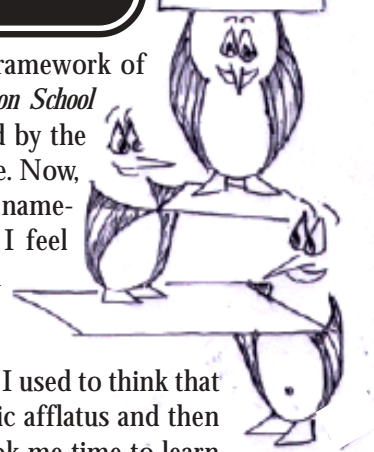


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Editorial

Issue
No. 2200



I sometimes cannot help thinking that we act within an overarching framework of mysterious inevitability. Here we are, reading Issue No. 2200 of *The Doon School Weekly*, fated to be my last as Editor-in-Chief. I remember being overawed by the illustrious names etched on the honour board for the Editors-in-Chief once. Now, I am simply disappointed. Four years of work and writing: all reduced to a nameless name on a nondescript board. Yet, whenever I pick up the *Weekly*, I feel differently. For the *Weekly* is like the eternally youthful picture of Dorian Gray. And somehow, whenever I pick up the *Weekly*, I think I can understand what Michelangelo must've felt when he painted the Sistine Chapel.

I used to think once upon a time that writing was a spontaneous activity. I used to think that writers would, as a result of divine intervention, be seized by sudden poetic afflatus and then the words would flow endlessly. Being the naive B former that I was, it took me time to learn that writing is a craft. Impatient by nature, I would often find myself frustrated because the words almost never 'came to me'. And they never would, for I flouted the first rule of effective writing: think before you pen anything down. I would write lines I had memorized and expect ideas to come from them. It was indeed a revelation for me when, for the first time, Tushaar (who was Editor-in-Chief then) told me that pieces were written, then worked and re-worked, and edited before finally being published. On the *Weekly*, I did not just see this process happening; I also became an instrument of the process – an enriching experience, to say the least.

I was recently reading a book titled *The Art of the Novel* by Milan Kundera. He talks in the book about the death of the novel and he says about himself, "I am attached to nothing but the depreciated legacy of Cervantes." The history of the novel, says Kundera, begins with Cervantes and his legacy is that of the novel, bequeathed to mankind. And in a way, all of us on the *Weekly* are indeed committed to the legacy of Cervantes – committed to it and part of it. Truly, in the *Weekly*, you can see the novel's hubristic future. Even if Kundera feels no longer attached to the future, we can all be sure that the future will indeed continue to be a "competent judge of [our] works and actions."

What indeed is *The Doon School Weekly*? It is an institution and, just like every other institution, it reflects the tempers of the people who make it: the Editorial Board. I had said in my first Editorial, the *Weekly* 'dons the parka of our competence'. This year, we printed a special colour edition on *Holi*, not only to mark the event but also to break free from traditional barriers, to push the limits. In the *Golden Night Special Edition*, twelve pages were replete with articles written by ex-Doscos in the past. Articles by Vikram Seth, Amitav Ghosh, Mani Shankar Aiyer, Ardeshtir Vakil, Karan Thapar and many others when they were in School were testament to our great literary tradition – one we should be proud of and one we must preserve. The *Weekly* has undoubtedly served as a literary platform since its inception; it's like the flame that purifies gold. And for all those Doscos who cringe at the thought of intellectual activity (and there are a good many of them who do), I'd like to quote from one of Rilke's letters to Mr. Kappus: "I can't give you any advice but this: to go into yourself and see how deep the place is from which your life flows; at its source you will find the answer to the question whether you must create. Accept that answer, just as it is given to you, without trying to interpret it. Perhaps you will discover that you are called to be an artist." Having been Editor-in-Chief for a year now, I can emphatically state that I am satisfied; not only with myself and the role I played in the *Weekly* during my tenure, but I am also satisfied with every person who served on the Board and put in countless hours of work and effort (despite my snarling!). It is easy to criticize. There are, of course, many who will never be impressed by the *Weekly* and we are not attempting to beguile them (for which we would probably need snazzy photographs and purblind articles: in short, we are required by them to make no one think), simply because we can't. It's not in the nature of the *Weekly*. I hope it will never be. Whenever I do hear anyone badmouthing the *Weekly*, I think, "Where would we be without our critics?" (and smile).

"How do you feel about leaving the *Weekly*?" I am sometimes asked. After four years of working with the publication, I can only say this: I feel like an abandoned lover. Today the ink has run dry and I no longer find words to be expressive. Yet, I must write this, my last Editorial, a final goodbye. And as I do, I can hear God's cruel laughter.

(Saurav Sethia, Editor-in-Chief)



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 will definitely 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 and 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.

What is a Teacher?

Kanti Bajpai ponders over the role of a teacher

It is not uncommon these days to criticize teachers and the teaching profession. School managements, education specialists, parents, students, and even our political leaders complain about the classroom. If the classroom experience is not quite what it should be, this is not only the fault of teachers. That said, teachers too have to consider what is going wrong. One of the problems of the modern classroom is indiscipline, something that used to be associated with 'liberal' school systems such as those in the West. Increasingly, though, it is a feature of the Indian school system as well.

As we think about what to do about indiscipline and other ills of the classroom, it is necessary to ask a fundamental question: what is a teacher? What function does a teacher perform in a well-ordered society?

There are many definitions of a teacher: a dispenser of knowledge, a caregiver for the young, an agent of change, a role model, an ethical being. These are all in some respects correct. However, there are three things that are central to being a teacher that we can state more sharply. First of all, a teacher is charged with the responsibility of preserving and passing on human knowledge from one generation to the next. Secondly, he or she is the guardian of rationality. Thirdly, a teacher is a person who gives everything he or she knows to others, without holding back.

A teacher is, first of all, a transmitter of knowledge from one generation to the next. He or she is a storehouse and a medium. The teacher imbibes the best thought of one generation and passes it on to the next. This is a vital function. The pinnacles of human thought, achieved over hundreds, if not thousands of years, cannot be lost. Imagine if it was lost. How would we progress? We would again and again have to start from scratch, only to have our labours lost in the mists of time. It is the teacher's job to hold that knowledge in trust for future generations and to offer it to the coming generation as accurately and as meaningfully as possible. The teacher, in short, is a repository of information and ideas. Time usually sifts out the worst ideas, leaving the better ones behind. So the teacher can be regarded as the person who holds in stock the best that has been thought over the generations.

Secondly, a teacher is the guardian of the spirit of reason and rationality. Human knowledge may come from different sources—from God, from prophets and charismatic figures, from tradition, from trial and

error and the everyday test of experience, from a commonsense understanding of things around us. These are all worthy sources of what we call knowledge. However, a very powerful additional source of knowledge is reason and rationality.

Reason and rationality are to be found in the revelations of God, of prophets and charismatic leaders, in tradition, and in quotidian (i.e. daily) life. It is not as if spiritual and daily life is outside reason and rationality. Yet, to say that teachers are the guardians of the spirit of reason and rationality is to claim that there is a way to knowledge that depends on the power of the human senses and intellect which is not necessarily indebted to God, to prophets and leaders, to tradition, and to common sense.

Secular philosophies and the natural and human sciences are very powerful branches of human knowledge that are the products of the human senses and intellect. The senses allow us to experience the world and give us data and information about ourselves, other humans and life forms, and the inanimate world. Our intellect is able to use language to give order to the data and information we receive, to make patterns out of the complexity we experience, and to deploy the use of logic to connect various propositions about the world. Sense perception, pattern formation, and the logic are in some respects innate: we are born with these abilities or resources. Having said that, they can be refined. It is our teachers who refine our powers of reason and rationality.

A third defining characteristic of a teacher is his or her deep sense of commitment, a commitment to giving knowledge unstintingly and without reserve. Teachers are not saints; they provide a 'service' and they do demand to be given something in return—a salary or some other form of upkeep (e.g. food, shelter). To that extent, they are like all other service or labour providers in the economy. However, what is central to a teacher is the desire and willingness to give everything they possess professionally.

To put it more plainly: a teacher, unlike a businessman, a politician, or even a research scientist in a laboratory, does not hold anything back. Teachers do not have 'tricks of the trade' or 'secret methods and insights' that they keep away from their students. No teacher knows everything. Teachers may be better or worse in communicating what they know. They may be grumpy, morose, and sarcastic. They may work their students too hard or too lightly. They

they have a strong capacity for altruism and the conscious, dedicated betterment of their young. Teachers are those people in a society who, more than anyone, protect and nurture these three human capacities. To disrespect a teacher is to disparage these three uniquely human characteristics. This is why historically, without always quite knowing why, human beings have given respect to teachers. As a society, we must always bear in mind what it is to be a teacher, what a teacher represents. To be a teacher is to be a guardian of the human spirit.

* * *

Vishnukaant Pitty

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1. Discerning judge in a matter of taste; anagram – ‘One USSR coin’, **11.** Chlorine, **13.** Common South-Indian surname, **14.** Mark Twain, Saki, Tom Cruise, **17.** Enraged, **19.** My name is ____, **20.** Gold, **22.** Reserved residence for women in a household, **24.** Plural: thou, **26.** Gutters border this (hint: think bowling), **27.** Hit senseless, **29.** Military alliance of democratic states in Europe and North America, **30.** Prefix: treat, able, sue, **31.** Discharge (verb), **33.** Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, **35.** Not Applicable, **37.** Used to play cricket, **38.** Long speech, **40.** London-based news agency, **41.** Break away, **42.** That is, **43.** Manifestation of pride, **45.** Accompanies a simile (conjunction), **46.** Valu-

Down:

1. 11 players a side, one red, fist-sized ball, 2. Do not row without this, 3. ____'s Arc, 4. Sydney's famous ____ House, 5. To be, 6. Buddha's very first at Sarnath, 7. Institute legal proceeding, 8. Current of a fast flowing fluid, 9. Two persons – d__, 10. Ribonucleic Acid, 12. Grieve, 15. Christmas, 16. Marketing Research Association, 18. Son of Zeus subjected to a 'tantalizing' punishment in Tartarus, 21. Discomfort, 23. Etc, 25. Languor; anagram – 'ie nun', 28. Deletion, 32. Information Resource Planning, 34. A current of air; anagram – 'drag hut', 36. Greek Goddess of ruin, 37. Spoilt child, 39. Misrepresented, twisted, 44. Heating device, 45. Clue 45 across, 47. Frivolous, 48. Electronics company, 52. Engineering Management, 55. Collective noun – fishes, 58. Not odd, 59. Alarm, 61. Bear's residence, 63. Burn – reduce to charcoal, 64. Object of a parasite, 70. Egyptian goddess, 72. Royal Ordinance.



House Spirit Helps



Point

Arjun Badal

There is a strong sense of camaraderie within a House in the Doon School. This feeling binds the interests of an individual and that of his House as an inextricable whole, and is termed as 'house spirit'. It has been present in the School ever since its inception and is an integral part of what School is now.

Recently, the credibility of 'house spirit' has been in doubt because of various unpleasant events caused by the, so called, 'love for the house'. People have questioned whether it has any use because of the violent events it has triggered many times. Of course, matters such as the results of a competition are trivial, and students should not undergo pain because of it. House spirit has been wrongly accused of causing bad-blood between students. What people fail to realize is that it is not this sense of unity that is doing this, but simply the aggressive nature of the Dosco. It's because the Dosco has developed a competitive temperament and chooses aggressive means to resolve disputes, that problems arise.

Genuine 'house spirit' motivates. 'House spirit' brings about the best in people. It unites them. So, what we need to do is to stop using violence and develop good sportsmen's spirit. There is nothing wrong with feeling for your House, sacrificing for it and giving it your all. We would have to abolish the Houses themselves to abolish 'house spirit'. What is wrong is that 'house spirit' is being used as propaganda. There is no need for physical confrontation after losing matches. This problem has to be sorted out by other methods, as abolishing 'house spirit' would have no effect on it. 'House spirit' is simply used sometimes as an excuse to take out this violent frustration which comes out in many ways apart from 'house spirit'. 'House spirit' is hence of little relevance as far as this issue is concerned. It is excessive competitiveness and aggression that causes problems and these things are not caused by 'house spirit'.

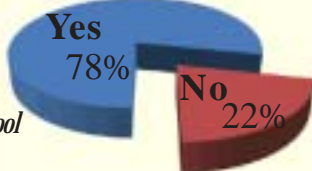
These valuable lessons such as fraternity, brotherhood, sacrifice and camaraderie are vital in our later life and it is important that we learn them here at school. Thus, 'house spirit' is a necessary aspect of The Doon School, and is not to be blamed for any of the problems we are facing.



Opinion Poll

Do Doscos need 'House Spirit'?

(268 members of the School community were polled)



Counterpoint

Sriyash Kishorepuria

After the recent outbreak of events during the Inter-House Soccer Competition, one is compelled to question the credibility of 'house spirit', and wonder if it is of any use. Times have changed, and though The Doon School is still the same institution it was five years ago, over the past few years the mentality and mindset of Doscos has changed. There has been an improvement in the junior-senior relationship in School and many violent practices have been completely abolished.

I have reason to believe that 'house spirit' is a phrase used by seniors to make Doscos push themselves to the limits to emerge victorious in a match or competition. It is often observed that a Dosco suffering from an injury or fever does not go to the hospital just because he has to play a match. This causes further health issues, some of which could lead to permanent damage. It also degrades the level of competition in a game. Only a fool believes that his unwell presence in a match can bring his team glory and fame.

Another unfortunate fallout of the so-called 'house spirit' is the bad blood it produces between Houses, form-mates and good friends. Matches in the past have led to serious fights which have never been resolved. Why should the outcome of a match affect friendships? All this is done only to keep up the integrity of an individual's House, but in the heat of the moment perspective is lost and good sense seldom prevails. The outcome of a match should cause friendships to break. This is what 'house spirit' has caused and will continue to do if it is given more importance than it deserves.

There has been an old tradition of physical retribution after losing a match. Though this practice is dying out, it is not yet dead. It is hard to believe that something as insignificant as a match should be a reason to cause pain and distress to a person. 'House spirit' has glorified every competition and made each event a do-or-die situation. One may say that this raises standards of playing, but it is a fact that 'house spirit' causes distress and kills the beauty of good competition. Every game seems to be played only to win and one does not seem to enjoy the game. Doscos, over the years, have forgotten that they are not professional players and the outcome of a match is not a final judgement of performance.

In conclusion to my argument, I would like to ask: in a world where SAT and ISC scores are made to dominate one's life, should a Dosco waste time on misplaced sentiments? Does it not simply blow matters out of proportion? Can't one play well and effectively without 'house spirit'?

Wooing the Voter

Shaurya Kuthiala writes about what makes Indian politicians tick in the world today

The trouble with this country is that there are too many politicians who believe, with a conviction based on experience, that you can fool all of the people all of the time.

– Franklin P. Adams

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.

– Abraham Lincoln

It seems that Franklin Adams and Abraham Lincoln do not quite agree with each other. In this day and age, when we are indeed free to question the views of any person belonging to the past or the present, I ask, who would one believe? Of course, this is a matter of individual choice, but pondering upon the words of both these men, and putting their words in relation to the current scenario yields a clearer and more definite answer.

Let us take our own country as a case in point. When we look at Indian politics today, we see a variety of political parties, which follow views and policies as diverse as the country they are a part of. Religion, caste, economic status, foreign policy, blackmail, strong-arm tactics and more, are all used by these parties to achieve their goals. No stone is left unturned in this mad race for power. What matters at the end of the day is whether another section of people choose to vote for them. In fact, every time I think about it, the way Benito Mussolini rose to power never ceases to amuse me. His form of politics was to change any of his policies so as to suit his vote-bank. In this way, he tried to keep everyone happy, and succeeded for quite some time.

Well, no one is quite as versatile as Mussolini in Indian politics, but the current trends have shifted to 'vote-bank politics.' This form of politics is aimed more at pleasing the public than actually getting the job done. Punctuality has become a joke within any government. Hardly any projects are ever completed as scheduled. Delays of both the avoidable and the inevitable varieties combine to slow down enterprises. The inefficiency of all governments is also legendary.

And yet, politicians have become the darlings of the media, highly visible and claiming to do all they can for the people, presenting themselves as heroic figures, with only the interests of the people at heart. While I do not deny the fact that there are those politicians who are just champions of the people's cause, I contend that they are dwarfed by those who indulge in falsification and those who project themselves as true leaders when even they know that all they want is power. It has led me to conclude that these politicians

are embarking upon a new form of politics, where it is not the person with the best hand who wins, but the person who *appears* to have the best hand and convinces everybody of it.

This can easily be seen. The BJP is refusing to co-operate with the Congress regarding the pushing forward of reforms which both parties desire. The reason they give for doing so is that the Congress has lost the trust of the people after going ahead with the nuclear deal. They would deny reforms of the systems which are beneficial to the country, merely so as to project themselves as the more righteous of the two! Until recently, the Congress could not shake itself free of the Left while trying to push the above reforms forward. It was concerned more about whether it would remain in power by

doing so. “It is not the person with the best hand who wins, but the person who *appears* to have the best hand and convinces everybody.” This is probably the reason why

Manmohan Singh's stand on the nuclear deal was appreciated so much, because he stood firm, no matter the cost to his government. The Left have always claimed to voice the concerns of the *aam aadmi*, and refuse to even acknowledge the benefits of the nuclear deal, namely, increased electricity and lesser dependence on coal for power. India's growing requirement for power does not ring a bell. The BSP is a world by itself. It has not only practised vote-bank politics from its inception, but has also publicised it. It stresses on reformation of all minority classes through reservations and adapts its policies of whom to reserve seats for. In fact, mostly what I read regarding the party is only about reservations or the setting up of some statues at the cost of some hundred crores to the state.

There has been no shortage of candidates for the post of Prime Minister, with LK Advani, Mayawati and Laloo all expressing their ambitions. The questions that now remain are: can we bring ourselves to look through a magnifying glass at every candidate before voting for him or her? Can we look beyond empty promises and sweet words, and actually bring a stable government to power, which is actually committed to bettering the lives of the people?

It is truly ironic that while the voter, the fabled 'man on the street,' is being wooed as never before, the same 'man on the street' is denied the most basic amenities of clean drinking water, health-care, primary education and sometimes even the street itself. These are things that any government owes to its people.

The Dosco Lexicon – A Second Look

Vishnukaant Pitty defines the key terms of current Dosco lingo



Bulb – noun; A new entry into the school lingo, a *bulb* is used to signify an individual with a rather misplaced sense of humour and fashion. Characterised by flashy, gaudy clothing and an array of altogether non-funny jokes, a *bulb* is definitely not the

most popular indi-

Cog – verb; to cheat from a form-mate during a test – a last resort for DoscOs during particularly nasty exams. If not implemented with caution, one may find one's self in the HM's office, awaiting a YC. noun; a cheater – one who indulges in *cogging*.

Dabao – verb; to gorge food in extraordinary amounts – although an inherent quality in most DoscOs, in the school community one may find variations in the quantity and speeds of performing the aforesaid. NOTE: Action generally accompanied by an increasing waistline.

Dange – noun; a Dosco equivalent of the exclamation – 'awesome'.

Hera – (*archaic*) noun; easily the most disliked by the masters, a *hera* is characterised by an unnerving tendency to flout rules openly, making him a frequent visitor to the HM's office.

Jaleb – verb and noun; Dosco equivalent of 'grin'. Funny *jalebs* are the butt of most jokes amongst DoscOs.

Jam-up – noun; a Dosco prone to frequent slip-ups in anything that he does. The epitome of Murphy's Law ("Whatever has to go wrong will go wrong"), a to do you *jam-up* is probably the last person you would pick to do a favour for you.

Lend – noun; the antithesis of a *hera* (for reference see *Hera*) – a sycophant. The most detested individual in society, a *lend* can be of many types, varying according to the object of their sycophancy – ranging from (the most common) masters, to form mates and even juniors. This word, along with prefixes attached, has given rise to many a nickname amongst

DoscOs. NOTE: Characterised by a perpetual, sickly smile and a generous amount of oil applied on one's hair.

Pakka/pucca – Taking the form of a sarcastic exclamation, this is the most recent entry into the school lingo (Courtesy: Kashmir House, the batch of 2009). Generally used to jokingly dismiss comments, the cathartic "*pakka lee*" can now be heard resounding all over campus.

Rutt – noun; used to describe an excessively studious Dosco – usually spurned by the rest of the less study-oriented members of the student community.

Scopat – noun; essentially having the effective traits of a *lend* (for reference, see *lend*), but with a selfish purpose. As a rule, these individuals are found in the S form, rallying for prefectship in the succeeding year, or in the Sc form – likewise, for School Colours. In some rare cases, may even be found in junior forms.

Sham – noun; a malingerer. One of the many traits of a *hera* (for reference, see *hera*), *shamming* is the easiest way of bunking classes by exploiting the school hospital to the fullest.

Shattered – adjective; the state of disappointment that one is left in, when one *scopes* (for reference, see *scopat*) for anything, and does not manage to get it.

Slime – noun; a Dosco capable of effectively eluding seniors when it comes to favours or raiding of tuck. Not a very popular junior as far as his seniors are concerned; characterised by an ostensibly innocent face and an equally misleading array of excuses.

Sneak – noun; a tattletale – undoubtedly the most disliked Dosco, especially hated by the *heras* of school. Most YCs handed out during the year are credited to them.

Stud – noun; easily the most popular Dosco, both, amongst students as well as masters, skilful in all the spheres of school. A sure nominee for the post of school captain.

Vella – noun; an aimless, ambition-less Dosco. Characterised by no sense of responsibility, *vellas* can be found strolling all over the school campus, finding pointless things to occupy their time.

Whack – noun; a thief – an antisocial kleptomaniac residing within the Dosco society. Generally found hanging around bookracks, others' lockers and toys.

Disowned by Society

*Edelweiss, Edelweiss,
Every morning you greet me.
Small and white, clean and bright,
You look happy to meet me.*

It is not an easy association or one that comes readily to mind.

The small and white, clean and white Edelweiss, and the band of unruly teenagers, the Edelweiss pirates, who were until recently listed as criminals and petty thieves in the German police files. And yet there is something heartrendingly tragic about these unruly teenagers who rebelled against the Nazi regime.

They were not only hated by the Nazis, but disowned by the rest of society because they made everybody else look like cowards.

Evading authority, all the way from the Gestapo down to the Hitler Youth, these youngsters had to be prepared to pay the price for political dissent. One wonders if it was the impulsiveness of youth, or if it was the beginning of a youth culture marked by political resistance to authoritarianism. Whatever it may have been, it sustained and nurtured a movement until its membership swelled to 3000 in Cologne itself and hundreds more in neighbouring cities.

Often shunned and disowned by their families for fear of ruthless Nazi reprisals, and with few friends outside their circle of Edelweiss pirates, they symbolized the refusal to bow down to the pressure to conform to the political expectations of their place and time. Generally between fourteen to eighteen years old, these daredevils also took on people like Wilhelm Heinz Schmitz, the infamous Gestapo chief of Cologne.

But they lived no charmed life. On November 10, 1944, the Gestapo hanged thirteen people in a residential street in Cologne without trial. Six of those killed were teenagers, members of the Edelweiss pirates. An alternative movement to the Hitler youth, they risked arrest and torture and put their lives at stake.

What did they really hope to achieve? And why do the Edelweiss pirates come to mind in these already troubled times when youngsters pick up the gun, or the bomb, with scant regard for human lives that will be lost as a consequence of their actions?

Hanged to death by the Nazi regime, yet immortalized in the memories of their comrades who lived to tell the tale, these are the questions about the pirates that re-

Purnima Dutta writes about a group of teenagers who defied Nazi Germany

fused to go away. Perhaps their favourite campfire song *Es War in Shanghai (It was in Shanghai)* symbolizes their romantic view of the world, typical of the dreamers' desire for foreign countries, fellowship and independence. Although it was not a political song, the Nazis did not sing it because it was not consistent with their ideology.

The very fact that the pirates had cultivated their own ideology was meaningful enough to spur them to action and strong enough to support them in withstanding the cruelty it entailed. Perhaps it was because of their youth that the atrocities of the Nazi regime were so clear and the choice to oppose it so absolute. As Julich, one of the survivors, put it, "They were not only hated by the Nazis, but disowned by the rest of society because they made everybody else look like cowards."

Their decision was one of resistance, and consequently, was not without hardship, but it was also one of liberty, for, as one of their songs contends "*Our song is freedom, love and life, / we're the Pirates of the Edelweiss*".



Memorial for Cologne victims

The Song of the Edelweiss Pirates

*Hitler's power may lay us low,
And keep us locked in chains,
But we will smash the chains one day,
We'll be free again.*

*We've got the fists and we can fight,
We've got the knives and we'll get them out.
We want freedom, don't we boys?
We're the fighting Navajos!*

Every song they sang was banned by the government. They went around shouting and spray-painting slogans like 'Down with Hitler' on railway station walls. These songs are rebellious, just like their actions. They are bent on doing anything they have to for their freedom. The popular phrase was that "While the allies fought the Nazis in the air, the Pirates fought the Hitler Youth on the ground."

To Govern or not to Govern

Revant Nayar reviews the idea of anarchism

The earliest known governing bodies are probably the tribal governments that were present five thousand years ago. Since then, many forms of government have been established and have been predominant during different eras in history. Many philosophers and thinkers have speculated on how the political system should be, and have proposed an array of such political systems. These encompass their own ideologies, their own prescribed relationships between the governors and those governed, and their own prescribed concentrations of power. Monarchy, communism and democracy are the well-known variations that have been prevalent for quite some time now.

In the mid-nineteenth century, however, another political ideology emerged, which questioned the very need to have a government or an authority at all. The propagators of this mode of philosophy, called anarchists, still exist and still oppose the existence of the state, along with that of any form of authority. The term 'anarchist' earlier had negative connotations, but by the dawn of the twentieth century, these people began to be respected as philosophers with their own line of thinking. *That government is best which governs least.* This statement by Thomas Paine incorporates the very essence of anarchism. This age-old doctrine may seem absurd and baseless. If this were the case, however, 'anarchism' would have been no different from 'anarchy', which is a word used to describe a state of chaos and disorder. Also, the term 'anarchism' does not imply the absence of law but the absence of authority, wage labour and capitalism. The 21st century anarchist, Cindy Milstein, declares anarchism to be a *political tradition that has consistently grappled with the tension between the individual and society.*

Different anarchists have proposed a variety of other systems which could compensate for the absence of the government. The various forms of anarchism are extremely diverse and varied, and anarchism, in itself, is not very well-defined. In fact, anarchist proposals vary from those of complete individualism to complete collectivism. William Godwin was one anarchist who vouched for the elimination of any sort of social and political structure. He believed that every person must be acknowledged and accepted as an individual, and should mould his own fate, irrespective of the deeds of other people. Some anarchists, on the other hand,

propose that property should be jointly and commonly owned and that everyone should live in communes, in which everyone is supposed to live and work in absolute equality and harmony. Also, some anarchists support the distribution of property according to need.

The basis of all the anarchist arguments, however, is that the human intuition will suffice to keep people and society in order. They believe that in the absence of ruling authority, human beings will organize themselves into a functional society, and will flourish in the freedom that will prevail. They further proclaim that our actions and behaviour will instinctively be in concordance with the code of morality and ethics which so many religions propagate and which are, in reality, hardly adhered to. This state of economic and political self-rule may sound like a very unreal and impractical prospect for now, but it may not be as flawed and unfeasible as we may think it to be. Over the ages, it has done away with the negative attitude that it bore with respect to race and gender, and the ideology counters the oppression and exploitation, which at times accompanies the establishment of authority. Even today, there are anarchists who live in their own communes, where they work in equality and harmony and condemn the state. This system will probably go on, but it is the attitude of the current non-anarchists which will determine whether anarchism will rise and be established as a system in the future.

The WHO?

Who is George Orwell?

Osama Bin Laden's best friend – Sumer Sandhu

He invented the telescope – Siddhant Gupta

He is George Washington's brother – Amit Gupta

He supplied Guy Fawkes with bombs – Ishan Khanna

He started the Dandi March – Shawn Krishna Kapoor

He was the "Crocodile Hunter" – Banda Mann Singh

He invented farming – Karan Chhabra

He is a famous doctor – Jaiveer Jakhar

He is an athlete – Dinesh Reddy

He was an English writer, famous for the novels *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

The Person that You Are

Abhaas Shah describes his futile efforts to change himself

For several years of my adolescent life, I have tried my best to live by and adhere to a motto, some kind of mental chant which, by virtue of constant repetition and instilling into my conscious self, would help me in whatever I sought to achieve, help me become a better person and live a fuller life. This motto was capricious, both in the sense that I could never really implement it when it was most required and that I was never confident of the motto itself and kept changing it. They ranged from naïve, worldly ones like 'Look Smart' to more practical ones such as 'Be Confident' to far more deep-rooted and questionable ones such as 'No Fear'.

As obvious as it may seem, these mottos were recalled and remotely abided by only in retrospect, when the day's events were over, and I was ruminating on my wasted day, or in worse times, my purposeless life and existence as a whole. In moments of prayer and devotion, they sprang up religiously, even guided my actions for the succeeding moments, but sank back despondently, drowning in the waves of time. As I observed over a period of time, I noticed that whatever be my motto, my actions in those few inspired moments were always of a similar nature, and I eventually concluded that the words did not matter, that the motto derived its purpose and meaning not from what it ostensibly said, but from the raw emotion of inspiration and the will to get better. The motto, the chanting, all it succeeded in doing was to inspire me in an artificial manner. This led me, or forced me, rather, to do what I thought should ideally be done at the moment, to say the 'right' things and carry myself in the 'right' manner. This effort to become the ideal person could never last long.

I could not help but notice that these moments of retrospect, of chanting and of being inspired, occurred during times of disengagement, when one was not living in the present but trying to look for the missing piece in one's life, a life in which one was currently disinterested. I realized that when I was interested, when I was engaged in my present, when I was passionate and free, and most importantly, when I was myself without being conscious of it, everything felt fine, there was no missing piece. The flaw, the gap and social consciousness arises only when I went around looking for it.

The conscious effort to change yourself, I realise, in order to improve, can only give rise to a slow and gradual loss of character, an unbearable and irredeemable loss of that distinct flavour which says boldly to all who will listen that you bear a relevant identity. It is a loss of that self which creates, in the eyes of others, that differentiation between you and any other human being. It is futile to try to be someone you are not.

On a Tightrope

Rachit Khaitan on human attitude in the face of life's uncertainty

Can a person determine the time and means of his end? Apparently and unfortunately, Death doesn't display itself on neon boards. Death does not send any messages: *When beggars die, there are no comets seen.* To presage how and when a person will cease to exist is beyond the capability of us mere mortals. All we can do is anticipate, because the bitter reality is that a person's existence on earth hangs by a tenuous thread. Life has no guarantee.

Ideally, a person is conceived inside his mother's womb, takes birth, is exposed to the vicissitudes of the world, grows senile and finally becomes devoid of existence. The world as we know it, fortunately or unfortunately, is not an idealistic place.

Death can manifest itself at any place, at any time and to any person. A man's circumstances, one may believe, are inseparably tied to his *karma*. But what of all the innocent civilians who are slaughtered in earthquakes or terrorist attacks? Is it 'divine design' that all the victims of a calamity were responsible for the consequences they met with due to their actions in life?

If a person's life can be brought to an end so arbitrarily, isn't it ironical that so much is invested in terms of 'blood, toil, sweat and tears' into making it successful. I work with all the diligence I can muster to fulfil my ambition. Only, my journey can be terminated at any instant, courtesy: a reckless driver, a furious mob, the gas cylinders in my house blowing up or even an accidental gunshot. What of all my years of effort?

On the flipside, I might just go on to die, peaceful and satisfied, at a ripe old age after having led a full life. The anticipation of this probability is what incites me to pursue my goal relentlessly.

Isn't the spirit of mankind worth lauding if, even after being cognizant of the clutches of the capricious monster, Death, the will to live on does not die? Aren't the efforts of every person worth appreciating because they are put in knowing full well that life is balancing on a perpetual tight-rope?

Of Glass and 'Show-sha'

Priyanka Bhattacharya exposes today's fish bowl existence

Take a walk down any modern neighbourhood in your city, preferably a market area. You can instantly separate new stores and shops from the older ones by a simple litmus test: the new ones will invariably have huge, transparent glass panels and doors right across their shop facades. You can see right into the store from outside, and if you are like me, you might simply decide that you dare not even venture into a particular store because everything on display is wildly out side the range of your slim purse, even though it may be wildly *inside* the range of your obese dreams!

I can spend hours outside these shiny, glitzy stores, simply people watching: page three mammas towing fashionably-dressed toddlers around, young couples not able to delink their hands even if *she* must buy soap and *he* must buy socks, hurried and harassed looking papa *js* impatiently drumming upon the counter while the pretty shop girl churns out their interminably long bills, aunties with giant vanity bags poring over the labels of age-control creams....ah! I could go on. The modern times have re-defined the pleasures of window shopping for spectators like me. Fifty years ago, I can imagine my earlier avatars simply staring at the commodities on display, given the fact that only the shop windows would be blessed with glass panels. The world inside the store would be firmly shut out to the voyeur by the simple device of using brick! Not so today. Not only are commodities on display now, the *buyers* are on display too. To the casual (or interested) observer, the whole thing is like a silent movie. Everyone inside the store is buying bits of nirvana and everyone outside is tempted to do the same! Who needs billboards? Give us more stores with glass fronts! We'll dash in at the first opportunity, and help ourselves, thank you! The old-fashioned art of persuasion which went by the name of advertising just turned wicked in the modern times, aided of course by industrially mass-produced glass: suddenly temptation is everyone's favourite sin.

What goes for large departmental stores and other showrooms selling mere commodities like shoes, or perhaps mobile phones, unfortunately also goes for a lot of modern restaurants/eateries/ice-cream parlours/cafes these days. I wonder why in a land like ours where the notion of a meal, whether square, round or trapezoid is the stuff of dreams for many, the lucky ones get to eat out in full public view, while the unlucky ones get to stare in through the large, spotless glass panels? Don't you feel there is something obscene about the whole scene? My younger cousins like 'chilling out' in these places—they say you can sip your coffee/eat your pizza in air-conditioned comfort within and watch

the world float by through the spotless glass panes. Full-time entertainment, it is, apparently. I have slightly differing ideas on this one. I once had the chilling experience of going through a peach melba sundae at *Flury's* in Kolkata while a little urchin stared at me with his nose pressed against the glass panel outside. I had a window seat, and apparently, so had he, though from the wrong side. The live saxophone turned screechy in my ears, the divine desert began to taste like chalk in my mouth, and the sparkling conversation began to fade, at least from my end. This was supposed to be a romantic getaway for me and my then-boyfriend-now-husband (I think he chose *Flury's* because it was all pink!!), and you can well imagine the disaster it turned out to be. Both of us hurriedly crammed the ice-cream down our throats, and rushed out with the intention of buying biscuits for our young spectator, but by the time we had settled the bill and emerged into the real world outside, the child had vanished. I swore I would never eat in a see-through place again. That was easier said than done. Glass had not yet come into our lives in such a big way back then, you see.

I have had to eat my words, and my ice-cream, and that too in endless see-through fish bowl eateries since that fateful day. That is because they continue to build impossibly swish, well-lit, swanky, glass-fronted eateries/indulgeries where sometimes, each item on the bill-of-fare is a king's ransom, good enough to feed for a long while the hungry balloon seller peering inside, a bit like the Match Girl of the fairy-tale fame. The poor may feel free to watch and drool while we choose a morsel from the three bowls of side-dishes jostling one another on the table. "We're on this swish diet, no carbs and all, excuse me, could you doggie bag this, yes please, we'll hand it to that poor thing begging outside, that one, with the baby clinging to her skeletal frame..."

Do you too feel that we have become insensitive to the point of no-return? What is it with our times that we love fish-bowl existences? The flip side of the coin is that we might have become such inveterate voyeurs ourselves. What with the explosion of information and the insatiable media that take us on pilgrimages right into the washrooms of our public figures, we don't mind if others watch our insignificant selves either. As a friend of mine put it eloquently the other day, "Stop freaking out on these small-small things, *jaar*: Eat your pizza, shut out the world. What's life without a bit of *show-sha*?" I scratched my head for a while. Maybe she was right. Or was she?



Rocking On

Voices

*We are
Creatures of the past, live in the present,
And hope for the future.
We are
The colours of the rain, never existed,
And never heard the name.
We are
The embers of the flame, still smouldering,
And all that remains.
We are
The voices of the wind,
You never heard us, so try to take wing.
We are
The children of this earth,
An empty tenancy, so hope for the morrow,
Try if you can understand
To see the way things do stand.
To know that it's never over,
Even though it is.
Speak the language of the soul,
From one to another.
The sands too have a memory
Dream of a better place,
Dream of the great escape
Back to where you came from.
Learn from the same mistake,
Teach me acceptance.*

Heading Home

*Who are we running from?
No one knows, so carry on.
How are we heading home?
Tell me, where was home again?
Tell me if you'll hold on,
Atleast for a moment.
Could you drift with me
In the currents of our memory?
Who defines what you are?
What makes us special?
Who made us what we are?
Tell me you'll hold on,
Atleast for a moment.
Could you drift with me
In the currents of our memory?
We seek for the mother,
Significant other.
Why can't we care
Without hurting each other?
Dream with me,
Till we remember who we are.*

*The Doon School Weekly presents to you
songs from a music album recorded by two
Doscors.*

***Sriyash Kishorepuria** discusses the experi-
ence of recording his music album.*

During the summer holidays, K.P. Somaiah and I recorded five songs, which we call *These Times*. The songs are not heavily instrumented, but have only a piano providing the basic instrumental accompaniment. The album puts forth our views on life at Doon and is a representation of those things that are close to us. We question being part of the multitude and remaining unheard. Moving on, but not knowing where to go...

The Doon School Cricket Tour of English Public Schools – Summer 2008

Gursharan Singh recounts the matches played by the School Cricket Team in England this year



Against Charterhouse – June 10

We opened the tour against Charterhouse School on a grand, sunny afternoon, following a shower in the early morning. Keshav was unfit and Chetan Kaul led the side.

The School batted first. Kaul and Sikroria were all at sea against some accurate and nippy fast-medium bowling. Kaul insisted on hanging his bat at everything outside off-stump. The scoring rate floundered. Finally, Kaul played over one that he wanted to hit through midwicket when the straight drive was more appropriate. Only Rajdeep stayed to play effectively. Charterhouse had an outstanding leg-spinner against whom our leaden-footed batsmen, short on confidence, were completely stranded. Rajdeep was the best batsman on display but was run out. We languished at 30 for 2 in 11 overs.

Surprisingly, Charterhouse's left-arm spinner, Evans, dished out a regular diet of full-tosses and long-hops which helped Sikroria get out of a long hibernation at the crease. To his credit, he put away most of the bad balls and restored the scoring rate somewhat. After some lusty hitting, he was run out for a rollicking 79, helped by the most astonishingly ragged bowling spell, where the bowler gifted nine runs an over to the opposition.

Shantanu Garg, Bishnoi and Shukla did their bit and even Mehul hit a six off the last ball to get us to 175 for 9 in the allotted 35 overs.

To our consternation and chagrin, the Charterhouse openers dug in and recorded a stand of 142 in good time. Evans, the untidy spinner, came out to open the innings and posted 110 before change bowler, Kaul, had him caught. In his role as captain, Chetan was all at

sea and poor field placement was at least partially responsible for our plight. Unquestionably, our opponents batted superbly, displaying a judicious mixture of orthodoxy and modern day improvisations, to win the match by eight wickets and hand us a demoralising defeat in our very first match.

The Doon School: 175 for 9; S. Sikroria – 79, R. Deo Bhanj – 19, S. Garg – 17.

Bray – 2 for 7, Hamilton – 1 for 12, D'Souza – 1 for 25.

Charterhouse: 176 for 2 in 30 overs; C. Evans – 110, E. Hornby – 54.

Against Wellington College – June 12

Heavy showers greeted our arrival at Wellington. Miraculously, the ground staff had the ground ready for a late afternoon start.

Wellington batted first. Bishnoi struck a purple patch, bowling Bobbyer and Camody for ducks with devastating swing and cut. Thereafter, Wellington consolidated and while Tushar struck immediately on introduction, removing Leith for 14, A. Baskett and S. Sruts took the score to 87 to 4, from where they slumped to 92 for 7, yet thanks to some big hitting by M. Baskett, they streaked across to finish at 153 all out in 34.3 overs.

Har Naresh and Sikroria opened for the School and soon perished to Camody. Kaul got stuck in and supported a brilliant Rajdeep who firmly dominated the Wellington bowling, driving and cutting with perfection and aplomb. Kaul applied himself and played the sheet-anchor before being caught off Baskett. At 65 for 3, we seemed to be in the driver's seat.

Bishnoi got in and ran himself out. Rajdeep was caught flicking to leg. We slumped to 87 for 5 and never recovered. Keshav Prasad tried manfully but the others perished through pressure well-applied by our hosts. We fell 18 runs short at the end of a match that was ours for the taking.

Wellington: 169 all out – M. Baskett - 44, S. Sruts - 33, A. Baskett - 25

T. Gupta 3 for 19, A. Bishnoi 3 for 24, A. Shukla 2 for 9, C. Kaul 2 for 26.

The Doon School: 137 all out – R. Deo Bhanj – 47, C. Kaul – 28, K. Prasad – 12.

Camody 3 for 22, M. Baskett 2 for 19.

Against Oratory School – June 13

School batted first and put up a dismal show against probably the best bowling attack we faced in England.

Har Naresh got in and hung around but it was a virtual procession to and from the pavilion. There were three run-outs: Bishnoi, Keshav and, finally, Har Naresh. There was a bit of a flurry from Garg and Itihaas towards the end but we were out of our depth and only managed 111 in 36.3 overs.

Oratory School had an easy task, and it was heartening to see our bowlers fight it out to the last, backed by eager and enthusiastic fielders. Of course, it is a joy and a piece of cake to field in the beautifully manicured grounds in England. Both Mehrotra and Bishnoi pinned the batsmen down, Mehul having Arnold caught by Kaul. Aazam was on the spot. Shukla struggled but made life difficult, while Kaul tried manfully to pitch his spinners. Only McGreer dominated the bowling to get 58 runs and ensure victory for the team by 5 wickets.

The Doon School: 111 – S. Garg – 17, I. Singh – 16 McGreer 2 for 27, Whitaker 2 for 14, Perryman 3 for 20.

Oratory School: 112 for 5 - McGreer 58 not out Mehul 1 for 17, A. Jauhal 3 for 27, Kaul 1 for 23.

Against St. Edward's – June 15

St. Edward's batted first and put up a sound, professional performance, netting 186 for 6 in the allotted 35 overs. Smith, Hargreaves and Keren-Direen were outstanding, hitting the ball many a mile. Rohan Gupta opened with Mehul and they had a wicket each early on. Then the floodgates opened and we chased leather all afternoon. Shukla, Kaul, Jauhal and Tushar had a wicket each but were all fairly expensive.

Our reply began with Har Naresh and Itihaas donning pads and gloves. Itihaas was caught behind off a beautiful ball while Har Naresh was caught at gully. We promoted Keshav and he stemmed the rot, and for a while, with Rajdeep, it seemed possible that we would not be disgraced. In the end, the house of cards came tumbling down, and only Aazam, with 21 off 34 offered any challenge to the rampaging St. Edward's fielders and bowlers. The School was all out for 103, losing by 83 runs. We were totally outplayed by what had been our strongest opposition to date.

St. Edward's: 186 for 6 – Smith – 53, Keren-Direen – 47, Hargreaves – 41

A. Jauhal 3 for 31

The Doon School: 103 all out: A. Jauhal – 21, R. Deo Bhanj – 16, K. Prasad – 15 Webster 3 for 14, Johnson 3 for 30.

Against Stowe – June 17

We had the confidence of beating them in 2005 when they visited India. To our surprise, the strip the groundsman selected for the match was a distinct brown and showed numerous cracks which were susceptible of cracking up. I did not hesitate to pick Archit Kumar who had been practising de-

votedly in the nets for just such an opportunity.

Stowe batted first and got off to a hurricane start and it seemed we were doomed to another defeat. The tide turned soon enough. The captain Hirst smote Shukla contemptuously, and the bowler latched on. Scholfield skied one of Shukla's and Har Naresh failed to drop it. Archit came on and with Shukla in tandem, stemmed the early momentum and brought the Stowe innings to a virtual standstill as they sank from 72 for 1 in 14 overs to 165 for 7 in 40 overs.

Archit bowled with determination and an acrobatic catch by Kaul and one each by Har Naresh and Garg netted him 3 wickets for 25, while Shukla pitched in with 2 for 23.

We opened with Har Naresh and Rajdeep and needed at least one of them to play a flier and put us on the rails for a possible victory charge. Rajdeep obliged by playing a gem. Just as we thought we had the match, he holed out to square leg. Keshav, coming in at one down, had steadied the ship after Har Naresh was lbw. Keshav departed soon but we were well served by Sikroria and Kaul who took the score to 117 for 3 in 27 overs before another wicket fell. At 144 for 5, we were well-placed but soon sank to 155 for 8, still 11 runs away. Aazam, with two scintillating square drives, and Archit, with a similar stroke of delicious timing, took us past the post of victory, just when all seemed lost and we were floundering with little margin for error.

One victory was a great tonic and the team walked the wonderful grounds of Stowe amidst lakes and pavilions with peace in their hearts.

Stowe: 165 for 7 in 40 overs - Hirst - 55, Scholfield - 36, Hood - 18.

A. Kumar 3 for 25, A. Shukla 2 for 23, A. Jauhal 1 for 26.

The Doon School: 168 for 8 – R. Deo Bhanj – 34, S. Sikroria – 23, C. Kaul – 23, K. Prasad – 19, A. Bishnoi – 13, A. Kumar – 11, A. Jauhal – 10.



The School Cricketers: Profiles

Gursharan Singh analyses the players in the School Cricket Team

Shashvat Sikroria: RH batsman – A wristy player, with the capacity to hit powerfully through the off-side. He displayed poor footwork and general fitness throughout the season. This drawback meant he was rarely in the correct position to address the moving and spinning ball. He got a few big knocks for the school team and has the knack of putting away bad balls. Against good bowling, he usually came a cropper and failed to provide reliability to the School batting in a manner befitting a specialist batsman.

Chetan Kaul: RH batsman: RH off-spinner – Has a highly-developed immune system against coaching advice and inputs that prevent him from correcting fundamental flaws in his batting technique. Consequently, he made little improvement and blundered through the batting season with little or no method in his innate finesse. His complete failure to organise himself mentally for his role as a senior batsman is a cause for worry and disappointment. On the other hand, he was a good deputy to Keshav Prasad on the UK tour, took a miraculous catch and was generally positive at all times, besides turning over his arm when needed.

Aruj Shukla: LH fingerspin; RH batsman – A veteran of the School team, Aruj came back from the ICSE exams and student exchange term to bolster the School bowling.

He took some time to get in to his stride, but struck form in the middle of the tour, settling in to an admirable line and length and often made the ball talk. His spell against Stowe was a match-winning one and that against Millfield was state-of-the-art, or nearly so, for a bowler at his level.

Uddhav Prasad: RH batsman; RH bowler – Uddhav showed early promise but for some reason has not grown as I expected. His bowling is innocuous and undisciplined. On the batting crease, he lacks flair and confidence. Of course, opportunities have been limited for him.

To his great credit, he never let that discourage him and continued to work keenly towards the team's welfare in every manner. On the UK tour, he was our mainstay on the field and eagerly awaited any possible opportunities to make a difference.

Keshav Prasad (Captain): RH batsman; RH medium-pacer – In pure cricketing terms, Keshav was a huge disappointment. His only moment of glory came in Bedford, when he hit 22 runs in an over and gave hope to a lost cause. On the whole, his defence remained brittle and stroke-making, tentative. His bowling fell off sharply in the beginning of the season and was abandoned.

To his credit, he applied himself to the demands of captaining a cricket side, technically and strategically. By the end of it, he had developed a fairly good idea of the captain's role.

Rajdeep Deo Bhanj (WK): RH batsman – Rajdeep is blessed with considerable talent. As a batsman, he sees the ball early and has a wide array of stroking possibilities at his command. Sadly however, his technique remains disorganized, flawed and hampers his undeniable fluency and class. On the UK tour, he did his duty behind the stumps and did a good job, with little prior experience in this demanding position. He played at least three exquisite innings on tour, including one that set us on the road to a desperately-needed victory!

Itihaas Singh: RH batsman – Itihaas is a talented batsman with a sound technique and good strokes. He is hampered at the senior level by lack of physical strength and fitness. He is a particularly slow mover and must strengthen his legs and develop a correct sprinting technique to actualise his potential as a major school batsman.

Ayushya Bishnoi: RH batsman; RH medium-pacer – He bowled his inswingers with control and economy, while losing, considerably, his ability to swing the ball in to the batsman in the air. He compensated admirably and adjusted the angle of his stock delivery and on most occasions, contained the batsman. He was, of course, not very penetrative, and failed to dislodge too many batsmen.

As a batsman, his potential remains unfulfilled, despite the shots and technique. He remains a very poor judge of a run and did considerable damage to himself and the team by a series of consecutive run-outs, of which he was the chief architect.

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Shantanu Garg: RH batsman; RH bowler – His bowling was always laboured and batsmen-friendly. His batting, on the other hand, could be explosive, and he had some big-hitting knocks to his credit.

On the UK tour, however, he failed to put it together. Seaming wickets, lack of experience, patience and the weight of expectation proved too much for him, and sadly, he disappointed with his form and output.

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Mehul Mehrotra: RH batsman; RH bowler – Tall and somewhat rangy, he seemed a natural for the opening bowler's role. He had a chequered career, but was the most improved player in the team by the end of the season.

In the UK, he was sharp, and in most cases, commanded the respect of the top-order batsmen. He was handicapped by his lack of fitness, which told on his consistency by about the fourth over of his spell. He was also particularly ineffective with the old ball and denied the team that option!

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Mehtab Chima: RH batsman; RH bowler – Mehtab has all the makings of a fine all-rounder: hand-eye co-ordination, strength, a good eye and, most importantly, presence. Inexplicably, he failed to make appreciable impact on the season. He lacks speed, agility and crucially, determination.

As a bowler, he has all the requisites, but sprayed the ball around all too often. On the batting crease, he was shaky, did not read the length well and played across the line too often.

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Aazam Jauhal: RH batsman; RH bowler – Outstanding talent, he shouldered the burden of being the team's only genuine all-rounder in his first season.

He performed consistently throughout. On the UK tour, his batting seemed to fall off but he regained his touch in the nick of time to contribute to the victory against Stowe! An excellent fielder with a safe pair of hands.

.....

Archit Kumar: RH batsman; RH leg-spinner – A precocious talent, he has failed, over the years, to do himself justice. Complacency and the lack of appreciation of the sovereign value of discipline and humility in the pursuit of excellence has stemmed his growth. His batting prowess remains in the nascent stages and his leg-breaks, potentially a great weapon, languish in the doldrums for want of polish and refinement. On the UK tour, he had one good match, where, by supreme effort, determination and focus, he conjured a match-winning performance with both bat and ball.

Har Naresh Singh: RH batsman – He failed to capitalise on the morale-boosting season-opening century achieved with remarkable fluency in the Inter-House competition. Thereafter, he struggled to find a big score in School matches. Impetuousness and lack of sufficient experience in ball-selection was at the root of his failures with the bat. He is phenomenally slow in his footwork on the crease, down the wicket and in the field. Providentially, he held two crucial and challenging skiers to contribute to a well-earned victory in the UK tour against Stowe. As a batsman, his performance was patchy, with only the odd knock of any substance coming from his willow.

Aashray Patel (WK): RH batsman – Has some semblance of technique in the batting department and needs to develop in this area. As a wicket-keeper, he has failed to develop along acceptable lines. In the main, he lacks the speed and reflexes required to maintain the keeping role, despite sincere efforts and ample opportunity.

Rohan Gupta: RH batsman; RH bowler – A technically correct and temperamentally sound cricketer. Too young to make a powerful impact at this stage. He played a few significant knocks during the season.

On the UK tour, he was out of sorts and when drafted, managed to play a few back to the wall, 'holding the fort' kind of knocks! Has to mature physically and develop strength in general and speed in particular.

Tushar Gupta: RH bowler; RH batsman – A remarkable first season for someone so young with the School First XI. He cemented his place early with some fiery speed and refreshing accuracy.

On the UK tour, he bowled first change and was almost an automatic selection choice, delivering the goods on most occasions. He is sincere and dedicated and is a real prospect if he keeps his head.

Dinesh Reddy: RH batsman; WK – As a batsman, he is a powerful striker of the ball and played a good cameo against St. Edward's School. He must supplement this by becoming a thinking player, organizing his defence and becoming physically fit.

As a wicket-keeper, he is sluggish behind the stumps, and is severely hampered by the amount of weight he carries around his midriff and hip region. However, he remains a decent cricketing prospect for the school.

More Than Just Songs

Events

1930

1930: The Rastafarian Movement

1939: World War II Begins

1940

1940: Birmingham Blitz begins

1943: Birmingham Blitz ends

1945: World War II Ends

1950

1959: The Vietnam War Begins

1960

1963: Joan Baez led 300,000 in singing *We Shall Overcome* at the Lincoln Memorial

1964: Civil Rights Act of 1964

1965: Voting Rights Act of 1965

1968: Civil Rights Act of 1968

1969: Lennon's Bed-in

There is always more to a lyric than what meets the eye. Music will inevitably be influenced by the culture it is embedded in: both predominant and recessive. It is an expression of the public memory of its respective period. Now, we must consider how a song becomes an anthem. Firstly, it has to advocate a radical view of a strong cause. It should question the status quo. This cause can be anything, a political dissent or a war protest. Then, an anthem must be a very strong representation of the public memory in order to reach out to an entire community, faction or society, and, thus, spawn a revolution. It is a potential war cry. It has the capacity to rally the masses and stir them into radical action for the cause which

they are propagating. Furthermore, an anthem can withstand the test of time. An anthemic song will never be forgotten. Also, interestingly, it may just be resurrected. Take, for example, the song *Blowing in the Wind*, which originally stood for the American Civil Rights movement, then, became a protest against the Vietnam War and, finally, was 'resurrected' during the Iraq war.

An entire genre of music, reggae, emerged from the Rastafarian Movement. There was friction between the Rastas and Christians. Both religions believed in the same divine messiah, naming them differently. However, the Rastas considered Jah, their own deity, to be the 'purer' and 'unadulterated' form of Christ, hurting Christian sentiments. Bob Marley's most notable *Get Up, Stand Up* was a song about the clash between Catholic Christians and the Rastafarians. He calls upon Rastas all around the world to stop letting themselves be abused. This song became an anthem against discrimination all over the world.

While Nazism prevailed in Germany, there was a revival of the German folk song *Die Gedanken Sind Frei* (translated: *The Thoughts are Free*). The phrase was coined as early as the 12th century; after which, the lyrics kept changing. While Nazi dictatorship was prevalent, this song spread the message of freedom of thought, a freedom that cannot be killed by execution, bound by incarceration or subdued by Nazi dictators.

In the American Civil Rights movement, there were many musical uprisings. For starters, there was the anthemic *We Shall Overcome* (the phrase was derived from the lyrics to a 1901 hymn or gospel music composition by Rev. Charles Tindley of Philadelphia). The song was so popular, that it was translated into Hindi. Also, the song showcases the people's courage in the face of all odds, to be able to march in a strength of 300,000, singing *We Shall Overcome* at the Lincoln Memorial during Martin Luther King's March on Washington, led by Joan Baez. The song *Blowing in the Wind* was also a Civil Rights anthem, as I had mentioned earlier. It had posed the question "*How many roads must a man walk down / Before you call him a man?*"

In 1970, John Lennon sang *Working Class Hero*, the Green Day cover of which was a Grammy nominee this year. It was an explicit attack on the mentality of the working class. It directly criticises their conformity. The lyrics said that people were subjugated right from birth, bred in captivity and fear and then, while living in the illusion of being free, they were "*kept doped with sex and TV*" and were nothing more than peasants, conformists, more worthless sheep in the herd. John Lennon proclaims himself to be the 'working class hero', although he was brought up in an upper-middle class family. He says that if you want to be a hero, you should follow him and break away from the working class. Another song by Lennon worth mentioning is *Instant Karma*, which says that your karma will catch up with you instantly. You will reap immediately after you sow.



Music

1930

1945: *We Shall Overcome*

1945: *Old Man Atom* by Vern Partlow

1950

1963: *Blowing in the Wind* by Bob Dylan

1965: *The Wailing Wailers Album* by Bob Marley and the Wailers

1969: *Give Peace a Chance* by John Lennon

Events

1970
1973: The idea of Ntopia is conceived

1975: The Vietnam War Ends

1980

1989: Fall of the Berlin Wall

1990
1990: Reunification of Germany concludes

1991: The Cold War Ends

2000

2003: Darfur War begins

2003: Iraq War begins

The Vietnam War began in 1955. When this happened, a popular slogan was “If you love your Uncle Sam / Bring ‘em home from Vietnam”. The protest against the war was unimaginable. At this point, many songs were sung about the Vietnam War. Most notably, we have Lennon, who was one of the most active activists against the war, singing *Give Peace a Chance* in 1960. This song was recorded in a hotel-room, in Lennon's and Ono's 'Bed-in for Peace' (a form of sexual *satyagraha*) at Montreal. They stayed in bed for two weeks, gaining media attention and spreading the message 'Give Peace a Chance' (the phrase came spontaneously during an interview). This song first begins by mentioning the various *isms* that society functions on, then moves on to talk about other forms of propaganda, religions, incarceration, revolutions, etc., then mentions United Nations mediations and activists such as Martin Luther King Jr, many poets, Yoko Ono and even himself. It says that that we should forget about all of these peace-keeping measures and give peace itself a chance. This message was further elucidated in the song *Imagine* which came on October 11, 1971. The song was a sugar-coated communist manifesto (as Lennon was a leftist). The concept of *Ntopia* was born based on this song in the year 1973. *Ntopia* was a conceptual land where there were no governments, laws, religions, possessions, boundaries and countries. There were only people, sharing the entire world. This was communism in disguise, but it was a popular movement in the '70s. U2 had adopted the *Ntopian* flag (which was, incidentally, plain white) as a part of the public performance of their third album, *War*. Besides Lennon, we have many songs like *The Unknown Soldier* by The Doors which questioned the war itself.

An interesting aspect of the Vietnam War was that a majority of the soldiers fighting on the American front in Vietnam were African-Americans. This was during the rampant discrimination back home. So, the Civil Rights movement was entangled with the war protests. This was probably why *Blowin' in the Wind* was a popular anthem here as well, though it doesn't have any direct anti-war messages.

Moving on, in 1979, we have the ever-so-popular protest numbers *Another Brick in the Wall* parts 1, 2 and 3. The song directly protests against rigid schooling and boarding schools on the whole. The song questioned education and how everyone was made another 'brick in the wall', another mindless conformist. The first part shows the forming of a mental barrier, 'the wall', between the protagonist and the rest of society. The second part shows a dream that the whole school protests against the system. In the third, everything is dismissed to be 'another brick in the wall'.

In the 1990s, The Scorpions came out with their *Winds of Change*. This was mainly about the liberalization of the Communist Bloc. Incidentally, a speech by a former British Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan, was entitled 'Winds of Change' and was regarding independence of African colonies. He said “The wind of change is blowing through this continent. Whether we like it or not, this growth of national consciousness is a political fact.” However, this song has nothing to do with the 'Winds of Change' speech. This song was the anthem of the reunification of Berlin and it brought amongst the people hope of unity, peace and change.

Let us come back to the present. In light of the militancy in Darfur, Amnesty International compiled an album to aid their campaign to ease the Darfur crisis called *Instant Karma: The Amnesty International Campaign to Save Darfur*. The album comprised covers of John Lennon songs by various artistes, two of which were Grammy nominees this year (one, I have mentioned earlier. The second: *Instant Karma* by U2). So, we can see that anthems are, indeed, resurrected.

Music, throughout history, has been used to signify revolt. There is always something that questions the status quo, and so there is always rebellious music. The concept of 'protest songs' banks entirely on the fact that a song can become the icon of a movement, an icon that moves masses: an anthem.

Music

1970
1970: *Working Class Hero and Instant Karma* by John Lennon

1971: *Imagine and Happy Xmas* by John Lennon

1973: *Get Up, Stand Up* by Bob Marley

1979: *The Wall* by Pink Floyd

1983: *War* album by U2

1990
1990: *Winds of Change* by The Scorpions

2000
2004: *American Idiot* by Green Day

2007: *Instant Karma: The Amnesty International Campaign to Save Darfur* album with covers of John Lennon songs

| 1st Position |

Revant Nayar paints the different hues of lies and discusses the moral grounds of telling a 'noble' lie.

It is something incorporated in almost every sentence we speak. It is something as essential for survival as speech itself. It is an act that is performed for reasons that are varied and innumerable. If one may observe modern culture, one will notice that 'lying' has become increasingly involuntary and accepted as a way of life. Men have justified a certain amount of the lies they tell by classifying them as 'white' lies. The question before us, however, is that are these lies actually justified? Let us first consider the very ubiquitous and common things we lie for. We get late for classes- "Sir, I had to urgently go to the toilet", "Ma'am I fell down on the way". We here try to protect or shield ourselves from the punishment we may face. Our intentions are purely to save ourselves without causing any inconvenience to others. We may also deny having cheated in an examination. Here too, our motives are to save ourselves, our parents and our houses from a lot of grief, agony, censure and dishonour. All the scriptures tell us to 'help ever, hurt never'. Yet when we lie in order to fulfil this very task, we are called unethical and immoral.

Then one may also lie about one's inner feelings, the emotions or sentiments within him. "I am fine", "I'm not scared", one may say when one actually is. One may lie about not having any illness at all in order to play a crucial cricket match for his house. Thus, one may have very noble intentions behind lying. Even parents and elders tend to 'lie' to their children just in order to aid them. Perhaps they may want to protect the child from emotional grief or prevent him from committing a mischievous act. Even these eventually benefit the child, and thus such lies cannot be considered unethical at all, but only preventive or consolatory. Then we may look at lying from an extremely literal perspective. It can be defined as 'saying something which does not hold true in real life'. In this case, everyone on this planet lies out of ignorance. The only lies which tend to present themselves as unethical at all are those which are spoken knowing the truth and knowing it could put someone into trouble. Here, the magnitude of the consequences of these lies may be said to determine how immoral they actually are.

Then there is 'lying' of the usual, careless kind. This is usually done in good spirit and may be intended to surprise or startle someone or for producing irony or humour. Your Physics teacher, while calling out the marks, tells you, "You have got twenty-seven out of eighty in your paper," whereas you may actually have got seventy-two. This may create a fleeting sensation of dread which may soon be replaced by immense joy and relief. This, despite coming technically under the category of lying, is performed with a safe conscience.

Then the art of lying is also displayed and performed on a 'macro-level.' Government agencies, politicians, secret agents etc, need to lie in order to survive. It is well

known that lawyers earn their daily bread and butter through the art of lying. One may clearly notice that it is a lawyer's skilfulness at lying which determines his success as a lawyer. Now, let us look at lying from a very broad angle. It is not necessary to lie verbally. Consider, for instance, a frog lying on the floor and pretending to be dead as a snake approaches. It is here silently communicating to the snake that it is dead, which is a complete lie. Many such insects, birds and animals too practice 'mimicry'. They make themselves out to be creatures that they actually are not. This helps them in deceiving their predators or prey, proving those wrong, who believe that it is only human beings that lie. Even predatory plants deceive insects. Many edible flowers and fruits evolve themselves to resemble those which are lethal or poisonous. This is nature's treachery or 'lying'; intentionally announcing untrue aspects about themselves.

Many modern movies depict the subtle ways in which we lie. *Liar! Liar!* is one such humorous film which emphasizes the very fact that in the modern world, one cannot exist without speaking a lie many times a day. Let us now revert to the human form of lying. One may lie by claiming for oneself the various traits and accomplishments that he actually does not possess, hence projecting himself as superior and heroic. Then, certain mythological characters such as Yudhishtira are portrayed to be completely truthful. However, that is clearly not possible, which implies that the writers of these stories themselves are liars. Going according to the original definition of lying, even newspapers and other reports that claim to be descriptions of real-life events do lie more often than not. Newspapers are well-known for twisting and distorting facts, their intention being to make their magazine more popular and consequently gaining more wealth. This essay can be endless, really, considering the amount of things we lie about.



doonspeak

Lying is...

Manipulating the truth – **Aadityaa Guptaa**

A way of life – **Rachit Malik**

The only truth – **Jai Veer Jakhar**

The basis on which the world has been founded – **Varun Rai**

A life skill – **Shaurya Kuthiala**

Fun: your nose doesn't actually grow! – **Anindya Vasudev**

A bare necessity – **Rachit Khaitan**

The commonest sin – **Hanumant Singh**

A capitalist virtue – **Arvind Sharma**

An art – **Salil Gupta**

Our Bench

|| *Vivek Santayana reminisces over a
lost love*



I always knew I'd like this place. Good friends used to live down the street. The beach was a lot less crowded, a whole lot cleaner and not to mention, exponentially safer, back then. People had a sense of belonging. We knew each other without knowing each other's names. Sometimes, the memory brings more happiness than the moment itself. Nostalgia adds to its flavour. I sat on my once-familiar bench, wallowing in my past. I recall what the beach once looked like. The overlap of the past and the present gave me more reasons to keep looking. All that remained unchanged were the horizon and the bench I sat on. Everything else had changed beyond recognition.

There used to be an ice-cream parlour across the road. The parlour has since made way for a chic, little café now, which, I am sure, is doing well because of the name it bears: *Barista*. I'll miss the old counter and the older man behind it. I treat myself to a *Barista Blast* occasionally. This isn't deceitful, I am merely embracing change. No point trying to live the past at the price of the future. But, still, no amount of whipped cream can make memories like the old ice-cream parlour. That was a place to bond in. Most

of all, that place was *ours*. And, above all, I can never forget her.

She talked to me a whole lot. It's not that we were excessively talkative or anything, it's just that we got along surprisingly well. We still don't remember how we first met. She is why I sit on this bench. She lived near where I did. This was *our* bench, on *our* beach. We always sat together. The most fulfilling thing I had done was just sit on this bench and talk away till late in the evening. We were always calm when jokes were thrown around by friends who didn't know better. Rumours were dismissed with a laugh. I still have our 'special' photograph, the one in which I was feeding her ice-cream. I rarely celebrated my birthday. She, on the other hand, would ritualistically stuff me with a mouthful of cake and then wipe her hands on my clothes, as if I was wearing the world's largest sheet of tissue-paper. She was an artist, something which I can never hope to be.

The breeze smelled sweeter back then. The walks along the shore, with the most beautiful sunsets, have now become hollow. I have felt this emptiness for years now. But, I'm not here out of habit. I remember the time when I was moving away: we stayed up till four in the morning. She cried till three. All I could do was cry with her. Her locked door was ineffective in keeping the insults out. She cried on my shoulder and blew her nose on my shirt.

No one knows about all that. No one cares about any of it. No one knows how it felt to gather the courage to hold her hand, and no one knows how it felt to actually do that either. No one knows how it felt to look into her eyes. I left for Bangalore, and she stayed behind on our beach for another year. During the two weeks that followed, we talked to each other on the phone for an hour every day. Though the frequency of the phone calls died down eventually, they were just as long and we missed each other just as much.

The evening takes on a familiar shade, but I am oblivious to it. I get up and walk towards the bus-stand. Nostalgia no longer holds me back. And though the waves are perfect in form, I walk faster and faster. I am a coward, I guess. First, I gave in to the fear of something no one ever understood. I did not tell her what a difference she made. Now, I'm running away from where it all happened. I know I'll be back again, I always am. I'm in pursuit of something I can't understand. Deep within, I guess that it wasn't her, but a part of me, that died one cold December morning last year.

The many faces of The Founder's Day DoonSchoolWeekly



In 1999, for the first time, *The Doon School Weekly* went colour on Founder's Day. The idea of a cover page was pioneered in 2002. We have had cover pages for every Founder's Day Issue since.



The Doon School Weekly



Providing
a literary platform
since 1936



In this, the 2200th issue of the *Weekly*, we thought that it would be a good idea to give you a glimpse of the recent past. We have come far since 1936 and the first *Weekly*.
Read on!



Founder's Day Issue – 2008

1968: A Diary of Separation

Set against the backdrop of the Prague Spring, Saurav Sethia's short story explores love and the pain of separation

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Alfred Lord Tennyson, *In Memoriam*: 27, 1850

I will never forget the spring of 1968. Its memories, like dry bloodstains on a white cloth, will haunt me forever. It was the year Mirek died. My heart too. It was the year when the skies were overflowing with Czech stars. Of them, Mirek was one. I gaze intently to find him up there: the brightest star. How can one erase the memories of love, the smell of bitter almonds?



He would come home in the evening and talk about important things. Things I could never understand: of freedom and liberalization. He was a starry-eyed messiah, a prophet of change. I was overawed by him. I remember the first time we made love to each other, like inexperienced virgins. We were, both of us, in an equal music. Maybe it would have been best for us to have left Czechoslovakia for France.

August 21, 1968. The Russian troops of the Warsaw Pact stormed our city walls. Mirek came to see me that evening. He sat by the fireplace, silent. He looked worried, so I took his hand and squeezed it in mine. "What is it?" I asked. For a moment, he did not reply. "They've taken Dubcek," the words came out after a prolonged silence, "and it's only a matter of time now before everything is ruined." Even as we sat close to the hearth's heat, I felt mysteriously cold. That evening, he kissed me on my forehead and, as he was leaving, said to me, "I just want to let you know that I love you very much."

The agony of separation is unbearable. With each passing day, I grow more anxious to see Mirek.

August 25. Eight protestors, they say, were arrested in the old Town Square. Was anyone killed? What would happen to the detainees? Was Mirek one of them? There was no news of him anywhere. I didn't know his family or his friends. I just knew him and he was all I wanted to know. Mirek was a staunch sup-



porter of the reforms and stridently against the invasion. Each day, I expected to find his dead body at my doorstep. I could not leave my home because it was very unsafe.

January 19, 1969. Jan Palach set himself on fire in Wenceslas Square rallying for free speech. Spring time in Prague was over; the cherry blossoms had shed their petals and liberty had fled underground to hide its face. Almost five months have passed since I last saw Mirek or heard from him or of him. He is not dead, I would tell myself, and he will come back to me. How lonely I had been all these months. In truth, I forced myself to survive in the hope that Mirek would come back one day, in the hope that he would take me in his arms, and in the hope that we would go to a place far away together where no one would find us. I wonder how I lived before I met Mirek. After I met him, no moment passed when I did not think of him. Was this the curse of love?

January 20. All is lost. Mirek is dead. In the flames of Palach's pyre, bullets had singed the air and one had found him. And there lay the dying embers of my hapless love. How cruel it was, the hand that had targeted him, for it did not think of my love. And I wonder now as I wondered then: why did I ever fall in love?

People no longer ask me about the defeated expression on my face. This is Paris, the city of love. The sun is setting and the sky is a mixture of russet and green. I am waiting for dusk to pass and night to fall. I am waiting to look again into Mirek's eyes. I am waiting to look again for his star in the skies.

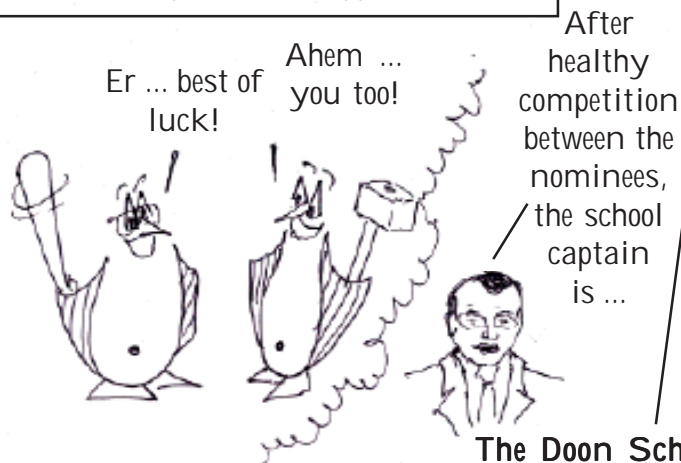
Placements – Batch of 2008

Ankit Durga	B.B.S.	Sukhdev College Of Business Studies, DU
Aryaman Sengar	B.F.I.A.	Sukhdev College Of Business Studies, DU
Mehul Goyal	B.F.I.A.	Sukhdev College Of Business Studies, DU
Tanveer Singh	B.B.S.	Sukhdev College Of Business Studies, DU
Chinmay Sharma	B.A.(H) ENGLISH	St Stephen's, DU
Gaurav Sood	B.A.(H) ECONOMICS	St Stephen's, DU
Naman Goel	B.A.(H) MATHS	St Stephen's, DU
Shikhar Singh	B.A. (H) HISTORY	St Stephen's, DU
Skand Goel	B.A. (H) ECONOMICS	St Stephen's, DU
Vivaan Shah	B.A.	St Stephen's, DU
Nikunj Nagalia	B.COM (H)	Sri Ram College Of Commerce, DU
Vidit Narain	B.COM (H)	Sri Ram College Of Commerce, DU
Arpit Panjwani	B.COM HONS	Sri Ram College Of Commerce, DU
Pranay Kapoor	B.COM (H)	Hansraj College, DU
Rohit Khandelwal	B.A.(H) MATHS	Hansraj College, DU
Dilsher Khanna	B.COM (H)	Hansraj College, DU
Eeshaan Tiwary	B.A.(H) HISTORY	Ramjas College, DU
Madhav Chandna	B.A.(H) ENGLISH	Ramjas College, DU
Dhruv Gupta	B.A.(H) MATHS	Sri Venkateswara College, DU
Swapnil Dhar	ENGINEERING	Delhi College Of Engineering
Eeshaan Puri	ENGINEERING	BITS, Pilani
Ashwin Bhaskar	ENGINEERING	R.V. College Of Engineering, Bangalore
Shivam Saluja	ENGINEERING	Manipal University, Manipal
Tushar Raturi	ENGINEERING	SRM Univ, Chennai
Surya Deo	ENGINEERING	Kolhapur Engg College
Prannay Shah	B.M.S.	LLR College Of Comm & Eco, Mumbai
Deeptanshu Thakur	B.A. ECONOMICS	Jai Hind College, Mumbai
Sachin Uppal	B.M.S.	St. Xavier's, Mumbai
Rituraj Raizada	B.M.S.	Narsee Monjee, Mumbai
Anirudh Singh	B.COM (H)	H.R. College Of Comm & Eco, Mumbai
Udai Singh	LAW	Symbiosis Law College, Pune
Pranav Matta	COMMERCIAL AVIATION	Commercial Aviation, Bangalore
Samaay Mangalagiri	BIO-TECHNOLOGY	PESIT, Bangalore
Kaustabh Verma	LAW	National Law School, Bhopal
Arashdeep Singh	B.B.A.	DAV College, Chandigarh
Pulkit Sharma	B.A.(H)	IHM, Taj Aurangabad
Anant Johri	M.B.B.S.	Kasturba Medical College, Manipal
Rohan Mehra	M.B.B.S.	Guru Ram Rai Medical College, Dehradun
Aditya Dhirani	ECONOMICS	Claremont Mc Kenna College
Akrit Singh Soin	B.B.A.	Southern Methodist University, Dallas
Anirudh Kapur	B.B.A.	University Of Southern California
Ashish Mitter	ECONOMICS & POL. SCIENCE	Yale University
Chitwanjot Singh	B.B.A.	Boston University
Angad Singh	ENGINEERING	University Of California – Los Angeles
Ramakrishna Pappu	B.B.A.	Stern School Of Business, NYU
Sharad Gopal	ENGINEERING	Georgia Institute Of Technology
Shashank Mittal	ART	School Of Visual Arts, New York
Suhaas Khullar	ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING	Purdue University
Yadavalli Aditya	ENGINEERING	Ohio State University
Dilshad Sidhu	B.B.A.	Babson College
Harsh Mall	B.S. COMM & RHETORICAL STUDIES	Syracuse University
Shrivats Chandra	B.B.A.	Singapore Management University
Rohan Gupta	B.B.A.	Singapore Management University
Anant Jangwal	B.B.A.	University Of Toronto
Keshav Kapur	B.B.A.	Mc Gill University
Jagabir Ningthoujam	GEOSCIENCES & FILMSTUDIES	Brock University
Seif Khan	B.COMM	University Of Wollongong In Dubai

2008: A Sneak Peek

Vishnukaant Pitty

Scoping season of last year came to an end with the prefectorial appointments -



Yet another batch of ScL's pass out ...

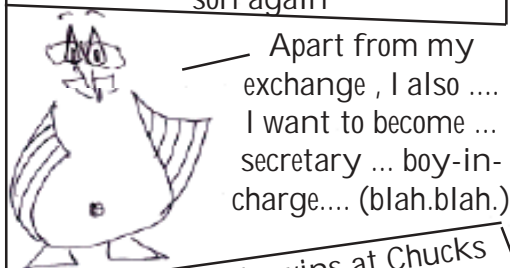
Time for a change of attire !

And of course ... the board exams ...



The Doon School Weekly: We covered it all !!

And after a full circle, scoping season again

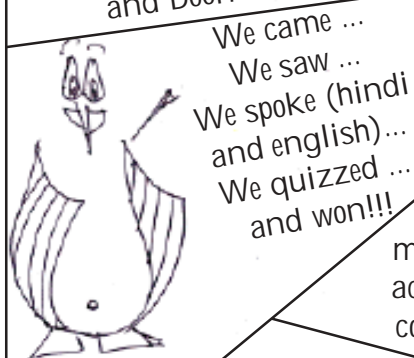


Student Exchanges for S form ...

I had a good exchange ... played frisbee ... lots of fun !



Who can forget the wins at Chucks and Doon School Quiz



DSMUN on a large scale

Velle... mercurial actions of countries



PT Competition: Jaipur House 'lifts' the Gong

A year of healthy competitions ...



... this year, due to bad sportsmanship, we have had to cancel the House Cups ...

Girls!!!

Resolutions!!

Shut up! Girls on campus!



Dedication towards DSMUN



The Reader

*Sreemoyee Bannerjee celebrates the
symbiotic relationship between a writer
and a reader*

“Hypocrite lecteur,—mon semblable,—mon frère”

—*You know him, reader,—hypocrite,—my twin!*

—Baudelaire, *Les Fleurs du Mal*

Being a reader is not as innocent a pastime as you might imagine. The reader is a solitary entity—an introvert. To an objective observer he might as well be a hypocrite. Under the veneer of outward impassiveness he is a participant in ferocious wars of emotions, a witness to passions and an accomplice in conspiracies. His comfortable posture in the armchair might fool you with its apparent inertia. You have no clue what heights he climbs to and to what depths he plumbs, curled up as he is in his nondescript armchair.

Time passes. The pages turn. Those two words *The End* approach, with their menacing finality. These two heartless words never fail to remind the reader that he is, at best, a guest. The portals are always open and he can pay as many visits as he wishes to. But there is no provision for a permanent stay. The book deserts the reader with the turn of the last page. The author shows him his place in case he had started assuming too much.

But there are some books which are a little more considerate. They acknowledge the reader's presence from time to time. He feels the ephemeral thrill of the author communing directly with him. Such a sense of exclusivity might even fill him with pride, with a sense of power and superiority. Every time I read Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* I experience this subtle sense of power. The author conveys a sense of being obliged to narrate all that the reader might expect. So predictably enough, I didn't like Brontë's tone at the opening of *Shirley*. She is presumptuous, arrogant and condescending in asking the reader, “Do you anticipate sentiment, and poetry and reverie? Do you expect passion, and stimulus and melodrama?”

Of course, I expected none of that and I felt quite legitimately annoyed. Brontë presupposes the reader's taste a little too much and her generalizations are a trifle too general. However, she is more affable towards the end when she says, “Yes, reader, we must settle accounts now...and then you and I must shake hands and for the present separate.” This serves as a balm to my injured pride. So, together, the author and I, take one last look at the characters and have our little laugh now and then. Such a thing dispels my solitude as a reader. The promise of a future meeting tones down the ruthlessness of those two words at the end. It also takes care of my dignity. I am made to feel like a welcome guest and by no means a voyeur or a gatecrasher.

But one wonders if certain authors write for readers at all. “The author would be glad if the following pages were not read as a novel”, said Virginia Woolf in her manuscript of *The Waves*. Is this a warning? Is this a polite admonition to all those who read with the predictable desire of living vicariously and experiencing vicarious emotions? Dear Reader, do not expect camaraderie here.

You are in the austere presence of an artistic endeavour. Here your aesthetic expectations play such an insignificant role as to make you feel slightly apologetic about them. *The Waves* has always made me feel humble.

Some authors cannot be trusted. Dear Reader, they seem to say, do you take things very seriously? Well, try doing that with what you are reading now. Thomas Mann's novella *The Transposed Heads* begins with a sanctimonious word of caution to the reader that he must have great control over his nerves in order to endure the monstrosities described. But throughout the story it is just impossible to take anything seriously, let alone be shocked. From an irritable, querulous Goddess Kali to a lustful ascetic called Kamadamana, the solemn is transformed into the farcical and the atrocious into the grotesque. If the reader still insists on being earnest, then he deserves to be taken for a ride.

How would it be if the reader were a character? Italo Calvino in his *If On A Winter's Night A Traveller* confers this honour upon the reader. The protagonist in the novel is 'you' and the reader is almost entirely subsumed into the narrative. However, I have always had a personal problem. Calvino's reader is quite obviously a man. So as a woman reader I continue to feel left out, or maybe in this case, shut out. But this idea interests me considerably. In a well-known German children's novel *The Neverending Story*, the author Michael Ende depicts a child reader who later becomes a character in the book he reads and this book is none other than *The Neverending Story* itself!

The children in Edith Nesbit's books such as *The Treasure Seekers*, *The Wouldbegods*, *The Phoenix in the Carpet*, *The Enchanted Castle*, *Wet Magic* and so on are usually avid readers. They thus wish to live out the lives of various characters in the books. This, most of the time, lands them in trouble. Nesbit is always on the reader's side and her books deal to a great extent with reading and readership.

Are all authors readers? To what extent does an author reveal his reader persona in his works? The Argentinean author Jorge Luis Borges is an eternal reader. That is his predominant persona in his short stories. These stories are hence peopled with authors and scholars, both fictive and real, whom Borges is supposed to have read. Borges' quintessential reader, I think, figures in his short story *The Book of Sand*. This reader is also a victim—a victim of a book which has no beginning and no end. This monstrous book threatens to reduce him to a misanthrope haunted by the fear of being robbed of his book of infinity. However all passionate readers share a kinship with misanthropes. Curled up in the armchair the reader does shun humanity for a span of time and in this span of time he would not like to be disturbed.

And an author who is a reader after all? The best answer is given by Borges himself in the poem *To whoever is reading me*. The reader, to Borges, is an abstract, eternal entity, whose Protean multiplicity unsettles him. His eternity indirectly emphasizes the author's own mortality. As if to deny this truth the poem ends with the belligerent reminder to an individual reader: "Know that in some sense you are already dead." But this cannot negate the truth which the poet himself has had to acknowledge at the very outset about the reader: "You are invulnerable."

| 1st Position |

Saurav Sethia examines the ego with reference to Russell's sinner, narcissist and megalomaniac and connects it with individualism and Nietzsche's noumenal world

If I asked Sigmund Freud about the relevance of the ego, he would've promptly (perhaps pedantically) replied, "The ego is the balancing quotient of the id and the super ego." The studies of Sigmund Freud formed the basis of psychoanalysis and Freud concluded that a highly developed ego is essential to the identity of a human being.

In *The Conquest of Happiness*, Bertrand Russell talks about three kinds of people: the sinner, the narcissist and the megalomaniac. His analysis extends quite beautifully to the study of egos. In a sense it is a description of the temper of their egos.

In talking about the sinner, we do not simply mean those who sin. The sinner is a person who is constantly involved in his sin, as a result of which he continually debases himself in his own eyes. He is accruing his own disfavour (which, if he is a devout Christian, he interprets as the disfavour of god). It is also important to note that the sinner is a person of a deeply religious background: who is taught to reflect on his actions and repent his sins. If I was conscious of all my sins, I would probably have been on the verge of suicide. And if most people did think so little of themselves, then Blake's words, *A mark in every face I meet/Marks of weakness, marks of woe*, would've gained a whole new meaning. This person, who is absorbed in his own sins, believes in what he was taught in his infancy: lying is a sin, thieving is a sin, and above all, sex is a sin. This person views himself in the light of such a misconception that he is incapable, by the end of it, of attaching any kind of virtue with his persona. This is then the outcome, the dreg of a diminished ego (having little or no sense of self-esteem).

The narcissist, on the other hand, is absorbed in his own admiration. This is a phenomenon prevalent in the psyche of high society women, who believe that all men should be awed by their beauty. They are perpetually seeking their own approval and are, for the most part, incapable of falling in love with anyone else. When one has such an exalted image of oneself, he/she finds no purpose in gaining someone else's affection or giving theirs to someone else. An essential component of happiness is then taken away from them – love – and all because of an inflated sense of one's own ego.

Topic:

The Relevance of the Ego

So far as the megalomaniac is concerned, it makes sense to me to fuse the concepts of Nietzsche with those of Russell. The megalomaniac is on a quest to broaden his horizon of control. Nietzsche would call this 'free will' under his study, egoism. Alexander, Napoleon and Julius Caesar were all megalomaniacs in that they thought their egos could have no perceptible limits. However, there comes a time when every immovable force discovers that it can be moved. The irrational extension of their egos had to meet a restriction, a metaphorical dead end: it was only fitting in the natural scheme of things. St. Helena was the outcome of Napoleon's ego, Caesar's assassination was the result of his and Alexander met his nemesis in a common ailment. The spectre of peril is never divorced from grandeur. To have a false sense of one's ego can be perilous.

"One's self-song I sing,
A simple separate person;
Yet utter the word democratic,
The word en-masse."

– W. Whitman, *One's Self-Song I Sing*

Ayn Rand would most certainly have agreed with Whitman on this point. Yet, even as she defends the indefensible I cannot dismiss that "no man is an island entire of itself; each is a part of the main." An ego is correlated with individualism. The John Bull or the Uncle Sam stereotype is inescapable if the ego factor is missing.

Collectivism holds that man be chained to collective thought and collective action for the sake of what is known as the common good. However, it is the ego that brings the individual element. Though I am not an advocate of absolute individualism, I am just trying to make the point that without the ego, we will all be like "dumb, driven cattle."

Then in the end, it would make sense to say that an ego is associated (according to Nietzsche) with the noumenal world, a perfect world. In a day and age when we are altogether imperfect, the rule of the ego is a concept that cannot find immediate application.

Topic:

The Relevance of the Ego

If there were any single motive or purpose that could be ascribed to the entire spirit of mankind it would be the satiation of one's ego. The terseness of the word can give a clear picture of its simplistic meaning but belies the gigantic proportion that the ego can attain. Despite being the most primary component of a human's mental faculties, the ego stands in one of those fatal quagmires of social jurisdiction, where every man attempts not to reveal his ego to the pit, for once that happens, the man sinks with his ego.

So how important is this ego for the individual? The most basic function of the ego is to provide the individual some kind of relevance, some standing in the face of society and one's self. If the bones provide the physical structure to the human being, then the ego gives shape to the mental or spiritual structure. The ego, however, is also a form of realization of one's self -- it makes us understand our mind, it encapsulates our attitude and desires and shows that as an individual, we are distinct and unique, that we are a productive force for the people around us -- it helps us realize that we matter and also tells us why and how we matter! In essence, the ego provides, for us, our individual existence.

Let us go into the finer aspects of the 'ego' for which we will have to embrace the entire notion of 'I'. I, as an individual, possess several personal notions and perspectives in my mind -- I define my sense of ethics, my sense of justice, my notion of how and what to say and do in all kinds of situations, and, most importantly, my notion of how I should interact with society and how society should ideally respond. Therefore, ego provides that definitive connection between me and the world around me, and it is when these parameters or boundaries are breached, that I go on to say, "That hurt my ego!"

It can be concluded, therefore, that in its pure or unblemished state, ego is quite a necessary and important component of every man. So when is it not? Or, rather, how does it lose that purity? The ego can be compared to a greedy servant. It is useful, even essential, but as soon as it gets what it wants, it wants more. The satiation of its wants may or may not increase its productivity (though it definitely makes your

| 2nd Position |

*In his essay, **Abhaas Shah** correlates the ego with a person's identity, while simultaneously showcasing how prone it is to corruption if left unrestrained*

wallet lighter), but defining the point after which its wants are unrequited is difficult. Our ego, like the servant, may even get whimsical, but unlike the servant, the ego possesses that innate ability to blind the individual and make him oblivious to his flaws. In these situations, when one is ignorantly blinded, we encounter our average social dilemma, with our ego dominating our action rather than us being in control of our own ego, and it is in these moments that we come across that oft-repeated social reprimand, "Why are you letting your ego come in the way?"

This way, this social way, in which ego commonly acts as a hindrance in the path of social cooperation, where individuals, in order to reap the benefits of a community, choose to forsake any exaggerated form of their ego and engage in a mutual compromise. The inability to do this forms, of course, the entire basis and cause of every-day quarrels, fights, or when pushed to the extreme, riots or even wars. The ego could probably be held responsible for all the greatest mistakes ever committed by men, mistakes ranging from Hitler's genocide to the bombings at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The ego is something which must be constantly kept under scrutiny and which should not be allowed its absolute liberty, for the absolute is something which the ego fails to comprehend, or manages to contort to its own corrupt interests. The ego is crucial, sure, but pamper it and it can become a monster, a drug which gives you fake notions about yourself and commands your every action. Watch it closely and restrain it sensibly and it will make you feel like a complete human being, unique, distinct and individualistic.



doonspeak

Ego to you is...

The definition of humankind. – **Piyush Upadhyay**

The manifestation of man's spirit. – **Samarth Jaiswal**

A distinction of man from mankind. – **Milind Pundit**

A character in *Ratatouille*. – **Saksham Sharda**

A destructive force. – **Revant Nayar**

Man's virtue. – **Shashank Peshawaria**

The dark side of self-respect. – **Rushil Singh**

दो बिम्ब

सनत कुमार ठाकुर

प्रातःकाल की एक कहानी,
सूर्योदय की सुनो जुबानी।
पक्षी गाते, मनुष्य जागते,
ये मंज़र देख गगन मुस्काते।
गाँव में किसान खेत पर जाते,
शहर में अफसर हॉर्न बजाते।
धुँआ-धक्काड़, भागम-भाग
नभ में जैसे लगी हो आग।
संध्या होती, सूरज ढल जाता,
फूलों का यौवन मुझाता।
होती शांत ललचल सारी,
धरती घूँघट में छिपे बिचारी।

साक्षात्कार

विशेष संवाददाता

हाल ही में मशहूर आध्यात्मिक गुरु टिक् नात् हान ने अहिंसा ट्रस्ट और दून स्कूल द्वारा प्रायोजित कार्यशाला आयोजित की। इस कार्यशाला में देश भर से आए हुए कई सौ अध्यापकों ने भाग लिया। यह कार्यशाला 26 से 29 सितम्बर के बीच दून स्कूल में आयोजित की गयी थी। श्री टिक् नात् हान साथ उनके पंथ के कई अन्य भिक्षुक और भिक्षुणियाँ भी आई हुई थीं। हमारे स्कूल के छात्रों ने उनके साथ लम्बी बातचीत की। छात्रों ने कुछ ऐसे सवाल पूछे जो हमेशा लोगों के मन में अध्यात्म और ध्यान के प्रति अक्सर उठते हैं। सम्माननीय अतिथियों ने उन प्रश्नों के उत्तर बेहद इमानदारी और बिना लाग लपेट इस प्रकार दिए -

प्रश्न - आज के जगत में ध्यान और आत्म-जागरूकता का क्या महत्व है?

उत्तर - हमारा मानना है कि अगर कोई व्यक्ति आज के जीवन में शांति चाहता है तो ध्यान केंद्रित करना और आत्म-जागरूकता अत्यावश्यक है। आज के जीवन में लोग हमेशा लक्ष्य को पाने की होड़ में लगे रहते हैं और मार्ग को तबज़्रो नहीं देते। इसी कारण हम आजीवन असंतुष्ट रहते हैं। अपने आप को जानना जीवन की सबसे

आनंदमयी कला है। अगर आप अपने आप को नहीं जान सके तो आपको कभी खुशी नहीं मिल सकती।

प्रश्न - क्या आप सब लोगों के लिये ध्यान लगाना अनिवार्य है?

उत्तर - हम लोगों को ध्यान लगाना बहुत अच्छा लगता है। हम अपनी स्वेच्छा से ध्यान लगाते हैं। ध्यान लगाने से हमें खुशी और स्वायत्तता का आभास होता है। लेकिन ऐसा करना हमारे लिये अनिवार्य नहीं।

प्रश्न - हमें अपनी दिनचर्या के बारे में बताइये।

उत्तर - हम सब सुबह पाँच बजे उठकर ध्यान लगाते हैं। फिर नित्यकार्य निपटाकर नाश्ता करते हैं। नाश्ते तक हमें बोलना नहीं होता। नाश्ते के बाद हम अपने विहार का कार्य करते हैं। उसके बाद थोड़ी देर चलते हुए ध्यान करते हैं। ऐसा करने से हमें अपूर्व शांति का अहसास होता है क्योंकि हम जीवन के हर पल को जी सकते हैं। फिर हम दोपहर का भोजन करते हैं जिस समय हमें बोलने की इजाज़त नहीं होती है। इसके बाद हम लोग खेलते और पढ़ते हैं। फिर शाम को चाय पीते हैं और अध्ययन करते हैं। रात को हम भोजन कर एक दूसरे से बातचीत करते लेकिन लेकिन साढ़े नौ बजे रात के बाद हमें बोलने की इजाज़त नहीं होती। फिर हम सोने जाते हैं।

प्रश्न - आप लोग हमेशा शांत रहते हैं, क्या आप को कभी क्रोध नहीं आता, कभी इर्ष्या नहीं होती...?

उत्तर - ऐसा नहीं है। गुस्सा हमें भी आता है, पर हमारे गुरु हमें सिखाते हैं कि यदि गुस्सा आये तो अपनी सांस को महसूस करने की कोशिश करो और चलते हुए ध्यान लगाओ। ऐसा करना आसान तो नहीं, पर कोशिश करते रहने से धीरे धीरे हम ऐसा कर पाते हैं। हममें से कई इसी क्रोध पर काबू पाने के लिये पंथ में आते हैं।

प्रश्न - आप लोग अपने परिवार को छोड़कर इतनी दूर आ जाते हैं तो क्या आपकी परिवार के पास जाने की इच्छा नहीं होती?

उत्तर - हमारे परिवार वाले अक्सर हमसे मिलने आते हैं। लेकिन हमारा इतना बड़ा परिवार है कि परिवार की कमी महसूस ही नहीं होती। यदि कोई भाई या बहन झगड़े भी तो कोई और भाई या बहन हमें खुश करने की हर सम्भव कोशिश करता है। लेकिन हमारे परिवार के लिये इतना आसान नहीं होता क्योंकि उनकी सारी उम्मीद हम पर टिकी होती है लेकिन हमारे इस निर्णय को समझने पर वे भी हमारा पूरा साथ देते हैं।

मुन्नी

हिमांशु टोडी

मैं स्वाभाव से ही एक पशु प्रेमी हूँ। मेरे घर में किसी न किसी समय पर कम से कम दो से तीन कुत्तों, चिड़ियों, बिल्ली आदि ने वास किया है। खासकर कुत्तों के लिये तो मेरे मन में एक खास लगाव है। ऐसी ही एक कुतिया मेरे पास आयी जिसका नाम मैंने प्यार से रखा - मुन्नी।

मुन्नी वैसे तो जर्मन शीफर्ड प्रजाति की थी, पर वो गुस्सा और भयावहता उसमें बिल्कुल न थी जो आमतौर पर इन कुत्तों में हुआ करती है। प्रेम और शांति की भावना उसमें अन्दर तक समायी हुई थी। जैसे जैसे वो बड़ी होती गयी यह शांति एक गुरुता में बदल गयी। अनजान आदमी से मेरी या परिवार वालों की सुरक्षा के लिये वह मरने मारने पर उतारू हो जाती थी।

मैं और मेरे दोस्तों के लिये मुन्नी एक कुत्ता नहीं मानौ हममें से ही एक थी। हमारे पड़ोसी भी मुन्नी को बहुत प्यार करते थे। हम सब उसके साथ खूब खेलते। क्रिकेट में भी वो गज़ब की खिलाड़ी थी। गेंद चाहे कहीं जाये मुन्नी पलक झपकते ले आती। छलांगे भी ऐसी लगाती की उड़ती सी दीखती।

जानवरों से भी उसका व्यवहार अत्याधिक प्रेमपूर्ण और शांत था। मेरे दोस्त की बिल्ली के साथ भी वो बड़े प्यार से खेलती। दोनों की अद्भुत मित्रता देख सब चकित रह जाते। मेरे दूसरे श्वान रोली से भी मुन्नी की गहरी दोस्ती थी। जब मुन्नी लगभग सात साल की थी तो उसने चार पिल्लों को जन्म दिया। उनमें से तीन तो हमने मित्रों आदि में बाँट दिये और एक अपने पास ही रखा। उसका नाम रखा गया रॉकी। रॉकी का रंग अपनी माँ जैसा और व्यवहार तो उससे भी मधुर था। हम तो न जाने कितना उसके साथ खेले।

इस घटना के कुछ महीने बाद मेरी बहन ने एक पालतू खरगोश पाला। मुन्नी से उसकी भी मित्रता हो गयी। मुन्नी और रॉकी के साथ फ्लफी भी खूब खेलता। मेरी बहन को यह पसन्द नहीं था। न जाने क्यों वह मुन्नी के विकराल शरीर के सामने फ्लफी को असुरक्षित मानती थी। एक अवसर पर तो उसने फ्लफी के साथ खेलने के लिये मुन्नी को बहुत मारा भी जिस पर मेरा और उसका भयंकर झगड़ा भी हुआ। फिर एक दिन मेरी बहन रोती कलपती घर में घुसी। उसने मुन्नी पर उसके खरगोश को मारने का आरोप लगाया।

मुझे तो विश्वास ही नहीं हुआ। मेरे माता पिता ने भी मानने से इंकार कर दिया, लेकिन उसने रो रो-कर आसमान सर पर उठा लिया। तब मैंने खुद इस मामले की जाँच करने का फैसला किया। मैं उस पेड़ के नीचे गया जहाँ वह खरगोश मिला था। मैंने पाया कि वहाँ बिल्ली के पैरों के निशान थे। तभी हमारे पड़ोसी की बिल्ली वहाँ आयी और कुछ सूँघने लगी। मैं समझ गया कि यही है असली कातिल। मैं तुरंत घर की ओर जाने लगा। मुझे लगा कि मामला तय हो गया है। लेकिन घटनाक्रम कुछ इस तरह हुआ कि उसके खाने में किसी ने ज़हर मिलाकर उसे मार दिया। वैसे तो मुन्नी रॉकी को पहले खाने देती थी पर उस दिन उसने पहले खुद खाया। शायद उसे ज़हर की गंध आ गई थी।

सबने मेरी बहन को खूब डाँटा पर, क्या मुन्नी वापस आ जाती?

बूँद बूँद गलती धरती

तनुज कुमार

बर्फ पिघल रही है, समुद्र उठ रहा है,
पारा आसमान चूम रहा है,
मनुष्य बिलबिला रहा है।
धरती गरम होती जा रही है,
हर जगह पानी की लहरें
फुंकारती बढ़ी चली आ रही हैं,
अंधेरा बढ़ रहा है।
दूर कहीं किसी की वरुण पुकार
सुनाई दे रही है - शायद मानवता है।
धरती का अंत समीप है,
चीख पुकार शोर-ओ-गुल,
पानी की सतह के नीचे
मैदान, सड़कें और इमारतें।
अंधेरा गहरा और काला होता जा रहा है।
चारों ओर सन्नाटा पसरा है,
दूर बैठा सूरज व्यंग्य भरी हँसी हँस रहा है,
तारे आँखों में आँसू भरे टिमटिमा रहे हैं
चंद्रमा गोल ही है, पर.. धरती कहीं है?

मास्टर्स का निर्यात

- विशेष संवाददाता

अभी पिछले सप्ताह की ही बात होगी, हमारे मेन फील्ड पर एक भयंकर सी उड़न तश्तरी उतरी। सारे स्कूल में हाय-तौबा मच गयी। सब लोग भागे भागे आये कि देखें तो कि परग्रही होते कैसे हैं? तभी तश्तरी का दरवाजा खुला और उसमें से तीन-तीन फीट के दो बीने से निकले। पहले तो यह समझ में ही नहीं आया कि ये हैं कौन। पर फिर जब उन्होंने हिन्दी में बात करनी शुरू की तो सब भौंचक्के रह गये। वे बोले 'हमें मानवता के पाँच नमूने चाहिये ताकि हम अपने खुर्जान ग्रह पर उनका अध्ययन कर सकें और धरती को और भी अच्छी तरह समझ सकें।'

सबसे पहले डा. बाजपेई का नाम आया लेकिन छात्रों की भारी माँग पर उन्हें स्कूल में ही रखने का निर्णय हुआ। काफी बहस मुबाहिसा हुआ और जिन पाँच नामों पर सहमति बनी वे थे - ए. एस. एच., एम.सी. जे., पी.के.जे., ए.के.सी और जी.एस.एस.. यह दून स्कूल के सर्वश्रेष्ठ नमूने अपने साथ अपनी अपनी पसन्द का एक सामान ले कर निकल गये उड़न तश्तरी से खुर्जान ग्रह।

अब जब वे पहुँचे तो उन्हें यह नहीं पता था कि हमारे संवाददाताओं ने उनके साथ खुफिया कैमरे भी लगा रखे थे। पाँचों अध्यापकों ने अपना अपना पसन्दीदा सामान निकाला। जी. एस. एस. लाये थे एक सितार, पी.के.जे. लाये थे कक्षा सात की गणित की पुस्तक, एम.सी.जे लाये थे जन - कल्याण की भावनाएँ, ए.के.सी. तो बागवानी की पूरी सामग्री ही ले आये थे और ए.एस.एच. लाये थे.....डॉल्फिन! उनका कहना था कि डॉल्फिन काफी चतुर है और खतरों से उनकी रक्षा करेगी और अधिकतर जासूसों आदि के पास भी एक पालतू कुत्ता होता ही है। (कोई हमसे पूछे तो बतायें कि डॉल्फिन तो मच्छर मारते हुए भी आलस दिखाती है।)

अब शुरू हुआ उनका परग्रही जीवन- डा. जोशी ने उन परग्रहियों से पूछा कि क्या वहाँ गरीब जनता कितनी है? तो उन्हें जवाब मिला कि इस ग्रह पर सब कुछ पैसे से नहीं दिमाग से नियंत्रित था। तब उन्होंने जी ने मूर्खों को बुद्धिमान बनाने का बीड़ा उठाया। (सर, गधे को घोड़ा बनाना बेवकूफ को अक्लमन्द बनाने से अधिक आसान है।) खैर जोशी जी की पाठशाला शुरू हो गयी। सुनते हैं उनके द्वारा अब

हर मूर्ख बस्ती में एक पाठशाला चलायी जा रही है। लेकिन मूर्ख न आते हैं न कुछ समझते हैं। कहते भी हैं- एक मूर्ख से बहस करना सौ अक्लमन्दों से बहस करने से अधिक मुश्किल है।

श्री चलासानी ने देखा कि वहाँ काफी रेगिस्तान आदि भी थे। तो उन्होंने वहाँ पेड़ लगाने शुरू कर दिये। लेकिन धरती की प्रजातियाँ वहाँ वृक्ष राक्षसों में बदल गयीं और चलासानी जी का प्लान फ्लॉप हो गया। उनके बनाये वृक्ष राक्षसों ने ऐसी तबाही मचाई कि अगर वे धरती पर होते तो उनका नाम ग्रीन मैन से ब्लड मैन हो गया होता। खैर सुन रहे हैं कि अब उन्होंने वहाँ राउंड -राउंड नाम की एक संस्था खोली है जो आस पास के ग्रहों के साथ तालमेल बना कर रखती है।

श्री पंकज जोशी ने तो वह सब किया जो वे यहाँ धरती पर भी न कर सके थे। उन्होंने वहीं के एक स्कूल में एस. सी. कक्षाओं को वायुगणित पढ़ाना शुरू कर दिया है।

श्री गुरशरण सिंह ने वहाँ एक संगीत - क्रिकेट अकादमी शुरू की है। वे परग्रहियों को अन्य ग्रहों पर ले जाकर संगीत की ताल पर बैटिंग करना सिखा रहे हैं। सुना है कि इस बात को लेकर विलायत के क्लबों में काफी डर फैल गया है।

डा. शुक्ला के बारे में सुना है कि वे डालफिन के साथ साथ परग्रहियों को भी अनुशासन का पाठ पढ़ाने में लगे हुए हैं। और, यहाँ पर कश्मीर की गद्दी पर एक किंग ने कब्ज़ा जमा लिया है।

सफलता

- वीरेन कपूर

जीवन में सफलता के लिये अच्छे गुणों के साथ साथ उपयुक्त परिस्थितियाँ भी आवश्यक होती हैं। प्रत्येक बच्चे के स्वस्थ विकास के लिए समझदार माँ बाप की आवश्यकता होती है। जीवन में शिक्षा की भी आवश्यकता है।

सामाजिक वातावरण जिसमें बच्चा पलता और बड़ा होता है, भी एक महत्वपूर्ण भूमिका निभाता है घर और समाज भी स्वावलम्बन की कला में सहायक होते हैं। प्रत्येक व्यक्ति को स्वावलम्बी होने की कला सीखनी चाहिये। कर्म जीवन में सफलता तथा सौभाग्य की कुंजी है। जीवन में सफलता के लिए आवश्यक है कार्यकुशलता। मानव एक सामाजिक प्राणी है। जिन

लोगों के साथ हमारे सम्पर्क हैं, उनके स्वभाव तथा चरित्र को समझना सीखना चाहिए। सहज बुद्धि और कार्य-कुशलता के बिना जीवन सफल होना असम्भव है।

जीवन में व्यक्ति हमेशा पहली बार में ही सफल नहीं होता। कहने का मतलब यह है कि जीवन एक फूलों की सेज नहीं है। सफल लोगों के लिए भी असफलताएँ और कठिनाइयाँ सामान्य बात हैं। इन परिस्थितियों से निपटने की कला सीखनी चाहिए। हमें दुःख और असफलता को सहन करने का माहा अपने भीतर पैदा करना चाहिए। सहनशीलता जीवन में सफलता के लिए बहुत ज़रूरी है।

हमें प्रसन्न रहना भी आना चाहिए। वह इसलिए क्योंकि कभी कभी विपरीत परिस्थितियों में भी खुश रहने से काफी लाभ होता है। व्यक्ति का विश्वास और निर्णय दृढ़ होना चाहिए। उसे कभी भी हार नहीं माननी चाहिए। समझदार व्यक्ति वह होता है जो दूसरों की गलतियों से सबक लेता है। सबसे ज़रूरी है अपना समय बरबाद न करना और अपने काम को कम से कम समय में समाप्त करना। गुरु फिल्म में गुरुकांत देसाई कहता है-

मैंने अपनी बात साढ़े चार मिनट में समाप्त कर दी। आधा मिनट मुनाफा। इसे कहते हैं बिज़नेस।

भौतिक दृष्टि से भी जीवन में सफलता के लिए बहुत सी कलाओं में माहिर होना बहुत आवश्यक है। केवल आर्थिक समृद्धि से जीवन सफल नहीं होता। जब तक हम भावनात्मक रूप से समृद्ध नहीं होंगे जीवन सफल होने वाला नहीं है।

कितनी - कितनी यादें

वरुण गोयल

दिनभर की पहली खुशी, पहली हँसी, पहला उत्साह, पहली शाबाशी और पहला प्यार, मुझे मेरी माँ से नहीं बल्कि अपने मास्टर जी से मिलता था।

वे मुझे गणित पढ़ाते थे, पर उनकी शिक्षा सिर्फ गणित तक ही नहीं सीमित थी। वे मेरे हितैषी थे। उनका प्रेम आपार था और वे अत्यंत भोले आदमी थे। वे एक सच्चे भले मानुस थे। उनके गुण आपार व मन शुद्ध था। उनके चरित्र को शब्दों में समझाना कोई आसान काम नहीं है।

वे पक्षपाती बिल्कुल भी नहीं थे, परंतु फिर भी मेरे प्रति उनके मन में विशेष लगाव था। उन्होंने मेरे लिये कभी कुछ अलग नहीं किया, परंतु उनके मीठे बोल ही मन को लुभा जाते थे। उनके इन गुणों के कारण ही वे विद्यालय में गणित जैसे विषय के अध्यापक होते हुए

भी काफी लोकप्रिय थे। उनकी गिनती नडित के सर्वश्रेष्ठ अध्यापकों की जाती थी। वे विद्यालय की जान थे।

उनके ऐसे कई किस्से हैं जिनका स्मरण करते ही मेरी आँखों में पानी आ जाता है। मुझे अभी भी याद है - मास्टर जी ज्यादा गृहकार्य देने में विश्वास नहीं रखते थे क्योंकि उन्हें पता था कि वह लाभदायक नहीं होता। परंतु, हमारे प्रधानाचार्यजी को जैसे गृहकार्य से लगाव सा था। मास्टर जी जानते थे कि गृहकार्य की अधिकता बच्चों पर आनावश्यक बोझ डालती है। अपनी इस मान्यता की वजह से कई बार उन्हें प्रधानाचार्य जी की डाँट - फटकार और नौकरी से भी निकाले जाने की धमकी झेलनी पड़ी।

मेरे मास्टर जी एक अनुभवी पुरुष थे। आदमी का वह बूढ़ा जौहरी बगुलों में हंस को तुरंत पहचान लेता था। दूसरे अध्यापकों से अलग वे पता लगा लेते थे कि कौन सच्चा है और कौन झूठा। अगर कोई बच्चा कक्षा में ध्यान नहीं दे रहा है और उसका कारण उचित है तो वे उसे तुरंत ताड़ जाते और उसकी समस्या का हल निकालने के लिये उसकी मदद करते, लेकिन अगर कोई झूठ बोलता तो वे उसे सजा भी देते।

भगवान ने कभी किसी को भी मुकम्मल नहीं बनाया है, गुरु जी की भी एक ही कमी थी - वे आर्थिक रूप से पिछड़े हुए थे। मैं भी मध्यम वर्ग से ही हूँ इसलिये हम दोनों के बीच में आर्थिक अंतर नहीं था। शायद एका यह भी वजह रही हो कि उनका मेरे प्रति स्नेह बना रहा। बस मुझे जिस बात का डर लगा रहता था अंत में वही हुआ.....

मास्टर जी को कहीं और नौकरी मिल गयी और वे चले गये। उनके साथ ही चली गयी सारी खुशी, प्यार, उत्साह और हँसी। मैंने उन्हें रोकने की बहुत कोशिश की परंतु वे नहीं माने। क्या करते? बेचारे धन के मारे थे। जाते वक्त भी उनकी आँखों से बिछड़ने के आँसू छलक रहे थे। उनकी याद ने मुझे इतना सताया कि मैंने वह विद्यालय ही छोड़ दिया। आज इस बात को अर्सा हो गया है पर जब भी मैं अपने पुराने विद्यालय के सामने से गुज़रता हूँ, उनकी स्मृति ताज़ी हो जाती है।

सोने की चिड़िया का आसमान

चिराग अम्बेकर

'माँ, माँ! मुझे सैट की परीक्षा में अच्छे अंक मिलने मिल जाने चाहिये। प्रश्न मुश्किल थे, पर मैंने सही सही उत्तर दिए। मुझे यकीन है कि मुझे अपनी मेहनत का फल अवश्य मिलेगा। एक बार विदेशी

कॉलेज में प्रवेश प्राप्त हुआ नहीं कि बस न्यारे-ब्यारे। फिर वही पर अच्छी तनख्वाह वाली कोई नौकरी और पाँच साल के भीतर तुम्हें वहाँ बुला लूँगा। तुम्हें फिर हिन्दुस्तान में सड़ना नहीं पड़ेगा।

यह विचार आज हर भारतीय की जुबान पर अटका पड़ा है। हर भारतीय भारत से दूर भागना चाहता है। जो सफल हो जाते हैं, वे अपनी ज़िन्दगी, विदेशों में रहकर, भारत को गलियाते हुए बिताते हैं और जो असफल हो जाते हैं वे यहाँ धक्के खाते हुए नौकरी तलाशते हैं। इस तरह यह एक चूहे बिल्ली का खेल हो गया है। भारत में फैले भ्रष्टाचार तथा गरीबी आज अधिकतर शिक्षित भारतीयों को भारत छोड़ने पर मजबूर कर रहे हैं। जितने भी बुद्धिमान हैं वे मानते हैं कि भारत में रहकर कुछ नहीं होगा, और इसी कारण भारत बुद्धिहीन होकर रह गया है। भारत में जो बुद्धि पनपती है वह तो विदेशी कम्पनियों तस्करी कर ले ही जाती है। यहाँ तक कि दुनिया के हर अनुसंधान केंद्र में भी भारतीय शोधकर्ता अवश्य हैं। इसका जीता जागता उदाहरण सर्न संस्था की मशीन लार्ज हैड्रॉन कोलाइडर पर का कर रहे वैज्ञानिक दल के अस्सी भारतीय वैज्ञानिक हैं। एक तरह से ये बुद्धि तो भारत के लिये बेकार की हो गई। नहीं तो ये लोग भारत को आसमान तक पहुँचाने की क्षमता रखते थे।

एक सवाल जो इस घटनाक्रम से उठता है वो है कि क्यों भारत के बुद्धिजीवी भारत में रुकना नहीं चाहते? इसका जवाब सीधा सा है - भारत में फैले भ्रष्टाचार के कारण भारत गरीब होता जा रहा है। घूस और 'टिप' के अभिशाप ने तो भारत को अन्दर ही अन्दर खोखला कर दिया है।

नौकरी चाहिये तो रिश्वत तो देनी ही है, ऐसा नियम हो गया है। इसी कारण सब लोग विदेशों के साफ और भ्रष्टाचार-मुक्त वातावरण में अपनी बिगड़ी बनाना चाहते हैं। अगर हम भ्रष्टाचार को जड़ से ही मिटा दें तो क्या यह समस्या सुलझ जायेगी? हों क्योंकि इस समस्या की जब जड़ ही नहीं रहेगी तो काहे की समस्या?

भारत की असुविधाएँ अगर इन प्रवासियों के लिये कम पड़ रही हैं तो इनका रुकना ही उन सुविधाओं को इनके जीवन में ला सकता है। नासा जैसी जानी मानी संस्था अगर भारत के दिमाग के आधार पर प्रगति कर सकती है तो भारत स्वयं क्यों नहीं?

अंत में यही कहना मुनासिब होगा कि इस सोने की चिड़िया को इसका आसमान वापस देना है तो हमें

इसकी पैरों से भ्रष्टाचार की जंजीर तोड़नी पड़ेगी। ऐसा करने का सबसे आसान तरीका है कि हर कोई भ्रष्टाचार और घूसखोरी जैसी सामाजिक बुराइयों का बहिष्कार कर बहादुरों की तरह क्रांति लाए, न कि उन कायरों की तरह भाग जायें जो परिस्थितियों का सामना भी नहीं कर सकते।

एक पुरानी बात

ऐश्वर्य करन

थी वह बात पुरानी,
अनदेखी अनजानी,
रुला रुला कर गई सुनाई,
जब तब वही कहानी।
आ बैठी यादों में जीवन की मनमानी,
कैसे भूल रास्ता जीवन का
बिखरे दो सच्चे मित्र,
और निकल पड़े घृणा के पथ पर।
भूल गए सारी यादें, एक दूसरे के नाम पर थूकते,
अतीत की नजदीकियों पर लानत देते।
पहले दिल का हाल सुनाते हर पल एक दूसरे को,
पर अब दिल में छिपाकर रखते हर दर्द।
भीतर ही भीतर पुरानी निकटता पर अफसोस करते,
शर्मिन्दा होते हर पल।
दोनों में साहस न था परिस्थितियों को बदलने का,
नज़रे न मिला पाते थे एक दूसरे से - न जाने क्यों।
ऐसा भी न था कि वि खुरा थे इस अलगाव से,
एक रोता इधर तो दूसरा आँसू बहाता अधर।
दोनों ने ली थी कसमें एक दूसरे का साथ निभाने की,
पर अफसोस! निभाना भी दोनों ही भूल गए।
दोनों ने अपने रास्ते चुन लिए - अलग अलग
और भूल गए उस रास्ते को जिस पर मिल कर चले थे
दोनों...।
कहानी है तो बहुत पुरानी है,
पर लगती है जानी पहचानी।

मेरी नज़र में..

अनमोल जोशी

हम इंडिया शाइनिंग कर रहे हैं। देश का किसान आत्महत्या कर रहा है और हम महंगा अनाज आयात कर रहे हैं। हम अतुलनीय भारत का जयघोष कर रहे हैं।

भारतीय नागरिक विश्व के टॉप टैन में पर आघात देश गरीबी के निचले स्तर पर है।

हम अनाज के उत्पादन के द्रव्य-द्रव्य पर उछल रहे हैं पर देश की जनसंख्या का आघात हिस्सा ज़िन्दगी का टेस्ट मैच भूखे रह कर खेल रहा है।

देश शिल्पा शेट्टी के आँसुओं पर पिघल गया था और बिजली उत्पादन की डील पर लाखों घर उजड़ रहे हैं।

मल्लिका के कपड़ों पर अखबार की नज़र है। उन पर किसकी नज़र है जो भारतीय होकर अमरीका को पाल रहे हैं। उनकी कौन पूछता है जो नौकरी के अभाव में बीमार सर धुन रहे हैं, अपने देश में।

फार्मुला वन कार रेस का आयोजन हमारे दिमाग में है। बढ़ती जनसंख्या की कार रेस भूल गए जिसमें हर साठ सैंकंड में पचपन बच्चे जन्म ले रहे हैं।

हम स्वर्ग जाने से पहले स्वर्ग का सपना देख रहे हैं। हम इंडिया शाइनिंग कर रहे हैं।

अपहरण

देवाशीष सिंघल

हमारे जीवन में बहुत सी घटनाएँ घटती रहती हैं। कुछ अच्छी और कुछ बुरी। कुछ को याद रखने को हम आतुर रहते हैं तो कुछ पूरी तरह भुला देने में हम ज़िन्दगी बिता देते हैं।

पाँच वर्ष पहले की बात है, मैं अपने मित्रों के साथ एक फिल्म देखने गया था। मेरे माता पिता वैसे तो हमेशा मुझे लेने आया करते थे पर, उस दिन किन्हीं कारणों से वे आ नहीं पा रहे थे और मुझे अकेले ही घर आना था। आज अगर वे मुझे लेने आएँ तो मैं ही शर्मसार हो जाऊँ पर चौदह वर्ष की कच्ची उम्र में तो थोड़ा डर लगेगा ही।

शाम साढ़े सात का समय था और टैक्सी के लिये ज़बर्दस्त मारामारी चल रही थी। बीस मिनट ढूँढने के बाद मुझे एक टैक्सी मिल ही गयी लेकिन थी ऐसी खटारा कि बैलगाड़ी भी ज़्यादा अच्छी लगे। पर, आज तो

बैलगाड़ी भी मिल जाती तो मैं धन्य होता। और कोई चारा न दिखा तो मैं उसी गाड़ी में ही बैठ गया। चालक को मैंने पता बताया और शांत बैठ गया। तभी उसने बीच में गाड़ी रोककर टायर चैक करने का बहाना बनाया। जाते जाते वह अपना रूमाल अन्दर ही छोड़ गया। थोड़ी देर में मुझे चक्कर से आने लगे और रूमाल से एक विचित्र सी गंध आने का अहसास हुआ। इससे पहले कि मैं कुछ कर पाता मैं होश खो बैठा और सीट पर पीछे लुढ़क गया।

जब मेरी आँखें खुली तो मैंने पाया कि मैं टैक्सी के अन्दर ही हूँ पर चारों तरफ घुण्ण अंधेरा था। मैं पसीने से लथपथ पड़ा था। घड़ी देखी तो पाया कि साढ़े दस बज चुके थे। मैं पिछले तीन घण्टे से टैक्सी में था। इतने में एक भयावह ख्याल दिमाग में आया - मैं यहाँ आया कैसे? फिर उससे भी खतरनाक ख्याल ने मुझे झकझोरकर रख दिया - मेरा अपहरण हो गया था।

इससे पहले कि मैं परिस्थितियों के खतरे का पूरा अन्दाज़ा लगा पाता एक आदमी ने गाड़ी का दरवाज़ा खोला। उसने एक नकाब पहना हुआ था। हाथ में एक चाकू और एक सेलफोन था। कपड़े फटे पुराने से थे। मेरी आँखों पर पट्टी बाँधकर वह मुझे एक इमारत के अन्दर ले आया। फिर मुझे धकेलते हुए उसने एक कमरे में बंद कर दिया और धमकी दी - 'अगर चीखे चिल्लाये तो इतना मारूंगा कि भरते दम तक याद करोगे। डर के मारे मैं चुपचाप बैठ गया।

थोड़ी देर बाद वह एक प्लेट में मेरे लिये दाल चावल ले आया। भूखा तो मैं था पर डर के मारे मैंने उस प्लेट को हाथ भी न लगाया। उसके कड़ककर आदेश देने पर ही मैं खाने लगा। फिर उसने अपना सेलफोन मुझे देकर अपने पिता को फोन करने को कहा। काँपते हाथों से मैंने फोन मिलाया। मैं अपने पिता से कुछ कह पाता इससे पहले उसने मेरे हाथ से फोन छीन कर मेरे माता पिता को धमकी देते हुए फिरौती की रकम भेजने को कहा। फिर उसने फोन काटा और कमरे को बन्द कर चला गया।

कमरे की ज़मीन पर बैठे बैठे ही मुझे नींद आ गयी। सुबह मुझे उठाकर उस नकाबपोश ने मुझे दो सूखी रोटियों पर अचार रखकर दिया। इस आदमी के रवैये को देखकर लग नहीं रहा था कि ये एक व्यवसायिक अपहर्ता है। जिस डर में मेरी बुद्धि ने काम करना बन्द कर दिया था वह अचानक चल पड़ी। मैंने पाया कि मेरी जीन्स की जेब में मेरा मोबाइल अभी भी था। यह ज़रूर पहली बार ऐसा काम कर रहा था। फोन में सिर्फ चार -

पाँच रुपये ही बाकी थे। इसलिये इसका इस्तेमाल करने से पहले मुझे पता लगाना था कि मैं कहाँ हूँ।

उसी दिन शाम को वह आदमी कहीं बाहर गया। मीके का फायदा उठाकर मैंने चुपचाप घर का जायज़ा लेने की सोची। खिड़की खोल मैं आसपास झाँकने लगा। तीन मंज़िल नीचे एक सड़क तो थी आसपास सब वीराना... तभी मैं सड़क के किनारे लगा दूरी सूचक लगा देखा। उसे पढ़कर मैंने पाया कि मैं दिल्ली - जयपुर राजमार्ग पर कोटपुतली नामक कस्बे से बीस किलोमीटर दूर था। मैंने अब अपने पिता को फोन कर सब बता दिया। तभी वह आदमी आ गया और उसने मेरे हाथ में फोन देख लिया। उसने क्रोध में मुझे मारना शुरू कर दिया और पूछने लगा कि मैंने किसे फोन किया। मैंने झूठ बोला कि मैं बात ही नहीं कर पाया। उसे मेरा विश्वास तो हो गया, पर वह बेरहमी से तब तक मुझे मारता रहा जब तक कि मैं बेहोश नहीं हो गया। फिर मुझे बन्द कर वह चला गया।

होश आया तो मैंने पुलिस के सायरन की आवाज़ सुनी। घबराया सा वह चाण्डाल अन्दर आया और फिर मुझे मारने लगा। उसने मेरा सिर दीवार में मारा और मैं फिर बेहोश हो गया।

अगली बार जब मैं जागा तो किसी कोठरी में नहीं बल्कि अपने घर के बिस्तर में। मेरे माता पिता ने मुझे गले लगा लिया। उन्होंने मुझे बताया कि वो अपहरणकर्ता भागने में सफल हो गया। मुझे भी उसका चेहरा ठीक-ठीक याद नहीं था क्योंकि मेरे सामने तो वह हमेशा नकाब ही ओढ़े रहता था।

मैंने जैसे तैसे उनके सामने पूरी घटना का वर्णन किया। मेरी माँ की आँखों से आँसुओं की धारा फूट पड़ी। मैं खुश था, पर मेरी खुशी पर एक शंका की परछाई थी - कभी वह वापस आ गया तो....।

अस्तित्व

प्रांजल सिंह

हँसी में क्या रखा है,
हमसे पूछिये, हम बतायेंगे,
सफलता कैसे मिलती है।
मैं अपने अस्तित्व पर,
सवाल उठाता हूँ।
क्या मैं जीवन के सागर में तैरता हुआ,

इतना दूर आ गया हूँ
कि वापस लौट,
साहित्य को देख भी न सकूँ?
जब पीछे मुड़ा तो देखा,
मार्ग अवरुद्ध है।
सफलतायें तैर रही हैं,
असफलतायें डूब रही हैं,
गलतियों चीत्कार कर रही हैं।
मेरा हृदय मुझे अब
पीछे न जाने देगा,
आगे बढ़ने में मैं असमर्थ हूँ लेकिन,
वह मेरा प्रतिकार कर रहा है।
हिम्मत जुटाकर मैं,
आगे बढ़ रहा हूँ।
मृत्यु संजीवनी का सेवन कर,
मैं अजर हो जाऊँगा,
अमृतत्व के पात्र से घूँट भरकर,
काल का भी स्वामी बन जाऊँगा।
जीवन का हर रूप देखा,
मृत्यु से लेकर जन्म तक,
सच और झूठ देखा।
क्या सत्य में भी
असत्य का चेहरा,
कौस्तुभ मणि में भी काँच का टुकड़ा है।
शमादान की रोशनी,
धुंधलके को चीरकर,
मुझसे ज्योती टकराई,
और खुल गयी।
मैं आज भी सफलता के
अतुंग शिखर पर आसीन हूँ,
अस्तित्व का दुशाला ओढ़े,
निःशंक मैं अता जा रहा हूँ।

सकारात्मक भावना

अक्षय नीलेंदु

सूर्य की किरणें उस सुबह की शोभा बढ़ा रही थी। पंछियों का सुरीला संगीत इंसान और अन्य प्राणियों में एकाग्रता का आभास करा करा रहा था। मेरे मस्तिष्क की स्तब्धता एक नए दिन की शुरुवात में मेरे साथ थी। इस बात पर मुझे गर्व महसूस हो रहा था। गहरी और तेज प्रवाह वाली नदी की तरह मेरी विचारधारा नए तरीके से सामने आ रही थी। मैं संसार में और संसार मुझमें विलीन हो चुका था।

ऐसी सुबह मैं मानवता के उद्धार के प्रति विचार कर रहा था। दार्शनिक विचार जैसे मुझमें समा रहे थे। तभी मुझे याद आया कि आज दस बजे मुझे एक कालेज के छात्रों को सकारात्मक भावना के बारे में भाषण देना था। मैंने कुछ कागज़ तैयार किए और खुद भी तैयार हो गया। मन में विचारों के समुद्र को संजो कर मैं अपनी गाड़ी में बैठ गया।

चारों ओर फैले खूबसूरत दृश्य मेरी आत्मा और मेरे मस्तिष्क को आराम पहुँचा रहे थे। एक एक मंज़र अनोखा और अनमोल लग रहा था। मैं मुग्ध भाव से सब देखता जा रहा था। लेकिन, मैं क्या जानता था कि आने वाला पल मेरे जीवन, विचार और सोच पर कितना प्रभाव डालने वाला था। कुछ दूर और आगे निकलने पर खून की एक नदी नज़र आयी। मैं हैरान होकर उस ओर निहारने लगा। कुछ ही पलों में मुझे यह ज्ञात हुआ कि एक बच्चा, वहां अधमरा पड़ा हुआ था। कोई भी उसकी सहायता नहीं कर रहा था। लोग अपनी नजर उस ओर डालते तो थे परंतु अंधी आँखों से।

यह आज के दिन का पहला पल था जब मेरे मस्तिष्क में नकारात्मक सोच का प्रतिबिम्ब झलक गया। मेरे मन में न जाने कौन सा विचार, क्या ख्याल आया कि मैंने भी गाड़ी खाली होने के बावजूद उस इंसान की मदद नहीं की। इंसानियत के नजरिये से मैं भी गुनहगार था, परंतु मैं सोच रहा था कि ठीक ही हुआ कि मैंने झट्ट सिर पर नहीं लिया। शायद कोई और भला मनुष्य उसकी सहायता कर देगा। वैसे भी मुझे काम है और समय वैसे ही कम है।

ऐसे अनेक अमानुषी ख्याल जैसे मेरे भीतर भरते जा रहे थे। तभी मेरे मन में ख्याल आया कि मैंने आज एक गलत, नकारात्मक कार्य किया है। जब मेरे स्वयं के विचार इतने अमानुषिक हैं तो मैं सकारात्मक भावना पर क्या कह सकूँगा। इस मस्तिष्क की अंधी ने जैसे क्षुद्र सोच मेरे मन से निकाल डाली थी। मैं वापस मुड़ना चाहता था। जैसे ही मैंने राह बदलने की कोशिश की, एक तीव्र

गति से आती हुई गाड़ी ने मेरी गाड़ी को धक्का मारा मेरा सिर नजाने किस भाग से टकरा गया और मैं लहलुहान हो गया। दर्द के कारण मैं दरवाजा खोलकर नीचे गिर गया। मैंने मदद के लिये पुकार लगाई। लोग मुझे देखते थे पर अंधी आँखों से।

मैं अपनी परिस्थिति समझ चुका था। इसकी तुलना उस अधमरे बच्चे से कर रहा था। दर्द में भी मेरे मुख पर मुस्कुराहट आ गयी। मैं इस विडम्बना पर मुस्कुरा पड़ा।

वो!!

प्रतीक अग्रवाल

वो मार्च के महीने में आयी थी,
गाना गाते हुए आयी थी,
अपने में ही मस्त होकर झूमते हुए आयी थी,
अपने साथ खुशियों की बहार लायी थी।
धीरे धीरे महीना बीता,
मैंने उसे अपना दिल दे दिया,
उसने खुशी-खुशी मेरा दिल ले लिया।
मैंने उसे फिल्म के लिये पूछा,
उसने शर्मा के किया इशारा,
मैं उसे ले गया फिल्म 'एक और एक ग्यारह'।
वो अगले महीने अपनी सहेली के साथ आयी,
वो सहेली थी या दुश्मन,
उसने मेरे और उसके बीच करा दी अनबन।
वह मुझे मेरा दिल लौटा गई,
ऐसा लगा जैसे अन्न कौद की सजा सुना गई।
मैं उसकी याद में दिन रात डोला,
लेकिन उसने बेवफा की तरह एक शब्द ना बोला।
वो अगले महीने तक मुझसे नहीं मिल पाई,
मुझे उसकी बहुत याद आई।
मैंने उसकी खिड़की के नीचे गद्दा लगाया,
उसके चौकीदार ने मुझे बाहर का रस्ता दिखाया।
मैंने पत्र के जरिये उसे अपने दिल का हाल सुनाया,
तब जाके उसने मुझे खुशी-खुशी अपनाया।

T i t t e t

Written in a style reminiscent of children's authors such as Enid Blyton, **Shashank Peshawaria's** story describes a fantastical conversation with a butterfly

Tring Tring Tring The alarm clock rings. It is seven according to the clock and a fresh morning can be seen emerging on the other side of the window. The wind entering the room is freezing cold and the warmth of the bed makes me feel cozy. The ginger-plant, just outside the window, has a distinct aroma. The sunlight falls on the pomegranate tree, and the pomegranates look redder than ever. Among the roses, and the lilies, and the loquats and the mint leaves, a little butterfly can be seen fluttering about. For a while, I look at it intently. It looks so pretty: with colours as splendid as the rainbow that spanned the sky last evening.

Did anyone ever know that butterflies could talk? 'A dog is a man's best friend.' But did anyone ever know that a butterfly could be a real good friend? Even I didn't, until I hear someone squeak – or you could call it twitter or you could call it a squeal. In a second, the warmth of the bed seems insignificant and I shoot out of bed. Who was that? Who spoke?

"Umm, please don't stamp me. Please don't squash me. Please! I am a butterfly. My name's Tittet," pipes up a thin voice.

One second! What is all this? My eyes are wide-open. The butterfly flies to my shoulder. This is unbelievable. This is incredible.

"Did you just say something, little butterfly?" I try to reassure myself, looking at the butterfly from the corner of my eye. The butterfly is quite quiet. "Speak up, dear Tittet. Are you listening to me? I won't squash you. I won't crush you. I won't smash you. I won't even touch you. Where are you from? And how can you speak the language of humans?" I query.

"No! That's okay. I know you won't harm me," she says, "Will you befriend me?"

Am I still sleeping? I am unquestionably not! To test, I pinch my skinny cheek. And she breaks into peals of shrill laughter. The butterfly flies around my nose and fans herself with her wings.

"Of course you are not asleep, stupid! Say, will you be



rather, the best garden, the best day, the best morning and the best today. The sun is full of promise. The rain – all are in full flourish. The rain that hit the ground last autumn. The lovely butterfly is soon going to be a part of her life with me. Little butterfly?"

"I am Tittet! Call me that."

"Tittet."

"Yes?"

"Hobbies: what are your hobbies?"

"Oh! I love dancing. I love singing. I love playing the piano..."

"Piano? You play the piano? Where did you learn that from?"

"We all play piano on the line of poppies in your garden. And we dance as we are playing." So, all the butterflies 'play the piano' when they hover around the flowers.

"What about the dance?" I shout excitedly.

"Take it easy. I'll show you everything. You seem so keyed up."

"You will?"

"Yes, I will. Come, I'll lead you to the garden. I'll show you the dance. I'll recite my song to you."

I jump out of the window and follow Tittet into the garden. The chill doesn't affect me. The wet mud doesn't dirty my bare feet. I am walking on air. The row of poppies sways across the garden and we are almost there.

"Pittet, Mittet, Kittet, Brittet, Littet, Squittet, Frittet... come out everyone. We will dance. Hurry, everyone! Dash! Fly!"

In no time, a million butterflies emerge from the myrtle. A shining red one, a spotless black one, one with ocean blue wings, a little one with a crystal sheen, one with a glistening golden body – a myriad are seen flying hither-thither.

"A-one. A-two. A-three," the entire bunch of butterflies croon in tandem.

All sing:

If you're happy and you know it, flap your wings

If you're happy and you know it, flap your wings

If you're happy and you know it and you really need to show it

If you're happy and you know it, flap your wings

And all of them flap their wings. And there is mirth. There is dance. There is frolic. There is fun. There is passion. There is excitement. The dance goes on and the song too. But soon enough, as the clouds begin to gather, all the butterflies make a final bow and recede to their leafy nests. Tittet stays behind. She wants to come home with me.

"Should I come home with you?"

Home! She wants to come home with me.

"Is that something to ask, silly? Certainly you can."

"Rain is marvellous," she remarks.

"Indeed it is."

"But, you know, rain is terrible in such frosty weather. And it is very easy for the icy wind to pierce through the thin wings we have."

"You're feeling cold?"

"No, it's okay."

"Come on! I'll put on the heater for you."

I could sip some coffee. I could eat soup to beat the cold. But poor Tittet! I put on the heater. Tittet flutters around it. She goes near it, and then moves back. And then she moves closer again and then backwards once again. For a while, she continues to engage in this little recreation. I watch and chuckle at her innocence. The night comes upon us, and to keep her comfortable, I let her sleep indoors. Before going off to sleep, she talks. She talks to me about the frogs that come in winter and gobble these butterflies. She talks to me about her world. And soon she sleeps perched on the fold of my warm quilt. Now, there is silence. The lights are dim. We are to sleep. But she is not sleepy. She moves around on the quilt. She takes a complete tour and then, wishes me a good night.

Dawn relights the garden and balmy beams of light touch my skin. *Tring Tring Tring* The alarm clock rings again. I stir out of bed. All the butterflies from the garden throng near the window glass. The flower on the lemon tree has turned into a full-fledged lemon. I never knew that butterflies don't live as long as we do. Tittet is dead. She spent one magical day with me, her last day, and died.

* * *

The Fighter

Revant Nayar

At the tender age of ten,
He will fight.
Fight for a nation
He belongs to,
Or rather, he has been
Told he belongs to.
Against foes he knows
Nothing about.
Yet he will fight.
Against the will of his mother,
A sword has been thrust
Into his hand; an object alien to him.
Armour strapped onto his body.
He has been told
To stick the sword through his foe.
But will he ever be able to do that?
Will he be able to go to war?
Will he be able to kill?
The only answer is,
"The nation needs you."

Metamorphosis

Arnav Sahu talks about monotony and the vicious cycle of repetition

History repeats itself, they say. Well, this truism certainly holds true for an average Dosco (apart from the bookworms) with the arrival of Test Week. A sudden transformation then takes place and the same Dosco who was earlier allergic to books engrosses himself in the world of 'futile' knowledge (or so it seems). The old, neglected books are brought out, and they begin to be treated well. The pen is ready to go and the Dosco begins the *rutting* process. After the first test, if all goes well, the Dosco begins to float on cloud nine, dreaming of that coveted feat: a ninety percent. By the second test, that ninety comes down to a modest eighty-five, but the dream lives on. By the third and fourth, the bright smiles turn into expressions of anguish and distress. It is then, that the excuses begin surfacing (which, apparently, we are quite famous for). Some go to the extent of blaming the heat or the watch that *jammed up*. I have even heard of some chiding the uncomfortable bench they sat on to take the test, as if it were alive, or even blaming the mosquito for biting at the wrong time. However, the sensible ones (which includes me) point fingers at the teacher and his or her inability to teach the subject or even more safely say that the paper was just too long and that they had stomach aches to boot. By the end of Test Week, all is lost. That figure of eighty-five crashes down to a dismal seventy. The scholarly (for a week) Dosco reverts to his old ways and the books find their way back into unused cupboards. Until next Test Week... and so the cycle moves on. Indeed, they were quite right about history repeating itself!

You Know What You Should Do

Ishan Khanna

You know what you should do
When everything starts to fall apart,
When everyone may not be with you,
All hopes now depart.
All's well when loved ones are present,
When practicality is most feared,
I'm lost in a world of disguise here,
All I know is I shouldn't be scared.
Rise up and see the blue sky,
As proud as a father who lost to his son,
Live the present and forget the past which blew,
Come out brightening the day like the soaring sun,
Because when you really don't have any clue,
You know what you should do.

The Story Behind a Face

In his short story, Bharat Ganju tells us that every person has a story to tell and that a seemingly insignificant conversation can change one's life



Every person in this world has a story to his or her name, and somehow, in some peculiar way, we are all related; be it common interests, backgrounds or feelings. Like every picture is worth a thousand words, every person is worth a thousand stories. You might be walking beside someone who was your childhood friend and not know it, or you could be sitting beside someone who is a war veteran or the owner of a hotel. It doesn't matter who he/she is, but everyone has a story to tell.

Just the other day, I was sitting in a train on my way to Calcutta, lodged together with five other men, all of different ages, when this very thought crossed my mind. I was going to give an interview at a college which I was eager to get into. Every person on that train was going for a different reason, every person on that train had thousands of stories to tell, yet no one seemed inclined to speak. One can never know quite how interesting or boring the person sitting beside them is and if they do decide to prod and find out the answer, a journey as dull as the one I was experiencing, could be turned into a remarkable one.

It was due to my curiosity and utter boredom that I decided, and luckily so, to take a risk and ask the man sitting beside me what the purpose of his trip was. He was an old man, with white hair and sagging skin, which underlined his age. He said in a glum tone that he was going to meet his daughter who had just decided that she wanted to leave her husband and two children to go abroad for higher studies. Apparently, she believed that if she didn't study, she would achieve nothing in life, even though she was forty years old. He was going to convince her to stay. Shortly after he described this situation, the man sitting in front of me, wearing a jet-black suit started laughing. The old man beside me gave him a glare and posed the same question to him as I had done: what was the purpose of his travel? The man in the suit, who introduced himself as Ravi, laughed and said that he was going to his destination to finish a job he had forgotten to do many years ago.

The question was soon passed on to all the members of the compartment, and after numerous comments and questions we came to the last member of the compartment who had kept to himself throughout the journey. When the question was passed on to him he nonchalantly answered, "All in good time, my friends." This seemed extremely peculiar but I let it pass. However, much to my dismay, the elderly man, troubled as he was, didn't. He continuously nagged the man and suddenly, out of nowhere, the man pulled out a gun from his leather jacket and pointed it straight at the elderly man's head and politely said, as if it was a request rather than an ultimatum, "Sir, if you don't keep your mouth shut, I will have to make you."

The train journey seemed awfully slow after that, as we all stayed quiet, hoping that we wouldn't precipitate the carrying out of the threat. When the train stopped, I hurriedly assembled my belongings and pushed through the dense crowd to get out of the train. As I stepped outside, I heard a distinctive sound which no one could mistake, followed by the sound of Ravi's voice crying for help. As I approached them, I saw Ravi kneeling down next to the man who had earlier displayed his gun, and was now lying on the floor, lifeless. While everybody was looking at the man on the floor, I noticed something in

(contd. overleaf)

Ravi's pocket which was definitely not something I wanted to see. Ravi, as if he sensed that I was looking at him, looked at me as if he was warning me and saying, "Go away." I hurriedly darted out of the station as multiple blasts shook the area. As I looked behind me I saw Ravi walking out of the station, untouched, his jet-black coat billowing behind him, as he stepped into a white Ambassador.

I guess that sometimes, initiating a conversation with your neighbour and extending

a friendly gesture may just save your life. In a way, Ravi had saved my life. If I had not tried to befriend him by beginning a conversation, I might have been lying dead inside the station right now.

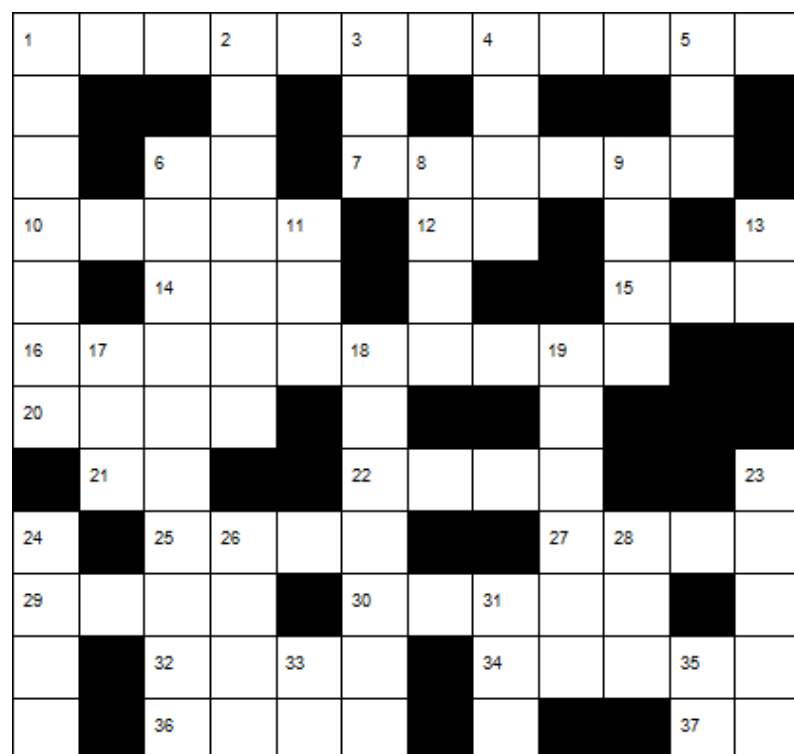
It is true that you never know the story behind a face. My next-door neighbour may never know that I had just barely escaped death. As Amitav Ghosh once described his fellow travellers on a journey, I describe every human I know, "Like the leaves of a tree. All basically the same, but otherwise different."



cruciverbalist's corner

Shaurya Kuthiala

Across: 1. Using words that imitate the sound they denote, 6. Hitler's Brown Shirts, 7. Old kingdom in the Iberian Peninsula, 10. Circular, 12. Character from 'The Adams Family', 14. Nintendo DS, 15. A person who is deemed to be contemptible, 16. An actor able to replace a regular performer when required, 20. A person with foresight, 21. Either, 22. Disparaging term for small people, 25. Norman ____ - historian, 27. To feel antipathy or aversion towards something, 29. Ensnare, 30. Register formally as a participant or member, 32.



Clean or organized, 34. Thor's enemy - 'Absorbing Man', 36. ____ Leona, 37. ____ Lakers

Down: 1. Not easily borne; wearing, 2. A bend or curve, as in a stream or river, 3. Boston ____ Party, 4. Insulting terms of address for people who are stupid or irritating, 5. Liverpool Legend - ____ Rush, 6. Team of 'The Stadium of Light', 8. A public act of violence by an unruly mob, 9. A wild gathering involving excessive drinking and promiscuity, 11. Dynamic Source Routing, 13. Science fiction movie involving an alien, 17. New, 18. A thoroughfare that is lined with buildings (plural), 19. Make a fuss, 23. Scientist in 'The Prestige', 24. Halt, 26. Appendix ____ation, 28. A unit of surface area equal to 100 square meters, 31. Temperature Coefficient of Resistance, 33. Pencil batteries, 35. ____ Salvador

The Last Goodbye

Dilsher Dhillon

I never saw it coming,
I was too busy flying high,
I never could have prepared myself for it,
There was no last goodbye.

I was too caught up in the masquerade
That one would call boyhood,
To realise that being an adult
Can never be truly determined by age.

It was evident that I had sinned,
For no virtuous person could ever suffer the
same fate,
I begged tirelessly and paid my price,
But I was denied the chance to clean my slate.

There is no God, there are no saints.
There is no heaven; there is no higher power,
They're merely a pack of lies,
For next year's zealot to profit from.

Why did it have to happen?
The timing wasn't right.
Each second a generation opens its eyes,
While another has its final rites.

Rebirth is just an illusion,
Conceived to numb the pain and confusion,
Succeeding in raising hopes,
Being nothing more than a temporary refuge.

Alas! The wheel has to turn,
And crush everything in its path.
We are the ones who have to burn,
As we watch our loved ones depart.

There can be no end to the pain,
Spreading like a virulent disease through the
mind,
Efforts to move forward are all in vain,
As we are forever compelled to look behind.

The dreams never seem to go away,
The pictures never fade.
If memories should be here to stay,
Then why does reconciliation render me afraid?

Death Of An Artist

Dilsher Dhillon

I've played a role too many a time,
And now it's killing me.
Oh, now I wish to walk off the stage,
And live free.

I've played a role too many a time,
And criticism is all I've received.
I think it's time for the curtain call,
Because I'm the one being deceived.

My mistakes always haunt me,
Reminding me of my worthlessness.
My laurels have disowned me,
And now it's killing me.

Play the role of an adult now,
I was told.
But I'm still a torn kid,
Wanting to reconcile with my past,
If only I felt it was worth it.

Every rose gives me thorns,
And every thorn gives me scars.
Every scar gives me tears,
And those tears fall on the ground.

Be who you are,
It's not a cliché,
It sounds cooler than
Any 'illegal' thing you've ever done.

I've played many roles,
Some good, some bad and some ugly.
But, there's still one role that seems to elude me,
It's the role of myself.

Everything has become artificial,
There's nothing left that's real,
Which is why I'm living to die,
Rather than dying to live.

Out with the good, and in with the bad,
Is what has happened over here,
And the only one who saw it coming,
Was crucified some time ago.

I've never been true to myself,
As if that ever bothered me,
But all I want now, is the truth,
But good things don't come free.

They Say

Vikram Aditya Chaudhri

You are good at something,
They say, you are the best.
You are bad at some,
They say, you can't be the best.
You are hopeless at something,
They say nothing.
What do you do?

You produce an outstanding performance,
Sadly, no credit comes your way.
They say, you deserved it.
You give it all you have,
You feel it's gone to waste.
They say, you're being pessimistic.
What do you do?

Does your life move
According to what they say?
Do you work
Agreeing with what they say?
Do you make your effort,
Considering what they say?
Do you believe
What they say?

They say you're the best,
Are you really?
They say you can be the best.
Can you really?
They say, nothing.
What do you do?

* * *

Girl in Hong Kong

Shashank Peshawaria

I saw her first
At the roadside shop,
Where she devoured her *sui mai*,
Fish balls and chops.

How she curled her tongue
Around the plastic spoon!
No one possessed that charm
In all Kowloon.

My Paradise

Kanishka Malik

O heaven! O heaven!
You exist
In the hands of those flatterers of light,
And sleepers of the night,
And dwellers of the mud
Who read just psalms
And never heard an abuse.

O, they are an abuse,
For they can't withstand the tremor of a shock,
And call men good,
And others bad and say
That heaven exists
With no inner conflicts.

I of the impure ask,
What construe did you hold
Of our words,
To call us impious
And your silent lives
The deservings of heaven?

You silent ones,
Are the conflicts of heaven,
For these lines you draw,
Separates these lands from the seas,
Which you cannot dare to touch,
Even with the finger of your minds.
And your rich golden simplicity,
Is an excuse,
To keep you in the warmth
And to camouflage your weak heart.

Your entrance to heaven
Is full of swords,
And I don't abuse them,
But you,
You can go to the graves,
To see all those who fell,
While you laughed in your Garden.
All those years when you were just
Away from my words.

We will stay right here, for heaven exists
Only for those who didn't accept this world and my word,
And betrayed them once all the gold was drained out,
Just like all of my kind wrote in these lines.

I will not pick diamonds from these stones
And say they are pure,
For I live away from men like you.
For me, paradise is that
Where heaven didn't bear its name on these rocks.

The Loner

Sparsh Batra

He is not a wino,
He is not a scrounger,
But he does cadge
To earn a living.

He sits in a corner, all day;
He is incapacitated,
Cannot work for himself.

Excluded from society,
Rejected by family,
Repudiated by friends,
Cast off by the world,
He is a pathetic loner.

What has he done to deserve all this?
Why does he suffer?
Why only he?
The only answer he has –
“This is life!”

* * *

JUMBLE

*Scrambled below are the names of six
Greek poets, the circled letters of which
form a Greek poetical work.*

PASHOP

□ ○ □ □ □ □

EDISUPIER

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ ○ □

SIROTAPEHANS

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ ○ □ □

MOHER

□ □ □ ○ □

SCMILALAUHC

□ □ □ ○ □ □ □ □ □ □

DINMIEPESE

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ ○ □ □

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Unfamiliar

Mansher Dhillon

Standing on unfamiliar ground
With nothing to break my fall,
Listening to unfamiliar sounds
That drown out my own voice.
Devouring unfamiliar feed
That tastes like my lost soul,
Dreaming an unfamiliar dream
With no desire to quell this illusion.
Playing some unfamiliar game
With me as the predestined loser.
Following an unfamiliar path,
Fearing the imminent dead end.
Led on by odd desperation,
Surviving the perils of today,
Waiting for an unfamiliar tomorrow,
Hoping the new day will find me with an answer.
Trapped in a shadowy existence
But an echo of my former self,
Strangely attached to a faceless someone.
Consumed by an unfamiliar love,
Praying for redemption
To an unfamiliar god.
Living an unfamiliar life
With no memory of the past,
Lost in unfamiliar territory,
The sad victim of a familiar humanity.

* * *

Distressful Homophones and Homonyms

(With due apologies to Vikram Seth)

Shashank Peshawaria

He passes by my garden's gate
In his humble yet handsome gait.

The thorny floor he does bear
As his feet are cracked and bare.

He cries within, but does not present
His pain. “God”, he says, “gave me this present,

So I am brave and able are my feet.”
He is so fearless... it's quite a feat!

* * *

A DIFFERENT GROUNDING

Himmat Dhillon

I recall days of exploration,
Spent throwing stones heavenwards.
Our only reward, green walnuts;
Delicious, the taste of excitement,
Which tightened the lining,
As yet tender, and extremely innocent,
Of our young mouths.

As we straddled different pleasures
In the rough ride on time's steed,
We realised that that had been
The taste of forbidden fruit.

Experience left a brown stain,
Upon our hands and faces,
Not unlike, the emission from raw walnuts.

Only experience never can be washed off;
It may slough off, once in a while.

But then, that is caused
By a phenomenon called time.

In the course of stoning heaven
We have learnt much more
Than they, who spend a lifetime
Of piety, praying and fasting,
And bowing low before a deity.

* * *

Who am I?

Kanishka Malik

Who am I
To write these lines,
Like a young man taking his first seven steps?
For I too haven't faced as yet
A tragedy, like those men,
And talk till I'm tired,
To all you men who suffer,
As if I am God.
I'm just a poet and a dreamer of my land,
And have no right to tell you men,
Which path to take.
These lines are just another part of my ego,
Which those dying soldiers laugh at,
For they know that all men of my kind
Are dreamers of this world,
And mere speakers,
Meant to just wake up and just sleep.

Beijing: January

Shashank Peshawaria

The trees are bare and frozen
In their wintry beauty
As the leaves exuviate
And perform their duty.

The icy winds cut their way
And comb my hair
Till it freezes
And rises in mid-air.

The snowy paths
Curve and twist,
Over the distant hills
Hangs pallid mist.

The rimed leaves of grass
And red and frosty roses,
Chinese-fashioned girls,
With cropped hair and sharp noses.

The Wall unfolds across
The mountains of Mongolia,
Over many a field
And valleys of dahlia.

Memories and snow,
Wool over the eyes
Will stay on
Till the mind dies.

* * *

poetsearch *Dhruv Velloor*

The names of nine Romantic poets are hidden
below. Can you find them?

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

The Unholy Trinity

Saurav Sethia's short story takes its protagonist through successive stages of sexual curiosity, betrayal and death

John grew up wondering how he was born. It was a simple enough question to pose: "Daddy, how was I born?", or "Did I really fall from the skies?". John was inclined to believe that he did, in fact, descend from the heavens, for it would explain the claim of various moral science textbooks to the effect that children were gifts from God. An unfathomable inner sensibility, however, prevented him from asking Dad the question. As he grew older, he gained a vague idea of what sex might be, without really fully understanding its meaning. In time, he noticed that while discussing sex, boys his age giggled and whispered excitedly. He did not quite understand why. For his own part, he too was fascinated by clandestine literature that was often circulated in the classrooms. When a boy was caught with articles of 'questionable morality', as they called it, he was caned mercilessly. Yet John continued to indulge in the crime, for he did not know his sin. Besides, it gave him a sense of pleasure. As a twelve-year-old boy, he did not see why these circulations had to be so surreptitious, but accepted that there was no other way. He found it amusing that the Sisters and Fathers in his Catholic school always evaded discussions that could lead, in any way, to the subject. He had heard that when a senior boy asked Father Wavriel about Goya's painting, *The Naked Maja*, he received a slap in reply.

To John, Father Wavriel was always kind and gentle. He could never imagine Father slapping anyone. Yet, word had it, he had. He was learning slowly that sex and sin were strangely connected. When he read Dan Brown's *The Da Vinci Code*, he discovered that human beings had a problem with sex. For some reason, divinity and sex could never be mentioned in the same breath. He later labelled this as an orthodox view. Sex was everywhere in literature, he realized. It was a popular literary theme. God condones sex, he read in commentaries on biblical scriptures. Sex, he acknowledged, was inherent in human nature. He viewed it as a physical confirmation of love. This, however, afforded only a myopic vision of reality to him.

They were smoking in the park: John and his friend. When Stephen saw them, he told his par-

ents, who told their parents. The first unwritten law of friendship is never 'peach'. Stephen had broken this code. When John returned home that day, his father whipped him. Mummy saved John. She could not bear the sight of him being lashed. Mummy smelt nicer than Dad did, she was even more affectionate. It was unfortunate for John that on matters of importance or urgency, Dad passed the final verdict. He hated patriarchal society. John was not, in truth, blue about the beatings he received from his father. He was gloomy about Stephen's betrayal, a gloominess that slowly transformed into bitterness and left his eyes brimming with hatred. Stephen bore a 'lean, hungry look', like Cassius. It was a betrayal, a breach of trust that could not be forgiven. When they met Stephen, they beat him up till he was black and blue, cringing on his knees for pardon. Gregor Samsa turned into a beetle and was shunned by his family. Conversely, his family was betrayed by his transformation. Macbeth killed Duncan; Othello murdered Desdemona; Brutus stabbed Caesar. Molly delionized Leopold Bloom. It is the way of the world.

He met Neary on his way back home from school. Neary was a chain-smoker. One might almost think John got the habit from him. Neary was an intelligent and erudite man. Of all the people John was acquainted with, only Neary could understand him. He was the one person who could empathize with his student's dilemma. Then, one day, when the honey-coloured blossoms erupted and it looked like the laburnum could hardly bear the burden of its flame-like beauty, Neary died of pulmonary emphysema, and John lost his inspirational father, and, quite unlike Dedalus, he would never find him again. All of literature, he had read once, had two faces: the continuity of life and the inevitability of death. The hero dies, the story lives on forever; that, he was told, was the nature of all tragedies.

John had been exposed to sex, experienced betrayal and seen death. Had Neary been alive he would have said the 'unholy trinity' was complete. He would have said it was the only education worth having.

A Boon

Dhruv Velloor

Religion is to do right. It is to love, it is to serve, it is to think, it is to be humble. — Ralph Waldo Emerson

When we think of religion today, we visualise terrorist bombings; we think of indoctrination and mindless, coerced action. Religion has become an unproclaimed taboo in today's age of reason, having been at war with science for hundreds of years. But then again, we *are* human beings, and most of us *do* think rationally despite being religious. The norm is that the rest of the world doesn't endorse this overly radical view.

It would be baseless to dismiss religion altogether— it is one of the few practices that have stood the test of time for millennia now. Until science arrived in typically resplendent fashion, religion gave us explanations, a way to believe and a kind of courage to achieve our goals, no matter how impossible.

Probably the greatest gift that religion has given us is our morality. Most of us act for the common good because our religions and its preachers have told us that we should. In an article in *The Boston Globe* last year, it was reported that people started informing police officials more about criminal activities because “members of the Black Ministerial Alliance began an effort to pair with police as intermediaries.”

“Who is more likely to care for paupers dying in the streets of Kolkata? Secular humanist associations? Or Mother Teresa's Missionaries of Charity?”

In a city rife with gang intimidation, what made these people speak up was not the prospect of profit or income, but a moral view that they acquired from the priests they looked up to. In prisons in the USA, compassionate religious volunteers, oppose normal human instinct and thought to turn up in thousands to care for criminals. Religion has not been necessary for morals to develop, but then why is it that the greatest contributors to charities across the globe are the religious, and not the atheists?

Religion, and the propensity to pray in particular, help change us for the better. They put in front of us a force that holds you accountable for your actions, convincing you to improve. Like Edmund Burke once said, “*Religion is essentially the art and theory of remaking the man*”.

To conclude this debate, religion helps tell us what our purpose is in life. It is the one element of life that has connected the races and societies of the world for millennia. The gods may not be the same, but the practices serve the same purpose—to give direction, insight, courage, and a divine connection. In effect, religion is indispensable; it *is* a boon.

A Bane

Vivek Santayana

There are many ways to approach the concept of ‘religion’. The general meaning of religion refers to worship of a supernatural force. Depending on which ‘supernatural force’ you worship, there is a different religion. I shall avoid discourse on the divisions of religion. But, a consequence of religion is that society has been divided. From this very point, I would question the necessity of religion.

“Can't we make certain decisions ourselves? Why can't we have a reason apart from religion, be it as arbitrary as a whim?”

If it has fragmented society into blocks that are incompatible with each other, and will engage in conflict if their religious sentiments are hurt, is it necessary? Our country is supposedly a secular state. But our definition of secularism is ‘not anti-religious or irreligious, but completely detached from religious dogmas’. Now, at this very point, we have a contradiction. Secular, by definition, means the outright rejection of religious or spiritual dogmas; not just detachment. Seeing that communities are set off against each other, religion is hazardous to society.

Religion merely is something we have been indoctrinated with right from the very beginning. It wouldn't exist unless you teach a three-year-old to pray. In society today, all children are taught their religion along with their language. Religion is nothing but dogmas. These dogmas can be questioned. Now, the question falls on the validity of religion. Religion is the worship of a supernatural force. But, history is the witness to the fact that first there was a ‘supernatural force’ and then there was a revelation in Science that made everything crystal clear.

So, religion is simply worship of a force that we don't understand; a force that we think is the solution to the questions that are unanswered. The validity of religion itself is in doubt as the ‘supernatural force’ it encompasses itself may not exist, both physically and metaphysically. It just may be our ignorance. It is also propaganda. At a point in time, crusades were fought. Society, at that time, functioned on religion.

Religion has gone on to subjugate our free will, restrict our lives and divide our society. Its validity is in doubt. It is leading to violence. It may be a form of restraint, a form of a ‘Codes and Policies’ booklet, but we do not require religion to teach us what is right and what isn't. We have our own free will. We are bending enough to society as it is. Let's not bend further to religion.

Dhruv Velloor

I stare into the mirror, watching how
An image of imperfection stares back –
His hair, unkempt, desperate for order,
His countenance bearing little feeling,
Hidden under the brown mask of hard dirt,
And his eyes, jaundiced, troubled and weary.
His teeth, chipped, vile, patronized by no brush,
His skin, swarthy, grimy, callous, cracking.
I look at this man and think to myself –
This man is an outcast, a fool, a twit,
Fit only to live in cruddy gutters.

No parties shall he attend,
And no entourage around him.
He will live ever worthless
And die unknown, abandoned.

And yet he stares back; no concern at all
Plays on his flawed, scarred, expressionless face.
His hair, countenance, eyes, teeth, skin – unchanged.
Unperturbed as a statue, he stares back.

I look now at him and think to myself –
This man will not need to go to parties,
And he won't care for an entourage,
He need not show himself off as wealthy
And he cares not for false airs and cheap displays.

He will not need to comb,
And he will not need to brush.
He will not need to bathe
And he will not need to change, for

This man is indifferent.
(And in this, I find peace).

The WHO?

Who is Aurobindo Ghosh?

A freedom fighter. – Shivan Tandon

A Welhamite. – Shivan Tandon

An author. – Srivats Singal

Does he play cricket? – Rahul Srivastava

A rocket scientist. – Chirag Mittal

King of Pondicherry. – Manas Poddar

An astronomyscientist. – Suyyash Bishnoi

A Dosa. – Jai Raj

He was an Indian nationalist, poet and scholar.

Linguistic Diversity and the World Wide Web — An Indian Puzzle

Mohd. Hammad Farooqui discusses the role of language in computing

In discussions of the impact of 'The Information Age', the role of language in computing is rarely mentioned. Hundreds of books have analyzed the digital age, the networked society, the cyber world, computer-mediated-communications (CMC), the impact of the new electronic media with hardly a word about the central importance of language in the Information Age.

Although the ultimate 'language' of the computer consists of digital zeroes and ones, the language of users, including programmers, is and must be one of the thousands of existing languages of the world. In fact, however, virtually all programming languages, all operating systems, and most applications are written originally in English, making language a 'non-issue' for the approximately seven percent of the world's population that speaks, reads and writes fluent English.

Since all major operating systems and applications are written in English, use by non-English speakers requires localization. Localization entails adapting software written in one language for members of one culture to another language for members of another culture. It is sometimes thought to be simply a matter of translation. But in fact, it involves not only translation of individual words, but deeper modifications of computer codes involving scrolling patterns, character sets, box sizes, dates, dictionary search patterns, icons, et cetera. Arabic and Hebrew scroll from right to left, unlike the North European languages. Russian, Greek, Persian and Hindi involve non-Roman character sets. Ideographic, non-phonetic written languages like Chinese and Japanese involve tens of thousands of distinct characters. But localization involves more than simple translation. Scrolling patterns, character sets, box sizes, dates and icons must be adapted to the new language and the culture in which it is spoken.

The Indian case is in some respect unique, in some respects important in itself, and in some respect illustrative of problems faced by many other regions. India contains some of the world's largest linguistic groups: for example, Hindi with an estimated 400 million speakers (approximately the population of the European Union), Bengali with approximately 200 million, and languages like Telegu with 80 million (about equal to the population of Germany.) India alone recognizes 21 official languages. Most of these languages have a unique script, and most have im-

portant literary traditions, both oral and written, that go back millennia. Some languages are cognate: for example, Urdu and Hindi both derive from the Hindustani of the Northern Plains, the one Persianized and the other Sanskritized in accordance with the cultural and political dictates of their respective speakers and nations.

In India today, major linguistic conflicts are largely absent. The initial plan to impose Hindi as the national link language has been repeatedly abandoned in the face of resistance from non-Hindi-speaking

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Indians, especially in the Southern states. The Indian states have been organized along linguistic lines, while English is accepted as the lingua franca of the Parliament, the higher civil service, the Supreme court and the High court, most highly educated people, and most national and multi-national businesses. However, English is the language of wealth, privilege, and power. For membership in elite spheres, English is not only useful, but it is virtually the only privileged route to power, the only reliable key to any reasonable hope of wealth, preferment and influence. Especially in India as in few other regions of the world, language and power are fused. To be sure, English plays a similar role in the distribution of wealth, power and influence in other former British colonies in Africa and Southeast Asia. Moreover, throughout the world, English is today the preferred language of commerce and science, a fact almost as true in North Europe as it is in India. In India, however, the fusion of language and power is almost total.

What makes this relevant for computation and the impact of the Information Age in India, and what differentiates India from many other parts of the world, is the near complete absence of localized software in any of the traditional languages of this vast and populous region. Efforts have been made to change this situation; many schemes for localizing programs, operating systems, and applications to vernacular languages exist; many creative people are working on this problem. But the fact remains that, as of 2008, none of these 'solutions' has achieved any widespread acceptance. There are more plans than achievements; the policies of the Indian Government vis-à-vis localization remain complex and confused. Despite multiple proclamations on the part of both public and private groups that they have achieved a solution to the localization

problem, either these solutions do not work or they are not widely adopted. In India language is largely a non-issue in the political sense; in other nations, it is a cause or symbol of violent political polarizations.

The result is that India - with its vast population, its enormous economic potential, its multiple ancient cultures and literatures, and the world's largest, rapidly growing middle-class - almost completely lacks readily available, affordable, usable vernacular software. To put it bluntly and perhaps to overstate the point, unless an Indian reads, speaks, and writes good English, she cannot use a computer, she cannot use email, she cannot access the Web. Despite the valiant efforts of many who have tried to change the situation, English is necessary.

Given strong arguments that would support the creation of robust local language software in the major languages of South Asia, we need to ask why so relatively little has been done, despite the many voices raised to encourage vernacular computing. After all, the World Bank estimates that in the year 2020, India will have the world's fourth largest economy and the world's largest population. It is, of course, a poor nation at present, but it is also a thriving democracy, a nation with over 500 million literate men and women, a nation with a rapidly growing middle class, and a nation which is, as Bill Gates put it, a "rising software superpower." India has twice as many university graduates as the People's Republic of China, although much higher illiteracy rates. In short, India, and South Asia more generally, is a region where one could anticipate a rapidly growing market for local language software in the decades ahead. Yet few are responding to this emerging market. Instead, what appears to be a 'Tower of Cyber Babel' may be emerging with regard to Internet communication, and vernacular software remains, at best, a niche market.

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There is an extensive literature on localization. A work that stresses cultural factors more than most is Elisa M. del Galdo and Jakob Nielson, *International User Interfaces* (New York: Wiley, 1996).

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The Best Of Unquotable Quotes

Jaipur House is full of debades.

RSF, Mr. Malaprop.

Was that a smirk I heard?

RSF, no, that's a laugh you see.

I feel for you, Avi Raj, but you don't feel me.

AKM, really hurt.

Fun does not mean over fun.

AKM, defining limits.

You ducklet!

Abhimanyu Chandra, head duck.

There's an iceberg in Gomukh.

Mehul Mehrotra plans for midterms.

Johny Deep was awesome in Sweeny Tood.

Aseem Balraj Sahni tries to compliment.

Someone whacked my goatee.

Arjun Sethi mourns the loss.

I am the dumbest planet on this man.

Piyush Upadhyay, you leave us dumbstruck.

Your dad looks like Nickelback.

Piyush Upadhyay wants to be a 'rockstar.'

But what's wrong with that?

Arjun Badal, his fan.

I couldn't get it stitched because the barber wasn't there.

Akash Binrajka cuts corners.

All the donkeys know me name.

Mohit Seth, Mr. Popular.

I bowl an overpitched yorker.

Chandrachuda Shukla, the ultimate bowler.

Main field par master main hoon.

MLJ, authoritative.

The thefts came and looted the pops who called the cops.

Shreyvardhan Swaroop loses it all.

You allowed us not to talk.

Ranjana Adhikari, shhhhhh...

Have you seen Kung Fu Pandey?

Shivam Pal's new blockbuster.

The wooden plank is electrically gadget.

AKM, tech-savvy.

Cristiano will leave Ronaldo.

Bharat Ganju, the soccer specialist.

My watch is the heights of un-water resistance.

Jayant Mukhopadhaya plumbs the depths.

People who call racists racists are all racising

Jayant Mukhopadhaya, all for the minorities.

Boys, don't indulgence in talk.

AKM, we are listening.

Have you tasted the wing of the chicken-bone?

Shivam Katyal, food connoisseur.

Come late or I'll mark you late.

PKN is dean.

Does it concern about you?

Mohit Seth, sorry, no concern about me.

I am telling my parents.

Shaurya Sinha, they already know.

All long boys get into tall bus.

Rishi Aggarwal, the conductor.

Mr. Vahin and Mr. Khosla, what are you up to?

RSF, seeing double.

The movie Mangal Pandey is a martyr of 1857.

RSF, now we know why History is fun.

Go announce all the House Common room.

Himmat Singh, loudspeaker.

Are you doing your post-graduation in MBA?

Samarth Jaiswal, feeling inquisitive.

I not say you, he say me to say you.

Arjun Midha, saying to the wrong person.

We have flood relief for dessert.

Vivek Santayana informs.

In the first week of September I went on a madness.

Pranjal Singh, seeking asylum.

I am king of Main Field!

MLJ, His Majesty.

Say one more word and chappal comes.

Pranjal Singh, in a threatening mood.

Our sweet dishes are gone to Bihar.

Karan Kairon shares.

What it is is that ICSE knows that students get confuse?

ADN, if you can't convince, confuse.

Learn to behave your manners!

PKN, disciplinarian.

An etymologist is the Secretary General of the English language.

Adhiraj Thakran, what?!

Ban Ki-Moon is the Secretary General of the Model UN.

Arjun Sethi talks politics.

KPB's article is 500 pages long.

Vivek Santayana, By George!

My hair is growing bald.

Devansh Khaitan, loser.

The CPU has many chicks.

AKS, we're interested to know how.

My throat is hurting like a dog

Mohit Seth, barks up the wrong tree.

Vinayak, go sit in the fireplace so that we can lit the fire.

SBL, aspiring arsonist.

I would like to thank the valuable judges for taking their busy-time out of their schedule.

Vivek Santayana, Chairperson.

Tie your nails!

STB demands proper grooming.

On the ninth of morning, the soldiers were drunk with guns.

RSF mis-aims.

Today, I went to give my Pitty's diary to VNP.

Arnab Sahu, too possessive.



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It starts with a word ... always

It goes

