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United We Stand

Raniz Bordoloi writes an essay about the need of regional parties and federalism in India

So, why do we need regional parties? The answer to this is simple. I have always believed that India is an enigma. 28 states, 7 union territories, 1600 regional languages, a geography ranging from mountains to flatlands, more than five major religions and 645 tribes, each following its own practices, traditions, and culture. I find it extremely difficult to imagine India as anything but a federal country. In fact, federalism is not a compromise, rather it is necessary for the survival of this enigmatic nation. And this is where regional parties step in. They reflect the diverse and heterogeneous composition of the Indian polity. If there was a uniform and cohesive society all throughout the Indian land mass, we could have done away with regional parties. But fortunately or unfortunately that is not the case.

I come from an alienated part of India, the North East. Unreachable, unknown, unimportant and unbridgeable, I have no hesitation in saying that the North East does not receive its due importance. Sometimes, the narrow passage linking the Indian mainland to the northeast seems symbolic, reminding me of the weak link between the North East and 'India'. And it is my strong belief that the North East has inherited such a fragile social, political and economic fabric that the Central government cannot and will not understand the genesis of the problems haunting it. Insurgency, bomb blasts, racial discrimination, underdevelopment or even alienation. National parties do not understand such issues. Bureaucrats and politicians do not recognize the sensitivity of the region. They have tried wearing the shoes of the Northeasterner but have found them uncomfortable. Perhaps, this is exactly why a special central ministry called the Doner had been formed, devoted only to the development of all the northeastern states. As a result the policies which are implemented do not comprehend the Northeast's specific interests and needs, treating the region as a composite whole with atypical problems. And this is where regional parties step in. I believe such regional parties understand the complexities of each state and can provide the necessary reforms. They represent that 'Invisible' India, which would have remained silent if the dominance of national parties continued. The book *People Unlike Us* calls this, 'the India that we either don't see or don't want to see'. This 'Invisible' India comprises not only the Northeast but other parts of the country which I believe have continually being ignored, such as parts of Orissa, Jharkhand, Kashmir and to an extent South India.

As Susanne Hoerber Rudolf and Lloyd Rudolf write, "the states are making themselves heard and felt politically and economically more than they ever have." Sometimes, I find myself sympathizing with the cause of the Ulfa. They wanted Assam to be an independent, sovereign state. They too were exhausted with the continued inferior attitude meted out to the Assamese. With no regional parties in the 1980s to reflect their aspirations, the centre ignored their cries. This is why I say that if you do not allow ventilation of regional aspirations, a diverse country like India will see manifestation of centrifugal tendencies or face balkanization such as insurgency. As Siddhartha Deb has written, "The responses of many tribal groups in the North-east especially insurgency movements may be seen as a reaction, an attempt to reconceive or re-imagine the model laid down for them by the nation-state they are ostensibly fighting." These tribal groups in my opinion need the help of a larger entity to find voice in the already crowded halls of the nation-state. These larger entities are regional parties. Siddhartha believes that such tribal groups express their aspiration in insurgency movements for their own nation states 'whose boundaries, like that of all nation states, are often blurred and bloody'. Thus, I say you need regional parties to strengthen the Indian Federation.

Now, it is imperative that I discuss the Congress' dominance in central politics. This period can be divided into phases. Between 1952 and 1967, the Congress had hegemonic dominance in not only the Centre but also in the states. And during this period, layered accountability between the centre and the states dominated. In such a scenario internal conflicts and feuds that occurred were defused within the Congress machinery. But what is interesting here is that the Congress leaders conveniently used Article 356 to their advantage and dismissed any recalcitrant opposition that won state power. To head off regionalist movements, the Centre used safety valves such as reorganisation of these states on ethnic-

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DSMUN

The following are the appointments for DSMUN 2013:
Boy-in-Charge: Rishabh Tusnial
Secretary-General: Kunal Kanodia
Heads of Media: Utkarsh Jha and Devesh Sharma
Chairpersons: Arnav Joshi, Madhav Dutt, Rahul Srivastava, Udbhav Agarwal, Karan Kairon, Ishaan Sandhu, Aaryaman Scindia, Aahan Menon
 Congratulations!

APPOINTMENTS

The following are the Boys-in-Charge and Secretaries of various societies and STAs:
The Astronomical Society: Agastya Bellad
Science Society: Udbhav Agarwal
Infinity: Udbhav Agarwal
Art Society: Madhav Dutt
Quiz Society: Karan Partap Singh Kairon
Historical Circle: Karan Partap Singh Kairon
Public Speaking (English): Karan Pratap Singh Kairon
 Well done all!

BUSINESS CONCLAVE

Shivaan Seth, Uday Goyal and Himanshu Poddar were selected for the finals of the **SRCC Business Conclave**. Well done!

CRICKET UPDATE

The School Senior Cricket Team played a match against Bar Council and **lost** by twenty runs.
 The School Junior Cricket Team played a match against Kasiga School and **lost** by six wickets.
 Well tried!

Wedding Bells



The Doon School Weekly would like to congratulate Mr. Rashid Sharfudin on his wedding to Hina Sharif.



Around the world in 80 Words

This week began with North Korea conducting a nuclear test, which prompted discussions of severe action and international sanctions by the United Nations Security Council. Meanwhile in the Vatican, Pope Benedict XVI resigned, sparking a search for a new Pope. In Colombia, an earthquake of magnitude 6.9 on the Richter Scale struck causing minor destruction. Back home, 36 people were killed in a stampede during the Kumbh Mela celebrations. Lastly, Oscar Pistorius's girlfriend was found dead at his home.

Opinion Poll

Have you heard about the Verma Panel recommendations?



(226 members of the School community were polled)

Next Week's Question: Do you support capital punishment?

THE WEEK GONE BY

Utkarsh Jha

The week gone by was undoubtedly ushered in by DSMUN 2013. The appointments to the various posts of the conference certainly delighted many (and of course disappointed a few). Thankfully, the master in charge of the show (who also features in this very publication and who the Editor-in-Chief would like to congratulate!) did not carry out his quest to find a replacement and will allow the current Sec-Gen to continue (as long as he begins using certain creams). My sources also tell me that we can expect the media team to be savant grade owing to the fact that they are headed by extremely capable and talented individuals (self-promotion does not hurt, does it?) The appointments also give me a gut feeling that we may see an inordinate amount of action from Russia and China this DSMUN and a sudden surge in Naxal or Communist leaning crisis situations!

Also worth mentioning is the appointment of a certain J House Sc as the Boy-in-Charge of Secretaries and Boys-in-Charge. This person, after a rather disappointing first day seems to have more than made up by literally bagging any and everything that he can lay his hands upon from the field to the dias. This has of course perplexed many experts in the field of scoping and S and Sc form politics. Mails to the person, asking him for his tactics and secret weapons, were (as expected) unanswered.

In other news, Inter House Cricket for seniors has also started after a relatively short time into the term and just a few days of practice. It may be just me, but I distinctively remember that in my junior forms cricket practices only seemed to end in mid-December. However, it is also possible that this feeling was kindled by the fact that I was beyond terrible at cricket. Frivolous matters aside, I wish all the players the very best of luck for what will hopefully be a great season of cricket.

This week the School also played host to the Headmaster of Eton College who spoke to the school on the three E's, namely excellence, enthusiasm and endurance. Furthermore, in the same assembly the Headmaster challenged us to come up with the three D's that Doscocs could follow. 'Desire, determination and discipline' does not sound bad, does it? Remember, you read it first in the *Weekly*.

Unquotable Quotes

The CDH will be in assembly.

Anvay Grover, so where is assembly?

There is no logic but some.

Smayan Sahni, logically!

The rebel was rebellion.

Sachin Mehra, the History teacher.

(continued from page 1)

language lines. It should be noted here that when a national party dominates, regional interests and voices are ignored and consequently, the Federation becomes weaker. In the second phase, between 1967-1980, the Congress party's dominance was on the decline as numerous regional parties emerged. The Congress defeats in state assembly elections began to mount and boil upwards to the national level. And when Rajiv Gandhi succeeded his mother, centralised congress dominance was no longer prevalent. The Indian political system was now characterised by regionalisation, fragmentation and coalition governments. This in my view, pried layered accountability away from the Centre. It could no longer impose its will on the states. The states interests become more mobilised and their bargaining power strengthened as well. However, this has a flip side to it (this assertion will be discussed later). Now, direct central intervention became unacceptable. At the same time, such regional parties exercised political restraints and curbed centralizing tendencies. For example, in 1998, the Atal Bihari Vajpayee-led coalition government wanted to impose central rule in Bihar, Tamil Nadu, and West Bengal. But eventually it was unable to do so because its regional allies in the cabinet, notably the Telugu Desam Party, TDP) and the Shiromani Akali Dal (SAD) opposed the move.

A single party government is almost impossible to achieve due to the rise of so many regional parties

Layered accountability gave way to vertical accountability as state governments became less restrained by the centre. As Mahendra Singh commented on the multi party system, "In a multi-party system, prime ministers have to contend with the constraints of coalition and/or minority governments." The rise of regional parties had begun.

The victory of the Samajwadi Party in Uttar Pradesh and Shrimoni Akali Dal in Punjab confirm this trend. Similarly, the Trinamool Congress holds power in West Bengal. But what is most disturbing here is that with the advent of the multi party system, an era of coalition government has commenced. Let me firmly establish that a single party government is almost impossible to achieve due to the rise of so many regional parties. And this is why a coalition government is bound by the nature of law to exist. And when it does exist, calculated risks and decisions meets with vehement opposition. The UPA II government's intention to introduce Foreign Direct Investment in retail is a stark example of what I am proposing. Consequently, the Trinamool Congress withdrew from the central government due to its own commitments and whims. So in the past, when a single party reigned supreme, it could implement reforms at its own will without being blackmailed. But today, such hard hitting reforms seem a distant possibility. In such a scenario, the rise of regional parties has led to a shift of power from the centre to the states. And due to this, national parties are at the mercy of the regional players. Here, I feel that due to this, sometimes, regional interests gains precedence over national interest. The leaders of regional parties have their own ambitions and interests which they need to maintain. And this again harms the country. I will like to point out here that the Railway budget of 2012 was disproportionately allocated to West Bengal. Why? Because the Railway Minister, originating from the Trinamool, chose his state over the country.

The recent stand of West Bengal on the River Teesta Water Agreement had embarrassed the foreign policy of India. While the DMK and the AIDMK have been 'arm twisting' the Central government to support the UN resolution of imposing sanctions against the Sri Lanka, the fate of the National Counter Terrorism Centre, Lokpal Bill and the Border Security Amendment Force remains uncertain. And this has happened because of the inevitable rise of regional parties.

After exploring the boundaries of this topic, I can now attempt to answer the topic. As we have seen, there are two sides of a coin. These two sides contradict each other and further complicate matters. But what I feel is that regional parties need to be powerful. They represent regional aspirations which would have been ignored if national parties continued to dominate. This is of immense significance for a diverse nation such as India. And if such regional interests are ignored, we will find dissatisfaction in the form of insurgency movements. But then again, the current trend of Indian politics reflects that the centre has become weak and sometimes it has to give in to the selfish demands of regional parties. This raises further two question: Has the time come for a review of the Federal Structure and are the demands of regional parties being raised because of fracturing and fragmentation of polity or because of growing political ambitions of some regional leaders? Yes, I do believe the time has come for a change in the federal structure. I will put my bet on cooperative federalism. As the Sarkaria Commission recommended, the Centre needs to be strong. But at the same time, the state and the Centre have to cooperate. And for this, the ruling establishment has to learn the art of steering the ship of the nation, striking constructive compromises. But what is even more important is that our regional leaders have to be selfless, mature and practical. They must put national interest before their regional ambitions. 'Into that heaven of freedom, my father, let my country awake'.

But what I feel is that regional parties need to be powerful. For they represent regional aspirations...

| Reports |
HMUN
Utkarsh Jha

In my capacity as a board member of the Weekly, I have come to realise that reports on school trips have an uncanny ability to bore the reader. Therefore, in order to provide some relief and rejuvenation, in this report I have vowed to forego the paragraphs where I talk about the *tiring* forty hour journey and rather irritatingly stress that we had *the time of our life* (none of which would be false).

But as it would be foolish to write a report without hinting as to where we were headed, it is essential that I mention fourteen of us, escorted by PDT and SDA, were flying to the 60th Session of the Harvard Model United Nations to be held in Boston. Also noteworthy, is the fact that all fourteen of us were determined to win. We had prepared - read through hundreds of articles, written lines of policy statements and resolutions and bought clothes like we were going to represent Hungary (the country we were assigned) in the actual UN. In hindsight, it would be foolish if we had not prepared, for the thrones of chairpersons in DSMUN eagerly awaited the winners and outperformers. Also in hindsight, I believe there was no need for certain people to brave the cold winds of Boston and New York and dress as though we were stepping out for a walk in the middle of summer.

The committees at HMUN were undoubtedly the biggest we had ever seen, with my committee, the DISEC, having over four hundred delegates in attendance. What must be remembered is that large committees have a different dynamic where caucuses (and to an extent even committee sessions) take a backseat and lobbying outside the committee gains unprecedented importance. However, there were also certain smaller specialized committees where delegates such as Arnab Joshi, Pranay Kapoor and Aahan Menon participated. Overall, I believe the quality of debate, though superior to any other MUN I have been to, was not sky high. What was impressive was the unrelenting lobbying and resolution writing skills of the delegates. I truly believe that we must aim to bring such skills and techniques back to our own conference, DSMUN. I would add that our performance at HMUN was moderately successful with the delegation members winning two awards, our highest tally ever. While Aahan Menon picked up a Outstanding Delegate award and Arnab Joshi received an Honorable Mention, I wish that we had managed to clinch a few more laurels.

Our trip to the Americas also involved sightseeing in New York and Boston, a whole lot fun and frolick and of course the delegate dance. In New York, where we stayed for the first and last day (before flying home to New Delhi), we managed to shop (you might have noticed a sharp rise in sales of Apple products!), take a river tour of the Statue of Liberty (during which we also held a photoshoot), watch the Phantom of the Opera (which would have been amazing, had we not been falling asleep from jet lag), visit the UN Headquarters (where we planned to hold DSMUN) and accept coupons for everything. We also had the privilege of visiting the campuses of MIT and Harvard during our stay in Boston. Furthermore, though I have been asked to write about the delegate dance, I must restrain myself for it truly deserves another article. To conclude in a rather cliched manner, I wish this report could have done justice to the trip, but no report can, no word in the English language can (I am still not proficient with German!)

A Literary Adventure

Arnaav Bhavanani

This year, a group of boys, myself included, escorted by MMR, AAQ, DEB, MHF, PRC and Dr Lanka visited the Jaipur Literary Festival from January 24 to 27. The Festival, held at Diggi Palace, was hosted by William Dalrymple, and drew crowds of massive proportions, especially for the conversations with influential figures like Rahul Dravid, Javed Akhtar and Shabana Azmi. The first day was quite eventful. It started off with a prayer, quite literally. We all sat in the Tata Steel Front Lawns, one of the various venues in the Palace, and had a peaceful beginning to the day. Half our group attended the Young Adults Workshop while the rest attended various talks and conversations throughout Diggi Palace. The Workshop aimed to make us bond with people of all types. There were people from villages and towns, as well as metropolitan cities. We were told to talk to each other, and find out whatever we could about the others. The other half of the group went for all the talks, and some of these talks, like 'The Art of the Short Story' and 'The Novel of the Future' really made quite an impression on us. It was on this day that the Man Booker Prize Finalists were announced. That night, we all went to an ex-Doscoc's restaurant for an amazing dinner. The next day was pretty much the same. Half of us went for the workshop and the rest were off attending the talks. Truth to be told, all of us wanted to go for the talks, because we were missing some really good ones. This second day, we were introduced to the dynamic and humorous personalities of Howard Jacobson and Gary Shteyngart in 'The Jewish Novel', and the crowd was packed for 'An Evening with Sharmila Tagore'. Day 3 of the Festival was one to remember. It was in 'Republic of Ideas', ironically, that Ashis Nandy made his comment about the Dalits and brought back controversy to the Festival. Tarun Tejpal was an eloquent speaker, and effortlessly won our praise for his views on India. Tom Holland, a historian, spoke so passionately about his book on Persia that the crowd, originally around fifty or so people, almost tripled halfway through. Rahul Dravid, of course, was the highlight of the Festival, and they actually had to seal off the area to prevent a stampede. The person who made the biggest impression on me was political philosopher Michael Sandel, who spoke about his book on the moral limits of markets. The second largest crowd puller was one moderated by Barkha Dutt, about the question of failed states. This night, we went to a much awaited dinner at KFC, and went back to the hotel early, as we were leaving the next day. This year's Festival was a success, and it managed to be fun and enjoyable while maintaining an atmosphere of that seriousness that all authors are synonymous with to some level.

| Report |

RSIS 2012

Lanka Adarsh

It is surprising what a team of twenty one people, who have never met before, can achieve in a span of fourteen days.

Our team met for the first time on the December 8, 2012. The delegation comprised members from eight different countries: Australia, England, South Africa, Peru, Kenya, Thailand, Canada and of course, India. After a brief day of rest and ice-breaking, we set out the next morning for Kattapathar. The first day was spent looking around the worksite and getting to know the various tasks we would be performing over the next few days. When our first workday did arrive, all of us were dripping with anticipation as to what the day might hold for us. Our first activity that morning was Yoga – something that energized us for the rest of the day and made the more ‘flexible’ delegates stand out. As the first day passed, and the second, then the third – it was all going too fast for us to stop and reflect. In the first few days of the project we managed to finish lining a septic tank with rocks and concrete, paint furniture, clear a site where toilets were going to be built and also get started with the earthing pit. In addition to all this, the delegates were split into three groups and given the duty of teaching school children. In the midst of all this activity we also managed to have drama classes and visit Asoka’s rock edict at Kalsi.

The mid-project break couldn’t have come soon enough. On the first day of the break we visited Aliya Studios, which, we were told had made the furniture for the School, then we trekked to Mussoorie. The delegation reached at about four in the evening and made at once for Mall Road.

The next day we made our way to Rishikesh. No sooner had we reached than we had to change up and get ready for white-water rafting. By the end of our rafting expedition we were all soaking wet (both from water-fights and from jumping into the Ganges!) and horribly cold. After drying ourselves and getting some heat, we proceeded for lunch, which seemed somehow as a complete necessity. In the evening we went *aarti* of the Ganges at the Parmarth Niketan Ashram, after which we did a bit of shopping. We then moved back to camp. The next morning the delegation departed for Dehradun to watch the Bollywood blockbuster ‘*Khiladi 786*’ (which, to be honest, was quite entertaining). We then proceeded to Paonta Sahib, where all of us learnt how to make *chapattis*. And then our mid-project break was over.

In the last four days of our project there was much left to accomplish. The earthing pit had to be completed and the children had to be given a playground to play in. With a bit of help from skilled labor, we were able to make the earthing pit deep enough. The team also got to digging holes for the fence of the playground. When the jungle-gym did arrive along with the sand our workload doubled, but we managed to successfully accomplish fitting the Jungle-gym, filling the surrounding area with sand and setting up the swing sets. Painting the fence was a time-consuming task, yet the team rose to the challenge. We also made two flower

beds for the school. The last day couldn’t have arrived any sooner. We put on a small skit and danced Bollywood style for the children. After our last walk around the worksite, we left, both happy and sad at the same time. The night was spent feasting, lighting Chinese lanterns and of course saying good byes. The next morning, we wrapped up everything and left for School.

The following day it was as if none of it had ever happened!

| Interview |

Gender Equality

The Doon School Weekly interviewed Sucharita Sengupta, who gave a talk on gender equality. Excerpts from the interview follow below.

Doon School Weekly (DSW): Could you please explain the main issues faced by women in India?

Sucharita Sengupta (SBS): The actual problem begins when a girl is in her mother’s womb and if the family has been informed of its gender; in a nutshell it all starts before the child is even born. Chances are that the girl at that very point may not be permitted to live on and hence infanticide will be carried out. Another massive problem faced by woman in our country is sexual harassment which can lead to more violent actions such as rape. Often women are also denied their right to possess property and this seems to be another problem stemming in our nation.

DSW: Can gender equality ever be achieved?

SBS: That is a good question, one that I ask myself every day. I personally don’t know how this will end. I like to think of it like an ongoing battle, but one thing I know for sure is that it is not impossible. I am certainly not the first person in this field and definitely not the last. This just goes to say that there are many people working to achieve this goal of equality. I know I can’t say that from 2013 there is going to be perfect Gender Equality but I believe it is something still worth trying. I also know that this battle has to be fought realistically. Obviously no one can say that all women are suffering without any rights. There are some very lovely women holding high position in all fields and this as I believe is a symbol of change.

DSW: According to you, over the years has the condition and status of women improved or remained the same?

SBS: I would love to say that it has improved and maybe in a way it has but the simple facts are that in various parts of the country women’s conditions have remained the same if not degraded. It has improved in certain ways such as women getting better jobs and becoming more open-minded as well as innovative. Sadly at the same time, there are women still killing their own daughters when they are just in their wombs, not realizing the cruelty of the act. Women are starting to work abroad and though many women are forced to remain at home there is always hope, hope, that one day all men and women can be equals and may pursue whatever career they choose. Finally it has been noticed that women are having the courage and skill to reply and respond to their husbands as equals which I think is a drastic change for the better.

5. *The Doon School Weekly* Saturday, February 16

| Creative |
Wounded

Devansh Agarwal

It was a bitter winter night. The wind decided to show no hesitation and blew mercilessly over the entire city. Had it not been for a pale light resonating off the street lamp the entire street would have been engulfed in complete darkness. Houses were made to look deserted for no one wished to offer accommodation to anyone, especially in these times. The creature, being hungry all day, had decided to try its luck on a garbage can, hoping to find some remains that would help him scrape by. Suddenly the dog took to its heels as this silence was disrupted by a loud shout. "Get that damn camera outta my face" and the figure lashed out into the darkness only to come in contact with nothing but the cold air. He felt the heat in his body growing intensely. He tried taking a few calm breaths but to no avail. Had it not been long enough now? Wasn't time supposed to have healed his so called wounds? Some had healed. Some. But there was still that dream. It kept haunting him every second of his remorseful life. As if falling into a trance he slowly shut his eyelids only to relive that one memory that changed his life.

During his youth when he would be asked what he wished to become once he grew up, unlike his fellow classmates, his answer was simple. All he ever wanted was a normal family, a roof over his head, and three square meals a day. Often god favors those who show modesty and it was this very belief that he thought was the cause for his happiness in the near future. He took whatever little savings he had, and he invested them in a firm which did not show much promise at the beginning, however it did make profits later on, thus resulting in his progress as well. Being one of the wealthiest shareholders of his town, he managed to marry the girl of his dreams, live in a house which was considered simple by few and lavish by many others and needless to say, he enjoyed his life.

Strangely enough these were the very thoughts that came to his mind that evening. A Saturday evening. There was not a single cloud in the sky that evening. A cool breeze blew over the town. The new movie had taken the nation by storm; many proclaimed it to be a work of genius. He was fortunate indeed to have gotten tickets. This week had been busy and the family was looking forward to spending some quality time together. His children hurried down the staircase looking adorable followed by his wife with that look of joyfulness that can in no way be expressed by words.

Like almost any other family going for a movie they too were running behind schedule. His children were sitting at the back of his car while his wife was up front with him. People dreamed of having what he had: a loving wife two happy children but one never truly realizes the value of something until it is gone. He had always valued, so then why.....

He stopped his car right before a traffic light. He turned around to find his children playing with a stuffed animal one that he had bought for them just this week. Slowly his wife placed her hand on his and for a moment time simply froze. He did not mind staying in that situation for the rest of his life for that was a time he was happy and in peace. The moment was shattered by a piercing honk and he then saw that the light had turned green.

He slowly advanced forward when all of a sudden his wife's grip on his hand stiffened. Baffled, he turned his head only to see his wife was not looking in his direction instead she faced the window. A bright light illuminated the street and then he saw the gigantic 8 wheeler speeding towards them. He already knew, judging by its speed, that no matter what he tried collision was inevitable.

He saw his wife's beautiful face breaking into that of terror and slowly morphing into a scream. He looked back to see his children, staring at their mother who had frightened them, not even completely aware of what was going on, the side of the window. Thinking, panicking, doing anything was in vain. He had been told that keeping hope even in the worst of situations could be obliging in such situations. However he did not keep hope for the survival of his family, he just hoped that they would make it safely to the gates of paradise. Then came the loud blare of a truck horn and everything simply became obscure.

The smell of smoke and burnt metal filled his nostrils; pieces of broken glass were all around the floor. He slowly opened his eyes to discover himself surrounded by a pool of blood. There were hardly any people there but in the distance he could make out vague figures approaching the spot. He just managed to catch a glimpse of the escaping truck, the driver with no intention to stop or slowdown whatsoever. It was only then that a sharp pain shot up his right leg. The sight of his trampled leg was something that would send any ordinary man to the state of unconsciousness. The same would have happened here if only he did not see what lay behind his leg. At first he could not make out what the heap in front of him was. Then he understood that that ambiguous figure was none other than his wife. The grief had only just begun for then he caught a glimpse of his children both lying right beside their mother. One of them still held on to the stuffed animal but its face was now smeared in blood. He could not even tell which one of his children it was, for both their faces had been marred beyond recognition. He tried crawling to his family but his legs would not obey. Every effort seemed wasted. He thought it was time to give up but then new hope sprung within him as he saw a man approaching him. The man crouched down beside him and then did something he was not prepared for. He pulled out is camera and began shooting away. "Get that damn camera outta my face" and the figure lashed out into the darkness only to come in contact with nothing but the cold air, once again.

Online Edition: <http://www.doonschool.com/publications/the-doon-school-weekly/latest-issue>



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6. *The Doon School Weekly* Saturday, February 16