A Military Experience

In January, Melvin Michael and I, accompanied by MLJ, represented the School in a seminar on leadership. This was part of the Silver Jubilee celebrations at the National Defence Academy, Pune, which encompasses over 5000 acres.

The seminar lasted from January 14-16, and we were to give a presentation on the topic “Is conventional leadership making sense in the light of technological advancement?” Representatives from numerous schools and national defence academies from around the world participated in the event. Melvin and I stayed in one of the barracks with the cadets of the Academy. It was a matter of coincidence that the mascot of our battalion was the eagle, as both of us are from Jaipur House. Our meals were at the cadets’ mess which had a seating capacity for 1800 people and was handsomely decorated.

Our presentation was on the first day of the seminar and it was followed by a question and answer session. Contrary to what I had expected, the presentation was successful. The acoustics and climate control in the auditorium were also impressive, and made us feel quite envious.

Eminent personalities such as Sri Sri Ravi Shankar and Mr. H K Dua, Editor-in-Chief of The Tribune, also expressed their views on the topic so as to broaden our points of view. The highlight of the seminar was the arrival of Dr. A P J Abdul Kalam as the Chief Guest on Army Day. After that session, we had a group interaction with Dr. Kalam. The NDA had organized special programmes for us at the end of each day’s seminar session. One of them included a campfire by a lake on campus. We later found out that the naval cadets had to swim fifteen kilometers in the lake as regular exercise! We went back to the pavilion.

To our delight, the third day’s proceedings were to be in the Intercontinental Hotel, with the GA in the ballroom. As usual our delegates were brimming with comments and arguments. After a really tough day of changing strategies and “friends”, along with trademarked speeches, we all found ourselves sitting in the same hall, waiting for the awards ceremony to commence. It eventually did begin, and ended on a pleasant note with yours truly being awarded the Best Delegate in the 1st committee and Dhruv Velloor being nominated from the 2nd committee.

We left Colombo the next morning, knowing that we would miss the walks along the beach and the moments of camaraderie that we were able to experience.

An exciting experience!
Unrequited Dreams

Shashank Peshawaria

Your love didn’t warm my sad heart,
Nor kindle the dreams I had.
An awful pain my heart sensed:
I had just dreamt a lot.

When I Saw Green Leaves Fall

Kanishka Malik

I walked to see what the Roads were made of.
There was a man,
Drunk on life Shrunk with strife.
No scars on his face,
But on his heart:
No difference in his walk.
The skies and wind and the leaves,
Told his story to all those behind him.
Yet he never turned back to look,
At the ocean he had crossed.
But his voice said
He lived all years of life,
I, yet in the making, was a questionnaire
And questioned every crack in his voice.
His words were like a gust in the summer,
And the green leaves falling in his life Repelled my questing fingers.
Yet the poem of his life
Reminds me of the landslides along life’s road,
On every man’s journey
Along every man’s journey.

The Moment

Piroune Balachandran

Time spent in idleness,
Susurrous whispers of passing,
Creation of a moment spent.
The flow of reason
Which now has been blocked.
The ever-widening rifts,
The dissolute thought
Of unprovoked rebellion.
The fragrance shed by Cronos Cocooned in every moment
Which passed without a cause.
The clock, which stopped
Only once
To carry the dead,
To take a life.

Unquotable Quotes

| Poetry |

Sriyash Kishorepuria was placed 1st at the national level in the Grade 7 Piano examination conducted by the Trinity College of Music, London. He has been invited to perform at a concert organised by the Trinity College in Delhi, to be held in April. Congratulations!

Abhilaksh Lalwani has been appointed Secretary of the Technology Council for the forthcoming year.

Saurav Mediratta has been appointed School First Aid Captain for the forthcoming year.

We wish them a fruitful tenure.

APPOINTMENTS

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MUSIC NEWS

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Scholars

Madhav Bahadur and Mansher Dhillon have been awarded the Scholar’s Blazer. Congratulations!

MUNning Around

In the 15th Colombo Model United Nations, Dhruv Velloor was nominated for Best Delegate in the General Assembly (GA) 2nd committee and Pranjal Singh was adjudged Best Delegate in the GA 1st committee. Kudos!

HINDI ELOCUTION

The results of the Inter-House Hindi Poetry Recitation Contest held on Saturday, December 28 are as follows:

1st: Hyderabad House
2nd: Tata House
3rd: Jaipur House
4th: Kashmir House
5th: Oberoi House
Well done!

LENS TALK

Shiv Singh Mann (ex-65 TA ’01) visited School on February 21 and gave a talk on Wildlife and Photography in the Kilachand Library, which was attended by boys from the Photography STA and the Nature Club.

Unquotable Quotes

| Poetry |

N o one should be allowed to have more than one children.
Adhiraj Singh, forming a new constitution.
N o one should have more than two child.
Shubham Dhangra, number conscious.
Brutus’ sister’s brother is Publius.
Chandracuda Shukla falls off the family tree.
Two-Sign further notice: start changing leg.
Rishabh Kothari, scoping season has begun.

CAREER CALL

The Careers’ Notice Board will feature Oceanography as a career this week. All those interested should look it up.
Where is Love?

Mansher Dhillon’s Bakhlw-winning essay

The question that’s as old as time itself is preceded by another even greater question. What is love? Some would call it one soul’s recognition of its counterpart in another; the less articulate would call it ‘sharing a common heart’ and the cynics of the world would call it ‘pain’.

I, however, think it is an empowering feeling; it makes you feel stronger than you are for the simple reason that you have someone to give yourself to completely, someone to share and make a life and memory with. Love is completing yet exacting, bitter yet sweet.

But coming back to the question of where love is, well, it’s a matter of faith. Some feel we humans have been defiling the planet ever since we arrived: killing, cheating, betraying, you name it. It is this revelation that gives us a cause to question love. But love is a beautiful thing; it is the cord that keeps this world together; that unites the human race; that gives us a reason to live.

Love can be wherever you choose it to be, wherever it is needed. Love is everywhere, a watchful protector waiting to be found in times of hate and despair. Some, however, take longer to find it. Livin Bitlon Jackson writes in her memoir on the Holocaust:

"Mother never came back home today. Father got thrown in prison. If this house has no love, where can it be?"

Never question the whereabouts of love. It is a silent presence, that can creep up to you, permeate the inner reaches of your soul and give you wings, only if it is willed, only if you believe in it.

Love is a higher being, omniscient, present everywhere, saving us from the wrongs we do, and the bonds we break, giving us hope and setting us free from our demons. It is the song of the sun, the leaves of a tree, the grains of sand. It is in the smile of a friend, the laugh of a baby, the warm embrace of a parent and the kiss of a lover. I could not have said better than W. H. D. W. at sang:

I feel it in my fingers,

I feel it in my toes,

Love is all around me

So let the feeling grow.

Love is in the distance between any two people, slowly drawing them closer. When these two people are united, into a harmonious whole, love takes residence in them.

Call me naïve, but this is the way I envision love to be. Love is what we call the world, that attracts us to each other, The Doon School Weekly is the yoke of favours and naughtiness. We have seen our predecessors act like kings of the School. We try to imitate them in a quest to find and explore our new place. We may not always be right, but sometimes, we are. Please, don’t categorize us as impertinent and bossy. Please! Try to understand what it’s like to go through this troubling phase.

If we act impertinent, it’s not to show disrespect, but it does reveal our own psychological turmoil. When we try to break rules, it’s not our lawless nature but our constant struggle to find our own niche. So, next time when you feel that an Sc former is being imperious and bossy, remember to help him and understand his problem.

At that time, I was unable to understand what he meant. But looking back now, I feel that I can perceive the reasons for this dilemma. It’s not the boys who change but the perspective of the School community towards them. For instance, when I went late for meals in my junior forms, my Housemaster called me careless and lazy, but now, when I’m late, by some stroke of misfortune, I am tagged impertinent, disrespectful and lethargic. Suddenly, we Scs, are seen as a potential threat to the School’s law and order, a flaw in an otherwise perfect hierarchical system.

Are we actually a threat? Maybe. But more than that, we are just growing individuals who are trying to find their place within the system. We are older than all other students but younger than all those on the other side of the gate. We are not impertinent or rebellious but just confused. Where we need support, we are received with fear and suspicion. This is the fear of what we might do, of what we might want. Is it justified to make an opinion about us on the basis of a possibility?

This is not to say that we don’t become impertinent at all. After all we have just been released from the yoke of favours and naughtiness. We have seen our predecessors act like kings of the School. We try to imitate them in a quest to find and explore our new place. We may not always be right, but sometimes, we are. Please, don’t categorize us as impertinent and bossy. Please! Try to understand what it’s like to go through this troubling phase.

Where is Love?

I remember this little incident as if it were yesterday, though it happened in my B form. We were having breakfast in the CDH with our tutor when an Sc former walked in late followed by a couple of Sc Leavers. My tutor remarked casually that the students seemed to change drastically as soon as they reached Sc form. He went on to point out how the neatest and most respectful of boys also seem to lose all sense of what is appropriate, and even the most disciplined boy would start disregarding every single School rule.

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Toota jority of us, at least) was to be provided by act!). Accommodation for the night in Delhi (for the ma-
while travelling, to see an entire row of laptops being

used (and you thought only IB gangsters were in on the

explosion) exploded into a debating vein, arguing over every single point in an opposition resolution (he's probably practising for inter-house), even if what he said didn't make sense at all.

Meanwhile, Mr. Kanpur Universe and Bada Bulb were busy making 'friends' in their respective committees. Our senior Nepal delegate was busy talking to a real Nepali, while his counterpart in the same committee was shouting at him to 'do something for their country'. Proceedings for the day ended with our dear Auntie getting shat-ted in each one of his resolutions. The rest of us were more fortunate. But after forcing him to wait in a hotel lobby for half an hour, we were made to swallow Master's wrath, even if no one took it the right way.

The final day of our MUN had us sitting in the glory of a hotel function room all together. A unieji this time tried to get to know a member of the admin. staff per-

sonally, after he was blasted for passing notes in Hindi (we don't blame him, though!). Big Bulb had by now gotten to know a few too many people, while Mr. Kanpur was happy to be with (sorry, in) Micronesia. I was just happy to be holidaying in Mauritius.

Sadly, for all our social exploits, most of us failed to make good on the real awards, except for Auntie and this writer, who managed to save face. Mr. Boy-in-Charge, for all his pomp and show, offered the very plausible rea-

son that his council (which had fifteen delegates) was more competitive than ours (which had about ten times more manpower) and it was left at that. We returned home, happy to have gone through a really great experience. The memories we carried back, the baggage that we almost left behind and the cellphone that we did leave behind are things that we'll remember for a long time.

(contd. from page 1)

for a boat ride in the lake with the other participants. I was impressed by the imposing residence of the Com-

mandant of the NDA.

On the last day of our stay, we visited the hut of remembrance ceremony, a sacred place at the Academy built in honour of the Indian Army officers who sacri-

ficed their lives for their country. A tour of the campus revealed two Olympic-sized swimming pools, vast stretches of playing fields, grand buildings, a world-class gymnasium and many old ships, planes and tanks which had been put on display.

The trip proved to be a great learning experience for us. I was highly impressed by the discipline at the Academy and the hospitality of the cadets. Dr. Kalam's speech, too, was something I will never forget. Particularly, his emphasis on the fact that a true leader is one who can manage well not only in times of success but also in times of failure.