

Established in 1936



# The Doon School WEEKLY



Saturday, November 3, 2007 • Issue No. 2169

REGULARS  
**2**

HINDI  
PAGES **5-6**

RSC **7**  
ROUNDUP

**8** IPSC  
GOLD

## Editorial

Walking down the corridors of the Main Building and glancing at the Honour Boards for the Editors-in-Chief of *The Doon School Weekly* that adorn its walls, pushes me into this vortex of inexplicable fear. It is hard to believe that so many prolific writers and distinguished personalities began their path to success from here. Being clubbed with so many people who have made their careers illustrious is daunting. I ask myself: will I be able to live up to the legacy that has been passed on to me? I am still floundering for the answer. Maybe it is one of those questions that just can't be answered, and that is why the question persists in my mind. Fyodor Dostoevsky said, "There is no subject so old that something new cannot be said about it". *The Doon School Weekly* thrives on ideas and their expression. It, therefore, only makes sense that the *Weekly* would form the stepping stone for many to hone their talents.

Seventy-one years have passed – a lot has changed, and much has remained the same. *The Doon School Weekly* continues to be the flagship publication of the School; it continues to serve as a platform for creativity and a forum to voice your opinion. The *Weekly* has, since the time of its inception, reflected the personalities of the people that make it happen. Yet, its essence remains undistorted. Editorial boards are changed each year and each year changes are marshalled on the *Weekly*, some of which do become operative in the years to come. That change is the only constant, is an oft-repeated cliché. Still, it cannot be dismissed as merely platitudinous. We have been given enough flexibility to change the quality of the *Weekly*, but the layout of the publication, its basic format and primary objective must remain the same. For a long time now, the masthead has remained virtually untouched. We intend to keep it that way. The *Weekly*, most importantly, exists to report the goings-on in and around the School. We cannot change that. Yet, there are avenues still to be explored, both in terms of content and look.

If the quality of the *Weekly* is compromised, if its reputation is tarnished, we, as an Editorial Board are to be blamed for it. The *Weekly* is an institution that dons the parka of our competence. It is a statement of what we, as a team, can produce. It sounds a bit pompous, but that is putting it the way it is, and it is not an easy task, I can assure you: putting together an issue every week. Yet, needless to say, without the cooperation of the community we stand nowhere. Please, do give us your suggestions and healthy criticism, as well as your write-ups. Ultimately, the *Weekly* is the mouthpiece of the community.

## On Your Marks...

*Uday Shriram and Arnav Sahu report on the recently concluded Inter-House Athletics Competition*

This year's athletics competition marked a higher standard of performance among the athletes of all houses. Having its highs and lows, the 72nd Inter-House Athletics Competition was a fitting conclusion to the term's sport activities. Finding new talent and polishing the old has been the trademark of this year's competition. The success of this meet has largely been due to mass support and participation from the School community.

Marching kicked off this year's meet with a show of colour from all the Houses after months of hard work, perseverance and dedication. Maintaining a high morale, and more importantly, a focused mind, Dilshad Singh Sidhu, the School Athletics Captain led the School by example. The Chief Guest, DIG Ashok Kumar, inaugurated the meet by encouraging all the budding athletes.

The first day witnessed exhilarating heats in the 400m and 200m categories, with the runners seemingly whizzing by in the blink of an eye. Being conducted simultaneously, were the various field events with Aryaman Sengar winning, and performing spectacularly in the throws. The rest of the days showcased athletes like Ambar Sidhwani, who was evidently in top form in the 100m and 200m races and Amit Gupta, who excelled in the Triple Jump event, Broad Jump and Discus in the mediums category. It was heartening to see the results of the hard work put in by juniors like Tushar Gupta, Udai Bothra, Lakshit Joshi and Aditya Gupta. Kashmir House clinched the Junior Cup by a respectable margin. The gruelling pentathlon had Aryaman Sengar, yet again proving his mettle, with the enthusiastic Anant Jangwal following. On the hurdles front, felling all obstacles, Pratham Mittal emerged winner, snatching away the gold in the senior category. The 5000m race held a surprise for us all with the winner being a B former, Saarthak Singh, who won in an open event, against all odds.

In the relays, Tata House won the 4x400m by a phenomenal margin of half a lap, while the juniors of the Kashmir House team did it yet again. This year saw immense success for some and failure for others, but all in all, the competition was a show of grit, spirit and determination.

As Eeshaan Tiwari, the Athletics Captain of  
(contd. on page 9)

**1. The Doon School Weekly Saturday, November 3**

## WELCOME

We welcome Jacques de Villiers, a student from **The Bridgehouse School, South Africa**, who is visiting School on a student exchange programme. We wish him a pleasant stay at Doon.

## QUIZZICAL

The results of the **Inter-House Quiz Competition** held in the MPH on Saturday, October 27, are:

**1st: Kashmir House** (represented by Ashish Mitter, Rohan Mehra and Dhruv Gupta)

**2nd: Tata House** (represented by Chinmay Sharma, Angad Singh and Gurbaaz Sidhu)

**3rd: Jaipur House** (represented by Skand Goel, Kaustubh Verma and Mansher Dhillon)

**4th: Hyderabad House** (represented by Eeshaan Tiwari, Armaan Malhotra and Shaleen Chikara)

**5th: Oberoi House** (represented by Saurabh Tiwari, Manav Bhatia and Shrey Gaurishankar)

## SPORTS COLOURS

The following were awarded **Basketball Colours**:

### Half Colours:

Dhruv Singh  
Shaleen Chikara  
Yadavalli Venkat Aditya  
Ashwin Bhaskar  
Ayyappa Vemulkar  
(re-awarded)

### Full Colours:

Pranav Kapur  
Eeshaan Puri  
Rishab Bir Singh  
(re-awarded for the second time)

The following were awarded **Swimming Colours**:

### Half Colours:

Angad Bawa  
Surya Deo  
Vishesh Kochhar  
Aaditeya Vardhan Bishnoi  
Abhimanyu Chandra (re-awarded)

### Full Colours:

Arjun Gulati  
Sachin Uppal  
Pratham Mittal  
Dushyant Sapra

Congratulations!

## CHECKMATE

In the **Chess Gala** held on October 27, the winners were:  
**Staff vs. Students:** Saurav Mediratta  
**Senior Chess STA vs. Junior Chess STA:** Akshat Jain  
Well done!

## SERVING SOCIETY

Ramakrishna Pappu and Surya Deo, escorted by MCJ, represented the School in the '**Citizens Learning and Action Programme**', held at The Sanskriti School, Delhi. They won a cash prize of five thousand rupees, which they have contributed to the social service project at Fatehpur. Well done!

## IAYP AWARDS

The **International Award for Young People** was awarded to the following:

**Gold:** Rituraj Raizada, Rohit Khandelwal, Suhaas Khullar, Vivan Rai.

**Silver:** Yojit Mehra, Rahil Rai Puri, Siddharth Kapur, Ankur Saxena and Divijinder Obroi.

**Bronze:** Nilesh Aggarwal, Shivam Aggarwal, Shivam Katyal, Tarang Khurana, Devvrat Patni, Nikhil Narain, Vatsal Aggarwal.

## SAVING LIVES

The following boys have passed the **St. John's First Aid Examination, 2007**:

Eeshaan Puri	Mehtab Singh Cheema
Gaurav Sood	Anirudh Gupta
Sharad Gopal	Salil Gupta
Jaspreet Singh	Kanishka Agarwal
Shaleen Chikara	Sujai Banerjee
Hamzah Iqbal	Gurbaaz Singh Sidhu
Ankur Saxena	Manav Bhatia
Abhaas Shah	Divyang Prateek
Madhav Bahadur	Saksham Sharada
	Shantanu Garg

Congratulations!

## RANG DE

**Art Colours** were awarded to Shashank Mittal, Tanuj Bhramar, Vivaan Rai, and Vishnukaant Pitty. Kudos!

## APPOINTMENTS GALORE

Vishnukaant Pitty has been appointed **Secretary of the Library Council** for the forthcoming year.

Ankur Saxena and Siddharth Kapur have been appointed **boys-in-charge** of the **Stage Committee** for the forthcoming year.

Anindya Vasudev has been appointed **boy-in-charge** of **English Drama** for the forthcoming year.

We wish them a fruitful year.

## INTER-HOUSE TENNIS

The following are the results of the **Inter-House Tennis Competition**:

### Junior Cup

**1st:** Oberoi House  
**2nd:** Kashmir House  
**3rd:** Hyderabad and Tata House  
**5th:** Jaipur House

### House Cup

**1st:** Oberoi House  
**2nd:** Hyderabad House  
**3rd:** Kashmir House  
**4th:** Tata House  
**5th:** Jaipur House

### Senior Cup

**1st:** Oberoi House  
**2nd:** Hyderabad House  
**3rd:** Kashmir House  
**4th:** Tata House  
**5th:** Jaipur House

Well done!

## CAREER CALL



This week, the careers' notice board will feature the various careers that can be opted for with **Computers**. All those who are keen to pursue a career in this field should look it up.

## ERRATA

In the *Weekly*, issue no. 2168, dated October 27, the report on the Junior National Squash Championship, in which our team participated, was incorrectly titled as 'IPSC Squash' in the headers on Page 1. We regret the error.

# Q&A

*Bharat Ganju reports on the Inter-House Quiz Competition held on Saturday, October 27 in the Multi-Purpose Hall*

Quizing in School has gradually become quite popular over the years, despite groans heard during the G.K. paper in the Trials. This is, probably, because of our School's success in recent years as well as quizzes becoming much more interactive, with chocolates being awarded to members of the audience when they answer their questions correctly.

After a draw for table numbers, the participants were found sitting nervously in their seats. The students were cheering for their respective Houses and the projector had been checked for the last and final time. The stage was set for the Inter-House Quiz, 2007. After the School's commendable performance in The Doon School Quiz this year, everyone was eager to know the outcome of the Inter-House one.

The quiz started with a bang and every House opened its account early on. All teams faired almost equally in the first few rounds, though Hyderabad House gained an early lead. Hyderabad House's lead didn't last long though. Tata and Kashmir surpassed them with ease, answering question after question after question (the insufferable know-it-alls you might say).

The buzzer round invariably becomes the decider of the outcome of any quiz and is, unquestionably, the most exciting of them all. It can turn the tables within a span of two minutes and for this reason, a participant *has* to keep his cool. After just five questions, Tata and Kashmir were tied for the first position.

In the end, it was down to a tie-breaker: one question to decide the winner. Before the quizmaster, JNX, could read out the whole question, it was Ashish Mitter, from Kashmir House, who blurted out the answer almost instinctively, helping his team clinch a nail-biting victory. The deafening cries of "Oh yeah, Kashmir!" enveloped the MPH. The questions were truly testing and the knowledge of subjects ranging from ones as specific as religious architecture to ones that were as general, from the fields of literature and music was truly commendable. The efforts of all the Houses were laudable.

## Wordsearch

Find the names of fifteen soccer stars which are hidden in this wordsearch.

A	S	W	P	U	Y	O	L	O	M	G	D	E	C	O
X	S	E	E	E	I	S	R	E	P	N	A	V	T	H
W	V	Q	A	I	F	V	E	P	H	W	T	F	G	G
Q	M	P	T	E	R	R	Y	C	F	Q	S	U	S	O
V	I	T	H	F	D	O	E	I	W	P	H	E	G	D
B	O	D	O	J	C	C	D	S	S	H	R	T	B	L
T	J	B	F	Y	W	V	Z	Q	F	R	L	R	A	A
A	X	R	O	O	N	E	Y	E	O	E	I	Y	G	N
C	A	W	T	R	S	F	F	T	U	S	O	V	L	O
Y	K	S	Q	T	H	F	G	W	S	Q	H	J	M	R
R	A	D	R	O	G	B	A	E	Q	D	R	E	K	P
N	K	V	F	R	D	F	M	Z	Z	V	F	A	N	Y
E	K	S	H	D	A	I	D	Z	X	P	X	J	M	W
H	G	N	T	L	S	E	S	G	G	I	G	A	Y	N
D	O	T	E	U	G	E	Z	E	R	T	L	N	Z	Z

The first correct entry before breakfast ends will get a treat!

# Roving Eye

*Ch.Ed, COP, Ed, and S.Eds*

Having been dormant for a very long time, the poison pen is now overflowing with ink, and since there is still a great need for venting our wonder at certain things, here goes...

It is alleged that in the aspiration of winning a Doscarr, the 'Mayo's boy' set a new world record for the longest computer session with a staggering twenty-three-and-a-half hours a day to his name. Unfortunately, he dozed off for the rest of the day. His absence was felt by some, even though he was always found to be in a nearby corner. *The Resurrection*, a film he produced, has been nominated for the 'Hairy Scary' Award, 2007, after many, including a certain *dhai footiya* who would die with the slightest exertion, were killed by its horrifying effects. It was only later that sources revealed director Gore Verbinski's intention to sue the filmmakers for 'wholesale lifting' of ideas and effects. The School is still clouded by worries of plagiarism. Only recently, the *Weekly* was left red-faced when it published a prayer, which was, supposedly, 'compiled' and not 'authored' by one of our students.

It is true that when we do read books (for those of us who really do), we are forced to examine the similarities that are shared by the characters and situations of the book to those in real life. J.K. Rowling's *Harry Potter* series is often compared to Chandbagh. For one, we and the young wizards, both have to move from one teacher's classroom to another, but the real similarity is in the Room of Requirement. Apparently, the CR of the House adjoining the House that is deemed trendsetters of cheapness, is the real Room of Requirement for students' nefarious epistolary activities, not to mention other things. Also in the news was a member of the House of Eagles, who was probably flying high when he was quoted saying, "I have got my family back, I have got my House back," everyone did lend him their ears whence he spoke. He is also the new host of the TV serial *Janta ki Adalat*. A member of the House of Steel appears to be in dire need of a shave all the time. It is also alleged that a certain someone's study there has a secret tunnel; a passageway to the House of his dreams, so to speak. Scandalous! That our printing expert in the RC (no, this is not the designer of the foolproof RC server software) was formerly known as Bill Gates, is highly debatable. Nonetheless, these are the whispers in the corridors.

Another hot topic of discussion is: who is going to head the Eagles' flight from the next term. Men in the news are: *velle*, a handsome bachelor who has a particular liking for ginger, an avid photographer, a wildlife (over)enthusiast and a techno kid.

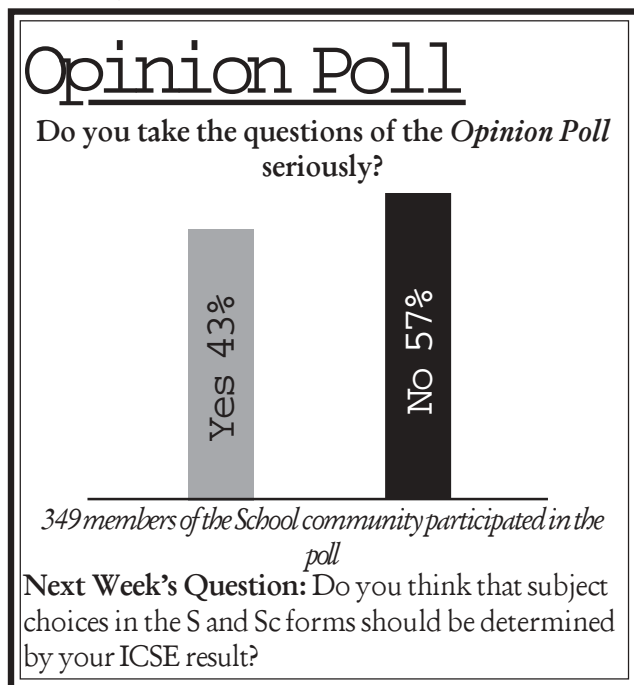
On the Tata House tables, we saw the boundaries of being a *bhukkad* transgressed, especially when there was a certain bean curry dish served with rice. On such occasions, he was seen liberally pouring helping after helping on his plate even before we were

*(contd. on page 4)*

(contd. from page 3)

told to be grateful for what we were *about* to receive. Well, a 50m breaststroke did not seem to hinder the boy-in-charge-of-this-and-that-and-all-of-that's chances to be awarded the blazing blue colour when he was recently honoured with the same.

Things are changing, as is the weather. We cannot promise to be as pleasant as the latter, but we will try. Our prefects are probably not very tyrannical now, and as opposed to the 'good old days', we enjoy a better senior-junior rapport. At least we like to think that way. Or maybe they are distracted by personal whims and fancies. It seems to be fitting to conclude on a changing note, lest there is too much of a change in our cheerful disposition and decently proportionate faces. So, it's *adios* until next time.



## Vote Analysis

This opinion poll is, in itself, contradictory; if you really do not take the Opinion Poll of the *Weekly* seriously, then there is no real guarantee that you would have taken this one seriously. But, that would leave us with no answers. Therefore, we assume that this Opinion Poll *was* taken seriously. It was felt that the questions are, for the most part, irrelevant to school issues. The reason for taking the questions seriously was that people were conscious of their right to express views in an open forum; they wanted to voice their opinion and used the Opinion Poll as a medium to do so. Another argument that was posited for not taking the Opinion Poll seriously was that no real action was taken subsequently to its result. Some also felt that members of our community were not frank in their opinion. They like to 'move with the current' and vote in the same way as the majority does in many cases, as a result of which these polls are not reflective of a true opinion. As members on the Editorial Board of *The Doon School Weekly*, our endeavour will be to field school-oriented questions at you so that opinions on school-related matters are accurately reflected. A complaint that is consistently heard is that everyone is not asked the questions by our correspondents. We, at the *Weekly*, will do our best to solve this problem, but, to a great extent, this problem also stems because of lack of cooperation. We urge you to cooperate with our correspondents when they conduct the polls.

## | Short Story | OVERTURNING POWER

Vivek Santayana

There I was, standing in line, waiting for someone to hurry up before the ticketing counter closed for lunch. I was growing impatient. It almost felt like a line which grew from the front rather than the back. But I was helpless. I had to get to Puri at all costs. It was either that or missing seeing my grandfather one last time. He is ninety-five years old. The doctor says he is not going to last much longer. Howrah station seemed to be just as chaotic as ever. A tenth of the city, condensed into a railway station of 'n' square meters with odd smells filling every square inch of the place and loud noises reverberating in an eternal competition to drown out the noise of the crowd. Did any of them know that my grandfather was on his deathbed?

My father had gone on ahead of me. Being the eldest son, he had to be there early. I had flown in from Canada shortly after. The feeling of alienation was like being on a boat in a calm lake. It was not the benign calm which was mostly responsible for a clear stream of thought, but that calm which seemed to make time stand still. The one which made you feel that when you throw a stone into the waters, the surface would not break. Or even worse, the stone would just be stationary, in the air, just where your hand had left it. You try to put your hand into the water, but you cannot reach it. After a heated negotiation with a surly clerk, I rolled my suitcase on towards the platform.

I didn't know what to do. I counted the seconds go by as the time of my departure drew nearer. I was eventually caught in another timeless drift. I stared at the infinite nothingness of the world around me. The physical world faded out of my mind once again. I seemed to be very prone to these lateral drifts. This is probably because my mind doesn't have that rush toward ritual thought any more. I seem to be running on an unknown emotion, partially like blankness, to my grandfather's impending demise. Just then, some words struck me: '*Dada, apnar* purse.' As reality once again materialized, I found a beggar crawling up to me. He had a wallet in his hand. He said that I had dropped it at the ticketing counter. He had come to return the wallet. I took it and with my free hand, gave him a tight blow across his face. I shouted for the guards and said that he was a pickpocket. I was already in a bad mood, but now this made things worse. He began pleading. I felt pleasure in watching him get his just deserts. He cried over and over again, saying that he had not stolen anything. I felt pleasure in watching him get a beating from the guards. A crowd gathered, and his cries were muffled by the hubbub.

On the train, I needed some water. I waited for the peddlars to come by. One man did come by selling water at fifteen rupees per bottle. I asked for two. I then counted the money I had in my wallet. When I reached Puri, I wondered whether it was worth beating up a cripple for a hundred rupees...

4. *The Doon School Weekly* Saturday, November 3

श्वेतम अब मजे। लेकिन खुशी के साथ साथ एक दूसरा गम - परीक्षा परिणाम भी तो आना है।

हाय री ज़िन्दगी - चैन तो लेने ही नहीं देती !!!!!!!

### दिल की आवाज़

-आशुतोष कुमार सिंह

जैसे सागर, किनारों पर टकराता है,  
जैसे मेघ-वर्जन, धरती को ढिल्लाता है,  
उसी तरह मेरा दिल, मुझसे कहता जाता है...  
दुनिया में लोग अज्ञान मिलते हैं,  
पर फूल सिर्फ दिन में ही क्यों खिलते हैं,  
ज्वालामुखी क्यों भड़कता है,  
और मेरा दिल क्यों धड़कता है?  
मन में हज़ार शंकाएँ उठती हैं,  
मानव मानव क्यों लड़ते हैं,  
एक दूसरे से क्यों जलते हैं?  
सब क्यों करते हैं एक दूसरे पर शक?  
राजा अनेक आए गये,  
कितने युद्ध लड़े, सहे।  
भवन कितने गिरे दूटे।  
सवालियों के भँवर में फँसता जाता है मन,  
एक प्रश्न सा बन कर चलता जाता जीवन,  
बस यही है जो,  
मेरा दिल दिल मुझसे कहता जाता है..।

### एक और सपना

प्रांजल सिंह

सपने। बहुत सी विचित्र भावनाएँ और उनकी अभिव्यक्ति। सोच और समझ के पार जाती हुई कुछ बातें। मेरा जीवन भी ऐसी ही अनेक यादों की गठरी अपने कंधे पर ढोने के लिए अभिशप्त रहा है। मैं जीवन भर भागता ही रहा। कभी अपने देश में तो कभी अपने देश के बाहर। जीवन का फैलाव इतना बढ़ गया कि मुझे अपनी जन्म और कर्मभूमि छोड़कर बाहर बसना पड़ा। हुआ यह कि मैं स्कॉटलैंड के तटवर्ती कस्बे एबरडीन में बस गया। लेकिन सपने कहीं पीछा छोड़ते हैं?

वो रात कुछ विशेष थी। न जाने क्यों मैं बाहर निकल कर घर के झरोखे पर बैठ गया। आसमान में पूरा चाँद था और सामने अपार जलराशि। मेरा घर तट पर ही था। दरअसल एबरडीन का तट एक खाड़ी है जिसके उत्तरी छोर पर एक किला है। इसका मुख्य झरोखा खाड़ी की ओर है और उस पर एक समुद्र की ओर ताकती युवती का बुत है। कहते हैं कि वो नॉर्वे के युद्ध में मारे गये प्रेमी की परीक्षा करते-करते पत्थर हो गयी।

मैं अन्दर जाकर दोबारा सोने का प्रयास करने लगा। अगले दिन शाम को घर लौटते समय मैं एक सुनसान रास्ते पर एक परछाई से टकरा गया। वो गिर गयी और मैंने हाथ बढ़ाकर उसे उठा लिया। उसे एक नज़र देखते ही मैं उस सुन्दरी के प्रेम में पागल सा हो गया। वो वहीं की लगती थी सो मैंने में उससे उसका नाम पूछ लिया। उसने अपना नाम बताया एलीनार। मैंने उससे माफी माँगते हुए उससे पूछा कि मैं उसकी क्या सहायता कर सकता हूँ। उसने कहा, वो रास्ता भटक गयी थी और घर जाना चाहती थी। मैंने उसे घर तक छोड़ने की पेशकश की। वो तुरंत मान गयी। लेकिन हम जैसे ही चलते चलते उसके इलाके में पहुँचे उसने कहा, वो रास्ता जानत है और अब चली जाएगी। मेरे प्रतिरोध के आगे भी वो न मानी मैं लौट गया।

अगले दिन जिस स्थान पर हम टकरा गये थे, वहाँ वो मेरी प्रतीक्षा कर रही थी। मैं थक-हार कर अस्पताल से लौटा था। उसने मुझे एक टोकरी दी। टोकरी में कुछ केक थे। इस तरह हम दोस्त बन गये। अक्सर मैं उसके साथ शाम को फिल्म देखने जाता या कन्सर्ट के लिये। वो हमेशा मुझे वही मिलती जहाँ

हम पहली बार मिले थे। उसने बताया कि वो हर रोज़ अनायालय में केक बाँटा करती है। बस एक बात थी; वो मुझे अपने घर नहीं लेकर जाती थी और उसका घर भी था कैंसल रॉक पर। साथ ही वो एलिज़ाबेथन काल के गाउन पहनती थी। लेकिन एबरडीन जैसे मुस्त शहर में यह आम ही था।

धीरे धीरे दोस्ती प्यार में बदल गयी और हमने शादी का फैसला भी कर लिया। एक रात मैंने उसे खाने पर घर बुलाया। पहले तो वो खुशी - खुशी तैयार हो गयी लेकिन यह जानकर कि मेरा घर कैंसल रॉक पर है, वो परेशान सी हो गयी। मेरे लिये भोजन पर तो आई लेकिन भोजन के तुरंत बाद चलने को उद्यत हो गयी। मैं उसे जबरदस्ती रोककर बालकनी पर ले आया। आज पूरा चाँद था। मैं अपनी दूरबीन से खाड़ी का भ्रम्य नज़ारा देखने लगा। एलीनार पसीने-पसीने हो रही थी। तभी मैंने किले की ओर देखना शुरू किया...फिर झरोखे की ओर और उस बुत...क्या? लड़की का बुत गायब था!

मैंने एलीनार को आवाज़ दी और विस्मित अवस्था में उसका हाथ पकड़ लिया। दूरबीन में ही देखते देखते मैंने पाया कि उसका हाथ ठंडा और कठोर था। मैंने मुड़कर पीछे देखा। एलीनार की जगह प्रतीभारत लड़की का बुत थी। मैंने भय से चीख मारी और बेहोश हो गया

### तकिया-कलाम

(कुछ ज़बान पर चढ़े हुए शब्द और उन पर फौरी प्रतिक्रिया)

के पी एस - यऊगा नॉट योगा

(देसी माँग में विलायती सिन्दूर)

एम सी जे - क्याए...ट !

(...अर्थात् शांति की तलाश)

बी के एल - मसला यह है कि....

(123 से कम या ज़्यादा)

पी एम बी - अरे भई.....

(सारा संसार हमारा परिवार है)

एम टी एस - ऐवेई....

(मतलब की तलाश अभी जारी है)

आर एस एफ - बेल्ले...

(...कौन बोला?)

के ए आर - ज़रा सुनिये तो सही

(कभी सुनाइए भी तो सही....)

डी के एम - विश्वास मनियेगा

(...हमेशा मानते हैं)

पी के जे - शट अप!

(जी, अच्छा)

बी एल ए - अच्छा, यह करेगा....

(करेगा? सर, कर दिया है)

पी के एन - ए मैंन !!!

(अच्छा हुआ कि दून स्कूल लड़कों के लिए ही है।)

पी जी आई - क्या करें हो???

(कुछ भी तो नहीं)

ए टी बी - जागो! उठो! सुद जगकर, दूसरे को जगाओ....

(सोने ही क्यों दिया?)

ए एस एच - हौं..हलो।

(फोन पर या बिना फोन पर)

ए के सी - क्या चल रहा है???

(पता नहीं, पर कई दिन से सर्वर नहीं चल रहा)

### भूल सुधार

दून स्कूल वीकली के गत अंक में शिवम पाल की कहानी 'मैं चल रहा था' का असावधानीवश दो बार मुद्रण हो गया था। इस भूल के लिए सम्पादक-मण्डल क्षमा-प्रार्थी है। इस कहानी के पहले छपे पाठ को ही प्रामाणिक माना जाना चाहिए।

## गर्लफ्रैंड

वेदांत चंद्रा

तरस तरस की रांकाओं से धिरे हुए  
मेरे दिल को एक विचार ने चुआ,  
एक अदृढ़ गर्लफ्रैंड बनाने का मन हुआ।  
जानता था कि बदल जाएगा संसार तब,  
रहेगी आस-पास कुछ कदमों की आलट जब।  
ऐसे में मेरा जाना हुआ एक प्रतियोगिता के लिए,  
वहाँ पर मौके किस्मत ने एक के बाद एक दिए।  
मिल रहा था स्तूहसूरत परियों का साथ,  
ज़िन्दगी में आई मुस्कान एक अर्से के बाद।  
एक सयिन पसन्द तो आई देर रात,  
पर उससे बात करने की कहाँ थे औकात?  
'कैसे कहूँ? परले तो मैं सोचता रहा,  
फिर सारा हल अपने सीनियर से कहा।  
मेरी तरफ से चला जाए,  
उससे बात करने,  
शहीदी अदा से वो भी चला,  
मानो जाता था मरने।  
कहना सुनना सब हुआ,  
उसकी बात ने लगता है लड़की का दिल चुआ।  
अब वो घूमता है दिन रात उसके साथ,  
ओर मैं, बेचारा मैं बैठा मलता हूँ हाथ।

ई. पी. एल

-सुदीप पांडे

'जिन्दगी चाहें जितनी ही गहरी होती जाये उसकी गति कितनी ही बढ़ती जाये, इस होड़ में हमें थोड़े रोमांच और मनोरंजन की ज़रूरत तो होती ही है। फुटबॉल, दुनिया का सबसे मनोरंजक खेल है और सबसे अधिक देखे जाने वाला भी। आप में से शायद ही कोई ऐसा हो जिसे इस खेल के बारे में थोड़ी सी भी जानकारी न हो। दुनिया में सबसे अधिक यह खेल इंग्लैंड, ब्राज़ील, फ्रांस और जर्मनी द्वारा खेला जाता है।

इंग्लैंड में इंग्लिश प्रीमियर लीग नामक प्रतियोगिता हर साल आयोजित की जाती है। इसकी शुरुआत सन 1888 में हुई थी। सौ साल से भी ज्यादा से चली आ रही इस प्रतियोगिता को दुनिया भर में करोड़ों लोग देखते हैं। इस प्रतियोगिता में 20 टीमें भाग लेती हैं। हर टीम साल में 38 मैच खेलती है और अंत में अंकों के आधार पर विजेता चुना जाता है। विजेता टीम को भारी इनाम मिलता है। इस लीग का प्रायोजन बाकर्स और कालिंग जैसी कम्पनियाँ करती हैं, जो सन 1992 से इस प्रतियोगिता की प्रस्तुतकर्ता हैं।

दुनिया के महान खिलाड़ियों में से शुमार बेस्म, जॉर्ज बेस्ट और एरिक कैटन तक इस लीग में खेल चुके हैं। सबसे ज्यादा गोल ब्रिटेन के शिपरर, कोल और फ्रांस के हैनरी आदि ने किये हैं। यहाँ के स्टेडियम भी बड़े शानदार और विशाल होते हैं। इस प्रतियोगिता को सबसे अधिक बार मैनेजस्टैंडर यूनाइटेड ने ही जीता है और उनके बाद आर्सेनल दूसरे पायदान पर है। भारत में भी इस खेल की प्रसिद्धि तेज़ी से बढ़ रही है। फुटबॉल वर्ल्ड कप को देखकर उत्साहित और प्रभावित लोगों ने 2010 वर्ल्ड कप में भारतीय टीम को भी पहुँचाने की ठान ली है। हाल ही में नेहरू कप जीतकर भारतीयों ने भारत को सफलता के कगार पर खड़ा कर दिया है।

भारत में इस खेल की लोकप्रियता बढ़ने के कई कारण हैं। सबसे पहला कारण दूरदर्शन, ई. एस. पी. एन. और स्टार स्पोर्ट्स जैसे चैनलों मैचों को दिखाया जाना। नाइकी और एडिडास जैसी अंतर्राष्ट्रीय स्तर की कम्पनियों का भारतीय फुटबाल को तबज्जो देना भी प्रेरणादायक रहा है। ये ऐसी

कम्पनियाँ हैं जो फुटबॉल जैसे खेलों को सबसे ज्यादा प्रायोजित करती हैं।

फुटबॉल केवल 90 मिनट का खेल है। इसमें क्रिकेट की तरह दिनभर टी. वी. के सामने बैठना नहीं पड़ता। इस व्यस्त जीवन में एक समूचा दिन निकालना तो कठिन होता है, परंतु 90 मिनट निकालना उतना मुश्किल नहीं।

भारत में भी कई खिलाड़ियों का जन्म हुआ है। इन खिलाड़ियों ने इस लीग से प्रेरणा ली है और इसी लीग में खेल चुके हैं। इनमें माइकल चोपड़ा, और भारतीय फुटबॉल टीम के कप्तान बाइचुंग भूटिया भी शामिल हैं। इसी लीग से प्रभावित, भारत में भी भारतीय लीग को आयोजित किया गया है।

भारतीय लीग में भी उसी प्रकार की प्रतियोगिता होती है, और दुनिया भर के खिलाड़ी इस प्रतियोगिता में भाग ले सकते हैं। इस प्रतियोगिता के आयोजन के लिये काफी धन लगाया जाता है। आज जनता का ध्यान क्रिकेट या हॉकी के साथ-साथ फुटबॉल पर भी जा रहा है। फुटबॉल के माध्यम से ही उनकी जिन्दगी में मनोरंजन आता है। मनोरंजन के साथ साथ वे अपनी सेहत का भी ख्याल रख सकते हैं। क्रिकेट जैसे खेल में खेल सामग्री की भारी मात्रा में आवश्यकता होती है, लेकिन इसमें गेंद और जूतों की होती है।

इंग्लिश लीग के खिलाड़ियों की कला देखकर भारतीय उनसे सीखने की कोशिश करते हैं। इससे उनकी कला विकसित होती है। लीग का एक और प्रभाव भारतीय शहरों पर पड़ रहा है। कई शहरों में आज कोचिंग सेंटर खुल गये हैं। इनका उद्देश्य भारत के बच्चों को फुटबॉल सिखाना और खिलाना है।

फुटबॉल एक शानदार, रोमांचक और बेहतरीन खेल है जिसे बढ़ावा देने के लिये इस लीग ही नहीं बल्कि जन सहयोग की भी आवश्यकता है। दिमाग और कला का उपयोग करने में इस खेल में सुन्दरता आती है और भारत जैसे महान देश में कला और प्रतिभा की कमी नहीं है।

जोगा बोनीतो

परीक्षा का भूत

-चिराग अम्बेकर

परीक्षाएँ पास आ रही हैं।

आ रही है...!

बस आ ही गयी...!

परीक्षा...परीक्षा।

शायद सभी विद्यार्थी इस पंक्ति से सहमत होंगे कि ये शब्द हर विद्यार्थी के मुँह से निकलते हैं, खास तौर पर उस समय जब परीक्षाएँ सिर पर हो और एक शब्द न पड़ा हो। हर विद्यार्थी चिल्ला-चिल्लाकर, ये पंक्तियाँ बोलकर रात को जाग बैठता है। सारी रात किताबें पकड़े बैठा रहता है। परीक्षा का मतलब होता है कि हमसे पूरे साल पढ़े गये हर विषय पर कुछ प्रश्नों के उत्तर दें। पर, देखिए, आजकल पाठ्यक्रम इतना लम्बा-चौड़ा और प्रश्न इतने कठिन हो गये हैं कि हम सिर पकड़े बैठे रहते हैं, सर्दियों में भी पसीने पसीने होते रहते हैं और दिमाग का तनाव इतना बढ़ जाता है कि पढ़ने के नाम से ही दूर भागने लगते हैं। परीक्षा की वजह से बच्चों को नकारात्मक भावनाएँ घेर लेती हैं और बच्चे अवसादग्रस्त हो जाते हैं। कोई लुटे - पिटे मुसाफिर सा, तो कोई अधमरा सा हो जाता है।

जब परीक्षाएँ सर पर धरी हों तो बच्चा अपनी किताबों की धूल धूल पोंछकर शुभ मुहूर्त देखकर उन्हें खोलता है और पढ़ाई के महान तथा कष्टदायक कार्य की एक छोटी सी शुरुआत करता है। धीरे धीरे वह अपनी तैयारी पूरी करता है और फिर इम्तेहान देने जाता है। ऐसे में हर विद्यार्थी उस बकरे के मन की व्यथा को जानने लगता है, जिसे कटने के लिए ले जाया जा रहा हो। फिर इम्तेहान देकर किताब इधर और बस्ता उधर। परीक्षा

# IDEALS

*Varun Agarwal and Mayapati Tiwari recount their participation in the Round Square Conference held at Daly College, Indore*



The entire point of the trip was, probably, to be able to interact effectively with people from other parts of the world. In that, the pre-conference tour proved to be worthwhile. It didn't take us Doscos much time to befriend the students from Appleby College, Canada and The Regent's School, Thailand. Let us not hog all the credit for being social animals, because, it has to be said, all the students were very friendly and easy to get along with. On the last day of the pre-conference tour, which basically served the purpose of making acquaintances before the conference itself, we were, I dare say, a bit regretful about the prospect of not being able to talk to each other during the conference. Over sixty schools were supposed to be participating, and with that kind of student strength, we didn't think that it would be possible to talk to each other again. We could not have been more wrong. After days of trekking and walking to visit waterfalls, temples and memorials, and a little bit of shopping as well, we arrived at Daly College, Indore, and were impressed by the beauty of their campus. The Main Building, especially, caught our eye. It is an old palace that has evidently been maintained well by the school authorities.

Despite a six-hour delay in the train journey, we managed to reach just on time for the Welcoming Ceremony. The school put up a great musical performance for the delegates and then delivered a short presentation featuring the brides of various religions in India. Its objective was to highlight the unity in diversity of India. The Opening Ceremony of the Round Square Conference was to be held the next morning. We were informed the night before that one representative from each delegation was to act as the school's flag-bearer. The Doon School flag was held high by Saurav Sethia. The patron of the Round Square, H.M. King Constantine and the Chairman, Mr. Fraser, introduced the theme: '*Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam*', which, more or less, translates to 'The World is One Family'.

The first keynote speaker, Mr. Montek Singh Ahluwalia, spoke on how the world can, from the economic perspective, be one family. His speech was delivered with the assurance of an expert in his field. His substance defined his style and he spoke eloquently on topics ranging from globalisation to the real unit that is a family. Later, we were divided into Barazzas. The delegates are divided into certain groups and it is in these groups that they discuss the matters touched upon by the keynote speaker of each day. Although we are not competent to comment on other Barazzas, since we could not attend them all, we can definitely say that ours was very interactive. Later that evening, the Annual General Meeting was held, during which various programmes and activities undertaken by Round Square were discussed and all the major topics such as the appointment of full member Round Square schools were voted upon. The Ashbury School, The Lawrence School, and the Scindia Kanya Vidyalaya were voted in as full members of the Round Square.

The following day was the adventure day. We were sent to various places of special interest. Arriving late in the evening, we practised our dance and music pieces for the multicultural evening to be held the next day. On Dussehra morning, our second keynote speakers, Dr. R.S. Chundan and Ms. Iona Gruisen spoke to us on environmental issues such as Global Warming and Project Tiger and how the world must unite as one family to tackle these issues of concern. After the talk, we, once again, broke off into our respective Barazzas to discuss the speech. Immediately after the Barazza was our first Riika. A Riika is a meeting of all student representatives. Our first Riika was addressed by Mr. Manpreet Singh Badal, an Old Boy, currently the finance minister of Punjab. He spoke ardently and compassionately on poverty and how it should be tackled. Later that day, all the schools performed at the multicultural evening. Four of us joined the Vivek High School for a Bhangra performance, while Rishiraj and Kushagra stole the show with their scintillating duet, which they had composed themselves. After the performance, everyone moved to the grounds, in celebration of Dussehra, followed by the mandatory burning of the effigy of Ravana.

The service day was to follow. We were all given specific tasks, such as working in the fields that would exemplify the Round Square's pillar of service to the society. As delegates, we are expected to uphold all the six pillars of Round Square, which are: internationalism, democracy, environmentalism, adventure, leadership, and service. That afternoon, we had our second Riika where delegates of different schools talked about the various ways in which the Round Square activities are co-ordinated in their school and its pillars upheld. That evening, a fair was inaugurated. All money raised at the fair was to be contributed to the Prince Alexander Fund for Round Square International Service projects. That night, we were invited for dinner by Mr. Bhandari, an Old Boy of Tata House of the batch of 1969.

The final day of the conference started with the third keynote speaker Smt. Jaya Rao, who spoke about spirituality and how it unites the world. She spoke eloquently, and received a standing ovation. The usual Barazzas then followed. The last Riika was next, where schools were given the opportunity to speak about Round Square activities in their schools for one or two minutes. The closing ceremony followed and it consisted of the conference statement and another flag-bearing ceremony. H. M. King Constantine declared the conference closed. The final item on the agenda was the handing over of the Round Square flag to next year's host of the conference: Collingwood and Glen Norfolk, Canada. That night, there was a performance by the band *Indian Ocean*, to whose music we danced. Before our farewell the next day, we made a trip to Treasure Island, Indore's only mall. We left the same evening with a newly-awakened social conscience and many fond memories to cherish. **7. The Doon School Weekly Saturday, November 3**

# SCORING HOOPS

*Samaay Mangalgi and Shaleen Chikara  
recount the School Basketball team's exploits at  
the IPSC Basketball Tournament*

Twelve of us and our master-in-charge, Mr. John Xavier, left the school in two cars for Haridwar, from where we boarded the overnight train to Gotan, Rajasthan, for the IPSC Basketball tournament to be held at LKSEC.

We reached Gotan at three. It was extremely hot and dusty, as we had expected it to be. We reached the school and after a lunch in their air-conditioned Mess, we moved to our rooms. After a short practice session at five in the evening and a walk around the school, we moved for dinner. While we were at this, JNX had picked a good pool for us. We were placed with Military School (Dholpur), Sainik School (Nagrota), Punjab Public School (Nabha), Mann Public School (Delhi) and Scindia School (Gwalior).

At half-past-ten on the first night, we were told that we would be meeting Scindia School at six in the morning. We started our campaign against Scindia with a 1-2-1-1 defence that remained impenetrable throughout and few coaches could understand it. The start was a bit shaky, as everyone was not accustomed to the rubber ball that was given to us, but we soon found our rhythm and went on to beat them 64-32.

In the evening, we played Mann Public School (Delhi). Although we were a little disappointed by the decisions of the referee, I think we took it sportingly. We suffered our first jolt with three injuries: that of Samaay, who was pushed into a pole, then Shaleen and Ayyappa, who did not fare too well either. Despite that, we beat them 52-27.

We picked up momentum and beat Punjab Public School, Nabha, 54-15 in the morning and Sainik School, Nagrota, 49-17. The next morning, we played our last pool match against Military School, Dholpur and won 43-27. Our performance looked good already!

We had topped our pool and were to play The Lawrence School, Lovedale, who had lost by just two points to DPS, Mathura Road. We played a tough match, which we won by one point. Samaay's timely entry in the nick of time resulted in two three-pointers and Ayyappa's solid defence saw us through to the semi-final round.

Next morning, we played Modern School, New Delhi, in which Shaleen's performance was outstanding. Dhruv Singh chipped in with two crucial three-pointers. We were leading 15-3 in the first quarter, but later we squandered away this lead. We managed to win 47-42. Eshaan put up a solid defence and stopped many a shot and collected innumerable rebounds. Everyone, including us, was surprised; shocked to see us into the finals, beating formidable teams like The Lawrence School and Modern. In the other semi-final match, MNSS, Rai beat DPS to meet us in the finals.

The finals were to be played at three o'clock in the sweltering heat. No one, except JNX and a few others, thought that we had much of a chance. Even we, for that matter, could not believe that we were beating MNSS by one point at the end of the first quarter. Although we fought hard, we were at one time down by seven points. But this time, Rishabh Bir's confident three-pointers and Pranav Kapur's fast breaks and defence gave us hope. Pranav scored two equalizing free throws in under a minute. Then, Shaleen scored one basket with no more than ten seconds to go. We were leading 45-43. All their desperate attempts thwarted, they made one last

attempt after a time out, with six seconds to go, but they were too late. The final whistle blew, and the so-called underdogs had won: we had won! It was the first win for us this season and the first ever IPSC Gold for the School.

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## CLAP Your Hands

*Ramakrishna Pappu reports on a workshop to  
create social awareness held recently in Delhi*

An innovative and much-needed workshop-cum-interactive-session called CLAP (Citizens Learning and Action Programme) was organised by the Sanskriti School, Delhi. The four day event was aimed at bringing together young adults who are the so called 'change makers of society.' Surya Narayan Deo and I were selected to represent our school's initiatives in developing Fatehpur.

The event was organised by Prarah, an NGO which works with the Ford Foundation. Escorted by MCJ, we eagerly left for Delhi after an especially tedious and prolonged test week.

There were twenty-two participants from all over the country, though the majority were from the North. The students were working for a number of different causes – against farmer suicides, protecting monuments, teaching children in the slums, and creating awareness about the RTI.

The first two days comprised the ice-breaking sessions and general discussions on various issues. The highlight of the entire workshop was the street play we performed in Sarojini Nagar Market. The entire experience of developing the play, from the music to the props was simply amazing. The actual performance in the evening in the packed and crowded market just added to the experience. The theme of the street play was synonymous with that of the workshop, that the youth can make a change. Making and brandishing the placards, coming up with catchy slogans and shouting at the top of our voices in an already cacophonous market was an experience as new and provoking as it was enriching.

Other visits included one to the Salwan Public School and Developmental Alternatives (an NGO) who work in conserving the environment, especially in replanting trees on the Delhi ridge. After the saplings are planted, a lot of water is required to maintain and take care of the trees. An innovative method of getting a continual water supply is getting students to celebrate their birthdays on the ridge where they donate cans of water for the plants.

Towards the end, we were felicitated for our efforts and the work we have been doing in Fatehpur. A mega-event was organised at Bal Bhavan in ITO where the media were called in to publicly recognise our endeavours. Our public-speaking abilities were tested to the fullest when we had to speak impromptu on a number of occasions to varied audiences in both English and Hindi.

There were a couple of points, though, where we felt things could have been done differently. The schedule was quite tight and almost always cut into our breaks. It even extended to midnight on most occasions. We hardly got to learn from others' experiences and problems. Though the workshop was conducted well and we learnt a lot, much more could be done.

On the whole, the programme was interactive and interesting. It was heartening to see that there were so many youngsters who wanted to do their bit to contribute positively to society.



| Viewpoint |  
**The Mother of  
Morality?**

**Abhaas Shah**

Something which has always made my mind boggle is the concept of fear – not what it embodies or means, but the attitude that one should have towards this utterly basic feeling – absolutely primitive and pure – an instinct that is never taught, but which grips us whenever it feels the need to. Or is that true? Is it not our surroundings that teach us to fear what society wants us to fear?

For long, I have tried to abide by a personal motto, ‘No Fear’. Though the results are unexpectedly gratifying and truly amazing, this has often led me into uncomfortable situations rather than ones that are conducive to a student’s personality. For example, if I were to write this article using all the swear words I could muster and express all my frustrations on this page, it would not be received very well; so I will not commit this mistake because of fear – fear of what? Of getting branded as a nuisance? Of getting shouted at? Maybe, maybe not. We have made ourselves so blind with fear that on several occasions, we don’t even give a thought to why we forbid ourselves from doing what we want to. It is simply implanted in us that a certain action will result in dire consequences and hence one must restrain oneself. We follow rules not because of their moral value, but because we fear the consequences.

However, when I launch myself into this line of thought, there is always this barrier which suddenly blocks my path and confronts me, “How far can you go with this motto? How many authorities will you defy just because you feel that you are justified in doing what you want to? Don’t you care about your reputation among elders, about society and the repercussions?”

All that I can mumble after this is, “Why should I care about what others think of me?” If you have read *Gone with the Wind*, an epic novel by Margaret Mitchell, you must have identified with the situation that Scarlett O’Hara lands up in simply because she is genuine, bold and ambitious, and has a better sense of business than most men, something that was considered highly improper in those times. Scarlett goes through so much due to the war conditions that she fears nothing, but when she has regained her financial status, she is amazed to find that society has rejected her and she remains an outcast. Was she wrong, then, to be fearless?

To ask another profound and done-to-death question: “Are the means justified by the ends?” Can a person do the ‘wrong thing for the right reasons’ and yet be accepted in society? Unless you make the rules, you can’t break them.

At school, we undergo a major change in personality, not only because of the environment of a boarding school, but because we end our teenage life here. Should senior students, who can claim to have some understanding of the world and a bit of maturity, blindly accept rules and betold, “Hey, listen, you won’t quite understand as yet. If it’s a rule, it’s there for a reason. Just respect your elders’ decisions”. To what extent should one rely on the benign nature of elders, when amongst them, too, there exist childish fetishes and egoistic hierarchies, which are an intrinsic part of human nature?

So, at the end of the day, I remain confused at the concept of fear – not what it embodies or means, but the attitude that one should have towards it.



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## Letter To The Editor

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### **Paneer Problems**

On behalf of all the vegetarians in school (who seem to have *paneer* coming out of their ears), I would like to expose our plight. The CDH seems to define a vegetarian diet to consist only of *paneer*.

Whatever the non-vegetarians get – be it mutton, chicken, fish, *seekh kebab* – the vegetarians always get *paneer*, no matter what. The proposal to make available other vegetables (of which a list was also provided) has done several rounds of the Mess Committee, but does not seem to meet with success, perhaps because *paneer* is the cheapest and most easily made vegetable (although everyone knows that it is not a vegetable).

Change of *nutri-paneer* to *nutri-capsicum-matar* has been a bit successful and most of the vegetarians would like to have a change in most of all the other rubber-*paneer* dishes also.

On a serious note, again, the non-vegetarians take *paneer* shares from bowls for variety and as *paneer* is limited, while mutton is not, the vegetarians have to go hungry. The Catch-22 situation is that even though they hate *paneer*, they have to eat it because they will have to go hungry the rest of the day or the night, as the case may be.

I just want to plead with the CDH to put some more thought into the vegetarian diet and try to introduce some variety into it.

(Madhav Bahadur)

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(contd. from page 1)

Hyderabad House said, “Although our athletes tried their best, it wasn’t good enough, with marching being a severe let-down.” Even though the Nizams didn’t fare well, they displayed immense sportsmanship and really were gentlemanly in their attitude.

The ever-soaring Eagles, headed by their Captains, Usman Ghani Khan and Anant Jangwal, did well in many events, particularly in the mediums’ category. When asked what he thought of this year’s competition, Usman Ghani Khan told us, “The competition was a true test of our speed, strength and endurance. Despite the fact that we were placed fourth, it would not be incorrect to say that we put in our best.”

The Chinars, who were a force to be reckoned with from the start, performed remarkably well, winning the Junior cup. Tanuj Bhramar’s views on the Athletics meet: “The competition was better than what we expected for both Captains and athletes. It was good to see them training for their respective events. At the end of the day, it *was* too fast, too furious.”

Oberoi House won the marching segment. They were placed second overall, while Dilshad Singh (of Oberoi House) bagged the award for the Best Athlete.

In the lead were the mighty Warriors. Their victory was due to the consistently good performance of their athletes.

Aryaman Sengar remarked, “T House has done well this year, and I attribute our success to the effort put in by all our athletes. They honed their individual talents and made us win the Cup.”

## Actions Justified?

*Kanishka Malik*

In this world of winning and losing,  
One never has time to react,  
Neither does one have the time to adapt,  
So I guess, that's why people act.  
No matter what, their falsity has completely shocked me,  
And left me lonely,  
As now there is no one who is trustworthy,  
No one! Even the friendliest one  
Turned out to be a complete Judas.  
This has left me baffled.  
Not only I, it happens everywhere:  
They stick like glue  
With many of you.  
On the streets, in the shops,  
In business with the tops,  
In school with the teachers.  
In politics with the speakers,  
In churches with the preachers,  
And once when all the gold is drained out,  
Like a Ferrari from the pitstop, they will move out.  
If ever asked for help, they will say  
What have you done for me till today?  
If they fail while racing out,  
They will come back like children, lost.  
But if they are ever caught trying to cheat,  
It is that horrible word they will try to repeat: sorry.  
Why do people act?  
Is it their power that they try to show?  
Or is it some secret that they want to know?  
In one's glory, they will kneel down,  
At the other's need, they will frown.  
They lie till they get what they want,  
Then it is you who they will taunt.  
There is just one thing to conclude,  
It is these people in your life who you must not include.

\* \* \* \* \*

## The Eternal Clock

*Angad Singh*

The ticking started from the bang.  
It will tick till the last second of  
the last man.  
The only eternal witness of eternity  
the scale of historians.  
It has always been, and has been man's dream,  
Of leaping back and forth  
on its stream.  
Which at times is a rapid,  
And then it just meanders  
All of course in a conjured up  
World of feelings.  
It has a measured gait,  
Because time is never late.

## The Time Has Come

*Vikram Aditya Chaudhri*

Sitting here,  
the world whizzes by.  
Nothing is the same.  
Creeping in, the fear,  
In choosing the truth or lie.  
Soon enough the time came.  
Heart throbbing,  
Sitting completely brain-dead.  
Nothing is the same.  
Hands trembling,  
Nothing going in my head.  
Soon enough the time came.  
Down the drain,  
Goes all the hard work ever done.  
Nothing is the same.  
Down despondency lane,  
This is the end of all possible fun.  
Soon enough, the time came.  
Standing there,  
Knees like jelly  
Nothing is the same.  
The truth's here in one, slow, loud beat.  
Soon enough the time came.

\* \* \* \* \*

## A Visit to the Past

*Revant Nayar*

At the tender age of five, on my first visit to the  
museum,  
I spot an artefact of awe-inspiring intricacy and  
splendour,  
Looming above me, in its magnificent abode of gold,  
Its leprous hide adorned with vivid green,  
It beckons me, captivates me.  
It is then, when grandpa, with a nostalgic smile,  
And wistful eyes, tells me,  
That it is a long-lost treasure of the past,  
The last of its kind, a tree.  
With increasing wonder I learn,  
That a hundred years ago, in the 21st century,  
This creature had pervaded the earth.  
With an air of remembrance, grandpa speaks,  
Of the times when oxygen cylinders  
Were meant solely for astronauts.  
Of the times when nature and wildlife  
Had not yet perished  
Through man's ignorance and greed.  
Of the times when calamity had not yet  
Stripped Mother Earth  
Of her former glory.

Online Edition: <http://www.doonschool.com/magazine>

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