

ESTABLISHED IN 1936



The Doon School WEEKLY

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Editorial

"Happy Diwali, ji!"

This time of the year, i.e. the 'post founders Diwali' period, always leaves me in a reflective and pseudo philosophical mood. Last Sunday, on Diwali, as I was getting dressed for my outing, I saw one of the bearers of our House, walking outside on the corridor, wishing everyone a happy Diwali. I went out and wished him the same, and he clasped my hand in both of his, smiled a smile that reached his eyes, and wished me back. Such a powerful effect those two words seemed to have on us!

After I left for my outing and reached home, I went online on Facebook and posted a status wishing everybody a happy Diwali, but it seemed like an empty message. So I did exactly what one is expected to do on an occasion such as that – I messaged most of my friends personally (unfortunately, my laptop crashed).

Later that day, my mother and I drove into town to visit a few friends, and on the way back we stopped at the new mall. I noticed that no one, whether entering or leaving a shop, or even just window shopping, was wishing each other on such an auspicious day. Is it too much to ask of someone to wish well a person he or she is not acquainted with?

All the employees of the mall were spending their Diwali just the way they would spend a normal working weekend, and here we were so apathetic to their sacrifices! I decided then and there that I would wish every employee I spoke or interacted with. And a couple of hours later, I returned home, feeling great and proud of the fact that maybe, just maybe I had made at least one person's day better out of free will and not necessity.

But then, I also felt ashamed. Should we wish people, only because it is a particular holiday, 'out of the holiday spirit', or is it not possible to wish them every day? It barely takes a few seconds to wish someone. Sometimes, even a smile and a nod of the head is good enough. I might seem didactic in nature as I write this, but would you expect to be treated well if you treated other people as if they did not exist?

OF WAISTCOATS AND DRESSES

Mr Mohit Sinha

They say that music, or any work of art for that matter, has a life of its own. They also say that there is a preordained time for its creation; and another for its fruition and acceptance. Could Shepherd Meade have imagined that his successful book "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," written in 1952, would become an even more successful Broadway production in the 60s? Could Frank Loesser (Music) and Burrows, Weinstock and Gilbert (who sound more like a New York Law firm than a trio of musical producers) have imagined that this would be one of the longest and most successful musicals to run in both Broadway and the West End?

And could any of us have imagined that the historic Rose Bowl at Chandbagh would 'resonate with the staccato stilettos of Ms Hedy La Rue or the syncopated score of the swingin' sixties that the cast of H2S so successfully simulated?' Certainly superlative!

(*author's addendum: alliterations are addictive. Abstain!)

But so it was, and let there be no doubt about it. This year's Founder's Musical- "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying (or H2S, as it was affectionately dubbed- in good old Dosco tradition) was a triumph, an outstanding success and one that will be remembered for years to come!

Theatre is a dashed difficult business at the best of times. Emoting, dialogue delivery, stage movement, et al have to be managed very smoothly. Musicals are even more difficult; because added to the list above, musical interpolations and dance sequences need to be cunningly integrated. And to top it all, comedy occupies an even higher rank in this caste system of difficulty. Now, added to this already complex mix of demands, comic timing becomes essential.

The engrossed audience sitting at the Rose Bowl, swinging to the rhythm, humming to the tunes and laughing at the one-liners could be forgiven for not realising what a complex piece of theatre they had just witnessed. Kudos to the director, Mr Shrey Nagalia, the music director Mrs Priya Chaturvedi and the cast, orchestra and choir for making it all seem so effortless!

The play revolves around the meteoric rise of J Pierrpont Finch (F.I.N.C.H!), performed masterfully by the very talented Sahir Choudhary- now (and perhaps, forever!), known as 'Ponty' by his friends- at the World Wide Wicket Company. With the help of the eponymous book, which is constantly at his side, and the pretty Rosemary Pilkington, who wishes to be constantly at his side, (played with thespian élan by

(contd. on Page 4)



Regulars

COLOURS

Shivam Sharma and Josh Pasricha have been awarded **Drama Colours**.
Aditya Bhattacharya has been awarded **Quiz Colours**.
Congratulations!

APPOINTMENTS

The following will be the **Board** of the **Interact Club** for the forthcoming year:

President: Gaurav Kothari
Secretary: Saksham Arya
Vice-President: Palash Kanwar
Treasurer: Arush Sood
Directors: Shreyansh Chheda, Divyansh Goel, Adityavikram Dhingra

The following is the **Editorial Board of The Echo** for the forthcoming year:

Editor-in-Chief: Nihal Sharma
Chief-of-Production: Aditya Bhattacharya

Arjun Sharma has been appointed the Boy in-charge of the **English Dramatics Society**.
We wish them a fruitful tenure.

TABLE TENNIS

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

Juniors	Seniors
1st: Jaipur	1st: Tata
2nd: Oberoi	2nd: Jaipur
3rd: Kashmir	3rd: Oberoi
4th: Tata	4th: Hyderabad
5th: Hyderabad	5th: Kashmir

House Cup
1st: Jaipur
2nd: Tata and Oberoi
4th: Kashmir
5th: Hyderabad
Well Done!

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

Agni Raj Singh and Suyash Raj Shivam have been awarded certificates of **Merit** for participating in the **IPSC General Knowledge Test**.
Well done!

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 WORDS

A deadly typhoon "Haiyan" ravaged Philippines, affecting 11 million lives and killing more than 1000. A cyclone hit Somalia's Puntland region and hundreds of lives are feared lost. An emergency has been declared in Egypt as President Morsi is under the scanner. Several people have been injured in bomb blasts in Karachi. Iran and the UN have agreed on a nuclear co-operation deal. Salman Khurshid, the external affairs minister is to attend the CHOGM Summit instead of the Prime Minister.

RLSS

The following boys have completed their RLSS training:
Life Savers: Vatsal Gupta, Anvay Grover, Yasharth Goyal, Rishi Raj Deva, Anirudh Popli, Pratyaksh Parmar and Nehansh Saxena
Life Guards: Shubham Agarwal, Ritvik Kar, Josh Pasricha, Gaurav Kothari, Abhishek Pai, Vinayak Chaudhary, Agni Raj Singh and Sumer Sehgal
Well done!

FIRST AID

The following are the results of the **Inter House First Aid Competition:**
1st: Oberoi
2nd: Tata
3rd: Jaipur
4th: Hyderabad
5th: Kashmir
Well Done!

THE WHO

Who was Eleanor Catton?

A musician - Deep Dhandhania
A model - Atharva Matta
A basketball player - Saket Golyan
A social activist - Tushaar Sharma
A boxer - Vatsal Gupta
A poet - Ishaan Kapoor
A mountaineer - Udayveer Singh Sekhon

Eleanor Catton is a novelist who won The Man Booker Prize 2013 for her second book, The Luminaries.

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

Social Service is serving the socials.
Tanmay Gupta, socially active.
I love sweet peas.
Ritvik Khare, on a diet.
There is a crack in my sweater!
Vineet Puri, feeling cold.
I am having a headache in my head.
Krishna Goyal, we can understand.
Can I do 25 under-meter water
Udai Nath Behl, attempting the impossible.
I am a non-violence.
Ayush Sarawgi, Gandhi's disciple.
I studied into my toy.
Suryansh Kainthola, nerd!

Errata

In Issue no. 2360 of the *Weekly*, Suhel Karara, Jai Ahuja and Divyansh Goel were incorrectly printed as the Editors of the *Yearbook*. The correct designations will be published in the Yearbook next year.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I am writing in response to Josh Pasricha's article that was published last week regarding the sexism that was portrayed in H2S. Firstly, on behalf of almost a 100 people who were behind the success of H2S, I would like to sincerely apologize to Mr Pasricha and all the others whose sentiments may have been hurt while watching a thoroughly entertaining musical: a musical whose sole purpose was to entertain the thousands of people that descended upon Chandbagh this October.

Over the years, our school has produced its fair share of controversial drama. As an actor myself, I have spoken of having sexual relations with other men, and have also vehemently propagated a neo-Nazi agenda on stage. Boys *and girls* of the school have been part of plays that have depicted sex, violence, alcohol, rape, bullying and racism. But none of them have had an impact on school beyond fond memories of late-night practices and laurels and appreciation for those who put in commendable performances. In front of plays like *Lights Out*, *Jeffrey*, *American History X* (not to mention the numerous plays that I am not able to recall), chiding *H2S* for its message is like asking Ocean's Eleven to temper their heists because it shows law enforcement in such bad light. H2S was not made to send a message, and even if it was, it was to warn aspiring businessmen against toying with female secretaries (courtesy Ms LaRue)!

I understand Mr. Pasricha wrote in a very objective manner, considering he did not participate in the production. The sexist undertones of the play cannot be ignored. But Mr Pasricha, in his own letter justified the reason for such a tone. H2S was set in 60s America, at which time sexism was very much prevalent in most countries across the world. While Plato may have warned us against the powers of drama, his student, Aristotle, laid down some of the most essential elements of drama. And one of the more obvious ones is that the play must reflect the attitudes of its setting, which was 60s America. One can only imagine how far south the play would have gone had Ms LaRue summoned Harvey Specter and co. from the buildings of Manhattan to sue the affable Mr Biggley.

I fail to believe that in a play where so much happens, the Dosco audience would pick up a sexist undertone and develop an attitude accordingly. Again, Mr Pasricha has himself said it; the government is trying to eliminate discrimination against women in this country by indoctrinating in our textbooks all the way from our primary years. I'm sure a kiss on Mr. Finch's cheek will do little to hurt those efforts. Our school in particular has some very prominent women who (I'm sure the *Weekly* will be the first to attest to that) will not shy away when us gentlemen utter the occasional unpleasant remark. Just like how our Prime Minister does not fight battles for the Chairperson of the UPA, Mr Pasricha need not defend the feelings of the fairer sex.

On Founder's, the Headmaster called for an Arab Spring of the Intellect, and not of the Cynic. It is great to see Doscos budding to start one, but this debate is one that was never meant to begin.

Regards,

Rahul Srivastava

Dear Editor,

I write in reference to Josh Pasricha's Letter to the Editor in issue 2360 of the Doon School *Weekly*. I concur with Josh when he says that the musical "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" has quite a few sexist remarks, which might be misconstrued by an impressionable young audience as normal in the outside world. However, I think there must be a line drawn between the perception and understanding of academia and art. When Josh writes that by portraying an office situation where all men are calling the shots, we are allowing a wrong image of the corporate world to settle in the minds of Doscos, I think he misinterprets the very purpose of art or theatre in the first place.

The distinction is, that when a person is exposed to a source of academia, s/he seeks to be educated by it. When one is reading, for example, an NCERT textbook as he refers to, s/he doesn't approach it with the same mindset as s/he approaches a song with misogynous lyrics "that we deride so casually," or for that matter, a musical that seeks to entertain the audience with. There is a reason why we, as a society, choose not to teach H2S in class; that is not the purpose of the musical at all. Hence, I feel the two cannot and should not be equated.

He also goes on to write how Plato deemed Drama "dangerous since it had such an effect on people." Now, this effect would be true if we were discussing a play such as "Death and the Maiden" which is meant to bring issues such as justice and truth to the public eye, however, H2S never sought to educate us as an audience. Also, it was a comedy, not a satire, and hence it need not mock the misogynistic references in the play, which is also something suggested by the letter. H2S was performed on Founder's in the same way it has been performed all over the world; hence I feel that it was not a sexist enactment, but simply a performance that didn't mock sexism of the 60's. Its spirit was to treat the audience, and that it did, as Josh claims himself. Therefore, I feel H2S did fulfill its purpose, to say the least; it just so happens that the purpose is not in line with what he expected it to be.

He then states, "The Doon School is not Broadway." Well, I'm sure the Director of the play, and the audience alike, were aware of that. All the same, I fail to understand why that must deter us, as a school, from screening a play such as H2S. Despite Doons 'not being Broadway,' the dynamic musical invited positive acclaim from a large number of people who watched it that evening in the Rose Bowl. At the end of the day, the school successfully showcased the talent its actors possess and the place and value theatre holds in our school, which is after all, what the purpose of Founder's was. Therefore, although I agree that content in the play did portray misogyny to an extent; I don't think the school conditioned its students to look at women in a different way in a work atmosphere simply by performing the play. It is, after all, meant to be taken "with a pinch of salt."

Yours sincerely,

Pulkit Agarwal

(contd. from Page 1)

Malini Malaviya), Ponty negotiates the perils of big business. A cast of colourful characters abound. Arjun Sharma's splendid role as the larger-than-life CEO, J B Biggley has the audience in splits with his blustering, knitting and deep baritone. Devesh Sharma gives a superb performance as Bud Frump, Biggley's lazy yet conniving nephew and Yash Dhandhanian, as the convivial, yet secure in mediocrity, Mr Twimble, does not fail to entertain. A mention must be made of Shivam Sharma's superlative rendition of the svelte secretary, Hedy La Rue. 'Smitty' Nair and Sachin Mehra (Mr Bratt) give very creditable performances indeed. The reassuringly omniscient advice of Ponty's "How to" guide in the mellifluous voice of Smayan Sahini never fails to elicit a smile while the other characters in the play- Abhinav Kejriwal as Mr Gatch (who certainly does go places- Venezuela, specifically), Ishaan Kapoor as Miss Jones and Madhav Bhardwaj as Mr Ovington (who, unfortunately, went to the 'wrong' college) all execute their roles with perfection. Sayuj Dhandhanian has a significant dramatic presence on stage.

How does one even begin to encapsulate the magic created by the choir and the orchestra? For a musical, and that too one set in the 'swingin' '60s, the element of jazz and swing time rhythm is essential to capture the mood. The inherent nature of the drama is satirical, cheeky and irreverent- and so must be the music! The challenge lies in the dual nature of this type of music- while an extensive orchestra such as this must have order, harmony and control- the characteristic indiscipline, unchecked and cheeky nature of jazz must also come through. The choir, under the brilliant stewardship of Mrs Priya Chaturvedi, had the audience, at once both mesmerized and ecstatic. With absolutely stunning and superlative performances, the Choir and the Orchestra transports the audience to another age- where men were men and 'dames' didn't mean what they do now at the Doon School! Special mention must be made here of the astounding vocal calisthenics performed by the immensely talented Navraaj Randhawa.

This 'review' wouldn't be complete without a 'hats off' to the dance troupe so ably led by Agni Raj Singh. The synchronised dancing in numbers like "Grand Old Ivy" and "A Secretary is Not a Toy" left the audience clapping in joy and wanting more!

Theatre has always been of the highest standards at the Doon School. Whatever else be said, the cast of H2S has managed to set an extraordinarily high benchmark for future performances at Founder's. The corridors and classes will hum to the strains of "The Brotherhood of Man" for years to come!

*** Our Own Milkhas

CC Chengappa and Jaivir Puri report on the recently concluded Inter-House Athletics Competition.

Mary Lou Retton once said, "Each of us has a fire in our hearts for something. It's our goal in life to find it and keep it lit". In Doon, athletics has always been an integral part of one's life as it is a sport that requires immense dedication and motivation. In the past, we have seen some exhilarating performances and this year's competition lived up to its expectations.

Keeping in mind the various activities and preparations that were going on for Founder's Day, boys still managed to find time to practice for their respective events and were seen practicing regularly on the main field. Luckily the weather did not prove to be an obstruction and enabled us to have a flawless Athletics Competition right till the very end. The first day began with an extraordinary march past which was followed by the heats of various track events. The next day saw Arunab Utkarsh breaking the Mediums Discus Throw record by a big margin of 3 metres as well as Devang Mehra winning the 1500m race. The pentathlon commenced on the third day and it witnessed intense competition in several events. Eventually, Siddharth Sethi was triumphant and Rishav Raj Das emerged as the runner-up. The much awaited 5000-metre race took place on the fourth day and it surely did entertain everyone. After a nail-biting finish, Devang Mehra emerged victorious and Ritzy Rajaswi finished a close second. The high jump event in the mediums category witnessed close competition between Shivendrajit Cheema and Yash Mishra. Varun Sinha clinched the first position in the 400m race in the Seniors category while the Mediums race was won by Nikhil Saraf. Udayveer Sekhon dominated the individual track events in the Juniors category by winning the 400m, 200m and 100m races. Jaipur House led the senior cup and Tata the Mediums cup the end of day 4. The 200m finals saw the exchange student Nicholas De Decker winning the Senior's race and Kartikey Kardam winning the Mediums' race.

A majority of the final races were left for the last day along with the marching cake which was up for grabs. In the 100m relays that took place, Hyderabad won the Junior category, Tata won the Mediums category and Jaipur bagged the 1st position in the Seniors category. Be it in the Olympics or in School the 100-meter race is what all people long to see. This year with the level of competition seen in the heats everyone expected a closely contested finish to every final. Nicholas was the favorite to win the Seniors race and rightly came out on top, while the same happened in juniors with Udayveer Sekhon outshining all his competitors.

The marching cake was one award that every house wanted to win, and after another tremendous display of coordination and discipline, Oberoi House took the cake. Hyderabad house won the Junior Cup comfortably, Tata took the Mediums Cup and Jaipur won the Senior cup. Hyderabad House capped off a brilliant year by winning the House Athletics Cup along with having Devang Mehra and Udayveer Sekhon who were awarded the Best athlete and the Most Promising Athlete respectively. Once again, Doscas managed to live up to everyone's expectations and despite various barriers that were put before them, they showcased a mixture of speed and endurance and helped in carrying out a successful Athletics competition. We fervently hope that our athletes carry on their great work, and enthrall all of us for the years to come.

सफलता और संतुष्टि

विहान भटनागर

अक्सर लोग अपनी क्षमता को पहचान नहीं पाते हैं और जो लोग पहचानने की कोशिश करते हैं वे अपने आप को सफलता के पैमाने पर परखने लगते हैं। उदहारण के लिए, एक व्यक्ति अपने दौड़ने की क्षमता को जानना चाहता है और देखना चाहता है कि वह एक निश्चित समय में कितने किलोमीटर भाग सकता है। अपने आप को इस कार्य में झोंक देता है। दिन-रात अभ्यास में लगा रहता है। अंत में एक समय आ ही जाता है, जब वह अपने लक्ष्य को पाने में सफल हो ही जाता है। परन्तु देखा यह गया है कि लोग अक्सर सफलता और संतुष्टि में फर्क करना भूल जाते हैं। लोग सफलता को संतुष्टि मान कर अपने आप को गलत तरह से मापने लगते हैं।

सच्चाई यह है कि अपने कार्य में हर बार सफल होने के चक्कर में लोगों ने संतुष्टि की भावना को पीछे ही छोड़ दिया है। अपने प्रदर्शन से कुछ लोग प्रसन्न तो हो जाते हैं मगर वह प्रसन्नता उन्हें उनकी मंजिल तक पहुँचने के लिए काफी नहीं होती। लोग अपने आप को कई बार अपनी क्षमता से ज्यादा योग्य समझ बैठते हैं और अंत में जब उनका प्रदर्शन उनकी अपनी आशाओं से कम रह जाता है, वे लोग दुखी, हताश और असंतुष्ट होकर रह जाते हैं। ऐसे लोग अपने सच्चे संतोष का खयाल नहीं करते और हर समय सफलता के ही पीछे जाते हैं। अंत में होता यह है कि उस आभासी सफलता का मूल्य संतुष्टि के बलिदान के रूप में चुकाना पड़ता है।

कुछ लोग अपने जीवन में सफल होने के लिए कड़ी मेहनत करते हैं। इनमें भी कुछ व्यक्ति होते हैं जो अपने ही मन से मेहनत करते हैं और कुछ ऐसे जो अन्य लोगों के डर से या उनके दबाव से मेहनत करते हैं। होने को तो दोनों तरह के लोग सफल होते हैं पर ज्यादातर दूसरे किस्म के लोग अपनी सफलता से असंतुष्ट रह जाते हैं। ये वे ही लोग होते हैं जो अपने आप को अपनी नहीं बल्कि दूसरों कि निगाहों से देखते हैं। ऐसे लोग अपने से नहीं बल्कि दूसरों के साथ प्रतियोगिता में लगे रहते हैं।

मेरा मानना तो यही है कि हर एक व्यक्ति को अपने परिश्रम से संतुष्ट होना चाहिए। सफलता उसके पीछे पीछे अपने आप चली आती है। हमें अपने ऊपर भरोसा होना चाहिए। यहीं हमें यह भी समझ लेना चाहिए कि आत्मसंतोष का अर्थ यह नहीं है कि मनुष्य अपने प्रदर्शन के सुधार में प्रयास करना ही बंद कर दे और अपनी क्षमता के चरम को छूने से पहले ही हथियार डाल दे।

रोग

रोहन हुंडिया

आचरण की अपवित्रता एक ऐसा रोग है जो पूरी दुनिया की रगों में ज़हर की तरह फैल रहा है। मनुष्य अपनी इच्छाओं, मांगों और स्वार्थों को पूरा करने के लिए अनुचित रास्तों को अपनाते से हिचकता नहीं है। इसका परिणाम यह होता है कि लोग जाने-अनजाने में भ्रष्टाचार के रास्ते पर कदम रख देते हैं।

आबादी बढ़ रही है। लोगों के बीच प्रतिस्पर्धा मची हुई है। एक आम आदमी से लेकर खास-उल-खास तक अपने अपने क्षेत्र में इस प्रतिस्पर्धा का हिस्सा बने हुए हैं। जिसका परिणाम भ्रष्ट आचरण को अपनाना होता है।

जो लोग इस चक्र से दूर रहना चाहते हैं उनके लिए जीवन कठिन होता जा रहा है। एक व्यक्ति भ्रष्टाचार में लिप्त होता है तो आस-पास के लोग अपने आप उसका हिस्सा बनते चले जाते हैं। वातावरण भ्रष्टाचारमय हो जाता है। यह एक संक्रामक बीमारी है जिसका इलाज बहुत मुश्किल है।

भ्रष्टाचार शुरू तो होता है बहुत ही छोटे स्तर पर लेकिन धीरे धीरे इसका स्तर बढ़ता चला जाता है और अंत में एक स्थिति ऐसी आ जाती है जब यह सामाजिक रूप से स्वीकृत मान लिया जाता है। असल में भ्रष्टाचार हर मुसीबत की जड़ है चाहे वह गरीबी हो, फिरकापरस्ती हो या कुछ और।

आप भ्रष्टाचार से दूर भाग सकते हैं लेकिन वह आपका पीछा करता है। भागने का रास्ता नहीं देता है। किसी न किसी मोड़ पर फिर उसकी आपसे मुलाकात होती है और वह आपको अपनी बाहों में ले लेता है।

भ्रष्टाचार को मिटाने के लिए एक व्यक्ति को नहीं बल्कि पूरे समाज को मिलकर उठना होगा। हर व्यक्ति को स्वार्थ की भावना छोड़कर समाज के व्यापक हितों को देखना चाहिए।

WAR*Hitansh Nagdev*

War
 Silence had spread,
 Courage had fled,
 On the death bed,
 Were ready for blood to shed,
 The two armies, who were breathing heavily,
 Valuing their heart beating merrily,

Waiting for the horn anxiously,
 Vultures waiting far away patiently,
 Suddenly the silence was blown off,
 And every soul took off,
 The ground shook with a roar,
 Dragging each other to death's shore.

In sorrow their memories flashed,
 Just before the two forces clashed,
 Blood raining here,
 Flesh tearing there,
 Human cries filled the air,
 With hope, sorrow and no care.

The war's fire had reached its heights,
 And soon was coming the end of all the fights,
 Then the shouts went thin,
 As peace walked in,
 Their loss was great,
 But their glory reflected their fate.

*Seasons**Abhayraj Jain*

Deep thoughts assail me-
 Comparing thee to a summer's day?
 No that's all too cliché:
 The autumn is far more poetic.

Gentle breeze blows,
 As bodies lie entwined on green grass,
 By Cupid's arrow, shot,
 Close, a world apart,
 Time ceases to pass.

It is as if,
 The leaves just aren't tumbling down.
 They freeze, hovering.
 And then, nightfall.

*Karma**Devansh Agarwal*

The world was not an easy place to live. He was unfortunate enough to have experienced this truth first hand. Earlier, in his childhood, afraid of spoiling him with the grips of luxury, his parents had decided to send him to a boarding school. Little did they realize that their decision would, in turn, cause a radical change in him. The once soft-spoken and humble boy was now a harsh and tormenting bully, relishing the pain of his juniors, the same pain that had been dealt out to him in the past.

Unfortunately, the junior before him seemed to have accomplished the task given to him. The junior, having recently familiarized himself to the ways of this cynical world, quietly emptied the contents of his bag, trying not to meet the senior's eyes. That rarely, if ever, ends well. The senior, about whom we discussed earlier, gave an approving nod after observing the contents on the bed, a sign of reassurance for the junior. Reaching for the wooden handle of the door the junior suddenly heard the senior ask, "Where's the cutlery?"

It started with a slap on the cheek followed by a number of hard punches on the junior's shoulder. The junior, who was now sobbing, tried his best to mask his pain. It was almost as if he understood that his misery was what the senior fed off.

Suddenly, his Housemaster's voice filled the corridor. The senior pushed the junior into the adjoining room, told him to shut up and then proceeded to 'clean' his room removing all evidence of what had happened there earlier.

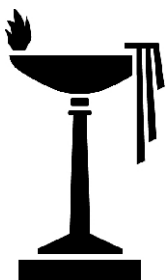
The housemaster entered the room and the junior began praying, ever so softly.

"Ah! There you are. I have been looking all over for you", said the master and the senior asked why in the most uninterested fashion.

"Well, you'll be glad to know that your mother called, she wanted you to know that your brother cleared the entrance exam, he will be joining this House shortly" and with that, the housemaster was on his way. The junior emerged from the changing room with a strange gleam in his eye, a gleam that resembled one that he had seen in the senior some moments earlier. "Make sure you tell your brother to carry a spoon with him." With that the junior left the senior's room. The world was a cruel place, indeed.

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