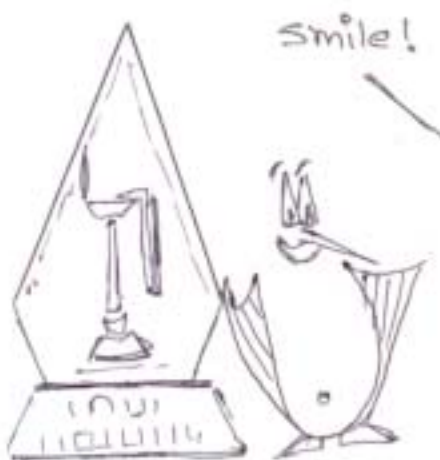


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Chucks challenge!

Arnav Sahu and Vivek Santayana report on the 52nd Annual Chuckerbutty Memorial Debates



Eleven teams assembled in the Library for the draw of topics on Saturday morning for the Preliminary Round of the 52nd Annual Chuckerbutty Memorial Inter-School Debates. It's safe to say that the organization exceeded expectations. The topic was picked; it read *This House Needs Doubting Thomases*. In our opinion, the scales were tilted in favour of the proposition. However, some clever debating from the teams in both pools proved otherwise. In Pool A, the proposition, quite expectedly, said that established dogmas have to be questioned in order for mankind to progress. In that sense, the argument went that we do need doubting Thomases. The opposition argued that at a time when we need social order more than anything else, doubting Thomases could actually disrupt the natural order of things. One of the boys even cited an article from our very own *Weekly* and went on to say that dissent is essential for progress. In Pool B, interestingly, some speakers identified 'need' to be the operative word and argued that we all could satisfy the

basic requirements for survival without knowing whether or not the world was round and that such knowledge was not conducive to anybody's 'need' *per se*. One of the speakers actually confused herself in talking about cynics, saying that cynics are people who don't agree to anything and are needed. As she spun the weave of her intricate line of argument, she failed to notice that in saying that we need a person, who does not accept established, proven truths, she was unjustified. For how can one say that we *need* a person who does not accept what is reasonably proved?

The Semi-Finals didn't involve much preparation time as The Doon School Format provided one hour of preparation for the *Face-Off*, half-an-hour for *Turncoat* and the *JAM* topics were given at the venue itself. The *JAM* topics were random words, ranging from 'scapegoat' to 'peanuts'. The 'scapegoat' in the *JAM* was the first speaker who had to talk on this word. She was quite passionate and vehement as far as the government's misgivings were concerned. In his speech on 'peanuts', Avilash Pahi tried his very best to keep the audience entertained by his somewhat quaint sense of humour. Of course, he succeeded, and was followed by Vikram Aditya, who fell short of the first position by one point. Vikram's droll speech on 'ruins' was laudable. In the *Turncoat* round, one gets half-an-hour to prepare on a motion and has to speak for and against the topic. Saurav Sethia took his lead from the subjunctive 'would' in his motion and said that to be politically incorrect, there has to be a cause. Thus, he said that this House would be politically incorrect because of the reasons that backed such a reaction. On the other hand, he talked of Bismarck's policy of appeasement and why the House would benefit by being politically correct. In his reverse stand, however, his manner was found wanting and it was only a matter of chance that the judges concentrated on content rather than style.

The real debate was in the *Face-Off* round. Apart from having a catchy name, it had a rather interesting topic: *This House Would Take a Bribe*. The speakers had the freedom to take any stand they pleased, or even take a middle path for that matter, with the condition that they did not contradict themselves at any point. Two went against taking a bribe, saying that it was immoral. If you take a bribe, you keep the cycle moving. They talked about conscience and how it would prick you. The questions they faced were, predictably, regarding which was the lesser evil: corruption or murder. One took the middle path, which didn't prove much. Finally, Abhaas Shah took an unconventional approach in favour of bribery. He talked about the subjunctive 'would' and went on to describe the inherent nature of human beings to take a bribe when required. He also shed light on the fact that 'the *bribee* is just as much at fault as the briber'. He did falter in his stand by going back on his statement that a fine was a bribe. Rather, he should have expanded on bribery and said that fines and incentives are all forms of bribes. Nonetheless, he was a well-deserving Best Speaker.

With two reputed schools: La Martiniere for Boys and The Doon School qualifying, the Final Round was definitely

(contd. on page 5)

Regulars

WAR OF WORDS

The School was represented by Akshit Batra, Arnav Sahu and Vivek Santayana in the **Oliphant Memorial Inter-School English Debates** held at Welham Boys' School on September 11 and 12. Akshit Batra was adjudged **Best Speaker** in the Preliminary Round and was awarded **Best Rebuttal** in the Final Round. Arnav Sahu was adjudged **Best Speaker** in the Final Round. The Doon School emerged victorious.

In our very own **Chuckerbutty Memorial Debates**, held from September 13 to 14, the School was represented by Saurav Sethia, Abhaas Shah, Vikram Aditya Chaudhri and Akshit Batra. The results were as follows:

Preliminary Round

Pool A:

Best Speaker: Abindu Dhar (RIMC, Dehradun)

2nd Best Speakers: Sreevardhan Agarwal and Avilash Pahi (LMB, Kolkata)

Winner: La Martiniere Boys' School, Kolkata

Runner-up: Mayo College Girls' School, Ajmer

Pool B:

Best Speaker: Saurav Sethia (The Doon School)

2nd Best Speakers: Yusra Rahman (Welham Girls' School) and Rishi Anand Rawat (Welham Boys' School)

Winner: The Doon School, Dehradun

Runner-up: Welham Girls' School, Dehradun

KO Round

Best Speaker (JAM): Avilash Pahi (LMB, Kolkata)

Best Speaker (Turncoat): Saurav Sethia (Doon)

Best Speaker (Face-Off): Abhaas Shah (Doon)

Winner: The Doon School, Dehradun

Runner-up: La Martiniere Boys' School, Kolkata

Final Round

Best Speaker: Akshit Batra (Doon)

Most Promising Speaker: Abhaas Shah (Doon)

Winner: The Doon School, Dehradun

Runner-up: La Martiniere Boys' School, Kolkata

The School was also represented in the **Gibson Memorial Debates** held at Mayo College, Ajmer from September 12 to 13 by Anindya Vasudev, Naveed Ahmend Chaudhary and Vishnukaant Pitty. Nathan Cosgrove had accompanied the team in the role of a think-tank. The team reached the Semi-Finals. Vishnukaant Pitty was adjudged **Second Best Speaker** in the **Turncoat** round of the Preliminary debates and in the Semi-Final Round. Anindya Vasudev was adjudged **3rd Best Speaker** in the **JAM** round of the Preliminary debate. The team stood third overall.

The Senior English Debating Society must be congratulated on having performed so well and fielding three different teams in the span of three days. Well done!

QUIZ WHIZ

The School was represented by Mansher Dhillon, Gurbaaz Sidhu and Armaan Malhotra in **The Doon School Quiz, 2008** held on September 14.. The School emerged victorious.

This is the first time in the history of the School that we have won the Quiz and the Chuckerbutty Debates concurrently. Congratulations! (Ed.)

WATERBORNE

The School Swimming Team participated in the **25th IPSC Aquatic Meet** held at the National Sports Institute, Patiala. Twenty eight teams participated. Vishesh Kochher and Varun Agarwal won an individual silver and bronze medal respectively. The Senior Medley Relay team comprising Pratham Mittal, Vishesh Kochher, Dushyant Sapra and Devrat Patney won a bronze medal. The School Senior Team stood fourth overall.

The School Swimming Team also took part in the **First Brar Invitational Swimming Meet** held at St. George's College, Mussoorie on Friday, September 12. In the Senior Category, Pratham Mittal and Vishesh Kochher won individual silver medals and Dushyant Sapra won a bronze. The Medley Relay team won a gold and the Freestyle Relay team won a silver. In the Mediums' category, Lakshit Joshi won a silver medal and Aditya Gupta and Sambuddha Naha won a bronze medal each. The Freestyle Relay team won a gold medal while the Medley Relay team won a bronze. The School stood third overall. Well done!

ESSAY PRIZES

The following are the results of the **Shankar Dayal English Essay Writing Competition, 2008:**

1st: Saurav Sethia

2nd: Abhaas Shah

Congratulations!

CAREER CALL

The careers' notice board will post information on **Mass Communications** as a career option this week. All those interested should look it up.

Unquotable Quotes

All long boys get into tall bus.

Rishi Aggarwal, conductor.

The US is supplying India with Nuclear Food.

Arnav Sahu, at the Oliphant Debates.

Main Field par teacher mujhe main hoon.

MLJ, self-concerned.

Eat your water.

Nikhil Sardana, live from Calcutta.

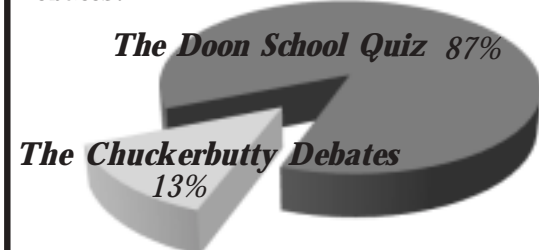
Even when die you better not mess.

Aazam Jauhal, immortal.



Opinion Poll

Which generated more interest: The Doon School Quiz or The Chuckerbutty Memorial Debates?



Next Week's Question: Do you think that The Doon School, currently, can rank amongst the top five schools in the world?

| Short Story |
Cactus

Sreemoyee Banerjee

His steps were measured and his gait betrayed a sense of his being totally in control. Not the faintest shadow of a doubt regarding his purpose and destination troubled him. He passed the morgue. A rueful smile crept into his visage. He shook his head and suppressed a sigh...things do get messy at times...can't help, he thought.

No one heard his footfall. It blended well with the beat of the countless hearts all round...all drumming away in their dogged sincerity. He slowed down awhile on hearing a groan from the labour room. No, he had nothing to do there...not in that hour at least. While passing the maternity ward he kept his eyes resolutely averted. He had to visit that place now and then. But in any case it always made him feel like an outsider...terribly lonely and sad.

His destination was close. He was on time. His punctuality has always been impeccable. As always he felt a prick of pride at this thought. The room was only half-lit. They were all asleep, looking like curiously shaped rocks on their beds. A sigh escaped here and a limb twitched there. And while they slept their pain gradually ate its way into their being.

His appointment was with Mrs. Mukherjee on the bed at the far end of the room. Yes, there he was by Mrs. Mukherjee's side...finally. It is not often that he had appointments with the young and pretty girls. Mrs. Mukherjee was in her mid-fifties. He might as well call *her* young considering the women he usually got to deal with. The erotic thrill he tried to experience was just too feeble to deserve mention.

Should he stand at the head? he deliberated. Wasn't there a protocol? As always he couldn't remember, but positioned himself, nonetheless, at her head. Mrs. Mukherjee's face looked calm. Not for long...to everyone his due..., he thought grimly. In a way it was good that the women he usually got were past their prime. Otherwise, who knew, one day he might just be confused with some pervert. He could well do without that additional bit of unpopularity. Mrs. Mukherjee's calm face had started showing ripples of pain. Yes, she could feel his presence...and the struggle began...

The patient's groans woke up the nurse who had been dozing in the corner. Soon two others arrived. The RMO's eyes were puffy and the other nurse looked irritable. She thought it was just another false alarm. (There had been a couple of them last week.) He couldn't help his little jokes now and then. How else does one dispel the monotony of such a task? The RMO and the nurses did not see him of course. He had stopped dressing up in black for such formal appointments. He normally tried to be as inconspicuous as possible when at work, quite unlike those idiots who were blundering about in the ICU.

Absorbed as he was in his work, he had no idea whatsoever that Mrs. Mukherjee had been having a dream all this while. She was in a garden. There were tall, very tall, giant cacti all around. They looked like the hands of the dead sprouting from the ground. Mrs. Mukherjee felt tired and sat down underneath one of them, trying to fight the surge of fear that threatened to get the better of her. Then suddenly, without meaning to, she dozed off and found herself in another garden of another dream.

Long time ago, in a garden of childhood, Mrs. Mukherjee, (then only a girl of ten and obviously a 'Miss'), had been humiliated by her little brother—a curly-haired boy of six, who always wanted to know the names of things. He used to point his finger at whatever caught his fancy and ask in a shrill, persistent voice, "This is?" As soon as his curiosity was satisfied he would turn her attention to something else. That day Mrs. Mukherjee had managed to answer all his questions satisfactorily enough. It was a bit tricky with the bougainvillea because its leaves look like flowers and vice versa. Tactfully she had alternately said 'flower' and 'leaf' and that had satisfied the little boy. Her humiliation happened at the other end of the garden where the lifeless, dusty, ugly cacti brooded in their pots. 'This is' (that had become his pet name) pointed at something and asked his inevitable question. "Thorn" Mrs. Mukherjee had said offhand. The little boy's finger did not budge. His voice was a trifle shriller when he repeated the question. Shriller and shriller it grew as Mrs. Mukherjee stood there mumbling 'leaf', 'stem', 'branch' at random, feeling perplexed and sorry for herself. Could 'this is' see something that she couldn't...however much she tried?

But that day in the garden of her dream Mrs. Mukherjee saw it too and that woke her up. She woke up in the garden of the giant cacti of the other dream. Yes there was no doubt. She could indeed see it all around. Amid the hands of the dead sprouting from the ground she saw it, what her little brother 'This is' had seen years ago in the garden of childhood, and Mrs. Mukherjee's heart expanded with a sudden inexplicable elation.

In the corridor he was feeling elated too. His work was done. For a couple of hours there were no more appointments. He stretched a little and yawned. A couple of minutes more and he came out without turning to take a last look at Mrs. Mukherjee.

The pink and gold sky shone through the huge window on the landing. He let the breeze play on his face. It had been rather stuffy in the ward. Suddenly something caught his attention. He had seen it many times before—the cactus in the little pot on the sill. It always looked dry and dead to him. But today, silhouetted against the morning sky, was a large, fleshy flower, brimming over with health, bursting with life. "My God!" he thought, "it was alive all this while." His knees shook a little and he knew not why his heart sank. He had never felt lonelier before. He had never been such an outsider before. That morning, sorrow and pain claimed the hearts of all who knew and loved Mrs. Mukherjee. The doctors acknowledged their defeat. Little did they know how sad and defeated Death himself felt when he slipped out of the nursing home that morning and how like a desperate workaholic he wished that there were more appointments to fill that hour of loneliness.

And it was that pathetic little cactus in the pot that did it.

पी.टी. का भूत

तनुज कुमार

क्या पीटी का भूत आपके मस्तिष्क में अपना अद्भुत बनाकर बैठा हुआ है? क्या वह आपके मस्तिष्क पर प्रभाव डाल रहा है? क्या आप इस भूत से छुटकारा पाना चाहते हैं? स्कूल में हर किसी का विचार होगा कि *हाँ चाहता हूँ*, परंतु यह असम्भव है, कारण न ही पूछो तो अच्छा है। क्या, कुछ लोग इस बात का बुरा मान रहे हैं? न, न ऐसा ग़ज़ब करने की ज़रूरत नहीं है, क्योंकि पी टी इतनी भी बुरी चीज़ नहीं होती कि जिसके लिए किसी का दिल दुखाया जाए।

क्या आप में से कुछ उन लोगों में से हैं जिन्हें पी टी का नाम सुनते ही बुखार चढ़ जाता है? दर-असल मेरा सवाल ही ग़लत है, क्योंकि हम में से ऐसा कोई भी नहीं होगा, जिसे पी टी का नाम सुनते खुशी का ऐसा दौर पड़े कि पागल होने का खतरा हो पैदा जाए सिवाय कुछ ऐसे प्राणियों के जिन्हें यह समय दंड देने का अवसर दिखाई देता है।

सुबह सुबह पी टी की घंटी कानों में घाव सा कर देती है। और इसके बाद एक लम्बी सी सीटी उस घाव पर नमक छिड़कने का काम करती है। किसी को मैदान में पहुँचने में देर हो जाए तो बस उसका तो ईश्वर मालिक है। सुबह की गीली घास पर गुलाटियाँ खाने के बाद व्याख्यान का श्रवण सुबह को कितना खुशनुमा बनाता है, अन्दाज़ा लगाने की ही बात है। वैसे कोशिश तो यही होती है कि हाज़री लगाने के बाद रफू-चक्कर हो जाया जाए, पर हमेशा ऐसा हो नहीं पाता। जिस दिन चूक गए उस दिन मरे। मानो प्रलय आ जाती है। घोड़ों की तरह दौड़ना पड़ता है। इसके बावजूद भी कोमल कोमल शब्दों के फूल पीछा करते नहीं थकते। पी टी खत्म होने की घंटी घाव पर डिटॉल का काम करती है और सामान्य जन चैन की साँस लेते हैं। अगर गौर देखें तो प्रकृति भी इस हत्याकांड में अपना पूरा योगदान देती है। रात को वर्षा शुरू होगी, सारी रात बरसेगा, पर पी टी के समय सुबह मौसम साफ़। फिर वही घंटी और फिर वही सीटी। फिर वही भगम-भाग और फिर वही भूत का बुलावा।

हे ईश्वर, कोई तो हमारी पीड़ा को समझे और माने कि आलसी होना कोई अपराध नहीं है। किसी ओझा को खोजना ज़रूरी हो गया है जो इस पी टी-के भूत से छुटकारा दिलाए। देखिए क्या होता है आगे, फिलहाल तो सुबह की चिंता है।

तिरंगा

मो. असलम

भारत हमारा है, हम सबकी जान है,
तिरंगा हमारे देश भारत की शान है,
जहाँ से प्यारा है, सबसे निराला है,
हमारे दिल का हिस्सा ये हिन्दुस्तान है।
यही ज़िन्दगी है, बन्दगी औ' सादगी है,
वतन के वास्ते कुर्बान अपने जान है।
इस देश का हर तराना अपना है,
चमक का रंगीन नज़ारा सपना है,
दिवाली, होली और ईद का त्यौहार,
प्यार का मंत्र सभी को जपना है।
चलो हम सब मिलकर ऐसा मज़हब बनाएँ,
सोते हुए देश की आत्मा को मिल कर जगाएँ।

मीडिया और किशोर

चंद्रचूड़ शुक्ल

आज के समय में मीडिया और किशोर ये दो वर्ग हैं जिनके प्रति अक्सर चिंता प्रकट की जाती है। ये दोनों ऐसे वर्ग हैं जिन्हें नियंत्रण में रखना अक्सर बेहद कठिन माना जाता है। मैं मानता हूँ कि इन दोनों पर अलग अलग विचार करने की अपेक्षा इन दोनों के आपसी सम्बंध पर ध्यान देना कहीं अधिक आवश्यक है।

आइए, विषय की गहराइयों में उतरने से पहले इस विषय को तथा विषय में आए हुए कुछ मुख्य शब्दों को जल्दी से समझ लें।

मीडिया - इसके अंतर्गत टी वी और इंटरनेट आदि दृश्य माध्यम, अखबार और पत्र-पत्रिका आदि प्रिंट माध्यमों और रेडियो आदि श्रव्य माध्यम आते हैं। अर्थात् इसके अंतर्गत मुद्रित, डिजिटल और साइबर तीनों तरह के माध्यम आते हैं। किशोर से तात्पर्य उस आयु वर्ग से है जिसे हम अंग्रेज़ी में टीन एज कहते हैं तथा जिसके अंतर्गत 12-13 से लेकर 19-20 तक की आयु वर्ग के लोग आते हैं।

आज का विचारपीय विषय सूचना से जुड़ा है जिसे खबर, समाचार या वृत्तान्त के नाम से भी जाना जाता है। सुनने या देखने वाला खबर को अपने तरीके से ग्रहण करता है। फिर अपनी आयु, परिस्थिति, जानकारी, समझ, चारों ओर के वातावरण और रुचि के आधार पर विश्लेषित करता है। खबरों का विश्लेषित रूप ही वह तैयार माल होता है जो कि मनुष्य के मन - मस्तिष्क को प्रभावित करता है। मीडिया जनसंचार का माध्यम है। उसका कार्य होता है खबरों को जनता तक पहुँचाना। यही उनका व्यवसाय है। मुनाफे को ही ध्यान में रखकर चैनल और अखबार अपनी रणनीतियाँ बनाते हैं। और मुनाफा आसमान से तो टपकता नहीं, इसके लिए उपभोक्ता की ज़रूरत होती है। एक मीडिया अवेयरनेस वेब साइट द्वारा कराए गए सर्वेक्षण से पता चलता है कि भारत में कुल टी वी समय का 62% भाग किशोर वर्ग द्वारा उपभोग में लाया जाता है। यही कारण है कि समाचार चैनल भी किशोर वर्ग को ही लक्ष्य कर रहे हैं क्योंकि किशोर वर्ग उन चैनलों को देखता है, चैनलों की रेटिंग बढ़ती है, विज्ञापनों के दर्शक बढ़ते हैं, विज्ञापित वस्तुओं का बाज़ार बढ़ता है, विज्ञापनों से होने वाली आय बढ़ती है और चैनल की पौ बारह।

आज समाचार दिए नहीं, बल्कि बेचे जाते हैं। महोदय, चाट बिकती हैं अगर चटपटी हो। मैं पूरे विश्वास से कहता हूँ कि अगर स्वयं कोई योग गुरु भी सात्त्विक चाट का टेला लगा कर बैठ जाएँ तो उसे भी कोई चाट का शौकीन किशोर नहीं ख़ाएगा। आज के किशोर मन को सनसनी सबसे अधिक प्रभावित करती है इसीलिए मीडिया खबरों के माध्यम से उसे सनसनी ही परोस रहा है।

आज का किशोर मनोरंजन की तलाश में है इसी लिए समाचार प्रसारण की तरकीब को मनोरंजक बनाया जा रहा है। करोड़ों रुपये इस विषय में शोध और सर्वेक्षण पर खर्च किए जा रहे हैं।

गुस्ताखी माफ़ जैसे कार्यक्रम और समाचार पत्रों के युव मंच और किशोर कोना जैसे परिशिष्ट खुले तौर पर किशोर वर्ग को अकर्षित करने की रणनीति अपनाए जाने का प्रमाण है।

आज का किशोर अपनी रुचि के क्षेत्र में देश और विदेश में घटने वाली घटनाओं को जानना चाहता है, और वह उन घटनाओं से बहुत प्रभावित भी होता है। इसीलिए अखबार, टी वी चैनल, पत्र-पत्रिका और रेडियो समाचार चैनल विदेशी खबरों को प्रमुखता देते हैं।

खेल, हालीवुड, बालीवुड आदि किशोर वर्ग को प्रभावित करते हैं। मीडिया इस प्रभाव को भुनाने के लिए ऐसी खबरों का प्रसारण कर रहा है। शाहिद और करीना का ब्रेक-अप और सैफ करीना का मेक-अप भी इसी लिए समाचारों का हिस्सा बन गए हैं। समाचारों में किशोरों के आदर्श बने हुए सानिया मिर्ज़ा, दीपिका पादुकोन, श्रीसंत, धोनी, अभिनव बिन्दा आदि को काफी जगह दी जाने लगी है। कारण वही है, किशोर मन इनसे गहरे तक प्रभावित है।

सारी बात का सारांश यही है कि मीडिया किशोर वर्ग की भावुकता, प्रेम की उद्दाम भावना, ऐंद्रिकता तथा बौद्धिकता को भुनाने के लिए खबरों का प्रसारण किशोर मन पर पड़ने वाले प्रभावों को ध्यान में रख कर करता है क्योंकि यही वर्ग उनका सबसे बड़ा बाज़ार है?

कमला - जीवन वाद - विवाद प्रतियोगिता 2008 के सभी प्रतिभागियों का हार्दिक स्वागत है। आशा करते हैं कि आपका दून स्कूल का प्रवास सुखमय और सफल रहे।

Dosco Lessons

Kanishka Malik

Bill Gates said, "Life is not fair, get used to it." This is one of the most inconvenient but vital lessons everyone has to learn in his life. The average Dosco is often burdened with such problems in his daily routine and faces a microcosmic version of inequality in school. This humble experience is perhaps what helps all boys to learn the complicated lesson Bill Gates talks about.

Every Dosco faces trouble with seniors in his school life which he usually thinks to be an unfortunate nuisance. Every day he is pushed behind in the line for everything; may it be at the tuck-shop, a try-out for a debate or a play or, to talk of bigger things, is not awarded a certain post which he might deserve. However unfair this might seem to be, it gives him a taste of the unfair competition that lies outside school. It gives him an idea of what the tricks of the trade are; of being able to fulfil his desires no matter what condition he may be in. The stakes involved in getting a job in the competitive world of today are perhaps understood in the competition amongst juniors and seniors or amongst form mates in the various activities in school. Doscos very frequently use the term 'bad luck' for others, even though they go through it themselves. However bothersome it might seem now, it will not hit him like a blow when he experiences it in the outside world. A Dosco, due to his experience, learns to cope with difficult situations in the outside world. The behaviour of bossy, smaller-built seniors who tend to assert their authority over a bigger junior, who might be just one year younger than him, seems absurd at times. The point of seniority might seem meaningless, but we learn the truth of having to respect men who are smaller in size but not in position. When working in an organization in the future, accepting and practising this truth will come easy.

To talk in terms of our conduct, maintaining discipline in front of seniors is another skill worth learning at Doon. A group of giggling D-formers when admonished by a Sc former for acting foolishly learn the importance of behaving in the right manner. This way, a student learns the etiquette of interacting and approaching a ruder but more important person. He learns not to act foolishly, or even yawn in front of seniors. In the future, when an ex-Dosco will be pursuing a profession, he will overcome the hurdles of communication. He will be far more impressive and appear polite when it will come to approaching a business associate or boss, which in turn is an important factor, no matter what career he chooses to pursue. Communication is a common difficulty amongst highly qualified men and is even a reason for them not progressing up the ladder. Even at a job interview a Dosco would predict and understand the behaviour of the interviewer and would know the correct way to react to it.

Oscar Wilde said, "Education is an admirable thing, but it's just that all things worth knowing cannot be taught." These 'things' which can't be 'taught' are perhaps the lessons a Dosco learns in his daily routine but

realises the importance of only after passing out of school. These events that take place in the six years of his life at The Doon School are perhaps the mundane happenings of his day-to-day life which teach him the major lessons of life. It isn't just the well-known facts about the school having 'extra-curricular activities' or 'publications' or 'academic excellence' which produce students in this institution. The 'Doon School Product' isn't just made by 'facilities' such as those written in our prospectus but are supported by the events in a Dosco's daily life. The 'Dosco spirit' is formed by living in this sort of challenging environment. But whether the reason for learning these lessons is a nuisance or not, isn't something a student currently in school should debate on. If he calls them a nuisance now, then he will regret it when he experiences the bigger 'nuisance' in the outside world, for he has not yet stepped independently into it.

* * *

(contd. from page 1)

another great debate. The topic was *Collective Memory is a Dangerous Weapon*. The debate began with Avilash Pahi proposing the motion, and, in almost no time, Saurav Sethia came up and made the House re-think its stand. As the speakers came and went, our beliefs did so too. By the end, it was noticed that the proposition was ignoring the statements made by the opposition and going on with their own one-track debate. The opposition had proved to the House that the proposition's arguments were a fallacy of improper definition. The definition they had cited was 'a potent force' and they claimed to have cited the Oxford English Dictionary, after which they accused the opposition of citing a 'Doon School Dictionary'. This was countered by a dictionary being opened and a few notes being sent up to the Chair by the audience. The proposition talked about the potency of collective memory, the opposition stated that it was a potent force, but that alone didn't make it a dangerous weapon. Though the proposition, failed to disprove this, their arguments were commendable. Akshit Batra got a Best Speaker award for his trademark style while Abhaas Shah won Most Promising Speaker for his emphatic speech. With the first three positions going to The Doon School, it was obvious that we would be lifting the trophy for the second time in a row. But, as the tradition goes, the trophy never stays with the host School.

By the end of the debating marathon, it was safe to say that we had seen a lot of high-standard debating and were made to start thinking on topics that we wouldn't have come across otherwise. Evidently, *Chucks* was a success. This motion prevails.

OMISSION

The *ChuckReview* would like to acknowledge the following boys of the Stage Committee who worked for The Chuckerbutty Memorial Debates.

This was inadvertently omitted.

Anmol Joshi	Rohan Nath Behl
Varun Shrivastav	Sharan Seth
Devashish Singal	Ashwin Dokania
Trivikram Singh	Shrish Srivastava
Shivam Pal	Shantanu Seth
Aseem Kumar	Arjun Badal

| Poetry Page |

Why Me?

Arnav Sahu

I see the smiles on other faces,
I hear the birds chirping,
The day sets in and the world moves on,
But, here I sit in darkness,
Mourning the fears of my past.
I ask the One, who never replies,
But, yet I ponder every day,
Why me?

Nature moves on in an unending cycle,
Many a time does the winter come and go.
An inexplicable force of sadness binds me,
I know not why, out of many,
It is me, left at the gates of misfortune.
I wish to die, but I can't.
I wish to live, but I'm unable.
I blame Him, but I receive no answer,
As if it were all my fault,
And I can't just help but wonder,
Why me?

They said "Let the dead Past bury the dead",
But, they were wrong.
I try and move on, but my past holds me back,
As if it had to be me set out to prove them wrong.
Life seems endless,
And I being a wandering spirit,
Caught in the web of life and death,
Wondering, with no answer,
Why me?
But I'm a human,
I'm meant to fight.

Guilty Conscience

Vivek Santayana

The choking silence
Kills a man from right within,
And he dies slowly.
First silence deafens,
And then silence echoes the
Thunder lying inside.
Then the silence blinds,
The darkness reflects the ghost,
And he haunts himself.
The demonic roar
Shatters diamonds that once shone.
Now, shards lie forgotten.
The man dies within,
Killed by his own forsaken
Lies that held him true.

Tired

Abhilaksh Lalwani

I'm tired of life,
And of the limitless tasks,
Of this unending strife
Of Time and it's treacherous masks.
I'm tired of the ever-shining stars,
And the sapphire sky,
Of trees that like jade towers
Touch the heavens, so high.
I'm tired of my aspirations,
And of success too,
Of the tempting moments
When words said, never come true.
Tired of power,
And of duties borne,
I'm tired of being the leader of the pack
Of all fun being shorn.
In essence, I'm tired
Of and only of, myself.



M o t h

Vivek Santayana

No one has seen me.
I live my half-life in shadows:
Insignificant.
I lack the beauty
Of a butterfly.
And so I die:
Unnoticed.

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