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Politics and Competition

Revant Nayar and Arjun Badal report on their experience at Cathedral School's Model United Nations in Mumbai

Cathedral's tall, multi-storied building was bustling with activity when we arrived. Representatives from twenty-four schools were present, but we were the only ones from Dehradun.


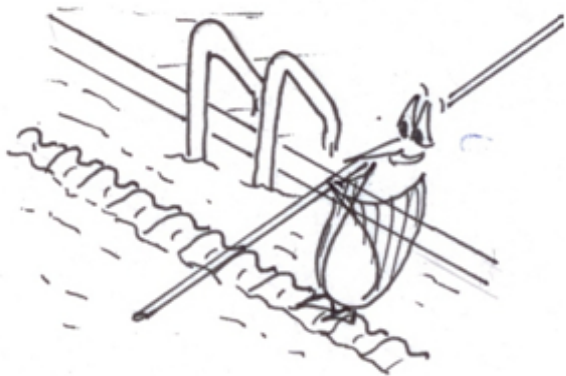


The introductory session of the conference, gave us the impression that it was to be an informal one. Later, we realized that we were not wholly correct. It was a little informal; it allowed for delegates to express themselves more openly. The standards and quality of thought and speech were actually quite impressive. After the opening ceremony and the speeches by their Headmistress and Secretary General, we were led to the various committee rooms.

CMUN required a great deal of spontaneity, clarity and conviction. Everyone present seemed to be skillful, confident and well-prepared, as a result of which the bar was obviously high. Since all of us had done nothing more than the Intra-School MUN, it took us quite a while to understand the procedure, which was different from that followed in School. Policy Statements were not read and active speeches continued from the General Speakers' List. Then there were 'working papers' we had to write, providing concrete details on the committees' proceedings. The Motion for Entertainment, when enacted, would involve delegates dancing and singing; this provided a refreshing touch of humour to the affair.

Sometimes, the discussions became undiplomatic and also assumed the form of heated arguments. All eight of us participated actively in the discussions. We relished the food available and the hospitality of the host officials. We also discovered that there was a media team, producing a magazine twice a day. The second day was by far the longest and most exhausting. In the evenings, we went for walks around Mumbai, enjoyed sumptuous meals and also put in a bit of hard work.

As the second day drew to a close, the time came for the most-awaited part of the Model UN: resolution drafting. All of us got ourselves involved in this activity in some form or the other. Most of the Dosco-authored resolutions were, eventually, passed. At last, we assembled for the closing ceremony. Arjun Badal was awarded High Commendation in the Security Council, and Vikram Kejriwal received a Special Mention in the UNMIA. The Doon School delegation was placed second to La Martiniere, trailing by a mere 0.03%. We left in the evening, rather reluctantly, wishing that our stay could have been extended. Nonetheless, it was a highly satisfying experience. We had learnt a lot in just three days. We had transformed from apprehensive amateurs to more confident and more competent delegates. It was an experience which we will cherish. It should serve as a stepping stone to, we hope, more MUN achievements.

What's New This Term...

Acute water shortage -	Reinforced lanes in the pool -
	
And of course !!! -	
 vodafone 	

Vishnukaant Pitty

News-in-Brief

WARM WELCOME

The Doon School community welcomes **Warrick Ross**, a student from **St. Stithian's School, South Africa**. We wish him a pleasant stay.

PING-PONG

An **IPSC Table Tennis Tournament** was held at **Pestleweed College, Dehradun**, from August 31 to September 3. The School senior and junior teams reached the semi-finals in the Under-19 and the Under-17 categories. In the Under-14 team championship, the sub-junior team lost in the semi-finals. **Sagar Agarwal, Yash Jalan** and **Ujjwal Singhal** reached the quarter-finals in the individual category. **Kudos!**

ALL ABOARD

The Editorial Board of **The Yearbook** for the year 2008-2009 is as follows:

Editor-in-Chief: Abhilaksh Lalwani

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Correspondents: Eeshat Tiwary, Siddhant Sachdev, Nivit Kochar, Arjun Khaitan and Sanchit Thakral.

Congratulations!

DEBATABLE

In the final round debates of the **Inter-House Junior English Debating Competition, 2008**, Oberoi House beat Tata House and Kashmir House beat Jaipur House. **Abhinav Mittal** and **Akshay Sharan** were adjudged **Best Speakers** and **Spandan Agrawal** and **Anmol Jamwal** were adjudged **Second Best Speakers**. The House positions at the end of the debates are as follows:

1st Kashmir

2nd Oberoi

3rd Tata

4th Hyderabad

5th Jaipur

Well done!

MEDAL SPLASH

In the **Council's Schools' Swimming Meet** held at **The Asian School, Dehradun**, **Pratham Mittal, Dushyant Raj Sapra, Varun Agarwal, Vishesh Kochher, Devrat Patney, Aditya Gupta, Apurv Agarwal, and Shivam Seth** received gold medals. **Rahil Rai Puri, Salil Gupta, Shivam Nagalia, Sharan Seth, Shreyas Keyal, Sumer Sehgal, Aditya Gupta, and Apurv Agarwal** won silver medals. **Sriyash Kishorepuria, Salil Gupta, Aditya Gupta and Apurv Agarwal** received bronze medals. The senior 4x50m freestyle relay team comprising **Angad Bawa, Raj Khosla, Rahil Rai Puri and Sriyash Kishorepuria** won a gold medal. The 4x50m medley team consisting of **Pratham Mittal, Kanishk Gupta, Vishesh Kochher and Devrat Patney** won a gold medal. **Dushyant Raj Sapra** received an award for being the **Best Swimmer** in the senior category. The Doon School won all events in the senior section and was placed first overall for the fourth consecutive year. **Well done!**

MUSIC AND DANCE

The House positions in the recently concluded **Inter-House Music and Dance Competition** are as follows:

1st Tata

2nd Jaipur

3rd Oberoi

4th Hyderabad

5th Kashmir

Well done!

A report runs in a forthcoming issue.

Unquotable Quotes

I have to control my dignity.

Anuj Bhatia keeps himself in check.

Dip the water.

Devansh Khaitan and his mealtime stories!

Act sense!

Yash Jalan reprimands.

It's not act sense. It's act sensefully.

Abhishek Gupta solves the problem.

I have practice immediately right now.

Aditya Sukhia, in a hurry.

Your words should be clister-clear.

MNP articulates.

You deaf!

SDA admonishes.

You broke my shirt.

Govind Singh whines.

Your dad looks like Nickelback.

Piyush Upadhyay wants to be a 'Rockstar'.

George Bush is the President of England.

Ranjai Sodhi, 'politically' incorrect.

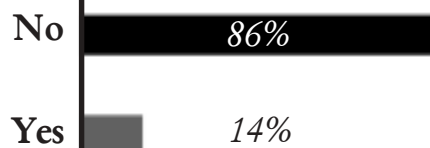
No, I meant that he is the Prime Minister of USA.

Ranjai Sodhi crosses the Atlantic.



Opinion Poll

Can leadership skills be taught?



(318 people were polled)

Next Week's Question: As a part of the Inter-House Music Competition, do you prefer this year's genre of dance to last year's?



Doonspeak

Inter-House Music Competition, 2008...

New talent exposed. - Uddhav Prasad

Two days of my life gone by in a blur. - Kushagra Agarwal

A winning experience. - Sumaer Sandhu

A diverse display of talent. - Sagar Karnawat

Victory for some, disappointment for others. - Shivam Katyal

An eye-opener to the extent of music. - Aazam Jauhal

Fewer AV jam-ups than ever. - Jayant Mukhopadhyay

Let it be. - Arjun Kapur

Beatlemania renewed. - Vivek Santayana

That Old Hole in The Wall

Dhruv Velloor mourns the loss of his natural habitat

Before all else, let me quite unequivocally state: I am not the sentimental sort. Not in the least. Seriously. After this you might be tempted to think otherwise, but please, let better judgment prevail. I do not generally attach myself to particular objects or places and normally do not feel regret or pangs of separation when I am removed from them. And I will definitely not wail several gallons just for the loss of a trivial possession.

Alright fine, maybe I *am* sentimental. But just a little. Perhaps with regards to just a couple of things or so. One or two abstract objects and places pretty much fill the list. And maybe I won't cry, but I definitely will not be too happy about it. What I mean to say is that I'm just a normal person, and have the same feelings as the rest of you. I'm probably just a little defensive about my feelings, that's all.

But anyhow, before I continue further on this wild tangent of confession, let me grab my coffee and wake up. Today, I am in a state of mourning. No, my granduncle has not died, as you might have assumed – but something has been taken away from me, from the fifteen or so people who have come to love it. A rather undesirable void has been created within my heart and brain; one that I hope will go away soon enough, that will be filled with something new.

Today, I have lost a room. Well, maybe not a *room* as such – to call it a hole in the wall would be a more appropriate description. Having made this room my home inside home away from home for about four years, I guess I would be the right person to tell you about it. This most favourite hole in the wall of mine can be found below ground level, in a rather secluded part of the estate I currently live on. The place is barely large enough to accommodate a couple of computers, a few chairs, a desk and a locker. A peculiar odour emanates from it every time you open that locked door (the lock keeps changing every week or so; I still haven't understood why, though). This resident smell is peculiar simply because I still have not been able to find that particular smell anywhere else apart from that room.

The place is also quite dirty and messy. Not as bad as the toilets nearby perhaps, but unclean enough to offer them some competition. The walls are stained orange by God alone knows what. The puny dustbin lying in one corner is actually drowning in a sea of paper balls or planes of various kinds – you get to choose between either A4 or Legal size; take your pick – so you may not be wrong in thinking that we have absolutely no concern for the amount of pollution we create, or the damage to the environment we cause.

This little space of ours also used to be known for being a Lost Property Office of sorts. If you lost something, chances were that you'd find it there, even if you had never been within a fifty-mile radius of the place. It also used to house a variety of other denizens – lizard families, beetles, mosquito swarms *et al.* I believe we even had a toad spend the night there once.

But what really connected us with that room was our perpetual occupancy of it. We'd stay there day in and day out. Every day. Writing, chatting, typing, the list went on. Once in a while we'd even use the place for our schoolwork, or we'd play games on the computers when we didn't have any. No one would bother us there, because nobody ever came near there. We knew that we could go whenever we wanted; the room was there for the using. And we had so much fun (and too many not-so-great memories for me to recount).

But now that room is gone. I mean it's still there below ground level in that secluded place, but it doesn't belong to us anymore. We've had to move out to a cleaner, more populated area, and our old room will probably be used for something or the other. I'm not saying that I hate my new home within home away from home, but it's just that it's not as cosy or as likeable. This place is too clinical and makes me feel sort of like a robot; and it's so devoid of life that I don't think I'll have lizards or toads visiting me again. Maybe that's a good thing, maybe it isn't. I don't know. But I'll miss that old hole in the wall, and I'm sure life will never be the same without it.

* * *

| Poetry |

Who is this Poet?

Kanishka Malik

Who is this poet
Who can't even stand the tremor of a shock?
Who is this poet
Who just writes of fears,
And his life's tears?
Who is this poet
Who didn't answer these questions from the heart?
Who is this poet
Who sheds his tears
On blank paper scrolls?
Who is this poet
Who came and went without a word?
Who is this poet
Who was scared of the dark,
And flattered the light?
Who is this poet
Who came on his knees
On the tragedy of the night?
Who is this poet
Who didn't believe in the words he wrote?
Who is this poet
Who thought the fruit was the only living part of the
plant
And that only heaven should exist?
O, he is just a dreamer,
And a master of deceit.

Monday Morning Blues

Bharat Ganju

“Get up!” “Time for *chhota hazri!*” Two lines which make me reluctantly get up at six o’ clock every single day. These words feel the harshest though, after a relaxing Sunday which gives you the opportunity to grab an extra hour or two of sleep.

When you get up from what always seems like the wrong side of your bed, and you constantly mutter some mild expletives under your breath as your matron rattles he latch on the steel door, sending a chill up your spine, there are only three words which come to mind: Monday morning blues.

These three words apply for nearly every human being, be it in Antarctica (where a chill down the spine is inevitable every morning) Asia, or the Americas. Apart from that, these ‘blues’ can also bring about hazardous mood swings, can make a sunny day seem like a gloomy one and, worse, can make a perfectly regular situation go horribly wrong.

I, personally, have had a bad experience with these ever so dangerous ‘blues’, which could have had the most severe of repercussions.

As I got up from the wrong side of my bed with my eyes half-open, while the other sixteen in my dormitory did the same, I didn’t know that a single spark would set off a cataclysmic reaction.

I put on my games clothes as I threw my nightgown on what I thought was my bed. Within a few seconds I heard one of my form mates say, “I know that you are big, but that doesn’t give you the right to take up two beds.”

With the irritating sound of the latch on the door in the background, and my desire to channel my growing frustration, I unconsciously picked up a near-by tennis ball and hurled it at him. He ducked instinctively and the ball hit the person behind him. With no need of an explanation, the receiver of my powerful throw tried an even more powerful one. His aim, though, proved faulty as he hit another form mate.

The tennis ball was then ricocheting across the room, bouncing from wall to wall, suffering innumerable hits. Soon, more than just a tennis ball was cutting through the air, as shoes, sandals, slippers, pillows and clothes found themselves flying through the air and dangling from the fans.

My matron stood shell-shocked at the door. Her constant attempts at making us stop by shouting were futile, as it only added to the already chaotic situation.

That same day, my friends and I were called to our housemaster’s study to explain what had happened. We all knew that there was hardly any possibility of escaping unscathed. Our housemaster was an understanding person, whom we could be frank with, so when he asked us for an explanation, we simply said, “Sir, Monday morning blues.”

Gymnastics Recap

Ishaan Nagpal reviews this year’s Inter-House Gymnastics Competition

Originally scheduled in the spring term, the Annual Inter-House Gymnastics Competition was postponed to this term as the participants felt that they needed more practice. It was a pity that the gymnasts had to prepare all by themselves due to the absence of a gymnastics coach.

Being hindered and troubled with rain, the boys still somehow managed to hold practices at a variety of venues – the MPH, Main Field and, sometimes, even the Pavilion. Even though the gymnasts lacked the presence of a coach, their determination never faltered. As the day of the competition approached, the intensity of the preparation increased.

Finally, the big day, August 21, arrived. The rain sought to play spoilsport as it poured heavily throughout the morning, making it practically impossible to have the competition on the Main Field. The venue of the competition was finally the MPH.

With all participants ready, the competition kicked off with the ground exercises. The order of routines was alphabetical – Hyderabad, Jaipur, Kashmir, Oberoi and finally Tata. Apart from the rain, another upsetting fact was that the School Gymnastics Captain, Ambar Sidhwani, was not participating, having injured himself just a few days prior to the competition.

The routines started off quite well, even though the gymnasts were finding it very hard to perform to their full potential. The mats were highly unstable on the MPH floor and provided no friction, causing the gymnasts to lose their balance and momentum frequently. This was noted by both, the Headmaster and the Dean of Sports, who felt that this could cause serious injury, and the ground exercises were called off. This disappointed many participants, as the ground exercises required the most work, but they soon agreed that the cancellation was preferable to a serious injury.

Next, the gymnasts headed towards the vaulting horse and the parallel bars. An injury to a gymnast on the vaulting horse resulted in a tense moment or two. After the events came to a close, the School Gymnastics Captain gave his speech. Finally, the moment everyone had been waiting for arrived. In the junior category, Shiva Gururani and Neel Madhav obtained second and first positions, respectively, on the vaulting horse. Neel went on to receive the Best Junior Gymnast award as well, while the Junior Cup was won by Hyderabad House. In the parallel bars, which is an Open Category event, Kenilworth Yambem placed in second position while Vijay Karan Kapoor was placed first.

In the senior section, Aaditya Gupta was second and Vishesh Kochher, first on the vaulting horse. Vishesh Kochher took away the Best Senior Gymnast award, and Tata House won the Senior Cup.

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