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A New Beginning: The Editorial

Arnaav Bhavanani

Welcome, readers, to another milestone in the life of the School's most prestigious publication: *The Doon School Weekly*. Be it in terms of intellectuality, brevity, or even the evolution of the quintessential Dosco penguin, the Weekly as an institution has served as the tour de force of the Dosco spirit for the longest of times. But for all this; let me not waste space on idle pleasantries. For time, if anything, is not idle.

The beginning of the new fiscal year (in March 2015) marks the reform of the most visible aspect of the *Weekly*, the material of the paper itself. When we chanced upon ivory paper while searching for paper for the Founder's Cover for 2014, the Board noticed a very distinct difference between normal paperwhite and this, and boldly opted for the latter.

Now 2015 also marks a shift in how the Board works as a unit. Beginning with fresh recruits employed on the basis of a more holistic approach to the '*Weekly Test*', we aim to make the Board not only a group of elite writers, but a workforce comprising those who can bring out the publication in a more efficient manner. For truly, what is the concept of a flagship without quality? This year, we intend to structure the Board to include more efficiency and uncompromising dedication that will lay the base for the years to come. Writers in School are plenty, but those with the ability to bring out a 4-6 pager every week? Scarce.

In respect to you, the readers, I have spoken on multiple occasions with seniors, juniors, as well as peers, and a majority of them believe the *Weekly* to be elitist. This majority also feels that the only things worth looking at each weekend are the Cartoon and/or the Unquotable Quotes. While I agree with the widely held belief that these are worthy components, it is my staunch belief that if people are unwilling to look beyond the humorous sections and widen their horizons, it is not the fault of this publication. With this tag of elitism, no matter how far from the truth it may be, comes a responsibility that we have and always will strive to uphold. We hope that 'intellectualism' is not the property of the Board members, or the teachers, or the handful who do read the *Weekly*. It is up to the reader to make the most of the publication, instead of asking for it to be brought down to a baser level. Of course, we shall strive that this year articles such as reports are written differently: in a manner that makes them more than just a blow-by-blow account of happenings that people have read before.

Yes, we do aim to make the *Weekly* a more interesting read, so do bear with us in the process. Change cannot occur overnight. Speaking of change, a phenomenon that has struck me is a particular recurring trend of change amongst previous Editors-in-Chief. There is a quote by Edward Abbey: "*Growth for the sake of growth is the ideology of the cancer cell.*" This exemplifies my stance on change for the sake of it. As of the moment, there is only one section that I feel requires incorporation: the 'Interpretations' section. If there is something I have noticed, especially amongst us senior IB boys, it is an unconscious fear of criticism. In our work, we write reams of paper in these two years, some of it being our best analysis of the texts we study. And we believe this needs a forum for expression, appreciation, and constructive criticism in order to encourage writers to publish their work. A couple of years ago, Arnav Joshi, one of our stellar performers, entered an excerpt from his IB English Paper 2 for the *Bakble Essay Contest* and won. Reading his piece in the *Yearbook* is what sparked a series of discussions that culminated in the concrete formation of this idea and instilled in me the belief that people can contribute so much more if they are given opportunities within the framework of a system that already exists. So write on, and publish it if you wish! I hope this section serves as an incentive for aspiring authors and analysts to write and be noticed, and not just for the sake of grades.

Well, that's about it for now, save design: something as ever-changing as that does not really require introduction. It can be seen, rather than read about. So apart from that, this Editorial does not, cannot include all the changes that will be occurring in the *Weekly*. It is not my wish to make promises I cannot keep. We'll see how the pictures develop, and critique (especially of this Editorial) is welcome. However, keep one thing in mind: destructive criticism serves progress in no way! So keep turning the pages with an open mind, and if you don't get the time to read the *Weekly* at breakfast, save it for later! Because growth for the sake of it truly is cancerous, but if it is growth worth the while, it is truly of the greatest kind. I hope the *Weekly* this year helps Doscos grow as individuals, if not as a people.



Regulars

The Yearbook

The following appointments have been made to the Editorial Board of the **Yearbook**:

Editors-in-Chief: Akarsh Tibrewal, Aditya Vardhan Bhardwaj

Editors: Azan Brar, Shlok Jain

We wish them a fruitful tenure!

Movie Buffs

Rishab Badhwar has been appointed the **Boy-in-Charge** of the **Entertainment Committee** for the forthcoming year.

Congratulations!

The Echo

The following appointments have been made to the Editorial Board of **The Echo** for the forthcoming year:

Editor-in-Chief: Yash Dhandhanania

Chief-of-Production: Karan Sethy

Editor: Tanay Agarwal

We wish them a fruitful tenure!

Errata

The following is the **Errata** for **Issue No. 2389**:

Siddharth Sarin was incorrectly mentioned as the winner of the **Shotput** and **Javelin** events of the IH Athletics Competition. Adian Lane, an exchange student from Tata House, won the Shotput event and Kartikay Garg from Hyderabad House won the Javelin event.

The *Weekly* regrets these errors.

AV Squad

Following have been appointed the **Boys-in-Charge** of the **AV Squad** for the forthcoming year:

Sahir Choudhary

Tanmay Gupta

Vedant Agarwal

We wish them a fruitful tenure!

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 WORDS

The Republicans have won control of the Senate in the US mid-term elections, increasing their power in the final two years of Barrack Obama's presidency. More than 20 people died after a boat carrying immigrants sank near Istanbul. ISIS killed more than 300 people of a Sunni Tribe. At least 60 people were killed and more than 110 wounded in Lahore because of a suicide blast. US drone strikes killed at least nine suspected members of Al Qaeda in Yemen.

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

I know it half.

Madhav Singhal, surely this must be grammar.

I didn't ~~knew~~ how that was.

Suryansh Nevatia, neither do we.

It will advantage them.

Smayan Sahni, we really hope it doesn't.

I was feeling fatigueness.

Udayveer Sekhon, your grammar tires us too.

Shut down the windows.

JNX despises fresh air.

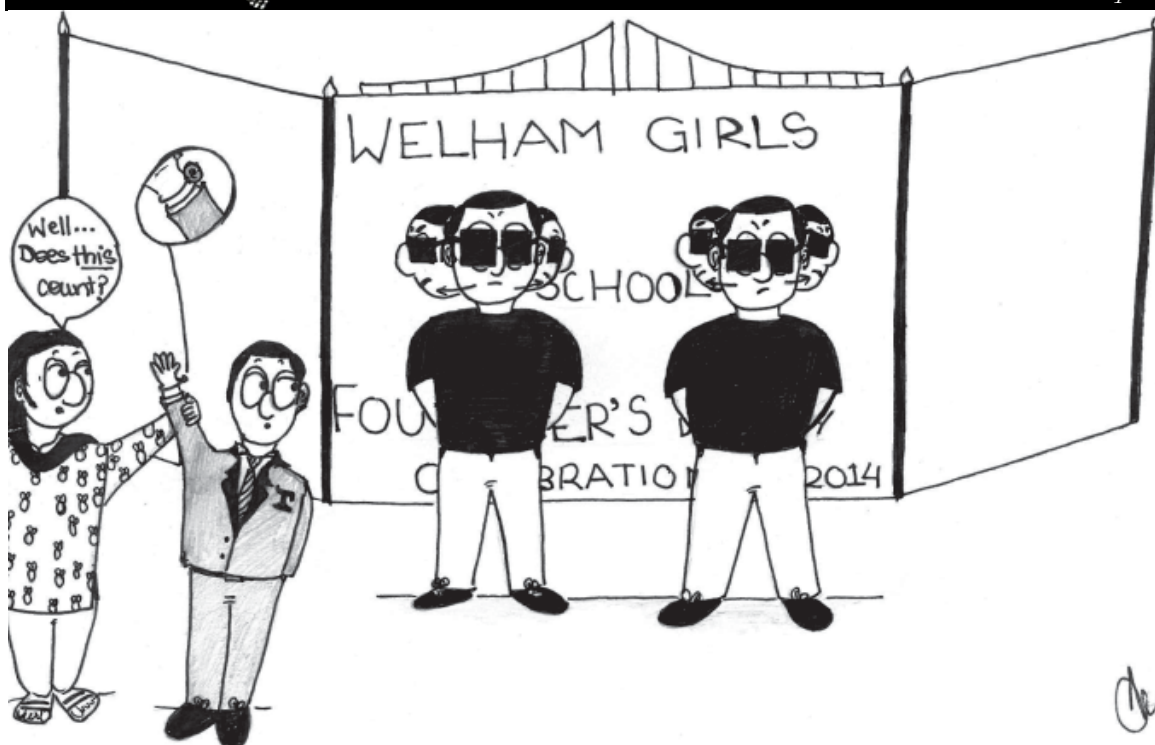
Our speed is 500 hours per minute.

Kartik Malik, measuring time.

Dosco Doodle

'Brothers'

Anirudh Popli



Music while Running?

A debate on whether listening to music while running is beneficial

Point Anvay Grover	Counterpoint Philip Burrett
<p>Running purists have often opposed listening to music while jogging or running, however this argument will sentiment. This will be done by showing that there is no harm in listening; in fact there are added benefits of listening to music. Also, this debate will be limited to scope of the Doon School campus. As a general rule, races will be excluded from this debate as there can be no doubting that one cannot listen to songs while in the midst of a race.</p> <p>I would like to begin by saying that there is no health concern involved in running without music. There has been no scientific proof of the runner being impaired if he/she listens to music while jogging. Further, not being able to hear any vehicles while running is another problem associated with listening to music during a jog, thus posing safety issues. However, this will not be a problem while running on the Main Field or Skinners, while the roads are limited within the school campus. Realistically, the chances of being run over are less, especially because all cars are meant to be driven slowly on a school campus. While the benefits music could serve far outweigh the risks in this case, as we shall see.</p> <p>Purists also say that the tempo of the songs one listens to; might affect the tempo at which he runs. The person may slows down at a slower song, or accelerate at fast-paced song. But seasoned runners, who have been training well, know their body well enough to not fluctuate their running speed. This problem can also be easily tackled easily by creating a playlist with similarly paced songs. Besides, we are giving a person a choice to make here; if he feels that music can serve other purposes for him, well enough. Otherwise he can decide to run without music. There is no reason to take this choice away from DoscOs, especially since there is no health risk involved with music while running.</p> <p>Coming now to the positive aspects of having music to go with the daily jog, music can help break the monotony that comes with long-distance jogs. It is the one thing that can help take one's mind off tiredness and pain, and thus might also help in increasing a runner's output. Agreed, that it is not the best plan for a professional runner to follow, it is excellent for any person looking to lose some weight. This coupled with the motivation that certain songs can give on the running track, for instance any Bhaag Milkha Bhaag song; music can have a large impact on a person's output on the track.</p> <p>To end, what this argument tries to say is that by giving DoscOs the freedom to use their iPods during a run, the school authority is just giving DoscOs a choice. By giving DoscOs this freedom, the School Authority is essentially making the lives of DoscOs better. Besides there is no health hazard resulting from such a habit, it could in fact better a Dosco's output on the track.</p>	<p><i>'Tis the language of love', 'the voice of the spirit' and 'it starts where words leave off'</i></p> <p>There are millions of quotations about music, and never have I read anything negative about this wonderful art form, and as a clarification I would like to say that I have no angst about music per se, and let me add that I am rather fond of my particular genre; it's just that I am a believer that music has its time and place, just as everything else. I am no advocate for diluting the pleasures of life. But the point I would like to make is that we should keep them apart, so that one may enjoy each so much more individually.</p> <p>Runners run for different reasons-some for fun, some to lose weight and a few insane creatures run competitively. If one should run for fun then have the fun and listen to the music either before or after the run, and if to lose weight, then I advise that one should focus on the sweating and grunting and the burning of calories. Multi-tasking at the professional levels is just not on it never works even at the basic level!</p> <p>The thing is, running creates its own music; the crunch of the foot on gravel, the breeze on ones face and the sound of one's heartbeat and rhythm of breathing are addictive. The 'sounds of silence' and the inner peace that ultra distance runners seek as those endorphins flood the blood stream and the adrenalin surges through the veins will only be destroyed by rap music blaring into ones ears. It just does not feel right. One should not mix activities like that- it dilutes the brain's ability to focus.</p> <p>I do notice those who have ear plugs in while they jog, and they are continuously fiddling with the gadget and constantly adjusting the volumes and equalizer, often looking down-and then they complain (from hospital after a car runs over them)-'I did not hear the horn.' And I think to myself, 'Yes, you were running in the middle of the road, and your ears were blocked. Obviously you didn't hear the horn.'</p> <p>I believe that runners who run and listen to music have serious attention problems. They are running so badly that nobody is taking any notice. But the expensive iPod along with the flashy Nikes is what turns peoples' heads. Then there is that serious competition between these musical-runners- who has the better, latest gadget? These blokes also have the Pulsar heart monitors and the arm bands (which houses the iPod), GPS on the wrist, the flashing lights on those Adidas and the fluorescent strips on the shorts etc. Running is a simple, basic activity; let us keep it like that. For the best, most productive running is done without external distractions.</p> <p>To conclude, I would like to say that there is a big difference between finishing the Boston Marathon with the Kenyans and finishing with a guy called Ken. If you want to finish with Ken in over three hours, by all means plug it on, but no Kenyan or Ethiopian running a 2.10 marathon will have the time for that sort of device.</p>

From The Desk of The Editor

Devansh Agarwal

It was only recently that I learned of my appointment as the Editor of *The Doon School Weekly*, and I must admit that a wave of emotions (both subtle and otherwise) swept over me. The impetus of these emotions came from the various experiences that I have had with Editors and Editors-in-Chief of the past. To give you an idea, these emotions comprised anger, fear, even disheartenment. But amidst this array of obscure emotions I felt one that had not been a part of me for a long time. I felt peace. Peace - not because I experienced some great moment of forgiveness and self-enlightenment, but peace because of a simple realization; the realization that I had made it.

Now here's what you're thinking: "Made it? Please stop making this sound as if you survived the Holocaust. We get it; you had a tough time, maybe you were bullied or maybe a couple of your articles were rejected. But please, if you need a shoulder to cry on, this isn't the place to get one". And I completely agree. I'm not trying to gain sympathy; I do not wish to acquire a façade of bravery by describing the 'inconveniences' I had to face, a description that ensures that no junior wants to join the board of the *Weekly* (did I mention we're recruiting?). The reason I felt at peace was because I was aware of the mistakes that previous senior members on the board had made; mistakes which I simply cannot and will not repeat. The very first clarification I feel the need to make is that I am not directly attacking any member of the Editorial Board, present or past. A great man once said, "*To err is human, and to blame it on someone else is politics*". I agree that I have made mistakes in the past, and to that end I have been given the occasional yelling at and/or punishment. I have been on the Board for nearly five years, and rest assured that if the goal is to produce shabby, slipshod work then there is no incentive that works better than fear. I am not denying that if a mistake has been made, then some form of correction is required to ensure that the mistake is not repeated. The Board of the *Weekly*, as I imagine, should encourage writing rather than just blatantly criticize it. This is the difference that we would like to make this year.

However, as a junior I too faced various forms of criticism, both positive and otherwise. Each time I had this distinct feeling that soon I'd realize that this publication was not worth it, and I'd leave. Strangely, I could never get myself to do it, for somewhere I knew that even though it was a bitter pill to swallow, I needed it. I can often relate to junior board members who believe that the Editor-in-Chief and the Editor of the *Weekly* serve no other purpose but to make them believe that they are insignificant in their capacities as writers. It is to these juniors I say, give the *Weekly* and its senior members a chance. And it is with this chance that the *Weekly* hopes to have a great year ahead.

A Farewell Note

Yuvan Kumar

Reminiscence grows strong when you have spent long years and months doing something you love. Unfortunately, having spent less than one short year as a member of the board of the *Weekly*, there is but little nostalgia that will creep into this farewell note. Not having spent more time as part of this publication is the only regret I will have as I leave School next May. Through the years I have been all over the place in School, trying to fulfil commitments always. However, I now realize that I could have avoided all those stressful times by employing the powers of an ultimate 'cooling agent': *scripturam* or writing. Writing, as I have (a little too) belatedly realized, is perhaps the one thing that gives me the divine peace that a student at Doon requires. It teaches you to block out the world and its worthless racket, giving way to a chaste creation that is solely your brainchild. Now remember, this does not differentiate one's thoughts from those of others, but singularly distinguishes the manner of expression that each individual possesses. I may also go ahead and say "you are what you write." And the elation of reading back your unique creation once it is complete is paralleled by only a few other feelings in the world. I hope to come back to School a few years hence to see writing in abundance. I hope to return to an environment where boys start magazines to give way to their ideas and language prowess, not to gain 'brownie points'. I would be heartened to know from my successors that there have been weeks in which the *Weekly* has been more than an eight-pager! So from an inspired writer to many aspiring ones: "*Lock up your libraries if you like; but there is no gate, no lock, no bolt that you can set upon the freedom of my mind.*"

Technological Dyslexia

Arth Gupta

To the reader, I write this article to address an issue that affects us all, but is so subtle in its appearance that it often deceives us into believing that it is 'normal.' This 'issue' is more like a disease, and a harmful one at that, and has infiltrated our society at all levels, be it at home, at work, or with friends, this condition of ours has redefined the way we think. I like to call it 'technological dyslexia.'

The symptoms are: inability to think without electronic devices, lack of communication using vocal chords and real-time use of the body, and addiction to social media websites such as Facebook, Twitter etc. The effects are: minimal/no communication skills with members of the same species, poor academic performance when hands and fingers are to be used for the act of writing and at times, social awkwardness. Technology today has marginalized communication. With the advent of consumerism and the rapid use of advertising, the "market" has imbibed within us a hankering to consume anything and everything. Technology here has played a major role by not only being a medium for these products to be sold, but by using its own talent to sell itself. For this very reason, more often than not, we tend to believe that technology is absolutely necessary for our survival. And yes, in some ways, this is true to an extent, but what we need to understand is that technology has come from us and not the other way round. Our over-dependence on technology has marginalized everything that was truly human, from the art of thinking to the skill of communication. Let me give you an example, how often do you hear people really laugh these days? The kind of laughter which makes the sound of "babababa?" not quite often, for funny moments have been reduced to "LOL" and "so kewl yaar!" The truth is that this dependence on technology has stunted/handicapped our cognitive capabilities; our over-use of emoticons has made us incompetent at the skill of effective communication, because 'emoticons' have redefined the entire notion of 'emotion. Joyful, happy and jolly have all been redefined to mean ':D'. Thus, students today all over the world are suffering from an inability to express their emotion. This overuse of technology in communication has made us incapable of thinking originally, and all because the internet has condensed years of cognitive adaptation and understanding of emotion to synonymous shorthand emoticons. Furthermore, it has also changed the way we look at society because we have made the internet so important in our lives that we often blindly believe what it has to tell us, without forming our own well-informed opinion. For example, the internet is filled with anti-Justin Bieber memes, and a majority of the population forms an opinion about his singing from these sources, rather than actually listening to his songs and then making a decision. The point is, we need to understand the gravity of the fact that we are over-using technology and how it is affecting us in a subtle, yet a significant way. We need to not only revisit our understanding of communication, but also invest in our own understanding of things in life, for only then will we be able to express, what we truly understand and feel. If we fail to do so, then those days are not far when IB commentaries will say, *"in line 5 we see how the poet has used a metaphor to describe how the situation was so LOL. He goes on to describe the swag of the protagonist, and the use of the word eloquent by the author further affirms how the man is so kewl."* And when that happens, grades dropping will be your fault, for you ignored this article like any other that is printed in the Weekly and chose to discard it nonchalantly after Saturday breakfast.



Parting is such Sweet... Sorrow

Arjun Sharma evaluates his experiences as an actor in school.

After playing a significant role in the hugely successful musical - How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying, I felt I had gained enough experience and confidence as an actor to try on different roles. In fact, looked forward to being part of another production that was going to be different and challenging. However, the one thing I was not prepared for was 'improvised comedy', or, in other words, interacting with the audience, feeding off their responses and creating humour on the spot. And just when I thought that doing such a play would really be quite difficult, we were told that we would have to do so using Shakespearean English! Nonetheless, despite great trepidation and self-doubt, we commenced work on the production - The Complete Works of William Shakespeare (abridged).

Initially I did feel that what we were trying to achieve was, in many respects, unprecedented. After all, in a span of one hour and thirty minutes we were going to attempt to cover 36 plays written by Shakespeare using 12 lights, 3 actors, 1 basic stage setting and 0 stage changes. And to top it all off, everything had to be done keeping in mind the element of unpredictability, as we had no idea how the audience would react and how we were going to take the play forward.



We started our preparation with the first and most important (and arguably the most boring) part of rehearsals - memorizing our lines. I can tell you that it was no easy task, considering all the dialogues were in Shakespearean English with handfuls of modern dialogues thrown in. After days of going over each line again and again and again, and viewing and reviewing all the tiny little sections of the play from earlier performances, we not only managed to get a hang of

the lines but also of the comic timing, that single most important element in any comic play. That achieved, we began to block our stage movements and the way Sahir, Shivam and I were going to interact with one another on and off the stage.

While we were blocking the scenes we realized that not only was this production a tough one in most aspects, it was also a very tiring one for the actors. After many exhausting practice sessions, at the end of which we all felt completely run down, we were finally being able to get across the word of the 'Holy Bard'. Finally, the day of our first show arrived and all our collective nervousness, apprehensions and expectations seemed to be getting the better of us. Then, the music faded out, the curtains parted as if on cue from Moses, and everything, simply, stood still. The next hour and half was an applause induced blur.

As it turned out, an audience was what we needed to convert all our hours of hard work into the rollicking success that our production turned out to be. With our hearts reaching the stars, our aspirations soaring even higher, a successful show and many new-found fans behind us, a new feeling came over me - a yearning to be on stage all over again, inducing laughter and causing some comic distress to members of the audience. Thankfully, it wasn't long before the day of the second performance arrived. With a much larger and 'more experienced' audience before us, there was nothing stopping us from enjoying ourselves on stage and ensuring that everyone enjoyed with us. With the show resulting in a multitude of awed looks and comments such as 'The best play I have ever seen', 'It was as if you had hired professional actors' and 'simply fabulous' flying about, we knew that we had managed to put on a good show once again. And once again the same yearning, like a sweet after-taste, and once again the opportunity to get on stage with the license to thrill and entertain. We were on our way to Delhi for another performance of the show at the prestigious St. Stephen's College.

This was the last performance in a School play for Shivam and me, and we really did want to give it our best. This was going to be our final curtain call, which is why we were none too amused when our Master-in-Charge, Mr. Shrey Nagalia came up to us and told us not to get too disheartened in case we didn't get the usual standing ovation, as that was not how college audiences usually reacted even after a great performance. Thus, with all the pressure that the final performance brings with it, along with the expectations, hard work and sleepless nights, the curtains retracted all over again. Once again, time stood still, the stage became the world, and we became the Romeos and the Hamlets and the Othellos. Even though I could have wanted to savour every moment of my last performance, the last time I was going to be in a School play; It got over soon, a bit too soon for Shivam and me. Once more, to our final delight, we took our bows in front of an upright audience. I couldn't have asked for a better finish to my tenure as an actor in School.

With this, I say to all my friends and fellow actors, directors and hopefully some fans:

"By yonder blessed moon I swear, parting is such sweet sorrow."

The 50 Shades of Brown

Nehansh Saxena writes about racism in India.

“We, the citizens of India, have paved our way through these years, only to realize that we have created almost similar racial circumstances as they were during the times of the British Raj.”

Despite the constitution's call for Equality for all citizens of the nation, the Pangaea that India behaves like keeps drifting apart. It has been sixty-seven years since India was freed from the tyranny of the British, who were referred to as the 'whites'. The builders of the nation made quite an effort for equality to prevail and for the existence of 'unity in diversity', but we know now that all these measures have been in vain. We, the citizens of India have paved our independent path through these years, only to realize that we have created almost similar racial circumstances as they existed during the times of the British Raj, only now the victims are Indians themselves. We believe that if we are brown in color, we are not racist, and it's only in the West, where people have

fair complexion, where racism exists. However, this is a complete misnomer and we can see this by looking at the Times Matrimonial page which portrays that being fair in complexion is synonymous with beauty, and a girl or boy's darker complexion is never mentioned. I feel that now, in the absence of the fairer race, Indians have found ways of perpetuating the very racism they were once victims of.

The brown people of India seem to have developed certain prejudices against the darker complexions of brown. India has still not come out of that Paleolithic concept that a fairer complexion signifies beauty. The television advertisements keep stressing over and over again, hypnotizing the nation into a blind hankering after



“If this continues any longer, we might not have an India to call our own, for in the end we have to realize that our colour doesn't matter as much as who we are inside.”

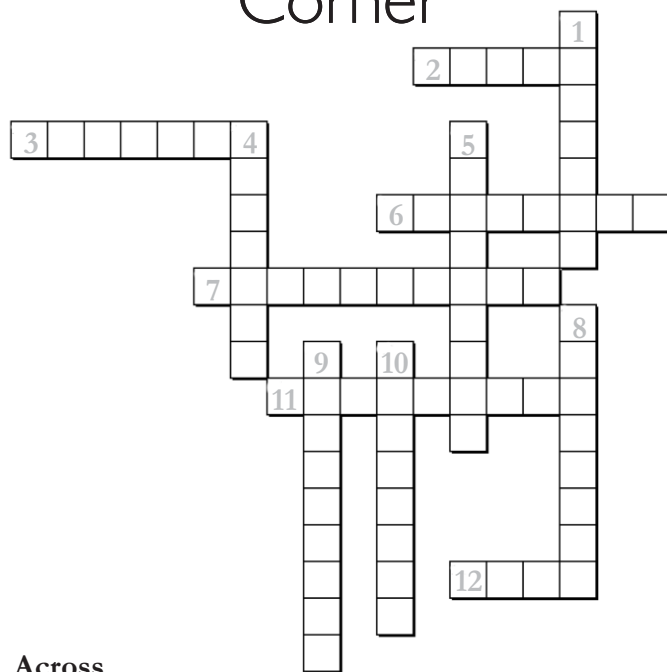
the fairer colour. The *Fair and Lovely* for women, and the *Fair and Handsome* for men have played equal parts in this. The various heroes and heroines in

the film industry are mostly portrayed as having a fairer complexion than the normal, which only proves to show how the nations desperate aim to get fairer. From classrooms to offices, a chief observation that can be made is the way we Indians have harboured a preference for the lighter skin color and certain distaste for the darker.

In North Indian households, especially at the time when a daughter is of marriageable age, it is considered a problem if she has a darker complexion. Indians from North India consider themselves superior to the Indians from South India for one illogical reason - that they generally have a fairer complexion than them. Until recently, a general term for South-Indians was *Madras* (being from Chennai), no matter where they came from. In states like Maharashtra, racism based on region further demeans the *Biharis* (being from Bihar), who are often poked fun at for their dialect. *Sardars*, the Sikhs who wear a turban are the butt of stereotypical jokes in most parts of the country. Indians having Mongoloid features, from North-East India are generally discriminated against and always identified by a standard demeaning name – *chinks*. Another belief the mainland Indians have been brought up with, ever since birth, is that having flattish features makes a person Chinese or *cheeni*, in more colloquial terms. Although it might begin as a joke in their respective locality, when such people confront a person with those features in reality, that specific stereotype remains as an imprint in their minds and the best question that they can come up with is “, *Are you from Nepal, or China?*” Another stereotype that persists is to maintain distance from the *chinks* as they might have drugs in possession. Thus, the list of prejudices against them may continue for another page.

But this discrimination is not only confined to the races; there are caste divisions, regional divisions and even divisions based on religion. There is unrest among different groups to this date, and yet we have taken a vow to remain silent and suffer from this fragmentation. No wonder there have been fights for the creation of Khalistan and now for Gorkhaland where . If this continues any longer, we might not have an India to call our own, for in the end we have to realize that our colour doesn't matter as much as who we are inside.

The Cruciverbalist's Corner



Across

2. an established system of beliefs and principles
3. to overlook, neglect
6. the science of measuring time
7. use money and resources in a wasteful way
11. a herald or precursor to something
12. a small insect

Down

1. a sharp ridiculing satire
4. a short satirical poem dealing with a single subject
5. synonym for the heavens and the sky
8. a spiteful, poisonous, bitter attack
9. a discordant mixture of sounds
10. to step down from a powerful position

Source: <http://worksheets.theteacherscorner.net/make-your-own/crossword/>

The Week Gone By

Rishabh Agarwal

As the Boards in the Main Building begin to get bagged with the onset of the 'disappointments week', one can see the S-Form Second Term coming to a long awaited end. And with this end comes new beginnings, and a chance for students to squeeze their way into the activities with 'half-points' (our inbox is overflowing!). On the other hand, the main field looks considerably empty, save for our athletes, who are preparing diligently for the 'Districts Meet'. It isn't surprising though, considering the fact that the basketball matches crossed all limits of unpredictability and, well, who doesn't like watching the third quarters with such nail-biting intensity?

The fortunate people among us really enjoyed the latest

Founder's Day (take note of the cartoon on Page 2), while the others used the weekend to prepare for the SAT test today and also for the upcoming Trials. There was also an Inter-House Competition, regarding who would be most helpful to a person with broken ribs and blood pouring from wherever the car hit him on the road ("it's all about incentive"). And of course, with the Competition on the 10th, the boxers are literally shedding blood and sweat in preparation for Boxing, 2014.

Talking Heads

Priyanka Bhattacharya

(Composed in the Kilachand Library, one angry noon, when a few talking heads ruined the silence and the solitude that this poor author had gone a seeking...)

AND what of people who talk away merrily in a library, laughing loudly once in a while or calling out to each other across distances? Are you one of them? Then you belong to a breed of half-civilized philistines, whatever your economic or social status.

In a library, you are in exalted company, surrounded by eminent authors, dead or alive, who are metonymically present there, through their works. A mere mortal would be automatically hushed into a silence born of humility in the presence of greatness.

In normal language, it is called 'knowing your place'. Of course, you care not. If you are talking away in a library, high chances are that you are incapable of reading, or being touched in any way by the millions of words that whizz around in the very special, rarified ether inside the library.

What's worse, you don't care for those mere mortals who wish to read there. In silence. If you can't care for that innocuous specimen of humanity who only wishes to read a while, there isn't much else you can be entrusted with caring for! Not the underprivileged children you pretend to teach, not the trophies you pretend to shine, not the stars you pretend to gaze at, not the motions you pretend to debate, not the laurels you pretend to wreath yourself with upon some or the other sporting arena. And definitely not the nations and governments you will pretend to lead one day.

If you can talk away in a library, oblivious to the pained expressions of those you impose upon, nothing absolves you of the change of being worthless, whatever your brand worth, whatever you pretend to be. No blazer, no colour, no tie absolves you of this most terrible of transgressions. We can see through you. Nothing gives itself away so instantly and as completely as a talking head in a library.

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