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**Special Section**

Looking at the Numbers: How has COVID-19 Affected Doscos?

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**Editors of the Weekly**

Dr. Jagpreet Singh
Vihan Ranka
Keshav Tiwari
Raghav Misra
Piyush Malaviya
Vihan Ranka
Ahan Jaykumar
Gurmehar Bedi

**Special Section**

Looking at the Numbers: How has COVID-19 Affected Doscos?

- सुरीमण चौदरी
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- Aditya Saraff
- Saksham Makin
- Vivaan Sood
- Aditya Saraff
- Maharshi Roy
- Kabir Singh Bhai
- Maharshi Roy
Afternoons, ACs, and John Lennon

Editor-in-Chief | Varen Talwar

Going through the Founder's editorials of my predecessors, I found that most of them began with a flowery description of School and the Publications Room late at night. They describe the sleepy yawns of their juniors as they stare into the computer screens, meticulously proofreading the massive Founder's issue of that year. They take you through a journey of the senses, and make you feel the “cool autumn breeze” of School. They take you through the night as they tell you their chapter in the Weekly's history, and by the time it ends, it is morning.

Well, I am writing this at 2:40 PM, bang in the middle of the day. There are no sleepy juniors around me, and no deserted Main Field to look over while writing this editorial, which is definitely the most heartfelt one of my tenure. Instead, I have John Lennon going Cold Turkey in my ears over the whirring of my room's air conditioner (well, to be honest, Lennon would have been there in every scenario – it’s the air conditioner instead of the Publications Room’s fan that’s bothering me). The only breeze I know of is the humid and stagnant air of a Saharanpur autumn. You get the picture – it’s not School.

I’ll be honest, I have felt quite resentful over my situation over the past few months. I have missed our Weekly meetings outside the CDH, as the Board huddled around the slab at the Kashmir House entrance, and the sight of Doscos fighting to get a copy of the Weekly every Saturday morning. But life had to go on, and so did the Weekly. I still remember the first online meeting the Editorial Board had in April, all of us uncomfortable and unsure of how we were going to pull this off. It was a new experience for all of us, and we all learnt a lot along the way. We were aware of the hardship that lay ahead of us, but in true Weekly spirit, we faced them all together, head on, and for that, I am proud of us. Each time I wallowed in resentment, my Board reminded me that it is the people that make the Weekly so unique – the unique brotherhood of unbridled devotion to this great institution — and that it didn’t matter if we were at School or at home. I have learnt a lot from them, and I hope I also contributed something to their growth.

As I reflect on how transformative this experience must have been for my Editorial Board, I can’t help but reminisce the invaluable lessons I have learnt while in the Weekly over the past few years. In hindsight, all those late nights working on our 2500th issue and Founder’s issues now seem like parts of a grand plan in my training for the challenges I faced this year.

In D and C Forms, I was taught to be tolerant of failure. Both years, I wrote the test for entry to the Editorial Board – a boy trying to make something useful out of himself out of the guilt of making his parents spending lakhs on his education – and was rejected both times. The second rejection had convinced me that it was just not meant to be. After all, who was I, with my stuttering spoken English, who thought that he could be on the Board of the Weekly, a group of the most erudite minds in School? I was so sure of my inadequacy

(Continued on the next page)
that the next year, when they made the announcement for the Weekly test, I had decided that I was going to save myself from the embarrassment and not go. Nevertheless, by some very fortuitous fluke, I found myself writing the test that same day, sitting for an interview the next week, and then becoming a part of the Editorial Board the week after that.

Thus, I started B Form with some hope that I could finally make something of myself. That year I was exposed to the world of the Weekly that existed obscurely in School. Before that, the Weekly had just been something I was handed down every Saturday, and then forgotten all about till it was again distributed a week later.

The then Editor-in-Chief, Arjun Singh, taught me the importance of courage, and what it means to be a perfectionist. He taught me to dream big, and achieve even bigger.

Then came A Form: the year of self-discovery. That year's Editor-in-Chief, Kushagra Kar, welcomed all the crazy ideas I had for my articles, and let me fully explore my creativity. He helped me find my own distinct voice, which stood out from all other articles that occupied the Weekly's pages. I wrote prolifically and fearlessly, and experimented with new styles. In this journey, I found who I was, and more importantly, learnt that I had the courage to stand up for what I believed in.

Moreover, Kushagra was the poster-boy for hard work, and inspired everyone around him to be as committed to whatever they did, as he was to the Weekly.

Finally, S Form – a time of heady days, dreamy aspirations, and high stakes. My immediate predecessor, Ansh Raj, epitomised the spirit of self-reflection and constant improvement. Every day when he went to sleep, he was better in some aspect than when he had woken up that day. What's more, he made everyone around him, including me, a better person, editor, and leader, for he was unforgiving in his criticism and unparalleled in his dedication.

He taught me the true meaning of humility, and if there is anything I have learned during my tenure, it is the importance of that very virtue – for you can be flying high one moment, and heading home indefinitely because of a pandemic the next, oblivious to the challenges before you.

You can be flying high one moment, and heading home indefinitely because of a pandemic the next, oblivious to the challenges before you.

Imagining what I would be today had I not serendipitously ended up writing the Weekly test on that distant B Form day is scary, and I am grateful I ended up where I did. At the end of my tenure, it is a bittersweet moment, for while I don't want to let go of something that has defined me and changed my life so radically, I realise that it is time. The Weekly will always have a special place in my heart, and my Editorial Board this year will always serve to me as a reminder of the heights that one can achieve with just the right set of people with inspirational dedication.

Well, as I said, I am not writing this at midnight like most of my predecessors, but it is now 7:11 PM, so at least I can say that I took you through a story worth an afternoon. Plus, Lennon is still playing, so that has to count for something. My younger brother just returned from a run, so that accounts for a sleepy junior. The air conditioner has also been turned off. As for staring at the screen, I am doing plenty of that. This is as good a Founder's Day moment of spiritual lucidity as any.

And thus ends my time here at the Weekly. I was here from May 13, 2017 to October, 2020. In this time, I wrote several articles, learnt how to design, and worked the hardest I could. I took the Weekly through most of the pandemic of 2020 as Editor-in-Chief, and as hard as it was, I loved every moment of it.

Signing off,
Varen Talwar
A Sprinkling of Perspective

Editor | Adit Chatterjee

It is with a heavy heart that I write this editorial from my bedroom table, rather than from the messy and cluttered Weekly room that I’ve grown to love in my time on the Editorial Board. I’ve always had a rather tumultuous relationship with the Weekly — it took me more than two years of trying to get selected, and even when I did, it wasn’t three months before I was jettisoned in my A Form, before finally returning in my S Form. Now, here I am, in my final year on the Board, reminiscing about the moments that explain the impact the Weekly has had on me. I guess it’s safe to say that I’ve never seen a reason to give up on this publication, even when it put me through some of the most stressful, emotionally straining, and ridiculous situations of my school life.

I’ve always loved the voice that the Weekly has given me. Throughout my school life, I’ve always found myself writing about the things that I felt strongly about at those very moments, without any second thought or consideration. Whether it was about issues relating to School or otherwise, the Weekly was always prepared to accept my opinion and publish it regardless of the criticism it may have faced, and I’m certain there isn’t another institution within School that I can say the same of. There was a certain sense of security, of comfort, that I felt when sending my articles to the Editor-in-Chief in my C form, in a time when my opinions were not very popular with my seniors. It just felt right, and I knew this was a community of people I would want to be a part of — to contribute to, protect and defend — no matter what. Though the spaces in the Editorial Board are limited, what makes this publication special is that one does not need a position within it to be a part of it. The Weekly has embedded itself in each of us, and has truly reached out to every Dosco, no matter what their interests or opinions. Unfortunately, this involvement within the community also means that criticism and bias are extremely prevalent while discussing this publication. I remember numerous controversial articles that stirred up our community unlike any others, and the barrages of praise and criticism that surrounded the Editorial Board truly threw us into the deep end of the world of opinionated writing. Much like Newton’s third law, each article published was met with an equal and opposite reaction in the form of a response or a letter to the editor. After a point, we began to ask ourselves, are we going to allow every article to turn into a back-and-forth between those on either side of the debate? On the other hand, was it justified for us to pick and choose where a discussion would begin and where it would end? I suppose these decisions were all a part of being on the Weekly; the voice belonged to the students, but we have always been the mouthpiece. Certainly, we have always attempted to be as responsible and just as could be, always to the best of our efforts ensuring that the course of debate remained reasonable and thought-provoking. To have this responsibility as a testosterone-driven teenager faced with a multitude of other responsibilities and stresses as well is eye-opening, and I thank... (Continued on the next page)
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this publication for giving me this maturity of perspective. I suppose that I write this piece with a certain sense of nostalgia, and that is why I’m rambling on about my experiences and my time on this Board. Truly, the Weekly has carved itself a special place in my heart as an institution that I am extremely proud to be a part of. It has taught and it has taken from me, and it is with a tinge of reluctance that I prepare to pass on the mantle to the next series of Senior Board members. I will eagerly look forward to the Weekly issue, even when I am long gone from here, always ready to see the new directions and heights my successors will take this publication to. I shall end this piece here with a bit of perspective: the Weekly and its readers maintain a symbiotic relationship - without one, the other does not exist, and that is why I hope that our readers never give up on this institution, just as I have not. Till next time.

---

Editorial

A Timeless Promise

Senior Editor | Aviral Kumar

“The Weekly always comes out”: since my first days on the Board of the Weekly, this was the one phrase that I had become accustomed to hearing – multi-dimensional in its application, it was a yardstick to measure one’s quality, a benchmark of consistency, and an effective tool of criticism useful for providing impetus to our Editorial Board. It spoke of an obsession, one almost as old as our School, to regularly churn out issues that engaged our audiences, regardless of the circumstances. This was all, of course, explained to me by people who had been working on the Board longer than I, and it almost served like a mantra to abide by in times of doubt. It is only now, at the culmination of my time here, that I have begun to understand that this multi-dimensional quality extended far beyond the phrase; rather, it was reflective of the Weekly as a whole, a multi-dimensional institution which enriched each of our lives differently.

Within the Weekly team, I found a community of like-minded individuals who shared a common passion for writing and engaging in stimulating discussion

It would be easy for the reader to assume that, having served on the Board since the end of my D Form, the opinion I provide of it is inseparably submerged within the depths of personal bias, and to some degree, you would be correct. Consider then the purpose of this editorial to be my attempt to explain to you why, all biases notwithstanding, the Weekly truly was a place that deserves such praise.

As is customary in most working institutions, the structural hierarchy within the Weekly, or rather the process of climbing it, was never going to be an easy task. Underneath this hopefully well-crafted editorial, for example, lies four years of rushing to meet deadlines, proof-reading till, quite literally, the sun came up, and other clerical work, but it was here that the Weekly distinguished itself. Whereas in other organisations the clerical work involves tasks which one would typically consider mundane such as tabulation, checking files, etc., every single task we gruellingly put ourselves through as juniors has aided us and developed a certain skill that improved us not only as ‘Members of the Board of the Weekly’, but as academics in general.

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Whether it be learning about a new piece of history doing the ‘This Week in History’ section, or incorporating new ideas and styles into your writing by proof-reading the articles of others, every little bit helped, and this doesn’t even cover the sheer pleasure of reading the infamous ‘Unquotable Quotes’ of the week before everyone else on campus.

More important than this, however, was the sense of identity the Weekly gave to me. It is a harsh reality that while many students in their initial years here meet with immediate success on the sports field or an extracurricular activity, there are an equal number who are left with a sense of inadequacy and a desire to distinguish themselves. For me, the Weekly provided an opportunity to rectify this sense of inadequacy. Within the Weekly team, I found a community of like-minded individuals who, despite their different interests otherwise, shared a common passion for writing and engaging in stimulating discussion. I imbibed several values from my time here: a work-ethic, a desire to explore different perspectives, and a thirst for answers. These skills would go on to manifest themselves in every aspect of my life. While the Weekly had initially served to fill up a void of aimlessness for me, it would go on to become the bedrock upon which my growth at School was built. It is these skills, and not simply the title of ‘Senior Editor’, that serve as my badge of legitimacy that enables me to write this editorial today.

I will not say that it was always blissful; there were certainly moments of doubt and frustration, and situations of immense crisis when a failed deadline or an innocent ‘jam-up’ meant that the workload would reach maniacal levels, but in retrospect they too contributed their fair share into making us who we are.

There were times when it felt that we were being punished by others for our fervent devotion to the publication (a fellow Editor of mine, in whose company I have often seen the break of dawn from the windows of the publication room, can attest to this), and that our efforts were being downplayed, but the satisfaction of seeing our articles on the pages of next week’s issue made such setbacks seem trivial.

For an institution that is centred around a publication, one that now has taken an online format, it would be easy to assume that our work goes on undeterred despite the pandemic. While I can confidently say that it certainly does, there is a tinge of remorse that we cannot work on this final Founder’s Issue, a herculean undertaking that requires several months of careful work, together in the warm confines of the ‘Weekly Room’, coffees in hand. At the same time, it does instil in me immense pride, for while I must now bid this Board farewell, I can proudly proclaim, that whether it be a World War in the 40’s, or a Global Pandemic in 2020, the Weekly, as usual, “always comes out”.

---

**Lost in its Cyclic Enigma**

*Senior Editor | Keshav Singhal*

Watching the sun rise filtering the treetops above the CDH, the three of us sat on a deserted Main Field at dawn that day. Having finished the Founder’s Issue of 2018, Kushagra Kar (Editor-in-Chief 2018), Varen Talwar (Current Chief), and I (well, a struggling Senior Editor at best) sat in a serene moment of silence. With all the sleep deprivation that needed dealing with, and the class content that needed catching up with, stability was the last thing in my life. Yet, for the first time I felt in me a strong sense of fulfilment.

That is perhaps the greatest irony of being a member of this
Every Saturday morning, as we’d march out the doors of Mr. Makhija’s office and proudly offer the *Weekly* to the School community, great institution, the *Weekly*. As juniors, and as ‘not even not such juniors any more’, every Saturday morning, as we’d march out the doors of Mr. Makhija’s office and proudly offer the *Weekly* to the School community, an overarching sense of hope would overwhelm me. I’d look around to see droopy morning faces get rekindled by a hilarious cartoon or an inspirational front-page article. As a gush of expectations of finally printing an error-free and well-designed *Weekly* would overcome me, I’d be jolted back to reality as I would be greeted by patronizing smiles that screamed out that the student body had managed to find some area worthy of criticism in that issue. In a single moment, all my optimism would evaporate and the wrath of my Chief-Ed who I’d be facing that evening would drown my cheeriness. I’d find that I was trying to convince myself to accept my fate, realising that the next week was not going to be any different from the previous one.

I realised that no matter how perfect an issue is, some people in the School community would be left dissatisfied by one or the other aspect of the issue. Unknowingly though, what I have come to understand over the course of my four years at *Weekly* is that this constant striving to make the community satisfied is what drives us. Of course, we loathe to see our efforts being nullified by a single typo in the issue, but at the same time this feeling of dissatisfaction that the community has with our work is what we strive to eliminate over the course of the upcoming issues. So we sit in the broken chairs of the *Weekly* room, switch on the unimaginably old and slow computer monitors, and miss our ‘self-dedicated time’ simply in the hope that we’re able to produce something great in the coming week.

It is this cyclic, endless nature of our work as members of the *Weekly* team, I have learnt to commit myself to its constant improvement. The *Weekly* became a driving force that taught us to work and persevere until I attained an absolute feeling of fulfilment even if it was just for my own satisfaction. Never in my school life has anything managed to impact me the way that the *Weekly* has, and I am eternally grateful for it.

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**The Time Machine**

*Editorial* | *Sriman Goel*

I’ve been told to make this editorial sappy. Get you to reminisce about memories you forgot you had. Maybe coax out a few leaky tears. If possible, implicitly teach you something from what I learnt during my time with the *Weekly*. Well, that’s probably not the purpose of this editorial. I don’t think I could tell you about the good times and the bad, the friendships built through the long nights, and the happiness of seeing coffee-stained Weeklies in everyone’s hands every Saturday morning. No really, those memories are just for me. They’ve been locked away for an occasional musing in the future. For now, I’d like to take on the present with you.

Let me begin by saying, I’ve loved my time here. At the end of this sentence, you’ll see the endearing standardised italicisation that is characteristic of the *Weekly*. Among the many highlights of working with the board and numerous brilliant
(Continued from the previous page)

seniors over the years, the best memories were little things like these. As previous editors have so perfectly said, working for the Weekly is, without a doubt, 'a labour of love', and 'an institutional love'. But while that is true, and while I would love to tell you about the past myself, I'm sure you could read about that in the other editorials that have outlined how beautiful our times together were. Adit, Aviral, Keshav, and Varen have been the absolute best people to strap in with for the Weekly rollercoaster, and I couldn't have asked for anybody else to fill in its blank pages with me. However, for us all, there's an imminent premature ending, and I would love to mourn a loss. Put on a brave smile. Join me.

Our batch both loathed and prided ourselves on being the self-titled 'guinea pigs' of School, enduring countless firsts, from being the first IGCSE batch to the first batch to be appointed prefects in November. Once again, maybe for the final time, our batch faces a first - the daunting task of parting without a hug. We must say goodbye without a chance to meet for the final time and without a reluctant parting look of farewell. This, our premature exit, frightens us all. We must leave before our time, and we realise this with heavy hearts. But it is this that has led us to today, Founder's Day, a day of celebration and an tryst with the past. In a year where anomaly has become the new normal, it seems absurd to me that we trundle on as if barely anything has changed. Yet, there is something quite admirable about the human spirit persevering in the face of adversity, and especially at Founder's, I feel, maybe we can keep on pretending that everything is alright. Although there has been a premature exit and we may mourn for a little while, we have learnt to accept it. It is now that we embrace the spirit of Founder's — a celebration, a reminiscing, and a day of gratitude for the times we've had. Furthermore, this year, it is a time for bittersweet goodbyes, an acceptance of the Dosco lives we've led and an acceptance that they are all coming to an end. What's wonderful about it all is how fleeting the time gone by has been, making every lost moment sweeter.

Capturing all those moments, staying true to our world, and turning back the minutes and hours on the dial of time, stands the Weekly. A time-machine like no other, the Weekly has always been by my guiding light to the past. I hope, with this issue, it becomes yours too. Sure, there will be premature deaths, and we shall mourn, but this time-machine can bring us to muse on all that we remember fondly again. So, those memories I was locking away for the future? Don't worry, you can find them in the pages of the Weekly. With the Weekly, you can keep the past safe for the future and brave the present with a little help from the past. And isn't that all that's needed to carry on?

A time machine like no other, the Weekly has always been by my guiding light to the past. I hope, with this issue, it becomes yours too.

If I were to talk about my journey through School, it would be incomplete without a telling of the final chapter: a premature demise. Our batch both loathed and prided ourselves on being the self-titled 'guinea pigs' of School, enduring countless firsts, from being the first IGCSE batch to the first batch to be appointed prefects in November.
From the Headmaster’s Desk

Dr. Jagpreet Singh

My journey through the wonderful world of education has been one of the most satisfying rides of my life. Chandbagh has accepted me with open arms, for which I am grateful. Although the aura of the campus is very positive, I have spent my first 100 days here sans Doscos, without whom the campus is an empty shell. Children are my strength and I derive energy from them, and I look forward to their homecoming.

On the other hand, I have been able to devote time to getting to know the teaching, administrative and support staff, the District officials, and the many Old Boys who have stopped by for a chat over a cup of coffee.

Personally, I am optimistic that the transition from online to offline learning will come fairly soon. I feel for the SC Formers, most of whom I have been in communication with. They want to be back in School and share their concerns about the examinations and placements in universities of their choice.

It is unfortunate that Doon’s 85th Founder’s Day, and my first as Head, will be a virtual one without the live exhibitions, entertainment, speeches, Class dinners, Old Boys’ fixtures, and the general bonhomie.

We hope that you enjoy reading this from the safety and comfort of your homes. My wife Sonia and I extend our greetings to all stakeholders, grandparents, parents, IPSS members, Doscos, Old Boys, staff, and all other well-wishers on this 85th Founder’s Day. Stay safe, stay healthy and stay happy.

A Note on the Issue

Making the Founder's edition of the Weekly is no easy task, and yet it is one of the experiences that we all look forward to the most because of the memories that we make while doing so are unforgettable.

While the Board did face several challenges along the way due to the pandemic, therefore having to make the whole issue online, we have still ensured that the level of content on display is sterling and the designing striking.

Throughout this issue, the wide variety and range of content is an attempt to showcase the varied styles and topics that masters and students engage in, in their writing and learning-teaching.

The highlight of this edition is the piece based on investigative journalism. Here we have ventured to explore how the pandemic has affected Doscos in terms of their daily schedules, priorities, academics, and activities. This was a massive undertaking, and we hope you enjoy reading it and that it shines a light on how the lives of Doscos have changed due to COVID-19.

We do hope that you enjoy this product of countless hours glued to the screen and many hours of discussion within the Board.
Serve and Protect?

Vihan Ranka writes about police brutality in India.

The spark that was lit by the death of George Floyd turned into a global inferno. Protests and petitions for police reform were signed by millions of people all over the world, and the call for change continues to be made by sports leagues, celebrities, and organisations, months after the protests began. While people of other countries are fighting for changes in policing, India was and has been quiet. Even though India is ravaged by police brutality, very few have spoken up. The custodial deaths of Jayaraj and Bennicks, ordinary shopkeepers, were expected to be the last straw, yet there was relatively little agitation.

The incident, as described by eyewitnesses, was very gory, and one thing was clear: Jayaraj and Bennicks suffered abuse in custody. The victims’ friends, who were outside the police station during the incident, said that they could hear the blood-curdling screams of the victims, who died due to heart failure and fever, respectively. When they were first being treated after getting tortured, the police allegedly forced the hospital to discharge them earlier than usual. This eventually led to Jayaraj dying of heart failure and Bennicks losing his life due to fever. This is not the first case of police brutality, and it will not be the last unless substantial reform is made.

A subtle, but significant reason for the lack of attention paid to police brutality and accountability that police officers should ideally have is the excessive glorification of police brutality in movies. From Ajay Devgan’s depiction of a good-hearted yet violent police officer to Salman Khan’s corrupt and lazy officer who comes in, guns blazing, to the aid of victims, the fine line between responsible and irresponsible entertainment is crossed. Salman Khan’s character in his movie Dabangg also says that if one shoots a police officer, that person might be jailed for 21 years in India, and that if a policeman shoots at that same person, the result is more acceptable.

Countless other cases of police brutality have been recorded, and only a few days after the death of Jayaraj and Bennicks, 19-year-old Sagar Chalavadi, a heart patient, died after a lathi charge. 2019 also saw the police attacking peaceful protesters demonstrating against the CAA. Recently, police forces have drawn flak for staging encounters. The case of the history-sheeter Vikas Dubey has raised several questions, and the police have done everything in their power to portray his death as a result of self-defense. Nevertheless, staging an encounter is not only extrajudicial, but shows how far the police can bypass systems to fulfil its motives. Every criminal has the right to a trial, however serious that crime may be. This also tells us how the police have sweeping powers over undertrials, convicts, and even citizens taken for interrogation.

The steps to effectively reduce the communication gap between the police and the citizens, and to prevent such incidents from repeating cyclically are

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The Assembly Line

Keshav Tiwari comments on School’s approach to holistic development.

“Doscos are egoistic and arrogant.” While talking to my friends studying in other boarding schools across India, this statement sums up the first impression that most of them have of our School community. Whether this is due to the sheer pride we have for our home away from home, that is mistaken for arrogance or genuine ego in view of being “above other schools”, will forever be debatable. However, the intriguing element of this statement is that it generalizes an entire community’s behaviour, a community that prides itself on cultivating individuals that stand out around the world. Doscos have always stood, and will continue to stand, for School’s ethos with regard to being just and ethical citizens, and wise and principled leaders but it begets the question of what makes a Dosco stand out within our own School? Have we become an assembly line, that attaches an element of academics, an STA, an SUPW, and a sport to the base structure of education for an adolescent boy or a girl, for the sake of being an all-rounder? Are there procedures in place that encourage the exceptional boy/girl to also flourish and grow to serve a meritocratic India?

Doon is leading by example vis-à-vis holistic development, but in its pursuit of holistic development, it has created a rigid framework that inhibits individuality within its own students. There is no doubt about the fact that Doon provides a unique boarding environment, but its very

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structure hinders the process of self-exploration. Holistic development is a practical approach to a comprehensive learning system where the physical, social, emotional, intellectual, and spiritual growth of a child is taken care of. While this approach does not explicitly entail excellence in any one field, excelling in as many areas as one can is implicit and integral to the very idea of holistic education. While letting the student explore these areas of growth leads to holistic development, mandatory indulgence in all of these areas equally is not. There needs to be a sense of flexibility and control accorded to a student for him/her to not become a jack of all trades, master of none. Here, being a master does not simply refer to being a sport’s captain or an STA Boy-in-Charge; it refers to being comparable to a global standard in terms of excellence in a particular activity or subject area. This will be possible only if there is the scope to specialise in an area which the individual feels he/she has an aptitude for and an interest in.

Although many Doscos have benefitted from the all-round, holistic education that Doon offers, the few who wish to specialise sometimes lose out in the process. As a result, such Doscos tend to leave School before completing the entire tenure from Doon. This can be averted if we adapt to the requirements of cultivating world-class talent alongside providing valuable, holistic education. Indeed, the expansive nature of the School curriculum is what makes being at Doon a unique experience, and students do utilize their extra time to pursue their interests, however, adopting a dynamic structure of student development will not inhibit this experience. Being more dynamic may also engage masters in their respective activities with students who are genuinely excited about their growth in the area. The tendency among students to rank activities in terms of their perceived aukaat and the resulting social hierarchy often forces Doscos to choose their paths/interests that will make them successful in School, but not necessarily in the outside world. Consequently, a more flexible framework will do away with this pecking order and establish a truly egalitarian community as envisioned by our Founder, SR Das.

As Arthur Foot wrote in his articles 13,14,15,16 and 17, the development of Doscos’ aesthetic senses and their growth in other areas are the responsibilities of Doscos themselves and must take place as they grow through their school years. While other schools focus on grade-centric education, Doon serves as a beacon of light for those who seek a well-rounded education, and it is our responsibility to do it the right way.

Will Future Pastures Be Green?

Raghav Misra discusses the implications of the actions of countries on the future.

Through 2019 and 2020, from the ravaging wildfires to territorial disputes, we have witnessed the new highs in the level of the varied range of problems that humans will have to deal with in the coming days. As the symptoms of global warming make themselves more pronounced and more frequent, political instability has marred international relations. To avoid any face-offs that would cost lives and money, policymakers seem to be scurrying to defuse the situation. After all, their
(Continued from Page 10)

stakes are high: popular support is essential to hold on to position in these troubled times. I Personally feel that all these issues have the same genesis: obsolete policies and aims set by nations and their leaders, not taking into account the present-day sensibilities of environmental issues. The twenty-first century, in fact, demands a paradigm shift in thought-processes – to survive, humanity needs to promote viability and sustainability.

We need to reset the compass that steers humanity in the right direction in order to achieve the desired outcome.

It is heartening to note that a few countries now seem to have forgone their positions of privilege and are mindful of the need for protection of the environment. But their numbers are negligible relative to the vast majority that don’t. For too long have we seen economic considerations that discount the damage caused to our planet by our actions. We have exploited certain parts of it beyond recovery; while there may not be immediate consequences of all our actions in this regard, the impact will definitely be manifested in nature in the long run.

It is imperative that we base policy on targets that help elevate the actual situation of society, such as alleviating poverty or reducing the overall carbon footprint that a country produces. A minor shift in this direction has been made by some countries, but some larger, more impactful countries have not taken this route. We need to reset the compass that steers humanity in the right direction in order to achieve the desired outcome. If we invest time and capital in more sustainable products that look at the long-term outcomes, we can avert the possible calamity.

Even if certain countries implement policies that are beneficial and progressive in nature, for the change to be significant it needs to be a global effort and not a national or a regional one; for after all, the climate crisis is not region-specific, it affects all of us. There have to be methods for global cooperation in order to have consistent and sustained impact. Organisations like the United Nations and the European Union have to intervene and set regulations and limits on its members for the greater good. There are a few examples of this happening. When the Paris Climate Agreement was signed by the members of the United Nations, the countries demonstrated the ability to collectively combat the problems that threaten us.

This story would remain one-sided if I did not acknowledge here that there have been some advancements in this context. There have been a few significant breakthroughs; for example, the introduction of Environmental, Social and Corporate Governance (ESG) now mandates that firms must give back to their immediate environment. More expansive and rapid change is critically needed now, as more pressure is being placed on resources with each passing day. We are quickly approaching the point of no return after which the community of the Earth’s species - not just humans - will fall to inevitable doom.
The Re-wilding of Chandbagh

Mr. Piyush Malaviya comments on the degradation of flora and fauna in School.

I moved into Martyn House, formerly Chestnut House, in the late 90’s. Before moving in, my wife and I had been cautioned about the palm civets residing in the false ceiling of the building by former residents who were worried for our infant daughters. On the very first night, much to our horror, the dreaded creature paid a visit to our home kitchen. My wife grabbed the daughters and ran out of the house while I nervously tried to shoo the civet away. The visits continued for some time but their frequency ebbed over the years, and our lives came back to the urban ‘normal’. Of course, it was much later that I learnt to my surprise, that civet cats are just as harmless as any mongoose.

Fast forward to 2020. As we continue to cope with COVID-19, environmental concerns tend to take a backseat. COVID shall pass sooner rather than later, one hopes, but what will continue to stare us in the face is the shrinking bio-diversity on campus and its allied problems. We had inherited a national treasure in terms of flora and fauna from the Imperial Forest Research Institute. I am given to believe that there were about three hundred woody species — trees, bamboos, shrubs, creepers — of which about 190 were just tree species. I am also told that besides civet cats, hares, porcupines, barking deer, and even wild boars visited our campus from time to time. Unfortunately, over time, there has been a drastic decline in both floral and faunal biodiversity. However, not all is lost. We do see a porcupine, jungle fowl, or a hare occasionally. We still have over two hundred species of birds and over fifty species of butterflies — both resident and non-resident) — around the campus. Yet the imbalance caused in the ecosystem is obvious, apparent in the increase in the number of jackals, kites, and pigeons on campus.

In order to set things right, we have started the ‘Re-wilding of Chandbagh.’ The impetus has come from the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. Munjal, and other distinguished Old Boys and friends of School, namely Mr. Arun Khanna, Mr. Rahul Kohli, and Bawa Amarjyot Singh.

The Headmaster, Dr. Jagpreet Singh started his journey in Chandbagh on a very auspicious note by inaugurating the rewilding drive. Over the monsoons this year, about 550 trees, shrubs, creepers and other flowering plants of indigenous varieties have been planted around the campus. The intention is not only to replenish the floral biodiversity, but also to attract birds, bats, bees, butterflies, moths, insects, and other smaller animals that...
we had. Saplings of trees like *amaltaas* (Golden Shower Tree), *tesu* or *palaash* (Flame of the Forest), *saal*, jackfruit, mango, *jamun*, plums, pears, and figs have been planted around the campus. In addition to that, shrubs like pomegranate, lemon, *kadhi patta* (Curry-leaf) have been planted in patches where the old Music School used to be and near the *Hathi Khana*. Besides that, *madhu malti* (honeysuckle), *mogra*, and jasmine have been planted around Chandbagh, including in master’s gardens. So, in the years to come, residents of Chandbagh — human and otherwise — will be able to feast on an abundance of fruits, and enjoy the visual splendour around campus, which will be a riot of colours from February to June.

In the same vein, a rill has been made behind Jaipur House for a butterfly park and to attract birds. A study on butterflies has started, and a catalogue is being maintained. Data on owls are also being collected. There has already been a palpable increase in the butterfly and bird populations on campus.

Students too are actively engaged in this project and even now, they routinely participate in these activities through remote interaction and exchange through a google classroom set up by School’s NEST Society where 40-odd boys and some teachers work collaboratively.

Although measures are being taken, the rate at which the environment is degrading, we are still far away from a green and sustainable campus. Here are a few other areas of concern that must be dealt with soon. We ought to install sensory lights that will not only save electricity but also make the campus more hospitable for smaller insects including butterflies and moths integral for pollination by restoring their circadian rhythm. Furthermore, the campus receives roughly 54 crore litres of water annually as rainfall. Unfortunately, however, most of this water flows out, carrying away with it much of our topsoil. Planting more trees and hedges and digging water recharging pits will be useful in this regard. Installing solar panels in the houses, the Main Building, etc. and working towards conserving and recycling water should be our next priority.

Surely, we as a community can do our bit for the environment; each one of our contributions will collectively go a long way in realising the dream of a verdant Chandbagh in the near future.
Real Talk

Vihan Ranka explores the taboo surrounding mental health in India.

The tragic fate of renowned Bollywood actor Sushant Singh Rajput opened several eyes and made people realise the gravity of mental health issues. To say that therapy is frowned upon in India is an understatement. There is a huge stigma over mental health in our nation, which will remain unchanged unless there is a conscious effort made to spread awareness.

The facts and figures related to mental health in India are staggering. Every hour, one college student commits suicide due to bipolar disorder or severe anxiety. Nearly one in 20 adults suffers from depression. Almost half of all mental disorders develop before the age of 14. India's society frowns upon taking help for mental illnesses and therapy. Furthermore, the people who do take help for their situations are stigmatised and are often ostracised by society. The apparent taboo on therapy turns into a cycle of pain and shame for the patient, further worsening the situation of the person. In a few other cases, the patients are sent to mental facilities or rehabilitation centres, which traumatised them even more. This has led the WHO to label our nation as the most depressed country in the world. To understand the reason for the superlative, know that there are only 0.3 psychiatrists and 0.05 psychologists for a staggering 100,000 patients!

To reduce suicidal deaths, society needs to reduce the stigma that prevails over mental health. One must understand the gravity and seriousness of mental diseases. One prevailing misconception is that depression and success are mutually exclusive. Success and happiness are not necessarily related. Even the high and mighty can crumble from the whiplashes of their own minds. Another misconception harboured by many is the fact that someone who appears calm does not suffer a mental disease. This problem is exacerbated by the portrayal of mental health patients in the media as violent and impulsive, which is a misrepresentation as mental illnesses are often inconspicuous.

We can play our role by spreading awareness and by gaining a deeper insight into this topic ourselves. We can prevent serious damage to our loved ones by simple, yet meaningful steps. Checking in on your friends periodically during the ongoing crisis is an effective way to prevent them from getting anxious or depressed as it makes them feel valued. Encourage your friends or family to go to a psychiatrist or talk to them yourself. There must be a nationwide effort to sensitise the community and train them to deal with somebody suffering from depression, anxiety, or other mental issues. Various celebrities have taken up initiatives to spread awareness, not only across India, but across the globe. The government also passed a Mental Healthcare Act approximately two years ago as part of this effort. Several organizations have pledged funds to further research in the field of mental health. Slowly, the shroud of silence is being lifted and we should hope that the attitude towards mental health takes a positive turn.

We can prevent serious damage to our loved ones by simple, yet meaningful steps.
The Same Side of Two Different Coins

Ahan Jayakumar examines the emergence of a disturbing new trend.

Today’s society talks about development and equal rights for all people, regardless of gender, race or religion. We see an increasing number of people stepping up to defend the rights of others, like the Black Lives Matter movement that gripped the US earlier this year following the murder of George Floyd at the hands of the Minnesota State police. The movement touched the lives of people of colour the world over. A similar movement that caught my attention was one triggered by the exposure of top Hollywood producer Harvey Weinstein’s long history of sexual abuse. The ensuing “Me Too” movement, where women called out sexual offenders, took the world by storm, and had the potential to further the spread of feminist ideology.

Thanks to the spread of social media, it is easy to see the support that the feminist movement finds today, with many more people standing up for women’s rights and gender equality than before. Being an all-boys institution, it is extremely important that our School also further intensifies its efforts to ensure that the student community is able to engage with issues of gender. We need to know what society has been like in the past, what it is like currently, and how we can improve it for a better tomorrow. In the past, women, non male genders and persons of colour experienced institutionalised oppressive practices like apartheid and misogyny. Look at Indian society — the practice of Sati, where widows would “sacrifice” themselves on their husbands’ funeral pyres, was only banned in 1829. Society was telling women, through Sati, that a life without a husband was not one worth living, and that a woman without a husband was only a burden to her family. Women were taught to be nurturing, always putting others’ needs before their own, while also remaining servile to the men in their lives. Unsurprisingly, then, the practice of dahej, or dowry, was legal till 1961. The financial burden that this placed on economically disadvantaged households was so great that people would desperately pray and hope to have a male child. Having a daughter who they would not be able to marry off without a dowry would result in being ostracized socially (choosing to remain unmarried, of course, was unimaginable). Women were brought up to believe that their only goal was to get married and look after a family. Consequently, most women were not even educated at a primary level. They did not get to decide what kind of life they wanted, what dreams they could pursue. Unfortunately, (Continued on the next page)
not much has changed today, and the effect of these age-old belief systems still endures. The stigma that surrounds having daughters has made it necessary to ban foetal sex-determination, as the issue of female foeticide has been a serious problem in the country. It terrifies me to see that such a practise exists even in 21st century India, in an India that claims to be a “developed” country.

However, it makes me hopeful to look back on the recent past, it seems clear that things are beginning to change, all thanks to the spread of the feminist movement. Since the birth of the movement in the West, feminism has been able to bring about many changes: feminists made sure that they were given representation in government and in workplaces. Feminism had begun to change the world.

However, today, there is a misconception about the nature of the movement and its very ideals which has led to a conflation of feminism and man-hating.

Feminism calls for equal rights amongst women and men. In simple words, it wants to ensure that women get their rights, without taking away the rights of any other gender. Of late, however, we have been witnessing the growth of the idea that to correct all the injustices women have historically faced, they must now simply turn the tables on men. This new movement, rising behind the veil of feminism, can perhaps be called pseudo-feminism for its propagators do not seem to have understood the real idea of feminism at all. Men are seen as an amorphous mass of misogynists by such individuals when in reality, there are enough men who support the feminist cause. It is unfair, then, to brand all men as oppressors of women.

Such misandry is very easily mistaken as feminism and creates a rather imbalanced and unfair image of men. It is unwarranted to think that all men commodify women, abuse them, or practice misogyny. Pseudo-feminists are not fighting for equality, but promoting a power-driven society in which power lies in the hands of women. It is extremely disheartening and scary to see that this is the society I will live in as a grown man.

Being in an all-boys school, it is important to know the difference between feminism and pseudo-feminism. We must recognise and learn from past mistakes, and call out both misogyny and misandry. The status quo suits the average male all too well. This means that not a lot of men would be inclined to take to the streets to advocate for equal rights for everyone, which is why again as future male contributors to society we need to be aware of the problems that may surround us. More importantly, we need to be aware of the problems that occur because of us. Feminism is a movement that fights to ensure that women and men are treated equally. However, it has always extended its support to all movements of the marginalised. We need to be able to create a future society where everyone is treated equally and given the opportunities they deserve.

Feminism is not something that is to be feared, instead it is to be embraced. It is, however, important to stand up against misandry as well as misogyny because they have the potential to hinder the creation of an equal and just society.
The Unchecked Noose

Gurmehar Bedi evaluates the arguments for capital punishment.

While preparing for an English examination some time ago, a mundane phrase caught my attention. For the first time, the phrase, ‘an eye for an eye’ piqued my interest. The text did not seem particularly interesting to me, so I began to think about how the phrase could be applied to a myriad scenarios, and at some point, I wondered how it applied to the treatment of individuals who had taken the life of a fellow human. This, precisely, was the thought that prompted me to write my article.

Capital punishment has existed in practically every country at some point in time. However, by 2018, this practice had been abolished in 106 nations, with 28 others allowing it to only exist on paper. But the list of all the nations that had not abolished the death penalty, especially Japan, Singapore and the United States, was what intrigued me most. I wondered why these nations still had not abolished this practice, especially when other ‘first world’ nations had. The more I thought about it, the more convoluted my answers became. Finally, it dawned on me: the only plausible explanation for the inclusion of this inhuman policy in the countries’ penal codes was the belief in that it would act as a deterrent, that the fear of death would deter potential offenders from committing heinous crimes.

I disagreed with this understanding and came to adopt the stance that this practice should be eliminated since it is based on claiming ‘an eye for an eye’. Now, I am not going to burden you with the oft-used, ‘how are we any different from the criminals?’ rant, but I am going to take a closer look at capital punishment and its desired impact of deterrence.

Retribution is based on the idea that guilty people deserve to be punished in proportion to the severity of their crime. Although this is not unjustified, I believe that capital punishment is more an act of vengeance than of retribution. The very deed of ending the life of another human being for a crime committed by them is intuitively vengeful. It is not merely a step to ensure that the individual doesn’t commit another crime, for then life imprisonment without parole would also ensure the same, but an act that satisfies society’s need for order and security. Even though society deserves justice, I cannot accept the idea that this justice can ever stem from an act of violence.

Let us now examine the idea of deterrence. Capital punishment is employed to inspire fear in the minds of potential criminals. However, statistical evidence is unable to confirm whether or not deterrence works. Further, the punishment does not have any effect on the criminals being sentenced, as they have neither the time nor the opportunity to reflect on their actions to change their ways. Many criminals with mental illnesses cannot gauge the consequences of their actions, so deterrence fails there as well. Therefore, it is clear that the death penalty is rarely a deterrent.

I believe that victims and society deserve justice, and rehabilitation is what criminals require. For this, punishments like life imprisonment work better than death sentences. They actually give the criminal an opportunity to mend their ways, and keep them from committing any more crimes. So, sentencing the guilty to death is not only barbaric, but also pointless. It is time to write the epitaph for the death sentence.
SPECIAL SECTION

Looking at the Numbers: How has Lockdown Affected Doscos?

Editor’s Note

I never really was much of an art guy, so “sketching the world exactly as it went” seemed like a mockery of my lack of artistic skills. No, as a science-guy, I prefer pictures that numbers paint, for they tell us a clear story. They don’t care for anything except the truth, which is what we trade in in the Weekly. So, to sketch the most accurate picture of the Doscos’ world as it went, we resorted to numbers.

In our special section this year, we present to you the Weekly’s first real dive into investigative journalism. We have conducted surveys and opinion polls before, but never something at this scale. We had plans to do this much earlier while we were still in School, but the COVID-19 pandemic played spoilsport. However, it also presented us with an opportunity to track the effects of an even more interesting problem than we had previously planned: how do Doscos react to instantaneous change in their pastoral and academic setting? We have, throughout the year, published several testimonies by Doscos regarding their experience during the pandemic, but we needed to do that on a larger scale to actually feel the pulse of the community.

To conduct the investigation, we sent out Google Forms to the student community, asking questions ranging from their focus during classes to whether they exercise at home. The questions differed depending on which form the students were in. This allowed us to analyse the different parts of our community individually and identify differences in the experiences of different age groups. After collecting the data, we arranged it into graphs to observe trends and draw our conclusions.

However, like any investigation, this one also has its limitations, and perhaps the biggest one is the number of responses we got. This is a much more efficient process in School, as we can physically make sure that all students are polled.

Responses from A and SC Formers have been particularly low due to high academic pressure. However, the sample size for C, B, and S Forms was quite adequate and diverse, so our data has a good reflection of the junior and senior experience. Moreover, we were able to poll nearly 80% of D Form, and since many questions were same for all the forms, we received a total 258 responses, around 50% of the student population, and a credible sample size. While this is not comparable to what we could have achieved had we been in School, it was enough for us to go ahead with this section.

I have greatly enjoyed the process of working on this piece, and hope that this style of journalism is carried on and perfected in the years to come. This has undoubtedly been a great learning experience for both my editorial board and me, and we sincerely hope you enjoy reading it!
Free time and what we do with it

How are Doscos spending their free time during lockdown?

Have you been exercising at home?

The pie chart above indicates that 89.3% of students polled are exercising during the lockdown while 10.7% are not, suggesting that a vast majority are dedicating some part of their time at home to maintaining their fitness. One of the biggest worries earlier in the lockdown was that the lack of structured sports times would lead to many boys avoiding exercise. However, the data shows that this has not been the case, and most people have given exercise importance, even though gym services have not yet resumed. However, there are a few students who are not exercising, and this could be a product of academic pressure and lack of facilities. Students who reside in flats may not have the space to exercise and may be wary of stepping outside. A lot of students are also taking tuitions in the evening, which can cut down the time they have to exercise.

How many hours do you exercise in a week?

It is also important to see with what intensity the students have been exercising. In School, we have approximately 12-15 hours of structured sports time in a week. However, there are very few people who exercise at home with the same intensity – only 8.4% to be precise. A total of 60 students exercise between 0-4 hours a week. It is possible that students are only willing and able to devote this much time to exercising because of co-curriculars, online courses, and academic work that take up their time. Granular analysis of our raw data revealed that junior forms spend more time exercising than the senior forms. This supports the theory that other commitments such as academics and leadership roles impact the amount of exercise Doscos can do at home.

According to the bar graph on the next page, most students spend less than 2 hours on social media, with a tiny minority using it longer. Most students have access to devices like smartphones or computers that give unregulated access to social media. This is a direct reason as to why the practice has become so popular. Since the lockdown has also put a stop to all physical interaction between friends and family, social media has become a convenient way for students to stay in touch with each other, thus encouraging the use of applications like Instagram, Snapchat, and House Party.

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The data presented in the bar graph above shows that most students spend between 0-2 hours playing video games. While 41 students play video games for 2-4 hours, very few students play video games more than 4 hours.

This, again, is likely a result of the amount of time that students have on their hands. Since they cannot go out or interact with people their age in person due to the lockdown, online games are one of the ways to interact or play with friends and batchmates outside of class. The mere presence of gaming consoles such as PlayStations at home makes students more likely to play video games.

However, most students are restricting their gaming time to a more reasonable duration of 2 hours on a given day.

The data from the pie above reveals a few interesting trends. Firstly, 69.4% of individuals have picked up a new passion while 30.6% have not. This suggests that a large portion of our community is using their free time to develop new passions. However, this does not necessarily mean that the rest are simply wasting their time, as they could instead be utilising that same time for academics or exercising. Moreover, for senior forms it is also not necessary that free time has increased, especially due to the recent exams A and SC forms had to take. It is also worth mentioning that senior forms have already developed skills and passions during their time at school and have been pursuing them to a greater degree instead of picking up new ones. We also observed that the percentage of A and SC Formers who had picked up a new passion was 56.5%, nearly 17% lower than C, B, and S forms. It is important to not forget that despite being at home, we still have to attend online school and complete homework.

The histogram on the following page shows the distribution of the kind of activities people have taken up. The graph reveals that the most popular hobbies were reading and writing, music, and Art and photography. Public speaking and programming were also picked up by a significant number of students.

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Which passion have you picked up during quarantine?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Music</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sports</td>
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<tr>
<td>Reading and Writing</td>
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<tr>
<td>Art and photography</td>
<td>29.3%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cooking</td>
<td>7.8%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Public Speaking</td>
<td>11.9%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Programming</td>
<td>10.2%</td>
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</table>

The rising interest in programming is a possible result of the abundance of free online courses from top university professors and famous professionals available on Coursera, EdX, and other online learning platforms. Online learning has liberated us from geographical and physical constraints that prevented us from learning from the best of the best. The endless wealth of content on programming, coupled with the increased access to computers, has made coding a feasible and interesting hobby to pick up for many.

The shift of public-speaking tournaments to the online platform has released participants and hosts from geographical and cost constraints, and as a result has increased the number of tournaments being held, thus providing greater opportunity for students to participate and hone their public-speaking skills.

Moreover, availability of ingredients and cooking equipment (unlike in School, where the only cookable food is Maggi) has allowed Doscos to pick up cooking during lockdown. A surprising result, however, was the decline in sports. In School, we are required to learn all the main sports and often a few minor ones as well. However, at home, access to sporting facilities such as large grounds and squash courts is severely limited. Doscos who live in flats may not even have access to small lawns.
The above graph shows the quantum of time people reportedly spend on their new passion. Art and photography are the highest with people spending 7.4 hours on them weekly. The lowest are reading and writing (4.32 per week), Computers (5.5 hours), and cooking (4.5 hours). This is probably due to the fact that they require the use of laptops or iPads. After studying hours in front of the screen, many people would be unwilling to spend additional time in front of their laptops. A possible reason why people spend a greater amount of time pursuing Art and photography is that they are relatively difficult to pick up and require consistent effort for mastery. Furthermore, a single project such as a painting can take weeks of effort – a commitment not everyone is willing to make.

### How many hours do you spend on your passion?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>Music</td>
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<td>Sports</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reading and Writing</td>
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<td>Art and Photography</td>
<td>7.14</td>
</tr>
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<td>Cooking</td>
<td>5.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Public Speaking</td>
<td>4.32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Programming</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The above graph shows us the time students spend on watching television every day. 33.9% of students watch television for about an hour to an hour and half. There is vast variation between the screen-time students record in school. This can be attributed to the fact that the television is easily accessible, and can be watched at the student’s discretion, very much in contrast to the situation in School, where television is available only on the weekends. Other reasons include a lack of activities that help occupy the student’s time. For example, many students can no longer

(Continued on the next page)
play sports daily. However, a few students watch television for more than 3.5 hours, which can have adverse effects on several spheres of life – most importantly, the health of those students. Furthermore, this can also affect their academics. On the other hand, a few students have been watching television for negligible amounts of time. This can be caused by several factors, such as Trials, online conferences, and other activities that were prioritised over television. Online classes and other assignments set by teachers could also be pivotal factors in a student’s screen-time. Another conclusion drawn from the data is that several students are sticking to a strict schedule, something which the School takes pride in. This is evident because people are limiting their screen time. Furthermore, this shows the willpower of students who are opting to study instead of watching Netflix.

This bar graph above depicts the ratings D Formers gave their very first interactions with their batchmates, which occurred online due to the current circumstances. Most rated them 7 or above, showing that having online interaction rather than in-person interaction only hindered their ability to communicate by a small extent. This graph reveals the pros of online communication. Online communication may not allow us to completely understand someone, but it is very good for polite conversation. However, 19.8% also rated the experience below 6, which shows the disparity between online and face-to-face communication. This disparity is created due to the many restrictions of online communication. Some students might feel more comfortable interacting physically, rather than talking about themselves on a Zoom call. Nevertheless, this data shows us that it is possible to get to know someone through the internet, but its utility does not extend further than forging casual acquaintances.
How was your experience meeting your batchmates online? What were some of the difficulties you faced?

The bar graph on the left describes the experience of the new D-Form in interacting with their batchmates online. According to our data, 43 boys feel that they’ve started to interact with everyone but 21 of them think that this experience is quite different and unnatural. Furthermore, 9 have not been able to interact with their batchmates at all, while the rest seem to frequently connect outside of their scheduled classes. Although there is no obvious trend, the data suggests that online interaction is not the most preferred choice of students, and is perceived as being an unnatural mode. On the other hand, 9 out of the 61 polled appear to be in touch outside of class. This may be the result of social media and popular apps like Houseparty.

How effective is self studying at home?

In this section we compare studying at school and at home.

The graphs on the next page show how many hours Doscos spent on self-studying while at home, in contrast to that in School. From the results, a few surprising observations can be seen. Firstly, the number of people who reported studying more than 5 hours is much higher at home than in School. Only 6.1% study more than 5 hours at School, while 17.6% study for more than 5 hours at home. This is rather surprising, as it would be expected that the distractions at home, like Netflix and social media, would eat into the time spent studying. In A and SC Forms, 15% of the students study for more than 6 hours everyday. However, this does not mean that students study more efficiently while at home, as studying for longer periods does not directly translate into better learning. There can be several factors behind this observed rise in self-study time. Firstly, it may be because focus during self-study at home is lesser than in School, as can be seen in the second graph on the next page. It could also be a result of submitting assignments online, as they require a different set of skills that everyone may not possess. For example, some students may struggle to type fast. The effectiveness of online classes must also be taken into account. As our graphs show, students find it harder to focus during online classes in comparison to classes in School.
How many hours of self-study do you manage daily?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hours spend studying</th>
<th>School</th>
<th>Home</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1-2</td>
<td>26.4%</td>
<td>12.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2-3</td>
<td>27.5%</td>
<td>19.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3-4</td>
<td>25.8%</td>
<td>8.8%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4-5</td>
<td>8.8%</td>
<td>8.8%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5-6</td>
<td>8.8%</td>
<td>5.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6&lt;</td>
<td>1.0%</td>
<td>8.8%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

196 students were polled

On a scale from one to ten, how would you rate your focus when you self study?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating</th>
<th>School</th>
<th>Home</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>1.5%</td>
<td>1.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>0.5%</td>
<td>0.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>0.5%</td>
<td>5.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>4.6%</td>
<td>8.2%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>16.3%</td>
<td>11.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>18.4%</td>
<td>7.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>21.4%</td>
<td>19.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>12.8%</td>
<td>18.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>4.6%</td>
<td>7.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

196 students were polled

The above graph shows the number of people who would rate their focus out of 10 while self-studying at home and School. For example, 19.4% would describe their focus as 8 out of 10 while self-studying at home, leading to the conclusion that students are more focused overall while studying at School. 83.7% of students described having a focus of greater than 7 while in School, while only 55.1% described having a focus greater

(Continued on the next page)
How effective is online education at home?

How is the physical classroom experience at School different from the online one at home?

Surprisingly, the graph below reveals a rather contradictory result when compared to the pie chart following it. Nearly 60% of students described their preparation for online exams being greater than 7 on a scale from 1-10. This reveals that students were able to prepare well for the examination, but just not as well as they would have if they were in School. This could be a result of the online resources accessible to students at home. However, 40% of students voted less than 5. This shows that quite a significant portion of students were not able to prepare for their exams properly. This is likely a result of distractions at home such as Netflix and social media.

On a scale from 1 to 10 how prepared were you for the recent examinations?

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(Continued from the previous page)

than 7 at home. This reflects well on the Toye monitors and that the Toye structure allows students to focus on their academics. A significant change between School and home is the access to social media, Netflix, and a phone. While studying, it is quite possible that your phone starts buzzing, or you get a text message on Instagram. All of these contribute to impairing your attention while studying. This is an important reflection on the School’s strict no-phone policy. It clearly shows that students are able to better focus on their studies without phones. However, we must remember that one day students will have to leave the gates of Chandbagh and learn to deal with these distractions, so striking a balance between preparation for life and the absence of academic distractions is a debate we need to have. Maybe teaching students how to handle such distractions in School may not be such a bad idea.

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196 students were polled
The pie chart below shows whether people feel they would have been better prepared for the recent examination if they had been in School. Most students feel that School would have been a more conducive environment for them to prepare for the exams. This reflects well on the School’s academic infrastructure and support systems. The access to teachers and peers even at odd hours is an invaluable resource, especially near exam time. Additionally, the pressure from form mates pushes us to study more, often making us sit to study because we see our friends studying.

The luxuries of home, such as snacks and coffee, also help students prepare for their exams. The graph below reveals a rather contradictory result when compared to the pie chart above. Nearly 60% of students described their preparation for online exams being greater than 7 on a scale of 1-10. This reveals that students were able to prepare well for the examinations, but not as well as they would have if they had been in School. However, 40% of students rated their preparation to be less than 5 on the scale. This shows that quite a significant portion of students were not able to prepare for their exams properly.

Additionally, as shown by previous graphs, focus during online classes and self-study is a lot less at home than in School.

Some students felt that studying at home was better than in School.

However, 26.5% of students were unsure whether preparing for exams at home or at School was more effective, so preparing while in School or at home was relatively the same for them. These students are probably the same students who were able to maintain their study schedule as observed when comparing the number of hours students studied at home and School. Some students even felt that studying at home was better than School. These students are likely to be the same ones who are able to study more at home than at School (as shown in the graph comparing self-study hours). Surely, studying at home comes with its benefits. Students are able to work on timelines and schedules that suit them and arrange their activities around that. They also have more time to access online learning resources to explore beyond the prescribed syllabus.
On a scale from 1 to 10, how focused are you during classes?

![Bar graph comparing focus in online and physical classes.]

This bar graph compares the focus students have in online classes and the focus they had in physical classes while they were still in School. 167 students rated their focus in School to be greater than 8 on a scale of 1-10, while only 54 students rated their focus to be greater than 8 during online classes. This shows that direct interaction makes education more comprehensible as compared to online interaction. Face-to-face interaction allows students to pose their questions easily and participate in hands-on activities that can make learning more engaging. Very few online platforms can replicate the environment of a classroom. This might make learning seem more monotonous and tedious. Furthermore, gadgets such as the PlayStation and the student’s own mobile phone might prove to be distracting at times. Another reason for the student’s low focus can be the switching off of their cameras. However, a few students have rated their focus to be above 7 in online classes.

How would you describe your online exam experience?

Not immune to the usual “power cut,” and “WiFi is down,” I also experienced hardship when it came to the atmosphere of exams. It felt more like an end-of-the-week test rather than the Mid-Year Trials. This affected me in two ways. It affected my attitude towards studies, because in School, the sight of form mates and other students working towards their exams acts as an incentive and positive reinforcement for you to start studying. On the other hand, from home, all you ever see are people who come online on their study-breaks. This leads to a false perception that everyone is free and relaxed, creating an excuse to procrastinate, while also generating modest revenue for Netflix!

- Ipsit Karla
The exam time worked fine for most subjects, except the ones in which you had to read a lot while focusing on the screen, like IGCSE Hindi. It’s already a little difficult for me to read in Hindi but reading on a screen glowing in front of you was even more troublesome. Preparation was also somewhat challenging, since I had no hard copy textbooks with me, and therefore had to limit my study time due to screen-time limits and physical well-being constraints. In School, I would have started preparation significantly earlier, but that “exam wali feeling” just wasn’t there, and I found greater interest in other things. However, in School, the facilities provided by online resources wouldn’t have been available. This works well for past papers and general studying, since you have YouTube tutorials, and websites providing you with ample topical questions. In School, these are rather difficult to obtain, considering there is a limit to how much access to screens there is, and how much you can feasibly print out. You also have access to 5-6 different textbooks on the same topics, so if you don’t understand something, there are more places to go. One thing I miss about exam preparation in School, however, is the collaboration with other form-mates to study/discuss a topic, and then potentially test each other out. This is largely missing at home.

-Yuvraj Sarda

Conclusion

In conclusion, it is very clear that our lives have changed dramatically over the past 6 months. However, students were able to take certain parts of Doon back to their homes. For example, despite being at home, nearly 90% of students still exercise, and 60% of those who are exercising, exercise for more than 40 minutes a day, 6 days a week. This reveals that certain characteristics are embedded in Doscos and cannot be easily shaken. The number of students who have picked up a hobby is also testament to our thriving extra-curricular culture at School. Sites such as Coursera and EdX were very helpful in allowing students pursue their hobbies at home. However, when it came to academics, students were not able to maintain the same level of perseverance or concentration. Many students found it much more challenging to focus during online classes compared to physical ones. They also lacked focus when studying at home and clocked fewer hours than they did at school. This is an important reflection on the School’s system of classes. It shows the effectiveness of the support system of teachers and toye monitors that exists in School, but it also shows that students are not able to perform just as well outside the walls of Chandbagh. However, students also felt that access to online learning sites such as Khan Academy was a great help to them, a resource not easily available to them at school. It also appears that students are easily distracted by Netflix, social media, and video games. Most students spend a minimum of an hour on at least one of these. Doscos aren’t used to dealing with these distractions as they have never been a part of their lives at school. This is a possible reason why they struggle to maintain a balance between Netflix and work.

In the end, we would like to thank the entire school community for patiently filling out our forms and helping us in this project. We hope that we have been able to accurately present your experience of the past few months, and that this piece will help improve the online experience you have in the remaining months of this pandemic.

In the end we would like to thank the entire school community for patiently filling out our forms. We hope you enjoyed the article!
समय - प्रवाह के विरूद्ध
सुधीर चौधरी

प्रिय पाठकों,
‘वीकली’ का ‘फाउंडर्स अंक’ डिजिटल रूप में आपके हाथों में सौपते हुए मुझे हार्दिक प्रसन्नता का अनुभव हो रहा है। आशा है कि आप हमेशा की तरह ‘वीकली’ के हिन्दी विभाग का स्वागत करेंगे और इसका आनंद लेंगे।

मानने समय के विकसित होते हुए जिन कार्यप्रणालियों को अपनाया है, वे सर्वाधिक मुझे चौकाने और हमारी समझमें की सीमा को आगे के प्रयास में भिन्न करने के लिए विज्ञ कर देती हैं। आज के अनूठे पृथ्वी समय में जिस किसी ने कल्पना भी नहीं की होगी कि इस पत्रिका, जो हमारे विद्वान के विरासत का गौरवशाली प्रतिविंत्र रही है, के पने अपने हाथों से पलटने का सीमान्य हमें नहीं प्राप्त होगा मनुष्य की विकास को जारी रखने अथवा स्वयं को धीरजता दान करने की क्षमता की जितनी तारीफ की जाए काम हैं। ऐसे पुरातात्त्व समय में जब मानविक दुनिया की गति कुछ अनुपलो बन जाती है, हमारे पास विनिमय विषयों पर मनन करने का एक अदृशु अवसर आता है। ऐसा कहना अनुचित नहीं होगा कि लिखित रूप से संचार करने की प्रक्रिया हमारे मानवीय इतिहास का एक अत्यंत महत्त्वपूर्ण भाग रही है जिसमें मानवीय समय की स्थापना में एक अत्यंत जरूरी भूमिका निभाई है। एक विद्वान के रूप में 'दूसरे' अपने समुदाय में इस प्रकार से संचार करने की क्षमता का निवारण में एक केंद्रीय भूमिका निभाता है। एक सपदाक के रूप में इतना ही कह सकता हूँ कि प्रत्येक कहानी अथवा कविता जो इस समुदाय के सदस्यों से प्राप्त होती है, उसका पाठ करने गौरव की भावना का एक अनौयोगिक अहसास होता है जो अनुलभी है। सर्वाधिक कमिश्च क्षारों से लेकर इस विद्वान के सबसे वरिष्ठ सदस्यों तक की अभिव्यक्तियों को पढ़ने और समझने में जितना आंदोलन मुझे आया, आशा है आपको भी आए। सर्वाधिक संकासित रूप में अपनी बताकू ही को के क्या इस पत्रिका का पाठ करना आपके लिए एक आनंदमय अनुभव हो।

साहित्य की प्रासंगिकता
देवेन्द्र कुमार मिश्र

किसी भी साहित्कार को सबसे पहले जिस समय से जुड़ना पड़ता है, वह है कि आखिर साहित्य क्यों और किसके लिए? थीक ‘टेम्पल इंगलन’ की तरह हमें समझना पड़ेगा कि इस दुनिया में जितना ही इस परिस्थिति संकृति का विकास होगा उतना ही हमें कला की इन सभी विधाओं की जड़स्त आने पड़ेगी। इसे थीक इस रूप में देखा जा सकता है कि हम एक ऐसे समय में रह रहे हैं जहां हम हर वक्त एक अधोगीत युद्ध में हैं। यह समझा जाए कि एक तरफ पूरी स्पूतीवादी, बाजारवादी मानसिकता है और दूसरी तरफ कला की सभी विधाओं के साथ हम चंद लोग जो अपनी संकृति, भाषा, परिवेश और अंतिम: अपने मन के बीते मानवता की ऊंचाई का बचाने की कोशिश कर रहे हैं।

हमें यह समझना पड़ेगा कि हमारे सामने कोई स्पष्ट शारू नहीं है। यह नया-सामाजिक वाद का एक ऐसा आ. चंदन है जिससे हर बार अपनी अपनी भूमिका में मृते और नृत्य को जीता है, जो इस नया-सामाजिक वाद का विषय होता है। वातावरण में यह दो लोगों के तकार का समय है। तकत्तव की एक ऐसी सोच जिसके साथ रूप हुआ है। गाय और और एक ऐसी सोच जिसके साथ हूँ, सामने महज चंद लोगों का यह विद्रोह हमारी इस सोच को बहुत प्रासंगिक बनाता है। वे बाहेर हैं कि हम तारंभिक रूप से न सोच पाएँ क्योंकि अगर हम सोचेंगे तब हम उनके गुलामी हो नहीं बन सकेंगे। उनके उपयोगी नहीं बन पाएंगे क्योंकि स्वतंत्र और चेतना ने सदासंग गुलामी का निर्भर नहीं है चाहे वह सामाजिकवाद का दौर रहा हो या फिर नया-सामाजिकवाद का। तरह-तरह के विश्लेषण या माध्यमों सावधान माना जा रहा है जिससे हम आंखें बंद कर वही करे जो वे चाहें। आम आदमी इसी चमक में खो रहा है लेकिन हम यह समझ नहीं पा रहे हैं कि इस चमक के पीछे या फिर अंडर कितना अंधेरा है। कला के सारी विचारसंग्रह इसी अंधेरे को दिखाने की कोशिश कर रही हैं, साहित्य की यही मानने में यही प्रासंगिकता है।
अरविन्दनाथ शुक्ल

आज का समय ‘पेट का समय’ है।

जहाँ तक हमारी जानकारी है, पेट सभी प्राणियों में पाया जाता है। जीवन के सारे काम-चाम पेट के चक्कर में ही हुआ करते हैं। सयणे कहते हैं कि मनुष्य के शरीर में दिमाग का वह स्थान होता है जो किसी जमाने में राज्यों के राजा की कहानी का हुआ करता था। सच बात तो यह है कि आज राजा तो रहे नहीं और दिमाग का हाल यह है कि उस ही तरफ चल पड़ता है जिसपर पेट इशारा करता है।

और भी अधिक खुलासा करते हुए कहे हैं तो असल में शरीर के संविधान में पेट की बहु महत्व होती है जो आयुक्त विभाग में मकान की हुआ करती है, राजनीतिक हलकों में पी.ए. की, व्यापार में लोकीर्दों की या सरकारी दफ्तरों में दलाल की होती है।

भड़सी भते ही कितना भी चिंता-चिंता कर कहते रहे कि ‘माता न देंगे धन न पेट’ लेकिन वास्तविकता यह है कि पेट अब माता के परसे से नहीं भरता। माता के परसे से लेकर आजकल के समय में तो पेट किसी के परसे नहीं भरता। पेट का कुछ सारा परसा और ससरा पचा जाता है। पेट का काम बहुत प्रभावशाली होता है। वह जमा किए गए तंत्र को प्रचार कर कहे हैं और फिर पोषक तत्व को बाकी अंगों की हीसाब कर के अनुसार उनका पाल पहुँचा देता है।

संचारने के आधार पर पेट कई प्रकार को हो जाता है। कुछ पेट गोल हार्डी कैसे तने हुए होते हैं। इनकी हखासियत यह होती है कि बच्चे भयानक जलजला आ जाए या वांछित ही अपनी बाजू तूफ़ लें, ये टस से मस नहीं होते। ये पेट प्रायः बाहर को निकले होने पर भी इतने विश्वसनीय रूप से रिहर होते हैं कि जलरत पड़ने पर इनके स्वामी इनका इतिमाल एक छोटी-बोटी मेज की ताली भी करते हैं। सारा लेन-देन इन्हीं के नीचे से पूरी संजीवनी और गोपीनाथ का हो जाना करता है।

कुछ पेट ताजी ताजी ही हुई चावल की बोरियों की तरह होते हैं और तोले-बाले से होकर नीचे की ओर लदके रहते हैं। इस तरह के पेट अपने मालिक के चारपाई पर करवट लेकर लेने की समय चारपाई की बाही से नीचे लटक जाता करते हैं। इस तरह के पेट को धारण करने वाले लोगों में प्रायः पतलून की बेलट कसकर बीवने की आदत हो जाता करते हैं। यही भी है, ऐसा कौन चाहेगा कि पेट बेलट के भीतर से होकर पतलून में पुहर जाए और घूमन मंगल से लटकता हुआ दिखाई दे। अलसता, इस प्रकार के पेट बेलट के ऊपर जरूर लटक आया करते हैं। इन पेटों की बहुत बहुत खासियत यह है कि अगर पतलून की चेन गलती से खुली भी रह गयी हो तो भी वे भर्पनी नहीं होने देते। चलते समय ये पेट लचकते हैं, मटकते हैं और रेम्प लहराती हुई मोड़ल की सी अदा से जलवायुर होते हैं। अगर, खुदा न खासता इनके मालिक को दीड़ना पड़ जाए तो ये तुकानी लहरों पर ढोलती हुई बिना मल्लाह की नाव का मंजर पेश कर देते हैं। इन पेटों की खासियत इनकी आयतन में ही छिपी होती है। इनके भीतर कितना माल लगा है, इसका अंदाजा लगाना साधारण आदमी के बस की बात नहीं होती।

फाइनलता से शुरू होते हैं और नामी तक पहुंचते पहुंचते समय हो जाते हैं। हमारे परिवार चकीर दास ऐसे पेट वालों को घटोड़ दिया कहा करते हैं। ऐसे पेट प्रायः कम उसम से तुलियों के हुआ करते हैं। इनके स्वामियों के चलने की अदा निराली हुआ करती हैं। इस किसम
वीर तुम बढ़े चलो, धीर तुम बढ़े चलो
कार्यायान कनोडिया

आज के नवीन एवं लगभग कुल्किम सुग मैन मनुष्य एक दूसरे को संपर्क करने के मामले में और तो और व्यक्तिगत रूप से मिलने के मामले में भी नए पैमानों तक पहुँच चुका है। इसका प्रमुख कारण संसार में तीव्र गति से विस्तित होने वाला विज्ञान और अनुसंधान है। पिछले कई वर्षों से सामाजिक मीडिया या सोशल मीडिया का प्रवचन लघुत गति से बढ़ता चला जा रहा है। आज, यानि 2020 में लगभग 22 प्रतिशत आबादी अदाल्या यानि 3 अरब लोग इस सुविधा का उपयोग करते हैं और इसकी युवा पीढ़ी में बढ़ती लोकप्रियता बढ़ती है ये आकर आने वाले कल में भी कम नहीं हो जाता। मीडिया के कुछ फायदे और कई नुकसान भी हैं। सोशल मीडिया जाती एवं नकली समारोह का एक स्त्री प्रति बनता जा रहा है। सोशल मीडिया और वार्तालाप और जागरूकता में का माध्यम कहलाता है परंतु दरें, प्रमुख और खतरनाक विषय जिनको इस माध्यम से बढ़ावा मिलता है, वह है कठोर मानसिक और अविश्वसनीय मानकों की स्थापना।

आपूर्तिक मनुष्य अब स्वयं की सोच-विचार किसी भी मुद्रे पर न रख कर दूसरों की मानसिकता अपनाने लगे है। अब असीम डाटा पतल झपकते ही प्राप्त हो सकता है जिसकी वजह से किसी भी मुद्रे पर खुद की राय बनाने से पहले ही किसी और की राय पर रहमत हो जाती है किसी और की विचारधारा से, किसी अन्यत्र के तरीके से। इस स्थिति में आप यह सोचेंगे कि अनजान व्यक्ति है, असल बोलकर उसको क्या लाम? इसका कथन अवश्य निष्कर्ष एवं वैच ही होगा। परंतु क्या पता कि यह कथन उस अनजान व्यक्ति का हो ही न।
कराह रही है मानवता
चंदन घुपत्याल

मंजिल पाने की होड़ में –
हर पल हो रही दौड़ में –
मंजिल पाने की होड़ में –
रिस्टने-नाटक में गोरा हो गया है।
अत्यद्वैत अज्ञात में,
पद, पैसा, कुमार के लालन में –
अनुचित को उल्लिख त दर्जन, हम,
अंतर्विद्वेष में गया है।
सौहार्द की दूरी पाने में –
अपनी की दूरी पाने में –
बस भ्रम मात्र है –
क्योंकि दौड़ जीतना जो है।

धर्म संस्कृति बख़्सने वाला,
अंधदृष्टि है वाला,
‘ऑउटडॉर्ट’ कहने वाला।
पद पैसा ही तो है अब अन्दरता,
पद पैसा ही तो है अब अन्दरता,

ABS Radio TV
आंलोइन शिक्षा: एक दोधारी तलवार
cथित गर्भ
कोविड-१९ महामारी के बाद दुनिया पूरे तरह से एक अलग जगह लगे गई। खरीदारी और खाने से लेकर यात्रा उद्घाटन में कई प्रकार के बदलाव देखने को मिलेंगे। निश्चित रूप से इस सर्वावधी महामारी का प्रभाव शिक्षा के क्षेत्र पर तो महसूस किया जा चुका है। मेरे अनुसार तो यह मान लेना भी उचित होगा कि यह प्रभाव काफी लम्बे समय तक रहने वाला है। यह महामारी स्पष्ट रूप से बदलते समय और मानव व्यवहार का संकेत है।

कंप्यूटर के माध्यम से शिक्षा का प्रदर्शन करने का कोई विषय समझाया करते थे। यह कहना उचित होगा की शिक्षक क्षेत्र पूरे तरह से बदल गया है। विज्ञान और विभिन्न गैजेट्स का बहुत अधिक उपयोग हो रहा है।

कंप्यूटर को कंप्यूटर के काम काज और उसके उपयोग के बारे में जानकारी होना चाहिए जैसे कि डाउनलोड करना, अपलोड करना, परियोजना की रचना करना, इमेल भेजना आदि।

ऑनलाइन शिक्षा के अपने फायदे है।

मुझे लगता है कि ऑनलाइन शिक्षन से आपको अपने डाउनलोड को अधिक कुशता से उपयोग करने में मदद मिलती है। इ-लर्निंग मॉडल तक पहुंचने से छात्रों को पता चलता है कि उनके डाउनलोड का बेहतर उपयोग करने के लिए उक्त के साथ रहेगा।

मुझे लगता है कि ऑनलाइन शिक्षन से बच्चों को बेहतर शुभआत मिलती है। क्योंकि इंजिनियर लर्निंग मॉडल का उपयोग करने से हमारे युवा छात्रों को पहले से कहीं अधिक सीखने में मदद मिल सकती है। आमारी सिमुलेशन और मॉडल के साथ, शिक्षक उन विषयों को संयोजन में रखने में सक्षम होते हैं जो पहले पहुंच से बाहर हो सकते थे। आपके लिए आवश्यक सभी जानकारी सुरक्षित रूप से एक ऑनलाइन डेटाबेस में संकल्पित की जा सकती है।

इसमें लाइव चर्चा, दर्शालेख, शिक्षक समग्री और इंग्लिश जीवन में शामिल हैं। इसका मतलब यह है कि आप कभी भी ऐसा कुछ है, जिसे स्पष्ट करने की आवश्यकता है, तो छात्र इंटरलॉक अर्थात इन सभी चीजों को लेकर बच्चों के साथ रहेंगे।

इस समय के लिए विशेष रूप से उपयोगी है जिन्हें एक परियोजना के लिए अनुसंधान करने और अपने निष्कर्षों को एक पैनल में जमा करने की आवश्यकता है।

लेकिन हर सिक्के के दो पहलु होते हैं। ऑनलाइन शिक्षन की कुछ कमियां भी हैं। ऑनलाइन शिक्षन को एक प्रमुख परिणाम छात्र के स्थायी पर पड़ता है, और विशेष रूप से नौए पर। अपने संस्थानों की तुलना में विभिन्न समय क्षेत्रों में छात्र अब कक्षाओं के लिए जाने के लिए नीद का त्याग कर रहे हैं जो चिंतित, शांति और असहाय का कारण बन जाती है। ऑनलाइन छात्र प्रतिबिंब की ही मिलता है।

पारंपरिक कक्षाओं में शिक्षक छात्रों को तत्कालीन आमने-सामने प्रतिबिंब दे सकते हैं। जो छात्र पाठ्यक्रम में समय का सामना कर रहे हैं उन्हें व्याख्या के दौरान या उसके बाद भी जल्दी और सीधे हल कर सकते हैं। वैयक्तिक प्रतिबिंब का छात्रों पर सकारात्मक प्रभाव पड़ता है क्योंकि यह सीखने की प्रक्रिया और छात्रों के प्रेरणा स्तर को बढ़ाता है।

भारत में लगभग हर वर्ष, नई सीमाओं तक पहुंचने की आवश्यकता है। भारतीय शिक्षा प्रणाली अपनी स्थिति को अपनाने के लिए अपने के साथ आते हैं।

आज कल
स्पर्श गांधी
आज भी तेजी याद आती है, आज भी तेजी कमी सताती है। जो मुलाकात पहले हीसाती थीं, आज उनकी याद हमें रुलती है।

तेरे साथ बताए थे जो पल, वे ही याद आती है आजकल। अब वस तकाल में ही जी रहा हूँ, बड़े साहस से तुम्हें यह कह रहा हूँ। आजकल।

युवा के साथ धर्म बनाए यह सुनाए पत। वस यही कहना चाहता हूँ मैं, तुझारी याद आती है आज कल।
नए भारत की तलाश

गुरसंजन सिंह

नए भारत का सपना स्वतंत्रता सेनानियों से लेकर आजाद भारत के पहले प्रधानमंत्री पंडित जवाहरलाल नेहरू और मोर्चा प्रधानमंत्री श्री नरेंद्र मोदी जी तक सब ने देखा है। चाहे 20वीं सदी हो या 21वीं सदी, हर दशकों के मन में भारत को एक नया भारत बनाते हुए देखने की चाह थी और है।

नया भारत असल में हो क्या? नया भारत यो भारत होगा जिसके सबके पास सामान अधिकार और अवसर होंगे। जहाँ किसी और मजदूर्वी भी समुद्र होंगे और सबके पास सारी सुविधाएं होंगी। जहाँ लोग लिंग, जाति, भाषा और धर्म को एक तरफ रखकर सद्भाव और भाईचारे में रहेंगे। जहाँ सभी युवा अपने सपने पूरे करेंगे और कोई भी मृत्यु नहीं सोयेगा। जहाँ सबके व्यक्ति एवं शैक्षणिक विकास का विकास था साथ तालमेल होगा। नया भारत विश्वगुरु होगा जो बाकी देशों को अपने साथ लेकर आएं बढ़ेंगे, क्या वो हमारे सपनों का भारत आज केवल एक अवधारणा बनकर ही रह गया या फिर हम उसकी तरफ अवसर हैं?

नए भारत नीव आजादी के बाद, नए संविधान की स्थापना के साथ ही रख दी गयी थी लेकिन, सत्ता साल बाद भी, नया भारत अभी भी महज एक सपना ही है। इसके कई कारण हैं जैसे विदेश, नेताओं का निजी स्वर्ण, सभी राजनीतिक दलों की सहमति न होना, लोगों ने जागरूकता और शिक्षा का न पहुंच पाना, कुछ मामलों में आक्रामक के कारण समाज का बेंट जाना आदि। इसे मानने में इसका एक और बड़ा कारण हम भारतीयों की मानसिकता भी है। हम लोगों में किसी भी चीज को पूरा हासिल करने की मुख्य नहीं है। हम एक समय के बाद हर मान लेते हैं और जितना किया जा सकता होता है, उतने से खुश हो जाते हैं। हम अपने सपनों के साथ समझौता कर लेते हैं और उन्हें पूर्ण रूप से पूरा नहीं करते, इसकी सुआत आजादी के लिए देश के बंटवारे से ही हो गयी थी और आज अगर कोई हमसे किसी काम के लिए रिश्वत मांगा है हम उसे मना नहीं करते लेकिन रकम का बोन-तोल करने लगते हैं।

नए भारत के लिए हम सरकार पर निर्भर नहीं रह सकते क्योंकि सरकार हमेशा सही नहीं होती है और हम सतर्क साल से उनके भरोसे ही बैठे हैं और जमीनी हिककित हमारे सामने है। अब समय आ चुका है कि हम सरकार पर से अपनी निर्भरता कम करें और खुद नए भारत की ओर पहल करें। हम सभी लोग अपने आप को बदलने की ठान ले तो पूरा समाज और देश अपने आप ही बदल जाएगा। हम लोगों को सरकार में सभी लोगों को चयन करना चाहिए। हम लोगों को सरकार पर समाज कल्याण और विकास के काम करने के लिए द्वार झंझला चाहिए और हमें आपकर भी ईमानदारी से भरकर सरकार की विकास की योजनाओं में अपना हिस्सा झंझला चाहिए क्योंकि बिना पैसे के सरकार भी कोई काम नहीं कर सकती। अब हमको पुरानी गलतियों से सीख कर आएं एक नए भारत की तरफ झंझला चाहिए और निचले कर लेना चाहिए कि इस बार नए भारत बनाकर ही रुकेंगे।

फिर

इंदरवीर सिंह ओबरॉय

फिर बारिश की वे बूंदें फिर आकाश का वह महिला फिर उसी शीर्षों से बाहर देखना फिर वही आकाश का रंग।
तेस्री यादें फिर उन बूंदों के साथ आतीं तेस्री वह मुस्कान फिर उस नार्यों आसान में दिखाई देती, फिर मेरे उदास दिल को संभीन होते देखता,
फिर तुझे गले लगाने का सुकून महसूस करता,
फिर तेस्री मुस्कुराहट के देख अपने आँखों पौछे लेता फिर तेस्री वह आवाज़ को अपने कानों में गूँजे देता।
तेस्री प्यार भरी बातों को फिर दोहराता,
tेस्री मजाक पर फिर हंस लेता तेस्री इन की खुशालू को फिर जी लेता,
tेस्री दी हुई चिंताओं को फिर खोलकर पह लेता,
tेस्री तर्की देख, फिर वे लम्हे जी लेता,
tेस्री दी अंगूठी को फिर पहन लेता।
उस एक लम्हे में हमारी अपूर्वी कहानी फिर जी लेता,
फिर बारिश खतर हो जाती, बूंदें रुक जाती हैं,
सपने खतर हो जाते और में वहीं बैठा रहता।
गालों पर आँखों को पौछ, खिड़की से बाहर देख इंतजार करता,
फिर उस बारिश का,
फिर उन बूंदों का,
फिर उन आँखों का।
Since the discovery of the solar system itself, we have been waiting for them, knowing that they would eventually show up. Maybe tomorrow, maybe next year, or maybe they are already here!

Unaware of the events to follow, I was walking towards Foot House after an arduous evening workout at the Skinners on a typical day. Astounded by the beauty of the setting sun, my mates and I decided to take a detour and saunter around the fields for a while.

After about 15 minutes of wandering about, signs of the coming night started showing as we made our way to the House. I had an inexplicable premonition that something was about to happen. However, I chose to ignore it. As I glided over the short dew-laden grass, I looked up at the glowing stars in the night sky and saw something which appeared to be a shooting star making its way to the Earth. But there was something unnatural and uncanny about the light it produced -- it was green!

We all gasped with trepidation at this unnatural phenomenon as it seemed to be coming towards us at great speed. It turned from the size of a pin to one of a pencil in a jiffy.

A plethora of thoughts rushed across my mind — what if this were a spaceship of aliens coming to Earth to take over the world from us; what if they were bloodthirsty? Petrified to the hilt, I shook my head out of the world of my imagination and teleported back to reality. After those alarming thoughts, I went for dinner and tried to get them out of my head. However, it was a failed effort as the sight was impossible to wish away. In a haste, we rushed out of the CDH after the meal to examine the sky. My eyes popped in disbelief as what seemed to be a meteor had become five times bigger contrary to how we had seen it earlier and felt like it was headed straight for the school and that it was about to make an impact some time soon! By this time quite obviously other people had started noticing it and a look of pure terror had befallen upon everyone’s faces. A few people had begun to panic and a chaotic situation was building up. The speed with which it was coming at us was unimaginable—an astounding 30,000 miles per hour as reported later.

The teachers were trying to address the issue with utmost calm, but by the time it actually made some effect, it was too late The asteroid, as I was later to find out, looked like it would make an impact at any moment. Suddenly everybody had gone quiet and an unnatural aura of silence enveloped the place. It seemed the locus of impact would be around Skinners. The tenable reason for this abrupt silence was that the meteor in its transient brilliance was about to crash into us! Everyone gawked at it in a frenzy...

I heard a thumping with a somewhat regular pattern and wondered where it came from, then later discerned that it was my heart, beating hard with sheer excitement and fear. As

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the asteroid approached closer, I pulled in a few deep breaths in an attempt to grasp the fact that this was actually happening. We were far away from the site but could discern its approach. The whole school closed its eyes and people braced themselves for impact. They patiently waited, waited a bit more, and kept on waiting. When everyone finally opened their eyes, the meteor had disappeared. It was perhaps a rocket making a smooth landing or aliens coming to Earth and slowing down at the end for arrival.

The whole school made its way to the Skinners slowly and steadily, as the sound was heard coming from that direction. When I caught a small peek of the object, a shiver ran down my spine as it was the same green light which was seen in the meteor. I crept ahead with my classmates, ignoring all my instincts telling me to run away instantly. The teachers walked ahead to take a look at the space mass. What I saw ensured that my life was going to change forever from that moment. It was a circular chrome spaceship, with a curved glass on top acting like a windshield — basically like every picture of UFOs that I have seen.

As I reached the spot, the UFO suddenly split into two and opened from the middle to let the passengers out. Everyone present in the area held their breaths waiting for the travellers to come out of their vessel. They took a lot of time, and I subconsciously held my breath for the entire duration, in awe. Then came two creatures sauntering out - their skin was green in colour and they had two big and bulging eyes. They were almost human-like. They wore white coats which looked like they had come out of a lab, and if I’m not wrong it looked like one of them was wearing glasses. The one without glasses walked forward in a slow fashion, taking careful steps one at a time and ironically boomed, “Hello aliens!” I still couldn’t believe my eyes. They were deceiving me for sure. I felt a gush of emotions. At that time, one of the teachers who was standing near the UFO blurted, “Hello! Welcome to Earth. How did you decide to come and meet us at our humble abode?” He replied, “Oh, I’m here for a small errand - to take over your world.”

There was a loud thud, and....

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**Extinct**

Aditya Saraff

Earth, today, was more alive than it had ever been,
The animals that were once forced to hide,
Scared of the guns and the torch with scorching light,
Were now making themselves heard and seen.

In absence of caramel aroma, the unmistakable scent of lime won,
The branches and plants mated and intertwined until there was no sun.
The tenacious Ivy had finally too seen victory,
Destroying walls like war spoils, leaving no history.
The flowers were in bloom — yellow, blue and red,
The creepers silently into all directions crept.
Chimpanzees, with fingers on their chins, made curious faces,
Trying to remember about the humans and their silly places.

The grey concrete buildings, their doors with bells,
Presently these stood like empty shells —
No smoke from the chimneys arose,
No doors again opened and closed,
No faces from the windows now stare,
And streets that were filled with kids are now lain bare.
False Hope

Saksham Makin

As the colour of the sky turned a reddish hue, and as the first rays of the sun entered the room, Emmanuel woke up, with a severe body ache and hazy thoughts. He went about his usual routine — brushing, bathing, and then getting ready. As he poured the boiling coffee into his cup, he saw some documents kept on his table. Opening the envelopes, he saw that they were actually notices for outstanding payments that were due — rent, electricity, water, health insurance — the list was endless. “My salary can’t even support a quarter of that,” he thought anxiously as he pushed the envelopes away, hoping that it might miraculously solve his problems. He slowly sipped his coffee and grabbed a newspaper to ignore the depressing thoughts that plagued him. “Millions infected, thousands dead”, the headline read. As he read the article, he became full of despair. “When will this disease quell?”, he thought as he feared for his loved ones. Emmanuel looked at the clock, threw the newspaper away and hurriedly changed his clothes. He was late for work.

As he rushed to the bus stop, he saw some boys cat-calling a woman. He felt a surge of anger. “How can people be so insensitive and rude?” he thought. But it was none of his business. He put his head down in disgust and continued to walk as the woman rushed past him before disappearing in the crowd. As he waited at the bus stop, he noticed that no-one was following the safety protocols advised by the government. The concept of social distancing was almost non-existent, and it left Emmanuel flabbergasted. In fact, people were protesting without masks. He couldn’t help but smile grimly at their ignorance. The bus screeched to a halt in front of him and everyone scrambled to get in. As soon as he went for the door, he saw a middle-aged white woman grasp her purse. Everyone moved away from him. He could sense the fear. An officer came and told him to move aside and take the next bus. Emmanuel remembered that he didn’t belong there. “This isn’t home”, he thought. He let the bus leave and waited for the next one. He went through a flurry of emotions during the bus ride. His heart ached at the thought of people being afraid of him. “Am I responsible for the colour of my skin?”, he asked himself. Emmanuel looked down at his hands, examining the intricate lines and features, feeling helpless and heartbroken. “How can a country discriminate against different races?”, he mumbled under his breath. The bus stopped in front of the huge metal gate. As soon as Emmanuel stepped out of the vehicle, he began to cough violently. The factory courtyard stank of chemicals. As he looked up, he saw huge clouds of smoke

(Continued on the next page)
He silently prayed that one day people like John would be considered normal, considered human.

“I'm having a bad day”, responded Jacques.
“What happened?”
“My sister left her job because her boss used to touch her inappropriately. Then, my younger brother got his arm broken while playing in school. The hospital fees are too high and I can't make ends meet,” said a worried Jacques. He had been supporting his siblings ever since his mother had died. His father left them when he was ten. Now, he was bankrupt and helpless. “I can't even pay rent!”, said Jacques.
“You can stay at my home from tomorrow. Healthcare costs are ridiculously high, but health comes first,” said Emmanuel.
“I don't know how I can repay this favour.”, said Jacques, his eyes glimmering with hope.
“We'll make it through together. Don't worry. As it is, healthcare should be free for everyone.”
“Yes, but sadly, we live in a world full of greedy people.”
They ate their meals and went back to work.
When Emmanuel's shift ended, he went to talk to the factory manager. He knocked on the door of his office.
“Come in.”
“Boss, you know I've been working hard in these desperate times. I'm having trouble making ends meet. Could you please consider giving me a bonus?”, pleaded Emmanuel.
“Listen, pal. These are tough times for all of us. I would love to help you out, but I just can't. I'm sorry. I'd suggest taking up another part-time job.”
As he said this, the manager got up and left the building with Emmanuel. They were the last ones left. Emmanuel walked towards the bus-stop and saw his boss rush away in a brand-new car. “That guy can't help me?”, thought Emmanuel as he felt a surge of anger. He clenched his fist. He was angry at his boss, but more so at this system. He worked hard just so that the people above him could enjoy the benefits. He felt this was extremely unfair. He travelled back to his home, and screamed into his pillow. He sat in despair to write his diary - “I pray the problems that plague our world right now will be eventually solved. Maybe in a hundred years, people will not be subjected to such injustice.” He hid his diary in his locker and switched off the light. Laying in bed under the moonlight, he prayed for a better future, for himself, and for the world.
I was jolted awake by two mysterious figures sitting at the foot of my bed in my dark dorm. I noticed that there was nobody else in the vast room—just an eerie silence and two shadowy figures looming over me. Suddenly, there was a sound like a match being struck and a light came on. The faces of the figures were now clear to me. To my surprise, they were familiar to me. One figure was Mr. Oliver, from the book ‘The Face in the Dark’. The other figure was Ravana, a demon from the epic ‘Ramayana’.

Mr Oliver looked just as he was described in the books. He was a garden variety white man with dark, unkempt hair, tall and sturdy build. Ravana, on the other hand, was an intimidating sight. He was swarthy, had a broad frame, and a thick moustache that covered his mouth. He wore nothing but a south Indian veshti, and an angavastram - a piece of cloth draped over his shoulder. His lack of clothing was made up for by the excessive jewellery, befitting nothing but a king. It glimmered fabulously on his body. Unlike Mr. Oliver, his hair, though long, was neatly combed on every one of his ten heads. He had a fierce look to his face.

At that moment, I was in utter shock. Two characters from my favourite books were sitting on either side of my bed! Then, Mr. Oliver broke my stunned silence by saying, “You have three questions. Use them wisely. If you do you get to go with us.” Ravana continued, “Use up your questions wrongly, and we leave, without you.” Though baffled at their presence in my dorm of all places, I knew there was no point in the usual “Whaaat? Oh, my Gawd?” reaction. So, I settled on questioning the reason as to why they had come here. “Why are you two here?”. “Our stories have been read by people far and wide, so we want to choose those who are worthy of journeying with us”, replied Mr Oliver. I wondered, in a total daze- why, oh why would two fictional characters want real people to accompany them? But then again, they were here, alive and breathing, casually sitting on my bed, so I didn’t question them aloud.

As I racked my brain for another intelligent question, there was a violent banging on the door. “Let us in!” a voice cried. I immediately recognized it. It was the sound of my friend Gavril. Feeling some relief at having an accomplice I said, “That’s my friend, let him in, he could come too”. “Those people are unworthy of this quest, and therefore must not be present in the questioning”, Ravana boomed. “But they sleep in this dorm, if you don’t let them in, they’ll call the housemaster, and you two will be in trouble” I said almost quaking.

“Fear not young man, when we leave, everything that has happened will be forgotten, like it never happened.” Mr. Oliver replied.

“So, I settled on questioning the reason as to why they had come here. “Why are you two here?”. “Our stories have been read by people far and wide, so we want to choose those who are worthy of journeying with us”, replied Mr Oliver. I wondered, in a total daze- why, oh why would two fictional characters want real people to accompany them? But then again, they were here, alive and breathing, casually sitting on my bed, so I didn’t question them aloud.

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“Fear not young man, when we leave, everything that has happened will be forgotten, like it never happened.” Mr. Oliver replied.

“Now, think speedily boy. There isn’t much time to lose. Once the first rays of the dawn sun hit us, we will leave you”, (Continued on the next page)
thundered Ravana. “If I were to come with you, which part of your respective stories would you take me to?”, I barely managed to enquire. “Excellent question!”, Mr. Oliver shouted, “I would perhaps take you the part when I had just discovered the boy with no face. I would like to help that wretched boy. Also, it would be nice to have some help”, Mr. Oliver continued. “Oooh, that would be interesting to see it all play out!” I exclaimed. “Hmm,” said Ravana, as if in deep thought. “I would take you to the part where Lakshman chops my sister’s nose and ears. Maybe something you say could prevent a massive war and the death of many great warriors”, Ravana said, sadly.

There was some commotion on the other side of the door. “Quickly, we don’t have much time,” bellowed Ravana, snapping out of his sadness. I stared at the ceiling, and beads of sweat were now running down my neck. I calmed myself though I was now panting, lost for words. “Why only you two? I mean, why is it that it is only you two—the two characters from my favourite stories? It could have been any other character from any other story, but it was the two of you”, I blurted out. This question seemed to resonate with them, as if it were a parable. They seemed to be dumbfounded. After a few moments, Mr. Oliver broke the silence saying, “I ... I was wondering when you were going to ask that. You see Vivaan, you are right. It could have been anyone, but because we were asking you, is why we exist. We exist for the sole purpose that it is your mind that is being questioned”. “You are the reason we live”, Ravana added.

I was just flabbergasted by their answer. I was the reason they existed! I was ecstatic. Soon, there was a flash of light, and they both got up. “Vivaan, I think you have just completely surprised us. You have been chosen to come with us on our grand quest, you alone can change our stories”, Mr. Oliver said.

Then, they lifted my up, and hauled me along, into the light. A loud, deafening sound was heard and then I couldn’t see them anymore. I had tumbled off my bed and back into reality. Well, for a short while, maybe, just maybe I could have changed history.
The Precious Thurston
House
Aditya Saraff

The iron gate was ajar. I tried opening it, but to no avail. It had become a skeleton — laid bare by the rust that had settled on it in the spots where the paint had been scraped. The devil's ivy crawled along the outside walls and then, as if with a sudden change of mind, reached over for the lower iron rods of the gate. It twirled around the gate, making it impossible to move the gate. It seemed as if the plants had claimed the house for their kind and were defending it against the enemies holding the gate to the fort. I, however, being a 'beanpole', as my friends called me, was able to get inside through the gap that had been left.

The state of the driveway seemed to be nothing better than the house itself — its gravel was sporadic specks of black between the unpredictable patches of green nettles that had popped up in the absence of feet treading on it. The ivy had taken over the walls of the house. The garden, without the terror of the chipping blade, seemed to be in full bloom. The lively bougainvillea had bent its neck over the wall as if to talk to the small rhododendrons. The azaleas captured the ground, encircled the trees that rose into infinity, and prospered in their wild shade that permitted no sunlight. The lilacs and copper beaches had mated, while the hydrangeas and sweet peas were loud in their assertiveness. The wisteria hung above an open window, spying inside, analysing prospects, signalling the others that there was a chance of prosperity inside too.

The windows of the house were black, their eyelids shut. They were oblivious to my presence. The door stood like a gaping mouth, waiting for food. It reminded me of my favourite poem: 'The Listeners' by Walter de la Mare:

‘Is there anybody there?’ said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
‘Is there anybody there?’ he said.

However, I was nowhere close to being that Traveller - I didn't have the courage to stare in the face of the unknown, to deal with the harsh unrelenting surroundings. I was petrified. This place that I was prying on had once been my own home. Right now, however, it seemed to be a shell devoid of life.

I opened the door slowly, not knowing what to expect- smelly and mossy walls, some animal waste, or even worse, nothing at all. My eyes adjusted to the darkness and as I walked inside, the house seemed exactly like it had before except for the fact that most of the furniture now was blanketed under white sheets and layers of dust.

I toured the house — my parent's bedroom through whose keyhole I had often tried to hear what they were talking about, my room, the walls of

(Continued on the next page)
which had borne numerous stains of paints and crayons, the adjoining play room from the ceiling of which my parents had hung the dreamcatcher that I’d made, and all the other rooms, each of which hid close to their chests my secrets and memories.

Finally, I reached the living room, where we used to spend most of our evenings - my father reading a book on the creaking rocking chair, my mother knitting her mittens on the sofa, me dancing around with my toys circling them - was lifeless now. I ran my hands along the wallpaper as I walked around it - bending down at the place where my father had marked my height every year on the wallpaper, then feeling the sofa, and running my hand along the spines of books. I went to the door, avoiding the living room, and its memories.

I began sobbing because I was unable to handle this horrific transition of my house. I could hear my father shouting at my mother, “You'll not take me from him, you blood sucking leech!” and see my mother throwing the vase at him. I’d seen the blood gushing from him. We’d moved out and my mom had always told me that we’d moved because daddy had stayed behind at our precious Thurston house. I did not know till years later, till when I had ‘come of age’ of what had happened to Daddy: that he’d died.

Now, being here, it was as if my mother was right that Daddy was here - I could almost feel him. ‘He’d be dead of age by now even if he’d lived,’ I thought.

Suddenly the chair behind me creaked. I frowned. ‘Probably the wind’. I turned to shut the window, but I was paralysed - I could only let out a confused frightened gasp. “Miss me?” came my father’s voice from his body that lay on the chair - not aged a day since I last saw him — the cut on his forehead still oozing blood.

The cornfield swayed in the wind, with a motion that moved my heart. The soft, silky leaves brushed past my hand as I lumbered over the tall grass. The crows darted away from my presence in a swift, yet sudden motion. I felt like an intruder who was invading the freedom of these creatures. Lying just beyond my vision were dark, uncharted hills, topped with clouds that seemed to be overflowing with anguish. They were brimming with pain, agony and melancholy. I thought to myself –it is somewhat ironic that raindrops mirror the tears of a torn heart. My mind wavered from the distant clouds to the ones right over my head which radiated a much happier tone, in contrast to those far off. I felt as if I had sauntered for miles, because the time that had passed seemed like an eternity.

However, it had just been nothing more than a mere ten minutes. Then I finally saw it. Its beauty entranced me, filled me with pleasure, and dissolved my melancholy with its pure water. It flew with a rhythm that paralleled the beat of my heart. The river flew. Droplets of water splashed about like tiny shards of diamonds that cut through the air and fell atop the emerald grass. Fatigued from my long walk, I sat down on the wet earth and gazed at the sky above. It was streaked with pink-purple cotton candy clouds. I lay low as the birds chirped their sweet lullaby, getting ready for the dark, cold,
winter night. The darkness crept upon the valley, like a shadow. Its tentacles engulfed the green, empty fields. The cold bit at my back. The moon held an ominous tone. It was a full moon tonight. Somewhere far off in the woods a werewolf howled. The stars appeared in the night sky, showcasing their brilliance in the darkness. It seemed as if God had sprinkled angel dust on the blank canvas of the night sky, illuminating the heavens for us humans to wonder at stupendously. A warm happiness started to fill up inside my breast, and I felt complete. My place was between the heavens and the Earth.

The Weekly Stereotype

Kanishka Malik (Batch of 2012) | Issue No. 2297, Founder’s ‘75

When one thinks of a Weekly board member, what comes to mind is an overworked, bullied, socially-aloof Dosco who supposedly belongs to a class which is unpopularly recognized as the intelligentsia. These are only some of the character traits that constitute the Weekly stereotype, one that has been created and accepted by community members over the years. After all, in an all-boys boarding school, students have the tendency to be strongly judgemental and nicknames are churned out with the greatest of ease. In such a setting people are easily labelled and stereotyped. Consequently, when a Dosco thinks of a person belonging to a certain category, he is able to create a general caricature in his mind. Of course, not everyone mislabels us like this, but many community members do have funny notions. Having been on the receiving end of this generalisation for years, I believe it is about time I showed which aspects of this stereotype are warranted and which are not.

When I make these comments, I must point out that I have worked with board members for more than three years now and have thoroughly thought things through before passing any judgement. Moreover, I do not exclude myself from any criticism. Firstly, a number of people have the false impression that Weekly board members possess exceptional intellectual abilities. Although this publication boasts of having had boys on its board who have gone on to become eminent scholars, legislators and media personalities, it is not, in my personal opinion, an elite club as many perceive it to be. The level and extent of reading is highly questionable and many of the board members lack knowledge about some of the most basic political and historical events. Their knowledge may be above average, but certainly not exceptional. Indeed, some board members may boast skills and knowledge in a particular area, like literature or history, but they cannot be looked upon as edifices of intellect; they are far too young for that. They may be on the path to wisdom, but they certainly haven’t fully attained it. What a Weekly board member does possess are the abilities to argue, question and reason. Of course, these qualities are complimented by a board member’s ability to write, but apart from that, it is no coincidence that such a large number of board members have been actively involved

A Board member possesses the ability to improvise (which probably explains how blank spaces are filled in at the last minute) and most importantly, the ability to innovate.

(Continued on next page)
The Founder’s that could have Been

Kabir Singh Bhai

Day 1: 9 AM
After eating a hearty breakfast of aloo parathas with a block of butter, I strolled back towards the house from the CDH. October had come around; marigolds were in bloom; the campus radiated excitement and the birds sang sweet melodies. The maalis toiled on the Main Field to prepare for the Old Boys cricket match. NTC Sir, all rippling muscle and booming voice, instructed a few Juniors to set up tables for the scoring near the Pavilion. Even all the way across the field I could faintly hear the “bloody duffers, 20 squats”. It was a perfect Founder’s morning!

Dressing up for Founder’s is a ritual in itself: my turban and

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trousers must be as crisp as the autumn air. Well, this takes time, as it did that day. Oh! The aromatic dry-cleaned blazer, the perfect knot of my tie, thanks to Sunil Bhaiyya, that flawless white shirt, the turban that had received my full attention for 25 minutes... I floated like the Best Man of some imaginary bridegroom to MKS Sir’s office. I quickly took my share of coupons and made my way to the CDH for the much relished, not-so hygienically made, Kolkata Lazeez rolls. Parents had started trickling in; however, the more experienced ones knew not to come so early. I hurriedly made my way over to the Math Exhibitions, casually nodding at uncles and aunties that I knew neither by face nor by name. The teachers anxiously co-ordinated the army of Juniors under them. Preparation for the Exhibitions had been going on for weeks and only the last-minute touches were left. Simultaneously a band of Old Boys on the Main Field would be cheering on their team on the pitch, all on SC Form mode again!

1:30 PM: Lunch
Parents mean food, simply. At the food court, Doscos were in their full element, juggling burgers, fries pizza, and more kathi rolls with astonishing dexterity!

Parents’ credit cards unleashed unusual generosity: suddenly food was being shared with no qualms, and peers were offering to pay for one another. While we ate, I caught up with all the family gossip before heading out to the central lawn with my parents for the street play. The band of colourfully dressed actors stole the thunder from the academic exhibitions. The voices of the street play actors travelled across the central lawn, drawing in a sizable crowd. The spectacular performances earned loud applause from the audience.

After the Chandbagh Debates at 4 PM, it was nap time as always! Parents needed their beauty sleep as much as we needed to unwind before dressing up all dapper for the English play.

7:00 PM: English Play
I had already watched the play two days earlier and as I ran towards the Rose Bowl, I replayed the scenes in my mind. I cracked up each time I thought about them. Personally, the play has always been my favourite part of Founder’s. I quickly grabbed a seat in the front row. The lights had faded, the wind was chilly and before the play began, there was dead silence, the sort that grabs the attention of the audience. The bright lights flashed on, and the actors and I were both blinded. However, it didn’t matter as only moments later I was nearly rolling on the floor with laughter. The moment the play ended, the audience jumped to their feet to applaud the actors. I exited the Rose Bowl and said a quick goodbye to my parents, congratulated the actors on their performance and made my way back to the House for the night with drooping shoulders. One day of Founder’s was already over, and that meant in three days, normal school would begin again.

Day 2: 10:00 AM: Pagal Gymkhana starts
Walking over the grass bathed in fresh dew and morning sunlight, I finally found my parents in the crowd gathered at Skinners. Along with my older brother, we took a round of the stalls. I was even able to convince my parents to buy me an alarm clock I would never use and an overpriced Dosco jacket: after all, it was a must-have to adorn a Dosco’s wardrobe.

After a few rounds of games with my parents, I found my own
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group of friends and we signed up for paintball. Our parents sat together around a round table while we played. After what felt like seconds but was apparently 20 minutes, we stumbled out of the tent laughing at our follies, while simultaneously boasting about the one shot from an odd angle that somehow landed on an opponent. My colourful patka was testament to my ‘spectacular’ paintball skills. I paid a quick visit to my parents to restock my supply of coupons and then headed off with my friends for another round of games, only returning for lunch. At around 2 PM, the dance team took to the floor to show off their groovy steps. By 2:00 my parents were tired and headed home.

**5:15 PM**

After scrubbing the paintball marks and dust off my skin, I started to look human again. After another round of dressing up with great attention to detail, I felt ready for the big occasion.

I walked over to the Rose Bowl and unlike last night, tried to get a seat in the last row. The Chief Guest sat with the Headmaster while the School Captain shared the stage with the Chairman of the BOGs and other distinguished guests. Characteristically, the S Formers were the only ones to laugh the loudest after the first few attempts at humour by the HM. The Chief Guest then shared insights from the lessons he/she had learnt from life, garnished with profound words of wisdom and peppered with inspiration. A break – rather welcome, one must admit – was then taken to make way for the musical performance. It began with a classical Hindustani song. The Rose Bowl reverberated with the deep, rich sound of the music. This was followed by a few more riveting performances covering genres, regions, and styles...

Very soon the audience was oblivious of all time and space, completely immersed in the performance. For a full two minutes after the performance the entire audience sat transfixed. Sleepless nights, endless rehearsals, tears... all for this magical applause that sent the musicians’ hearts soaring. The School Captain then came up and gave his speech. He reminisced the days of his junior forms, spilled a few batch secrets, and ended with a few words of wisdom for the younger forms. Applause trailed him as he resumed his seat beside the Chairman. Finally, the Chairman of the Board gave a speech describing what the DSOBS had done over the course of the year and how they had built a network of Old Boys across the globe. As I sat on the steps of the Rose bowl, my only wish was that that Founder’s would never end.

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**Free To Escape**

Maharshi Roy

We obsess ourselves with alternate realities in order to somehow escape our dull lives. We often find ourselves lost within the pages of a book, the frames of a movie, or the tunes of our favourite song. Our current situation is such that we need escapism more than ever, locked up in the house all day. During the past six months, people have found their own ways of escaping the repetitiveness of their daily lives—the times when they barely know what day it is, where every day mirrors the previous one. Unfortunately, this escapism has become a breeding ground for mental illnesses. People have started feeling isolated, lost and depressed not only because of social isolation, but because of their extreme indulgences into their respective escapes. Taking our context, cooped up...
all day, either attending classes, studying, or even playing video games, we are lost in the maze of social media. On top of that, the accumulating pressure of online classes, exams, submissions and parental expectations do tend to strain our young minds. To be honest, most of us are bored of the lives we lead at home. That is why we often find ourselves staring blankly at our open textbook or at a random part of our wall, dreaming of different realities or alternate scenarios.

There is nothing wrong with being an escapist, but we need to ask ourselves: to what extent is it healthy? The fact is that reality is grim. Recent events such as the untimely death of actor Sushant Singh Rajput have brought to attention the importance of mental health. Finding an alternate reality is acceptable as long as it only counters the tediousness of our restricted lives. Developing new skills or hobbies as a route for escapism can be extremely beneficial; studies show that investing in hobbies such as art, music, reading or writing during our free time tends to help develop the right side of our brain which is responsible for our emotions and creativity. Creativity can help us tremendously to enhance our ability to think outside the box and aid in problem solving. However, overindulgence is almost certainly toxic—a theme that manifests itself regularly in all aspects of life. Addiction to escapism can lead to unhealthy consequences. There are some who start believing their “alternate” realities to the degree that they cannot disassociate themselves from it.

Nevertheless, I encourage everyone to find a constructive escape. Escape the monotonous life you live in, but do so by picking up a new hobby. With so much free time, it is always good to start taking interest in something new and exciting. But it is also important to understand where to draw the line. Understand when your escape turns into self-destruction. Once we know where this line is drawn, only then can we truly escape.

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The Weekly Gone By

Associate Editors of the Weekly bid farewell to the outgoing Editors

Varen Talwar | Editor-in-Chief

In my first year on the board of the Weekly, my interactions with Varen were few and far between, largely because as a lowly C Former, I was afraid to say anything to anyone. My myopic pre-adolescent self decided that Varen and I were similar in our timidity, and that that was all there was to it. Only later did I discover that the reason that Varen seldom spoke was because he didn't need to. To me, Varen is the embodiment of the precedence actions take over words. Although his undying striving for perfection has been a source of much suffering for me, especially at the most unearthly hours during lockdown when he'd demand that each minute flaw in the issue be rectified that instant, I learnt what it meant to take pride in what you print. I thank you, Varen, for the voice you gave me and the rest of the Board, a voice that will be echoed by each word printed in the Weekly for years to come.

by Advaita Sood
Adit Chatterjee | Editor
Having worked with him for the Weekly and having been a part of the Swimming Team with him, one thing I have realised about Adit is that he is not as commanding as I thought him to be during our first encounter. Instead, he is an extremely calm and patient person who plays a crucial role in most activities he has been a part of. His attitude to succeed, come what may, has certainly benefited the Editorial Board and the people around him, as he has never hesitated to juice out every ounce of energy from everyone. He does not settle for anything less than the best. We shall dearly miss him and I wish him well for his future endeavours.

Aviral Kumar | Senior Editor
Aviral’s rather relaxed demeanour on the outside can often be misleading to the untrained eye. Having worked with him, I have realised that he is extremely dedicated to his activities, the Weekly certainly being one of them. Aviral has always strived to achieve the best, and this has pushed everyone’s limits around him, especially of those working under him. He has never hesitated to assist people and can also be extremely firm while correcting them at times. However, we could still rely on him to provide the much-needed entertainment which often turned the atmosphere from a rather gloomy one into a much lighter and cheerful one. Simultaneously, he was always there to ensure that the required work was completed efficiently. The Editorial Board will dearly miss him, as he has been one of the greatest assets the Weekly could have wished for.

Keshav Singhal | Senior Editor
“Arre, Keshav’s in another meeting” was probably the most frequently-heard line in Weekly meetings in our A Form — even more than the infamous “front and center”. Still, that one observation does not fully represent the person Keshav is for most of us. I, for instance, first realised that I wanted to be a part of the Weekly, amongst other things, after I spoke to him in C Form, seeing him suddenly transform from someone I knew mainly as a sportsperson to someone who was achieving things I aspired to achieve. Though he may have been the one who passed jokes in the CDH meetings, he was also someone who could be relied upon to deliver on each task.

Keshav entered the Board as an intern but leaves as a role model for all of us.

Sriman Goel | Senior Editor
Sriman’s dedication to the Weekly has always been inspiring. I remember, during the run-up to Founder’s, Sriman would practice late into the night for the Founder’s music performance and then rush back to the Weekly room to toil through the rest of the night. From the day I joined the Board, Sriman has been a mentor, confidante, and a friend to me. His attention to detail and perfectionism is admirable. Whenever I would make a mistake, he would quickly correct it and subsequently explain the correct way. His firm guiding hand has taught me the ins and outs of the Weekly and helped me improve as a writer. I only hope that one day, I can set just as good an example for my juniors as Sriman had set for us.
The Cruciverbalist’s Corner

Across
3. Roman general who crossed the Rubicon
6. A canal boat
8. Something that is understandable by only few people with specialised knowledge
9. Characterized by splendour, puffed up
11. The core or central part of something
13. Stubborn
16. A maze
17. To charge in court
18. French painter known for pointillism
19. Easy to talk to, friendly
20. An execution of a will
22. Badgering by the audience

Down
1. To react angrily and defensively
2. A watery discharge from the eyes
4. To humiliate
5. Blue or white cheese originally from Leicestershire
7. Extremely stupid or foolish
10. Good for health and well-being
12. An entourage
14. An earnest plea
15. A cure for everything
21. A group of countries acting together
The Very Best of Unquotable Quotes

That journalist journalises.

Sargun Singh, writer extraordinaire.
I’m pudding in that.

Aryan Prakash, served.
Pass the sunny-side egg up.

Krishang Arora, *realisation dawning*
I doesn’t know it, but I does understand it.

Prabhav Jain, evidently not.
Wood is made out of metal.

Vir Mehta, pioneer in D&T.
I don’t insult you.

Samayak Jain, dark thoughts.
I conspiracy against you.

Aadi Jayaswal, a force to reckon with.
I can hear two musics at the same time.

Avi Bansode, awfully dim.
We made triplets of three people.

Kartavya Jain, genetic engineer.
I will break your glasses through your eyes.

Shourya Mann, time traveller.
He is making me feel incompetent.

Aditya Jain, self-esteem issues.
You went on a mental outing?

Arnav Malhotra, and you didn’t?
Let’s go to some place with some open oxygen.

Yatharth Goel, deoxygenated.
Why is the water so wet?

Riddhim Agarwal, Eureka!
Only facts can be wrong.

Shrivar Kanudia, evidently.
Draw the windows.

Balraam Suri, artistic.
He won the Nobel Peace Prize for Art.

Vihan Ranka, multi-tasking.
Wood is made out of metal.

Vir Mehta, pioneer in D&T.
I don’t insulting you.

Prabhav Jain, don’t nice guys finish last?
Murder the lights.

Samayak Jain, dark thoughts.
I conspiracy against you.

Aadi Jayaswal, a force to reckon with.
I can hear two musics at the same time.

Adit Chatterjee, clearly.
Switch off the curtains.

Avi Bansode, awfully dim.
We made triplets of three people.

Kartavya Jain, genetic engineer.
I will break your glasses through your eyes.

Anushtup Giri, living in the Matrix.
Are you a no-brainer?

Sriram Alluri, brainless.
You have thought and given your thought.

AKS, wise thoughts.
The baby borns the mother.

Veer Agarwal, reverse biology.
Do you know any unknown place in Delhi?

Kauthlya Nagapodagatlapalli, into the unknown.
I sleep 36 hours a day.

Nishith Agarwal, timeless.
Hey man, are you playing dark-dark with me?

SRT, peekaboo!