house and always wanting them to be the best. Her helpful nature is seen by all the seniors and the juniors of the house as well as the School. Ma'am, I really respect you for the social work you have been a part of and your interest in service. On behalf of the School community, I would like to wish you the very best of luck for your future endeavours. Your presence will really be missed by us at School.

-Aditya Goel

To me, AMB Ma'am was closer to being a parent than anything else. Her doors were open to everyone, expressed in the quote at her door "Happiness comes through a door you didn't know was left open". Her ears were open to everyone, she would listen to anyone's problems, and we could trust her confidentiality. Behind



all this magic was her striking character: a lover of adventure, a helpful hand, a social worker. She would take us on the best night outs to the most creative places. Every night out we would set out complaining about the remoteness and return thrilled from adventure. AMB ma'am would put all our problems before hers, and would not quit until the end. The only times we couldn't approach her were the times she would be out helping others. AMB ma'am was close to many Doscos, her presence, along with Kirsten's, will be sorely missed.

-Nishith Agarwal

My association has been from the time she joined Kashmir House as the Dame and I was the Assistant Housemaster at that time. Her impact over the kids was visible from the very beginning and she took note of every detail. We had a vision that all forms stay and grow together in the boarding house and within a year it was possible in Kashmir House. She was a true boarding school master who had all the time for her students. I admire her observational skills. She missed nothing - not even the anxious look on the faces of those who needed any support. Her love for the children in her custody was balanced with firmness. This was the time when the rain water would take a longer time to drain from the K-House quadrangle. It was post the Chuckerbutty debates that we had incessant rain in the school. We all got into the quadrangle to play water polo which continued for some time. She was a part of the fun but she did not let any student leave the place without clearing up the mess outside the house. What I will remember about her is her sensitive nature, her love for the students, her readiness to hear everyone, but at the same time making sure her point was heard.

-ANC

HOLE IN ONE

Golf Full-Colours were awarded to Aryavardhan Gupta and Rishabh Goyal.

Congratulations!

EXCELLENCE IN ELOCUTION

Following are the appointments for the **Senior English Debating Society** for the year **2019-20**:

Secretary: Adit Chatterjee
Boy-in-Charge: Nirvair Singh

Kudos!

EXEMPLARY AMBASSADORS

Following are the appointments for **DSMUN** for the year **2019-20**:

Secretary General: Aviral Kumar
President: Aarnav Sethy
Deputy Secretary General: Ishaan Singhee
Under Secretary Generals: Aryaman Khosla and Rahul Singh

We wish them a fruitful tenure!

PHYSICAL PROWESS

The following are the sport captancies for the year **2019-20**:

Athletics: Ajaypratap Grewal
Badminton: Sparsh Garg
Basketball: Vedang Patel
Boxing: Inderveer Oberoi
Cricket: Arnavv Jain
Football: Rahul Singh
Golf: Rishabh Goyal
Hockey: Shanay Sojatia
PT Leader: Armaan Batta
Squash: Arihant Lohia
Swimming: Jayaditya Dahiya
Shooting: Sudhir Chowdhry
Tennis: Zubaer Chawla
Table tennis: Shyamal Singhal

We wish them the best of luck for the following year!

“

You cannot escape the responsibility of tomorrow by evading it today.

—
Abraham Lincoln

STELLAR SHUTTLERS

Badminton Half-Colours were awarded to Abhisar Sudhakar and Kapil Thapli. **Colours** were awarded to Mayank Kukreti and Sparsh Garg.

Kudos!

GRANDMASTER

Aryan Kasera was appointed the **School Chess Captain** for the year **2019-20**.

We wish him a fruitful tenure!

SCIENTIFIC SUCCESS

Sudhir Chowdhry was appointed the **Boy-in-Charge** of **Alpha** for the year **2019-20**.

Congratulations!

SOUTHPAW

Boxing Half-Colours were awarded to Adiraj Singh, Arjun Wakade, Imaad Moonis and Sujoy Kapoor. **Full-Colours** were awarded to Agastya Khanna, Inderveer Oberoi and Shreyansh Shukla.

Kudos!

SYMPHONIC SCHOLARS

Karthik Subbiah and Pranav Goel have been awarded the **Scholar's Blazer**.

Kudos!

THE SPORT OF KINGS

Aradhya Aggarwal, Archit Oberoi and Aavyukt Kochar were awarded **Half-Colours** in Tennis.

Well done!

BREAKING THE GLASS CEILING

Squash Half-Colours were awarded to Pragnay Nevatia and Shanay Sojatia.

Kudos!

Around the World in 80 Words

Federal Law Enforcement agencies in the US arrested 90 students for exploiting the visa system. A court in Bangladesh sentenced six people to death for their role in the 2016 Dhaka cafe attack. Pragya Thakur was dropped from the defence panel after controversial remarks about Nathuram Godse, meanwhile, Shiv Sena candidate, Uddhav Thackeray was sworn in as the Chief-Minister of Maharashtra on Thursday. Manchester City beat Chelsea FC 2-1, while Sheffield United drew 3-3 with Manchester United in the Premier League.

Dada's Universe

Ansh Raj

As Dada entered the Superintendent's office to do his routine cleaning – part of the chores assigned to political prisoners like him – he caught sight of a piece of paper with a verse written on it:

*Go send your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need
To wait in heavy harness
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,*

Half devil and half child" (Rudyard Kipling)

The poet's name rang a bell; not long ago, when Dada was still in School, his English master had praised, rather boastfully, about the author's credentials. The praise wasn't entirely unjustified, for the poet had gone on to win the Nobel for Literature almost ten years after the release of this very book. "Whom could this paper belong to?" Dada wondered. The Superintendent, for all his airs, did not look like he would be interested in literature. "Could it be the coach who had come to civilise the barbarians?" Before Dada could delve deeper in his thoughts though, the wall-clock chimed, indicating it was nine in the morning. He quickly resumed cleaning. Over his years of captivity, his old rebellious self was dead, and he scurried off to do the Masters' bidding.

The day was an ordinary one, and everyone around Dada went about doing their normal tasks. Having finished his cleaning chores, Dada sat in the sewing room, irritated with the yarn of thread that refused to go through the eye of the needle. Varied menial jobs that he was forced to do in prison had made his hands calloused and rough; it appeared almost impossible to perform a task as delicate as sewing. Finally, when it did look like the yarn would pass through, the alarm rang and a tapping sound emanated from the announcement horn. Even before the announcement started, Dada knew very well what it would be about. Announcements of such kind had become common, and usually called for a congregation of all prison inmates at the centre of the main prisoners' hall. Usually, the Superintendent would conduct such meetings to either announce strict punitive action on someone's indiscipline, or convey an urgent message from the chief prison administrators. This time, it looked like it would be the former. Who could it be?

The inmates assembled in order, standing in rows facing the centre, where the Superintendent would stand. The senior inmates, who generally walked around with canes, were allowed to sit on raised platforms during these meetings – the only show of consideration from the officers. The Superintendent was nowhere in sight, and murmurs had begun

erupting among the inmates. They quickly died when a new figure started walking towards the centre instead of the Superintendent. Not many recognised him, but Dada had seen him before. It was the coach.

"Attention!" An unfamiliar, strident voice boomed across the hall. The inmates stood on their toes, and even the Elders pulled their backs straight. "My name is Charles Lee, and I am a Visiting Officer on a civilising mission. You may not have noticed me, but I have been observing you for some time. Some think differently, but I feel you need better training – Could you please stand while I am speaking to you!" His outburst was directed towards the Elders, who recoiled at his scream. None of them, however, stood up, thinking some underling would inform him of the rituals around the sacrosanct congregations. No one dared to come close to him though, and Lee's voice thundered once again "Do you not hear me? Get up! *Now!*" The Elders looked into each other's eyes, hesitated, and started standing up one by one. Everyone flinched, but no one said a word.

Satisfied by his psychological conquest, Lee resumed, "As I was saying, you people are capable of a dignified living. Your people had shown great resilience in the war years, and have largely co-operated with us ever since. But before you get ahead of yourself, let me warn you. Do not aim too high, or you will lose sight of where you belong." He took out a piece of paper from his pocket. For a moment, Dada thought it would be the verse he had seen a while back. Lee stretched his hands as he held out the paper. The inmates standing in the back could not see it, though Dada could see it perfectly well. In untidy charcoal, the piece had "Let Us Use Our Land" written on it.

"Do you know what this amounts to? Sedition. It's a crime perpetrated under hate for the people you serve. We come from afar, separated from our families, to try to lift you, and this is how you respond! Are you aware of what happens to perpetrators of such crimes? Do you wish to meet the same end?"

A shiver ran down Dada's spine as the last words were thundered. His head was clouded in thoughts. Who could have done this? How will they find the perpetrator? Was Lee suspicious of someone? But more importantly, why had Lee himself taken the initiative of tackling this issue? Where was the Superintendent? This overt threat was inappropriate and unprecedented even in the prison. Lee interrupted his thoughts: "Nothing of this kind should be repeated. Get back to your work now." As Dada turned, he felt anxious about the future of his prison, a microcosm of a country from the past.

Letter to the Editor

This letter is in response to the article 'Out of the Shadows' written by Lorcan Conlon in Issue No. 2557. I do sympathise with the author's immense grief at having been deprived of the knowledge of what he christens "one of the greatest scandals in climate history". Nevertheless, I would like to warn the authors and the School community not to consider even for a moment, as the author has, that the threat of climate change is not real.

Early on, the author provides a short summary of 'Climategate' and instantly leaps to the possibility that "all claims of climate change" might be "unfounded". To question an independently developed theory, peer-reviewed by thousands of climate scholars at different institutions around the world, on the basis of a handful of individuals at a single institution is less than logical. The fact that an individual institution manipulates an issue for its own gain does not make the issue any less real or pressing.

Displaying the extent of his short-sightedness, the author goes on to characterize the status quo as an "Orwellian dystopia". Governments and businesses, the two most powerful stakeholders globally, have nothing to gain from the issue of climate change. In fact, they have much to lose. 'Green policies' translate into higher costs and spending for governments, and their absence is often responsible for political flak and declining electoral success. Similarly, profit margins take a hit due to climate change, which also happens to be a painful thorn in the side of the energy and manufacturing companies which comprise a large proportion of the global economy. In an Orwellian dystopia, these power centres would reap extensive gains from the manipulation and ostensible creation

of climate change as an issue. This is evidently not the case.

The author also contradicts himself blatantly. Initially, he professes his utmost sorrow at the fact that information on Climategate was withheld and covered-up, as he puts it. He then proceeds to criticise his "teachers and politicians" for withholding information that they never had in the first place because it was never made public by the media. A paradox if there ever was one!

One thing I couldn't help but notice is that the author dismissively condemns the pursuit of the "greater good of climate change" in favour of unfettered access to information. Though the greater good may carry negative connotations, it is not necessarily bad. Climate change necessitates actions for the greater good because it is a collective problem. Only now have people and governments started to proactively deal with climate change thanks to peer-reviewed, globally corroborated science proving its existence. Publicising an isolated issue such as Climategate will only damage the already painstakingly gradual attempts at solving climate change. The author gets it wrong when he concludes that "we cannot compromise on an unbiased conclusion in the name of efficiency and fast action". Despite the fact that the universally arrived-upon conclusion is unbiased, efficiency and fast action are exactly what we need to solve the problem of climate change. If each of us looked up occasionally and thought of the greater good, we may actually have a chance of doing that.

Best wishes,
Karthik Subbiah

Aaple Sarkar Aale Ahe

Aarnav Sethy sheds light on the recent political events of the country.

Political prostitutes, as Lenin called Trotsky, is what I would like to call our politicians of Maharashtra and their leaderships in Delhi, but for the sake of the 'honorable' members, I choose the word opportunists. The situation in Maharashtra has raised some very fundamental questions about our democratic values. Were the actions of the Governor and the BJP in Maharashtra constitutional? Does the new 'tri-alliance' of the NCP, Congress and Shiv Sena represent the mandate of the people and thus, is the alliance democratic? While we waited for the curtain call in Maharashtra, little did we know, that the drama had just begun.

The Shiv Sena formally broke its longest alliance with the BJP after a disagreement regarding the post

of Chief Minister, leaving no party with enough seats to form government in the state. The governor's clear bias towards the BJP was visible when the Shiv Sena was given less than 24 hours to form its prospective alliance with the NCP and Congress before President's rule was sanctioned in the state. President's rule lasted for more than two weeks until the end for it was in sight when the 'tri-alliance' was soon to announce its formal agreement, with the Sena's leader 'honorable' Uddhav Thackeray at the helm. The big three- 'honorable' Uddhav Thackeray, 'honorable' Sharad Pawar and 'honorable' Sonia Gandhi woke up on Saturday to the swearing-in ceremony of 'honorable' Devendra Fadnis of the BJP as the Chief Minister,

(Continued on next page)

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with the NCP's 'honorable' Ajit Pawar as his Deputy. It seemed as if NCP MLAs were divided on which Pawar to support: the man who tirelessly worked as the only opposition in the state while the Congress sat ducks, or his nephew Ajit. Confused and angered, the Shiv Sena moved the apex court against the actions of the governor and the court ordered a floor test. A floor test is a vote that takes place amongst MLAs in the Legislative Assembly to prove whether the government has the minimum majority support to remain in power. An hour after the Supreme court's decision, 'honorable' Ajit Pawar handed in his resignation to the governor. Lacking the majority, 'honorable' Fadnavis feared being left red-faced at the floor test. At 3pm on Tuesday, he announced his resignation from his four day long post and declared that the BJP will sit as the *vipaksh* (opposition).

Such alignment of a far right party with two centrist parties show 'honorable' Thackeray's desperation for power. It is clear that the Marathi voter's choice was to have the BJP-Shiv Sena alliance in government and the NCP and Congress in opposition. This was the mandate of the people. When two parties who were supposed to sit as the opposition are in power and the single largest party is sitting as the opposition,

the mandate was not respected. But who is the BJP to even point out this opportunism? The BJP throughout its campaign had promised, "*Ajit Pawar jail main chakki peesega*" referring to the multiple scams that he was accused in. 'Was', because the day he was sworn in as Deputy CM, charges in eight irrigation scams were dropped against him. The BJP, also a right leaning party, took the support of a centrist who they perpetually accused of being a criminal.

What about the actions of the 'honorable governor', Mr Koshyari. On what basis did the governor allow the swearing-in ceremony? Unless he was living under a rock, which could be the case, he would have been aware that the chief of the NCP, 'honorable' Sharad Pawar, was in talks with the Shiv Sena and Congress. Furthermore, all stakeholders in this decision were not privy to it. "*Koshyari Ji, thodi to boshiyari dikhayee.*"



A Painter's World

Kabir Singh Bhai

The brush sways, gliding from the west corner to the east. Paint drips – red paint – staining the once-white canvas. Ash, rubble, dead bodies form. Buildings lie defeated on the ground. Trees – yellow and dead. Birds basking in the sun. Their wings scorched by the heat. The sun sets in the west, hiding its face behind a cover of red striped clouds. The cold embrace of radiation spreads across the canvas, cutting into the skins of men and women, pushing through concrete walls, entering homes. It stands silently in living rooms, watching, indifferent to the effects of its presence. Just a single extra hand, just a single leg less – thus it justified its deformation. Generations ahead will suffer the effects of a Little Boy. The artist steps back and examines his masterpiece. He looks satisfied at first, but then his lips pucker, and after careful consideration, he moves his brush again. It fills the white spots on the canvas. Sparing no spot, no life. Slowly, a man forms on the canvas. His clothes come first, then his arms and finally his face – it took the artist the longest to make the face. A moment of helplessness, vulnerability, death, injustice – it had to be captured all at once. The man's jaw hung low, and he was wailing like a new-born. His face was charred and his eyes were wide open for the first time

in his life. The man's arms frantically ran through a pile of rubble. He could see the hand of his child, still holding the Japanese flag, crushed beneath the overbearing weight of the stars, but he couldn't do anything. Eventually, more and more children, men, and women sprung up, adorning the canvas. Some were worse than that man. Blood rolled down their cheeks, gleaming in the setting sun's radiance. Some had missing hands, legs, ears! Some of these figures were just silhouettes, like shadows born from the callousness of the sun. They were frozen in the past, present, future. They were stuck in a never-ending loop of time. Deep in the ocean, slept a little boy, his conscience nagging at him. The job was done and he could do nothing to reverse it. On the other side of the world, night fell and champagne bottles shot open. Cheers rang across the streets, crowds of elated civilians celebrated their victory. The red and white flag swayed in the whirling wind. The war was won! They didn't realise that while they celebrated victory, people here counted lives. While champagne was spilled there, here tears were wept. While their flag swung in the air, another was lowered in shame. The cost of war reverberated across the globe, but it rang most punishingly in the tiny island of Japan.

The Term Gone By

Advaita Sood and Samarth Kapila

When we view this term in retrospect, our realities are muddled due to its sheer length and density. Therefore, the purpose of this 'Term Gone By' is to put the timeline of the events of the past few months into perspective. And so we travel back to those days of warmth and sunshine, peppered with the occasional downpour, as we returned to the confines of Chandbagh amidst the lush greenery and barbed-wire.

The 'season' began with the S Formers lugging their holiday bodies around the Main Field to impress the likes of JTR, ASH and IDS by yelling at the top of their lungs. Meanwhile, as our resident diplomats slogged away in the gym, they were scared by the floating rumours of an alternate year rule. Fortunately, they were allowed to showcase their glib expertise at DSMUN, as no post was left vacant. A special mention goes to the colossal army of 'Hospitality', which was unfailing in ensuring the well-being of the delegates. Memories of DSMUN still fresh in our minds, DoscOs stripped down to their bare essentials and dived into the pool, much to the dismay of Siddharth Lal, as multiple records set by him were shattered.

Besides the usual debut of flashy footwear at the Inter-House Soccer tournament, our Debating Team, unbeaten throughout the preliminary rounds, managed to clinch the year's final victory against the Shri Ram School as the MPH breathed a sigh of relief. A glance through the halls of the Main Building would reveal A and SC Formers trudging through the daily drudgery, crippled by both the advent of Mid-Year Trials and the effects of dengue. The infirmary, brimming with victims of the same, began sanctioning the release of numerous DoscOs,

as each tried their best to avail the benefits of this development. Meanwhile, the healthy ones were briefly allowed to revel in the bliss of the various symphonies and *raags* showcased at the Inter-House Music Competition. However, the two forms writing exams continued to burn the midnight oil and always appeared rejuvenated at the exam hall, courtesy the gallons of caffeine in their bloodstream.

All of this was
complemented
by our Chief-
Guest's booming
inspirational speech
(among those
evidently impressed
was Mr Pagget).

The ~~School Basketball team~~ Nizams breezed through the Inter-House Basketball tournament for yet another year, as the School dusted off the Mid-Term equipment and salvaged the last of its pittances to contribute to the fortunes of Chocolate Corner. On the eve of our departure for Mid-Terms, there was a spike in the levels of 'unfit' people, as the SAT drew nearer. In an unfortunate turn of events, however, deluges of rain limited the amount of activity during Mid-Terms. Ironically, this episode of inactivity extended to the much-awaited activity week, although the bands of actors and musicians were seldom spotted outside their workspaces.

Founder's saw customary levels of extravagance, with our ever-entertaining cast of actors and the event's melodious culmination,

all of this was complemented by our Chief-Guest's booming inspirational speech (among those evidently impressed was Mr Pagget). The constriction of the Founder's Break, however, had a perceptible impact on DoscOs – the influx of boys to the DHP's office stood testament to the rising tensions. The absence of the Diwali speed breaker was likely to have contributed to this effect, though our aged blood-relations showcased unprecedented levels of affection as they trickled in from distant parts of the country.

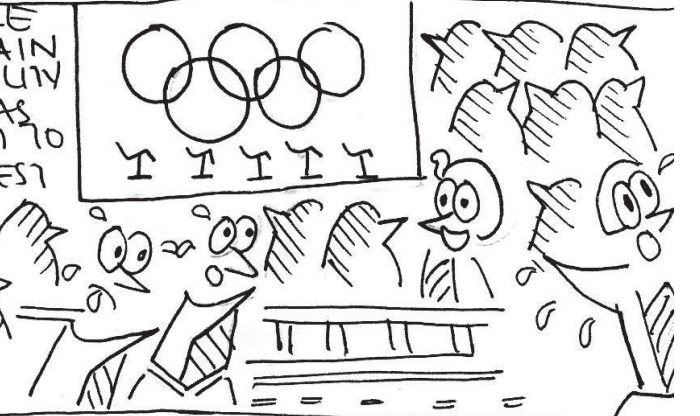
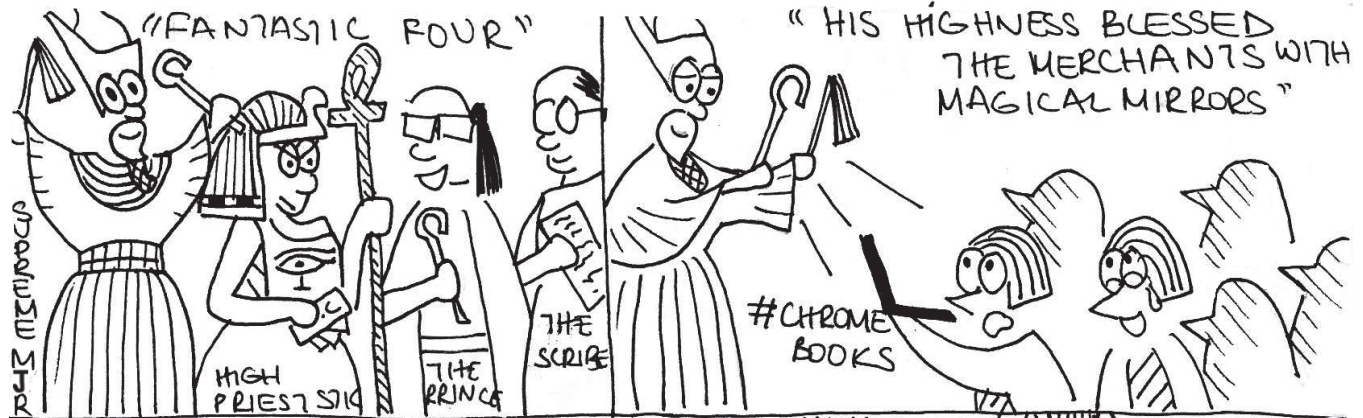
Bouts of physical prowess were then exhibited at the Inter-House Athletics and Boxing competitions. As DoscOs dashed past records and opponents, our Hindi-Debating team lifted the trophy at the 'Kam Jam' debates for the umpteenth time. Then there were those who, for their hard work, perseverance and undying love for their activities, managed to come out on top in a series of disappointments.

If one were to have surveyed the assembly hall last term, one would have found it spotted with occasional shades of blue and black. Today, the sight is a similar one: a sober sea infested by variations of blue, with obstinately scarce levels of black. In contrast, SCs flooded both the Careers Department and the Main Field, sporting amusing obscenities in the latter, in what was probably the beginning of the end of their term.

As the remainder of the School now suffers from what the A and SC Forms suffered in September, the break seems a final reward for their academic efforts. As we hurtle into the New Year, we wish the School community an enjoyable and productive holiday season, and we hope, of course, to see the A Formers 'a week too early' next term.

Doon Doodle

The Term Gone By
Anant Ganapathy



Sports

ATP Open
 Formula 1 Abu Dhabi Grand Prix
 England tour of South Africa
 Dakar Rally
 World Women's Handball Championship
 Australian Open

January 3-12
 December 1st
 December 26th
 January 5-17
 November 30th
 #20 January-2 February

Fox Sports

TV Shows

Rick and Morty, Season 4
 Marvel's Runaways, Season 3
 The Witcher
 Lost in Space, Season 2
 You, Season 2
 The Outsider
 Brooklyn Nine Nine, Season 7

November 10th
 December 13th
 December 20th
 December 24th
 December 26th
 January 12th
 February 6th

Yandex Zen

Books

Grand Union
 The Testaments
 The Anarchy
 The Water Dancer: A Novel
 The Man Who Saw Everything
 Quichotte

Zadie Smith
 Margaret Atwood
 William Dalrymple
 Ta-Nehisi Coates
 Deborah Levy
 Salman Rushdie

Video Games

Ghost Reckon: Breakpoint
 Fortnite Chapter 2 Season 1
 Call of Duty Modern Warfare
 Death Stranding
 Star Wars Jedi: Fallen Order
 Jumanji: The Video Game

October 4th
 October 15th
 October 25th
 November 8th
 November 15th
 November 15th

Forbes



Variety

Music

Manic
 High Road
 Lonely Generation
 Fine Line
 Romance
 Everyday Life

Halsey
 Kesha
 Echosmith
 Harry Styles
 Camila Cabello
 Coldplay

Movies

The Irishman
 Hotel Mumbai
 Jumanji: The Next Level
 Star Wars: The Rise of Skywalker
 Bombshell
 Little Women

November 27
 November 29
 December 13
 December 19
 December 20
 December 25

Indie Wire

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