

# THE DOON SCHOOL WEEKLY



Founder's Issue 2013

# Contents

From the Headmaster's Desk	4	Dr Peter McLaughlin
Nature's Walk	6	Arjun Kamdar
The Snowden Saga	7	Vireshwar Sidhu
Social Service in School	8	Pulkit Agarwal
Two Sides of a Coin	9	Arnaav Bhavanani
Sandler: The Comic Legend	10	Vireshwar Sidhu
Why India Loves Cricket	11	Pulkit Agarwal
Issues of Corruption in Student Education	12	Tanay Agarwal
How We Can Make A Difference	13	Anvay Grover
The Fire of Humanity	14	Varun Sehgal
The Dosco	14	Jaiveer Puri
Portrait of a Math Student	14	Aditya Bhattacharya
A Rant on Rants	15	Devansh Agarwal
The Holocaust	15	Chaitanya Kediya
Inside the Chamber	15	C C Chengappa
A/B or None?	16	Madhav Dutt
Hindi Section	17	
Perhaps	23	Udbhav Agarwal
Kalyug	23	Madhav Mall
Rio?	24	Udayan Sinha
The Egyptian Re-Revolution	25	Arjun Singh
Blame it on the Onions	26	Aditya Bhattacharya
A Risk Worth Taking	27	Kunal Kanodia
Writing The Picture	27	Suyash Raj Shivam
<b>Reprints</b>		
Cheating in a Test	28	The Innocent Sufferer
The Problem of Economic Progress	29	Dalbir Singh Vahali
What I Thought The Doon School Would Be Like	29	Suresh Mirchandani
On Tall Men	30	Vishvajeet Singh
In Defense of Fatness	30	
Confessions of a Tobacco Smoker	31	R L Holdsworth
On Pocket Money	32	Tejeshwar Singh
<b>Best of 2013</b>		
The Rebel	33	Kunal Kanodia
The Life of a Poem	33	Rohan Singh
Decoding Gangnam	34	Vireshwar Sidhu
Opinion Polls	35	
Unquotable Quotes	37	
The Year Gone By	38	Aditya Bhattacharya

# The Editorial

Writing an editorial is always a delicate affair, as one tends to listen to the heart more than the mind, but an editorial such as this one is a different thing altogether. A final editorial that announces the end of one's five-year tenure on the board of a publication, deserves to be impeccable and special. Keeping this in mind, one tries one's best to produce the perfect editorial, but one always feels after finishing it that it could have been much better, and so the perfect editorial eludes one. So, keeping the very same objectives in mind, I shall begin the stumbling process of writing a finale on the culmination of much more than just a year.

My relationship with the *Weekly* dates back to the winter of 2009, when I first joined the Board in my C-form. At that time, the job of a junior correspondent was a thankless, uneventful and seemingly unimportant one. Taking the Opinion Poll, gathering news, transcribing interviews and getting yelled at during meetings for being 'inefficient' adequately sum up the first year I spent on the Board. I resigned from the Board then, because of personal reasons, and rejoined the Board in my A-form. It was during these years that I found my place in this prestigious publication, and seeing the names of Prannoy Roy, Vikram Seth, Ramchandra Guha and many more illustrious authors and writers among the Board over the past seven decades, really encouraged me. I rose through the ranks and finally, I was appointed Editor-in-Chief around this time last year. It has been an emotional journey, and there were many times when I was on the verge of quitting the Board the same way I had given up in my C-form. How simple life seems during those four years now that I look back.

There is no doubt that the *Weekly* requires a lot of care and attention and demands ridiculous amounts of time from the Board members. I remember spending nearly four hours a day on many occasions in 'The Room', as we fondly call the publication room. It is not easy to produce a *Weekly* every week without fail, and to the untrained eye it is almost impossible to find mistakes. Yet that is the beauty of being on the Board of the *Weekly*; it moulds you. It trains you to become critical yet appreciative, focused yet open-minded, and most importantly, to be creative yet articulate. It makes you meticulous and gives you an eye for detail, much like the readers who do not fail to point any errors in the *Weekly* on a Saturday morning. It has become a ritual, and publishing it is an art *and* a science. The fact of the matter is that it is impossible to summarise five years in just a few paragraphs. The average Board member spends at least half a year in the *Weekly* room (this is just a vague figure, but it stresses the vast amount of time one spends there), and it's not always backbreaking work. Some of my best memories have the *Weekly* room as the stage, and some of my best work came from there. The *Weekly* has been a vehicle for me to channel my experiences, my feelings, my advice and my comments through to the community. It has opened my eyes on many an occasion. The Editorial Board of the *Weekly* may not be the well-oiled machine in the School, so to speak, but it is definitely the most hard-working, efficient and rewarding.

Moving away from my sentiments and towards this year, this issue is important as it is a reflection of all that I have learned during my time on the Board, and it is the sum total of everything the Board itself has learned this year. The issue includes a humorous satire that sets the tone for the remaining articles. The articles this year are not limited to within the walls of the School, moreover there are very few articles regarding School in this issue. Though the issue may seem unfocused, it actually has a central theme in mind: the things we see around us but never pay a second thought to. Why do Indians love cricket? Why is Rio de Janeiro hosting so many events even though the people do not want them? These issues do not affect us directly, but they do deserve a second thought from us. That is the very essence of the *Weekly*; quoting last year's Founder's Day Weekly, examining issues.

As the end of the year approaches, so does the end of a chapter in my life. It has been great being a member of the Board of the *Weekly*, a pleasure working under and alongside all the people I've worked with so far, and it is really hard for me to fill a hole left by something that I have given my work to and helped nurture and evolve. They say goodbyes are hard, but there cannot be a more sorrowful parting than this for me. I will not burden you with my sentimentality much longer, and I would just like to conclude this editorial by thanking the most important asset of any publication anywhere: you, the reader. Thank you, and have a great Founder's Day.

# **The Fear of Flying**

Although statistically one would have to fly a long distance every day for 3,500 years to guarantee being in an air crash, flying is one of those human activities that bring out tremendous fears in people, especially those with vivid and active imaginations. Often it is no use rationalizing with them as the knuckles of the hands gripping the arms of their seats grow whiter with the anxiousness; it is better to stay quiet and wait for the journey to end. However, fear of flying can be mastered, or, it can simply be faced and the risk taken to step inside that slender metal tube about to rise to 39,000 feet, endure it and see what happens. Here I am using “flying” as a metaphor in writing about modern education, because the fear of failure is growing so intense in schools that it is having a pervasive influence not just on the individuals who suffer it, but on the whole of society. Education is supposed to empower young people, but we are in danger of creating generations of neurotic and fearful young people as a result of our narrow-minded belief that the mark (or the grade) is the measure of the man. It is one metric of one small aspect of a human being; a useful metric indeed, but wholly inadequate to measure someone’s true worth – and self-worth.

Recently, at the first Youth Enterprise Conference successfully inaugurated at Doon, I quoted a wealthy venture capitalist who remembered his first day at Stanford Business School, one of the “holy of holies” in the world of business schools for the aspiring millionaire. The Dean of Stanford Business School addressed the incoming freshman year and told them a surprising truth: that those who gained the highest grades amongst them would end up working for those with average grades! To add insult to injury for those who had expended tens of thousands of dollars on the course, Steve Ballmer, the current CEO of Microsoft with a personal wealth of \$18 billion, dropped out of this man’s batch in 1980. It is therefore quite hard to argue that success on that scale is wholly dependent on an MBA from an elite business school. Another billionaire, Pieter Thiel, one of the co-founders of PayPal and a philosophy student, has stated that he would never hire anyone who had the patience to finish a PhD; he was not denigrating doctorates from an intellectual perspective, but reiterating that entrepreneurs need to act quickly and decisively to capture and hold a place in the market. At the other end of the spectrum, we need to remember that Shakespeare did not attend university, even though Oxford and Cambridge both existed at that time, and some of his university-educated contemporaries wrote excellent plays, but nothing that rivaled his immense genius.

So it seems that to become a billionaire or a literary giant or many other things in between, you need the right attitude and self-motivation, and a passion to pursue, not just the incessant lash of grades. Of course, if you have those qualities, and the grades to go with them, so much the better, but attitude comes first. What is happening is that an obsession with marks to beat a mad system of cutoffs is causing students to become afraid of making mistakes, and this can have a disabling effect in later life. Those who are unaccustomed to serious failure and taking risks increasingly lack the resilience to cope with what life throws at them. “Grubbing for marks”, as we used to call it, is natural, but in the great scheme of things and of our individual lives it is so often a meaningless exercise. Since 99.9% of the world’s population has not, does not and will never go to Harvard, it is important to remember that most humans still live fulfilling lives after attending other schools and universities. The word “entrepreneur” comes from the French words that together simply mean “someone who undertakes something”; it can be undertaking a scientific experiment; undertaking a new business venture; writing a book that is not blandly formulaic; training hard to climb a mountain or cross a desert; studying intensively to master a new or difficult academic subject; setting up an NGO; holding a public art exhibition and facing biting criticism; living and working in a new country; embarking on an epic journey; dropping out of Stanford Business School when it seemed the right thing to do - all of these offer every prospect of dismal failure, but also of great success. It takes courage to step out of a cosy, comfortable and predictable world – such as an elite business school – and leap into the volcano. But the world was made by entrepreneurs, by men and women willing to take meaningful and even scary risks, not to do silly, childish things, but to do great tasks.

Those who succeed in life have no fear of failure; they do not like failure – only the perverse could actually enjoy it and that is why we tend to use the word “dismal” to describe it – but they see it as part of the natural order of things and the very foundation of all human progress and achievement. Fortunately, The Doon School gives boys many opportunities to take risks and fail in and out of the classroom – but these are exactly the same as the opportunities to succeed. The fascinating thing is that the true entrepreneur does not know if the plane will crash and burn, or land smoothly at the planned destination, but even if their knuckles turn white on the journey, they have no fear of stepping into the aircraft in the first place – and they fly.

Dr. Peter McLaughlin  
(Headmaster)





**Thank God It's Saturday!**



## Nature's Walk

**Arjun Kamdar** writes about the variety of flora and fauna found within the walls of Chandbagh, and the effects of disturbing the present ecosystem

The sound of frogs and toads creating a noisy cacophony while the treepies try to drown them with their screeches supplemented by the strong petrichor characterizes the monsoon season in Chandbagh. This is undoubtedly the best season to spot wildlife in School as it is the breeding time for almost all creatures due to the abundance of food and water. One can witness Darwin's age old law of survival of the fittest playing itself out time and again; a Black Kite sitting atop a barren tree by Skinners feathering a



*The Giant Wood Spider*

Cattle Egret before devouring it, a Rock Bee attacking a Dragonfly midflight or a Northern House Gecko ambushing a Hawk Moth near a tubelight. Chandbagh is blessed with a large amount of biodiversity in the form of both flora and fauna. The *khud*, from behind the Rose Bowl all the way up to the basketball courts and beyond is an ecological hotspot. The vicinity is teeming with fauna, ranging from bright blue metallic bugs to the Giant Wood Spiders that grow to the size of your fist to the sly jackal looking to prey on some unsuspecting quail or partridge; the *khud* is the stage for an eternal ballet of life and death.

In the afternoons, the dark clouds and the sun play their game of hide and seek, creating a beautiful dance of shadows and light. When the sky breaks into a light drizzle, a

rainbow rather aptly crowns this magnificent bionetwork.

At the heart of the *khud* stands a peepal tree so huge that an attempt to look at its canopy would lead to a crick in the neck while its furrowed bark seems to speak volumes about what the tree has endured. It is at the base of this tree that I had encountered a Rat Snake lying coiled up, perfectly camouflaged. However, it never meant me any harm and I never meant it any either, and I thrived on this mutual understanding. After taking a few photo shots of this common reptile for cataloguing purposes, I left it undisturbed to ambush an unwary rodent.

As the monsoon draws to a close, the *khud* comes alive with a host of micro fauna that could not withstand the torrential downpour. Almost every plant plays host to some sort of caterpillar, including the prickly Stinging Nettle! Butterflies of all shapes and sizes, from the tiny Grass Yellows and Peiriots flitting among the creepers to the bright yellow, red and black Lemon Pansies can be easily spotted. The typical cobwebs of the Signature and Orb Weaver Spider adorn the trees while the fierce Huntsman Spiders hide in crevasses.

At night, the eerie calls of Spotted Owlets and the sharp cries of bats saturate the atmosphere enhanced by the incessant chirping of crickets and cicadas.

However, with the recent construction of the bore well near the *khud*, it is filled with debris and rubble. This has caused a dramatic change in the drainage pattern of the *khud*, leading to a loss of habitat for scores of animals and insects. The idea of filling up the *khud* with trash comprising broken tube lights, old tables and all sorts of plastic, has only added to this environmental disaster. While we look at helping those hit by another environmental disaster in the State, it is perhaps in our best interest to start from home. No matter how insignificant these green issues seem, they do play an important part in the ecosystem and even a slight change in this complex network will bear disastrous consequences for society.



*The Rat Snake*

# THE SNOWDEN SAGA

*Vireshwar Singh Sidhu writes about hackers and whistleblowers, people considered extremists by the organizations they 'betray'*

"I'm no different than anybody else. I'm just another guy who sits at the office day after day," claims Edward Joseph Snowden, the 29 year old former National Security Agency (NSA) contractor who has admitted to committing one of the biggest thefts of national classified documents in the entire history of the United States. But Edward Snowden, despite his claims, is different. More than 1.4 million workers in the US have access to top-secret documents. A majority of them are unwilling to let go of their \$122,000 a year jobs. Moreover, they are unwilling to sacrifice their life by exposing systems approved by the Congress and the United States President. Edward Snowden is currently holed up in a secret location in Russia and has been offered permanent citizenship by five countries.

After news of his theft spread, Snowden released a video defending his actions. He said, "This is happening (the snooping) and the people need to decide whether it is correct or not." Snowden's actions bear a striking resemblance to those of Bradley Manning's, another whistleblower who handed over thousands of classified documents to Wikileaks. Both offered identical defenses for their actions. They didn't necessarily believe that they were breaking laws. They simply wanted information to be available to the people. Manning said before his capture, "Information belongs in the public domain." However, unlike Snowden, Manning now regrets his doings.

A whistleblower, for those of you who don't know, is a term used for an individual who discloses information of wrongdoing or illicit activity within an organization or a company. These whistleblowers and hacktivists see themselves as

**"They didn't necessarily believe that they were breaking laws. They simply wanted information to be available to the people."**

idealists who believe in freedom from tyranny. They have grown up in an internet age and as Julian Assange, founder of Wikileaks has said, are "receiving their values from the internet." These 'libertarians' have a defiant spirit that is inspired from the same movement that gave rise to Wikileaks.

There are more hacktivists like Edward Snowden and Bradley Manning. One such is a group called 'Anonymous'. The slogan of Anonymous reads, "We are the legion. We do not forgive. We do not forget. Expect us." This group targets companies and trade groups. In 2011, 'Anonymous' hacked into 77 million Sony PlayStation accounts and shut down the entire network for a month. Then there are others like Aaron Swartz. He was arrested for trying to download a large volume of



## doonspeak

### Your thoughts on Snowden's actions...

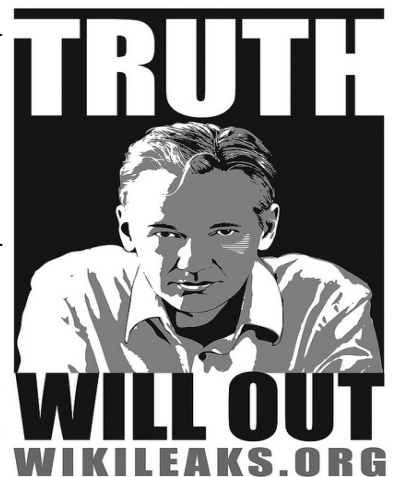
I believe that Snowden's actions of revealing the US government's spying were ethical and required. Human rights are the fundamental base of a democracy and infringement of these rights is unacceptable in the present world.

The people of the United States should know that there is a grave threat to their privacy. The government has to be more transparent and if they don't do it themselves, these whistleblowers will. - **Nikhil Saraf**

copyrighted documents from JSTOR. He committed suicide in January this year. Crimes committed by the likes of Snowden have outraged American senators who are calling out for the government to punish whistleblowers severely. Lindsey Graham, a South Carolina Republican said of Snowden, "We need to bring this guy to justice for deterrence sake."

In the meantime, the number of leaks will continue to increase as the sentiment of whistle-blowing deepens in the younger generation. Leaks will increase as the status of martyrdom becomes popular in the youth. Leaks will increase as youngsters come of age in the defiant culture.

Countries consider them national threats, people consider them heroes. This new wave of hackers however, is changing our mindset, making us take notice of what happens behind closed doors.





# Social Service in School

*Pulkit Agarwal expresses his opinion on the Social Service midterms to Uttarkashi*

For all the talk about whether our school does worthwhile service to its community, I am glad that I got a chance not only to witness, but also actively participate in some of the best work that a group of high school students can do to help those in need. For three months, we had all heard the tragic stories of the people who suffered on their way to pay homage to Lord Shiva at the *Kedarnath* temple, when volumes of water shattered their faiths and families alike. But during the recent midterms, DoscOs united in the true spirit of providing aid at its most needed hour, and helped rebuild homes and lives of people for whom hope had become a lost and deceptive concept.

To begin with, it is necessary to understand that from a student body such as ours, the type of social service expected is very different from that expected of a corporate firm or even the government. Accordingly, we completed tasks that were being neglected by the people who were providing aid only for public attention. In our typical, low-key manner, we injected highly anticipated impetus into the relief work in Uttarkashi. It caused transformations in the mindset of the people; if students could find a way through broken roads and landslides and still manage to help out, it means there is still optimism. As Mr. Pandey informed us, our visit to the Uttarkashi region made people realize that it was indeed possible to travel there. This was the extent to which the local people's mental state had been shaken after the floods of June, they simply couldn't imagine visitors coming and seeing their abject state.

What I most admired, was the fact that our school aimed at building a long term bond with the people of the region. We helped initiate construction work for vocational training institutes for the locals who were out of jobs, brought out sand and stones from the river bed, and most importantly interacted with the people in order to let them know that we were there for them with all the moral support that they required. In the process, we heard heart-wrenching stories of the young people at the Nehru Institute of Mountaineering, who had lost everything in the floods, and for them the sole purpose of life now was to look for a reason to live. Most of them found this in the love for their motherland, for which they were

**“We completed tasks that were being neglected by the people who were providing aid only for public attention.”**

eager to lay down their lives. Their predicament, and then the subsequent valour just cannot be expressed in words. Their indomitable spirit is made up of what the French would term as, “*jene sais quois*.” While we did manage to lend a hand, we also came across a few not so pleasant

instances. For one, we met with the Chief Development Officer of the district, and were rather disappointed with his constant avoidance of questions regarding the mismanagement of the relief work. He also had no valid ‘excuse’ for the terrible shape in which we found the roads leading to Uttarkashi. People were out of jobs, tourism was bust, and yet, somehow, the relief was not apparent. People were disappointed with the government, angry at the façade of the ‘helpers,’ and had nothing to look forward to.

It is at this hour, that we DoscOs joined hands in our effort to serve. Personally, I believe the human-chains that we formed in order to transfer sand and stones for construction purposes epitomized this accord. Every person who participated in this, was pivotal in getting the work done, and indispensable in his own right. I truly felt part of a worthwhile initiative, and while we may not have recovered people from flowing water, we did recover their optimism. This is precisely what we were expected to do, and let's hope that DoscOs carry on this good work in the future.



# TWO SIDES OF A COIN

*Arnaav Bhavanani offers his views on the deep-rooted connections between politics and terrorism*

It's been said that politics and terror are but two sides of the same coin. They accompany each other like Mary and her little lamb, for where there is politics, terror is rife. Where there are people smiling at you and slowly sliding a knife between your ribs, there is bloodshed, sadness, misery. There is no semblance to what our ideals are, the ideals we ourselves have set for ourselves. Afghanistan, Syria, Egypt, essentially, the Middle East; in the 'terror hub' of the world, corruption is a way of life.

I've been told that money is what drives the world. It keeps the world stable, and is the reason for almost everything. In such a world, where do morals, ethics, values, systems, beliefs, and the innocent pursuit for truth stand? Sure, we talk excessively about them, but on a guess based on my 16 years worth of experience, I would say that more than 95% of people want more than what they have. The ones that don't are so rare that it's practically impossible to find them, let alone

**“Yes, this is India. A country where women can't walk alone in safety, where the average man is silenced the second he protests. A country where politics and terrorism are synonymous, where anarchy goes unnoticed, where the media is manipulated.”**



understand them. Such people are the ones who have nothing to lose. Such people are the ones we cast out, ridicule and spit upon. Why? Because we are so caught up in a mad rush for more that we fail to appreciate what we have, destroying the essence of what we already have in the process. The world market functions only on this simple principle. Without want, there is no economy, no more bloodshed over petty issues, no more war, and certainly no more terror. Many have tried to truly understand why people do what they do. Why do people start out with amazing ideals, then run them into the ground in favour of something more enticing and rewarding?

Why do politicians come to power with starry eyes, and leave with either frown lines on their forehead or eyes heavy with regret? Because in our world, it is

**“Why do politicians come to power with starry eyes, and leave with either frown lines on their forehead or eyes heavy with regret? Because in our world, it is impossible to be perfect.”**

impossible to be perfect. It is impossible to complete any humongous task without sacrificing something for the greater good of the cause. That is why politicians deal with the people on the street, because the people are the ones with the most power of all, especially in a democracy like ours, with a teeming population of people. Just to stay in power, people have to fight, establish vote banks at the expense of others. How will a politician fight for what his people want if he has a hard time simply fighting for his seat?

We blame the people we elect for not doing their job properly. We say, “This is India” in a nonchalant way and accept our foolishness like downtrodden ants. We go on with our lives, while somewhere out there in the distance, guns rain fire and men weep over their loved ones, where the government assists half the violence in our country, then takes its own sweet time to pass sentence on the ones they didn't pay. Yes, this is India. A country where women can't walk alone in safety, where the average man is silenced the second he protests. A country where politics and terrorism are synonymous, where anarchy goes unnoticed, where the media is manipulated. This is India. The land of diversity and opportunity, where diversity (of opinion) is shunned and opportunity is presented to those who have enough money under the table to use it as the table itself. This is India, where politics and terror are two sides of the same silver coin.

# Sandler: The Comic Legend

*Vireshwar Singh Sidhu questions Adam Sandler's brand of comedy and what makes him tick*

"Honey, wake up and open the window," said Lenny. "What is the matter with you?" She asks. He replies by saying that there is a moose in the room. "Aaaaaaaahhhh," shouts Roxanne. But it's too late by then and the moose urinates on Lenny. This concludes the first scene of Adam Sandler's latest movie, 'Grown Ups 2'. There are many more such irrelevant scenes in this hour and a half 'comedy'. I had looked forward to watching 'Grown Ups 2', a movie right on top of my 'most anticipated movies of the year list', but it failed to live up to my expectations.

So what exactly happens in the movie? *The Telegraph* answers, "Absolutely nothing." That is one way to put it. Another is to imagine four people getting together and irritating you for the better part of an hour and a half. If you are able to do this much, then I congratulate you, for you have just completed viewing 'Grown Ups 2'. I am a huge fan of Adam Sandler but I cannot agree more with *The Telegraph*. Over the past few years, none of Adam Sandler's movies have made sense, need I say that they are baseless and lack a decent plot. Even the *Washington Post* has described Sandler's latest venture as "one which appears to have been made with engaging as few brain cells as possible." 'Trash', 'dumb' and 'gross' are only a few of the many deriding words used for Sandler's recent effort.

More than a decade ago, William Goldman wrote, "At this time in world history, we all inhabit a planet

in which the biggest star is; wait for it, Adam Sandler." Goldman knew his numbers and made a prediction. That was the time Adam Sandler actually made good movies. In 2002, he won a Golden Globe nomination for his role in 'Punch-Drunk Love'. The following year, he chose 'Spanglish' over 'Collateral', thereby giving Jamie Foxx not only the role, but also an Oscar nomination. Sandler's career could've headed in another direction that time, instead it became the last time he ever received critical acclaim for any of his movies.

Sandler, now 46, says, "Remember that I didn't get into movies to please the critics. I got in to make people laugh and have fun with my friends." He really does love his buddies and throws them a Christmas Party every year. He even works with the same people over and over again- Dennis Dugan nine times, Kevin James five times and of course Chris Rock, who goes way back to their time on *Saturday Night Live* in the 1990s. Sandler adds, "It's the idea of real-life comedy that I love." Sandler loves goofing around, partly because he is a stand-up comedian since his time in high school.

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**Sandler, now 46, says, "Remember that I didn't get into movies to please the critics. I got in to make people laugh and have fun with my friends."**

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However, Sandler is just a regular dude with \$300 million in his bank account. 'Twilight' hunk Taylor Lautner has testified that Sandler is a gem to be around on sets, constantly joking around, at the same time, treating everyone equally.

Sandler has made great hits such as *Billy Madison* and *Happy Gilmore*, but seems to have lost the plot in the last couple of years. Critics loathe him, while the audience continues to love him. Whatever the case may be, Adam Sandler will carry on making movies which he enjoys working in. As Adam Sandler said, "My name is Adam Sandler. I'm not particularly talented. I'm not particularly good looking. And yet I am a multi millionaire."



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**"Even the *Washington Post* has described Sandler's latest venture as "one which appears to have been made with engaging as few brain cells as possible."**

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# Why India Loves Cricket

*Pulkit Agarwal discovers why cricket is practically a religion in India*

A billion hearts skipped a beat when Dhoni sent the ball sailing into the top tier at Wankhede stadium on the majestic eve in 2011 when India lifted the World Cup. Likewise, champagne flowed in the homes of many as the Indian cricketers captured the pinnacle of success in 1983 at Lord's. But when Baichung Bhutia hit the back of the net through out his career, acknowledgment was slow to come.

There is a reason why India has taken to cricket as the proverbial fish takes to water. The essence of cricket has always captured our attention because of its uncanny likeness to our lifestyles. When India found a place in its heart for this sport, it wasn't enjoyed the way it is today. Families would gather around the radio and listen to the commentators describe, with excruciating detail, every movement and mood on the field. Also, the players of the time weren't as athletic as they are today. Unlike the current Indian team that gives you goose bumps with their electrifying energy on the field, the players of the 80s would exploit every bit of those five days they got, to make their moves. Yes, the people then had the time! Test cricket was played like the *Mahabharata*; people fought by day and returned to the pavilions after sunset. They worked out a strategy overnight and came back out again at dawn. The very reason that Test cricket was so valued back in that day was because it didn't matter if even after five days of battle, you came back home with no result, as long as everyone was alive to fight again!

People's interest in Test cricket at the time is best seen through the timeless test match played between England and South Africa back early in the twentieth century. Yes, a 'timeless' test match! After over 11 days of toiling, the English only left the match in the middle because the next ship leaving from Cape Town for Manchester wouldn't have left for another six months. But what best captures the spirit of this contest was the priceless reaction the English team had in the end, "Ah! Another hour and we would have won."

The change in the trends of the game can also be understood through the comparison that has been argued in almost every cricket-loving household, that between Sunil Gavaskar and Sachin Tendulkar. Personally, I feel that to assess the batting styles of both these geniuses, we have to put their careers in the right perspective. Gavaskar batted



like he had bank deposits. He was a product of the socialism driven economy. However, as India changed, so did her icons. Sachin bats like he is playing on the equity markets. Cricket, as a sport or as a religion, has been a mirror to the changing trends of our country, and this is wonderfully illustrated through the changing faces and personalities of our icons.

Coming to the more recent state of affairs, the one outstanding, glamorous and ostentatious event to have hogged in the limelight has been the IPL. Even the functioning of this flamboyant event has in its intricacies shown the changing developments of Indian Cricket. For instance, in 2010, Dwayne Bravo, a West Indian Cricketer, was picked up by the Mumbai Indians franchise for the entire season. However, when he informed the team management that he would have to leave in the middle of the IPL to get back home for an International series, Mr. Ambani, the corporate giant that he is, used all his resources to ensure that he used Bravo's participation. He sent his private jet to fly Bravo back to the Caribbean, after he had completed all his matches for the Mumbai franchise, just in time for the international series. Never could India have thought on that scale! Who would have thought that an Indian businessman could move people from one part of the globe to the other, on his whims and fancies, simply for a cricket match. All of a sudden, India was the Mecca of the sport, the land where the English, Australians, South Africans wanted to play. Cricket is what put us on the sporting map of the world.

This is precisely why we as a country have chosen to love cricket: it gives us a reason to rejoice, to burn crackers on days other than Diwali, and to skip work. Much like our culture, this sport is a celebration in itself. Not just that, it is also the source of a number of developments in our society. The truth is that for a cricket lover, when India plays well, all religious boundaries are forgotten, the pitfalls of our government are overlooked, and the world seems a nicer place. And so, we continue to love the beautiful game...

# ISSUES OF CORRUPTION IN STUDENT EDUCATION

*Tanay Agarwal points out the various issues prevalent in the Indian education system, and how it affects the Indian student body*

All of us must have heard the stories from our teachers about finding five hundred rupees in Board exam papers attached to a long and sorrowful note that ends with a heart rending plea for marks. The disturbing part is that this is actually very common in board examinations. The reason for this apparent craziness is the amount of pressure placed on all students by their parents, by themselves, by everyone. Now, I can go on and on about how we are under extreme pressure, university cut offs are too high, too much importance is placed on marks, but that's not the point. Maybe all of this is true, but slipping money into exam papers is a blatant form of corruption and if it is practised by students at 16-18 years old, what will they do when they grow up? Still more disturbing than this is what teachers do with the money. Some gullible ones might believe the students' stories and award the students marks, while others will report the student and send the money back and yet still others, the unscrupulous (or maybe smart) ones might take the money, use it for themselves and then mark the students like all others. PhD scholars are widely respected and the stories of their research guides taking advantage of them by demanding sexual favours, money and the like may sound atrocious, but alas, they're true.

Another form of corruption in the Indian education system is when universities which are not even near the top gain fame and are deemed worthy institutions through bribes. These institutions mislead students to think that they are attending good universities, but only when the student joins does he see their true colors. A recent study by the Tandon Committee has found out that 8 out of 44 'Deemed Universities' were deficient in numerous parameters. Worse than that are the exorbitant 'under the table' entrance fees given by parents for admission of their children to respected colleges. Forty-four 'deemed' universities have been blacklisted on grounds of them not fulfilling even 40% of nine different criterias such as governance, research output, faculty resources, etc. by a Government panel, Tamil Nadu topped the list with 16. These universities threaten the futures of hundreds of students who are unknowingly studying in such universities and may be at risk of being associated with blacklisted universities.

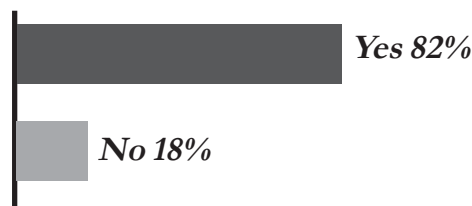
India also has an astonishing number of ill-qualified professionals and college drop outs, since the students are not capable of handling the immense work and dedication that they have to give to the colleges that their have bought their way into. Students who actually deserve to attend good universities find themselves in the average ones because they can't afford to buy their seat. Another blow to these poor students is that the opportunities that they are denied are wasted on rich, incapable students.

According to studies by the UNESCO, 25% of the teacher absenteeism that happens in India is the second highest in the world. Teacher absenteeism not only adversely affects the education given to the students, it also causes a huge waste of money; to be precise, 22.5% of India's educational funds. A major problem identified by the UNESCO was the amount of cheating that occurs in examinations. Many students believe that it is impossible to get good marks without cheating, and those who can do so are suddenly worthy of CERN-like institutions, a dream for any Indian student. Popular subjects like Computer Science, Medicine and Engineering suffer from entrance test manipulations.

Money for marks, teachers taking bribes and being absent, universities proclaiming themselves deemed; when they don't even deserve to be called universities, and parents pressured into buying their children's seats, all of these are the issues in the Indian education system. There is so much talk about in the nation about getting rid of corruption in the country, but when it is practised in schools and universities, how can we expect the youth of the nation to grow up and fight the very thing that was practised in front of them, and sometimes, even by them.

## Opinion Poll

**Do you feel that there is corruption and other such issues prevalent in the Indian education system?**



*( 187 members of the School community were polled )*



# HOW WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE

*Anvay Grover writes about how the recently concluded midterms affected the people and how we can do better*

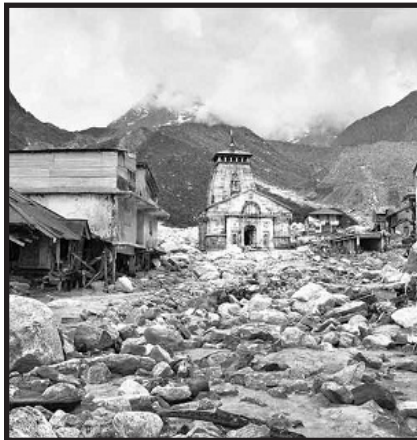
Two issues ago, I wrote briefly about our social service midterms to Thatyur. Some other Doscocs also wrote about their experience. However, I feel that a lot has been left unsaid and there are some things we need to think about. I believe that this is the right forum to discuss what I have to say, and also discuss what further steps can be taken in the Uttarakhand region.

When we first reached the school where we would be clearing the rubble which had been washed there by the flood, we were astounded by the amount of damage that the floods had caused. Naturally, it would have been even worse for the villagers residing there because of the minimal resources available to them. We met the villagers

the very day of our arrival. They were glad to know that someone was finally there to help them. Some of them also agreed to come and help us. Over the course of the next few days we worked extremely hard and accomplished what we had come to do. Some villagers did come and help us, but it was hardly the response we expected. We understood that the

villagers lived by the day, but still many of us had the nagging feeling that they did not wish for their own progress. Also they had not done anything over the three months that had passed since the floods.

This question was put forth to MCJ by some students, and I realized that despite The Doon School helping all over the state of Uttarakhand and developing villages around Dehradun, there is one very important thing left to change. MCJ informed us that out of the 22 families living in the village of Satagar, only 4 were 'high-caste' families, while the rest were considered 'low-caste' and were thus ineligible to help us. Perhaps we have become



too entangled in the western world, but I could not imagine the caste divide to be as great as it appeared to be. Perhaps we need to change such things that are still prevalent in rural India in order to be more complete in our social service projects.

Still, we did not complain and laboured on diligently. We Doscocs quickly adjusted to the resources we had and did not shy away from work. However, even though we cleaned the school successfully, it only brought us back to square one; the same position that the village was in before the calamity struck. For these rural people to progress, something more is required. The first steps are to revive and increase their agricultural produce. We must empower the women. As you might imagine, along with the caste divide there is also a distinct gender bias in the village. This might be done away with if we can get the women to do something productive, but it will not be an easy task to

initiate. It was not easy to converse with the women. Only Sumitra Chauhan, a social worker who was helping us, was allowed to talk to them in confidentiality. Again a stark contrast to the society of today's metropolitan cities. A part of India has moved on so much that it is more familiar with western ways rather than Indian. This also explains why the villagers of Thatyur doubted whether we had actually come to help them or just to relax and make fun of them.

I believe that this continuing Indian mindset in rural India is the biggest problem we face if we want to provide employment and develop villages. This will change with exposure, as these people have not been shown the outside world via any means. The only television channels they have watched are a few Hindi channels. Lack of education and money has prevented them from reaching out to the world at large. Thus, education can also play a big part, as children can help broaden the minds of their parents. These are some things the school must look at and show these people the way forward. Else this will continue to be a barrier to their progress, as well as India's progress.

# The Fire of Humanity

*Varun Sehgal writes a satire on the human impact on the Earth*

The fire had been blazing for a long time now. It had been started by God, at the time when the dinosaurs lost control of the earth. But back then it was small, it was so easily controllable. Back then was a stage where it could be put out with a small effort. But soon the fire evolved, it became larger. The fire fed itself more and more wood every day, and got hotter. It burned more air; it started to pollute the atmosphere. The fire became more dangerous. God kept an eye on it but did not think it would bother him or the world he had created.

The fire now had a mind of its own. God no longer watched it at all times, so, it began to do what it wanted to. It did everything according to its will. It was free to move where it wanted to, it was free to spread. In excitement, it travelled to the mountains, to the valleys, to the grasslands, to the tropics and across the oceans. It created things to its own advantage. It made boundaries as it travelled; it made walls between itself, not one wall, but hundreds of them.

But as the fire spread, it did not only create. The fire also demolished. It passed through forests, lighting up the trees, burning them to the ground. It passed through fields, turning grass to ash. It disintegrated the rocks in the mountains. The fire thawed the icicles far away, up in the poles. The fire dirtied the water; it polluted the ground and the air. It slowly destroyed the creatures God had put on the Earth, and ate through life as though it were nothing but waste to be burnt.

It had become too fierce, too large for God to stop it. It would take too much to put out the fire. It was up to fire itself now. It was the only thing that could control itself. It could stop if it wanted to. But if it didn't, the world would be an inferno, with nothing left but ash and dust, floating in the air, only to settle down and form a new grey coat of death for the Earth.



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## portrait of a math student

*Aditya Bhattacharya*

I was sitting in class  
And I had nothing to do.  
There was too much time to pass  
Until the next school.

The clock ticked slowly  
As I watched it move.  
I felt quite lonely  
With only equations to prove.

A voice droned from somewhere,  
ethereal, peaceful, hypnotizing  
My eyelids drooped, my mind was lulled,  
My attention; a ship fast capsizing.

Time seemed to have stopped,  
Forty minutes felt like an eternity.  
Onto my shoulders, my head dropped,  
And I snored on peacefully.

## The Dosco

*Jaiveer Puri*

Devastated, destroyed, betrayed;  
A Dosco never loses his faith  
An all rounder in its true sense,  
To achieve his goal, he can cross any fence.

He has the ideals, crucial for any leader,  
With ease, he outshines all his competitors;  
Discipline, integrity, resilience,  
Are what make a Dosco what he is.

The future leaders of our country;  
To be applauded in society,  
Relentlessly, they strive for their goal,  
A Dosco can carry out his tasks with clarity.

The crucial teachings Doscos uphold;  
Gives them the ability to embrace,  
Any task they are made to face.

# A Rant on Rants

*Devansh Agarwal expresses his views on the students' criticism of School.*

Over the past few years there has been a pattern that can be observed. A few people will know about what I am referring to and the others, who occasionally glance beyond the 'unquotable quotes' section of the *Weekly*, might be able to guess (best one out of three). The pattern is that of ranting, or to speak more poetically, disparagement of the school. It would be a gross injustice and perhaps one of the most hypocritical statements if I claimed that I have never done the same, for I have, and more number of times than I am proud to admit. However, the reason for my concern is not the criticism itself, but rather the line between criticism and cynicism that is being blurred by us.

Finding faults is turning into somewhat of a habit amongst students, and this is where the issue essentially stems. What we, as a community, must understand is that no institution is perfect, every institute will have its own flaws and drawbacks and it is our goal to try and rectify these flaws, not simply seethe about them. Some may argue that it is only when we shed light on the flaws that we can rectify them. However, this criticism often overshadows the efforts which are being made by members of the community to improve things, hence resulting in an illusion of ineptitude being created.

Another core aspect of the same issue is that of exaggeration. More often than not, while criticizing the School, we tend to get carried away and hence make things seem far more harsh than in reality. We have to come to grips with the fact that not everything can be won, nor can everything be perfect, thus when we do make a mistake we simply cannot be too hard on ourselves, or in this case, pretend that we are. What was originally a small issue to begin with gets magnified manifold, with the excuse of 'shedding light on a particular issue'.

In my opinion it is truly unfitting of students of an institute such as ours, to openly tirade about the very institution that they are a part of. What we fail to realize is that by indiscriminately exposing flaws in the school, we are, indirectly, doing the same to ourselves, for it is we who comprise the very school we rant against. It is now time to free ourselves from these phony shackles of fault finding and hold our head up high as we always should have.

## WORLD WAR II The Holocaust

*Chaitanya Kediya*

Darkness swept over the trees,  
The wind was no longer a simple breeze.  
They came as they had said.  
The *Swastika* held high over their head.  
Death hung in the air,  
The world was in despair.  
This was their malicious plan,  
To preserve only their clan.  
They destroyed all that was in their way,  
Instilling greater fear into everyone by the day.  
Jews were being gassed and shamed,  
The entire world was being maimed.  
Civilization was reduced to rubble,  
They had burst the humanitarian bubble.  
But now the Jews are a growing race,  
Were the Nazi's just a passing phase?

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## INSIDE THE CHAMBER

*CC Chengappa*

The windows were shut  
And then came the smell.  
The room was turning dark,  
I could sense I was in hell.  
  
The crowd inside was restless.  
We were all dressed in white.  
There were children and elders,  
All packed in close and tight.

A hatch was opened from above  
And the gas was poured through.  
It was greenish in colour,  
As poisonous as the Nazi crew.

They had told us before we entered  
It would be over in no time.  
If that were true,  
I couldn't have completed this rhyme.

But in time the gas took its toll  
And I fell to the ground.  
In that hellish chamber,  
There was heard not a sound.

# A/B or None?

*Madhav Dutt casts his vote for who to vote for and why in next year's elections*

I'm a seventeen year old 'kid'. And like many other 17 year old Indian kids by election time next year I will be an adult, old enough to vote for the party of my choice. As a first-time voter, deciding which party to root for is an extremely difficult choice. There are so many factors to take into account: the party's projected candidate, the party itself and the candidate's history. Oh yes and of course, how corrupt the party is.

Unfortunately, flipping through dailies and watching news channels doesn't help solve this dilemma. I'm left with no idea as to which party is ~~better for our country~~ less destructive for our country.

This brings me to the other inevitable question: what in the world are our political parties doing right? To explain the fix I am in let us look at the three 'pillars' of democracy," 'Dissent, Debate and Dialogue". Ideally the party that encourages these fundamentals of democracy should be the one to vote for.

In our nation, dissent is abundant in a healthy way. Umpteen news channel debates are a testament to this. Our diversity is our strength and this strength is reflected in the way every citizen, be it the politicians on T.V or the roadside barbers over tea, express their opinion. Criticism is the backbone of a democracy, it keeps the democratic representatives in line, and there is definitely no dearth of it here in our country.

Healthy debate is the second pillar that upholds a democracy. Unfortunately, besides staging boycotts in Parliament, shrieking and throwing microphones at each other our representatives do not seem to be engaging in fruitful debate. The Indian preamble is a guiding document to the Constitution, which in turn explains everything our country needs to flourish externally and domestically. Personal attacks and cheeky comments are not what India wants to see for the next six years which is why we need a utilitarian party at the fore, no-nonsense politicians who do their job, nothing more; nothing less.

Dialogue between the electors and the elected representative is sparse, if not non-existent. India, the world's largest democracy, rests a huge burden on its leaders to satisfy their needs. A well intentioned motion in Parliament is usually lost in its translation to a law. This is the gaping hole that even an untrained eye like mine can see in the governance that is seen here. Putting the various structural differences between the two forms of governance aside, the Obama administration ensures that the public is in constant communication with the White House. In fact the President himself makes an effort to visit workplaces and interact with as many citizens as possible, through different avenues. This initiative is not present here. An example of this lack of involvement is the government's response to the recent Uttarakhand Floods: the President of the Indian National Congress and the Prime Minister of India took a hurried helicopter ride over the Uttarakhand valley to assess the situation. In contrast to that, when floods hit the streets of Melbourne in 2011, the Australian Prime Minister Kevin Rudd actually waded through the water to ensure that his citizens reach safety by assisting for hours. Seemingly small acts can really affect the polity's psyche.

To add to this already convoluted state of affairs, "Right to Reject" has waltzed into the picture. The new 'none of the above' option on voting ballots that was held back by the government since the Election Commission proposed it in 2001 has finally come into play. A major electoral reform, this new option is an extension of Rule 49-O, a current provision through which one can record their vote but not choose any party, effectively not voting. With the new unequivocal 'none of the above' option, voters can actually express their political opinion more precisely. Essentially, ticking this box would mean the voter doesn't have enough faith in any of the candidates. Really, could 'none of the above' be the ruling party after the elections!! We'll just have to wait and watch.

Both the B.J.P and the Congress have their fair share of flaws. And at the end of the day, the regional parties are the ones that decide the subsequent division of power. With all the recent antics, what is the deciding factor that'll sway our generation of first time voters? Key issues of society such as women's safety, government facilities and public education certainly factor into the minds of the youngsters. The recent cover story, "What the first time voter wants" published by the periodical 'India Today' features an alarming statistic: over 45% of the young voters would choose Narendra Modi as their Prime Minister. Good governance (or in this case, lack of it) speaks volumes to the nation. A kind of governance our generation hasn't seen. Should we choose Modi because he has 3 million 'likes' on Facebook while the Prime Minister doesn't have even half a million 'likes' to his name? Or should we stick with the incumbent because after all our country could be in an even worse condition? If only I knew.



## कमला-जीवन अंतर्विद्यालयीय वाद-विवाद प्रतियोगिता २०१३

इस वर्ष की 'कमला-जीवन अंतर्विद्यालयीय वाद-विवाद प्रतियोगिता' का आयोजन पाँच तथा छह अक्टूबर को दून स्कूल में हुआ। प्रतियोगिता में देश भर से आये आठ विद्यालयों ने भाग लिया। समूह 'क' में आर. आई. एम. सी., देहरादून, वेलहम गर्ल्स स्कूल देहरादून, महारानी गायत्री देवी स्कूल, जयपुर तथा दून स्कूल, देहरादून के दल थे। समूह 'ख' में मेयो कालेज गर्ल्स स्कूल, अजमेर, द सिंधिया स्कूल ग्वालियर, युनिसन वर्ल्ड स्कूल, देहरादून तथा वेलहम ब्वायज स्कूल, देहरादून के दल थे। इन सभी दलों ने अपने अपने समूह में एक दूसरे से



राउंड रोबिन पद्धति से वाद-विवाद किया। अपने अपने समूह में सर्वाधिक अंक पाने वाले दल प्रतियोगिता के अंतिम चक्र में पहुंचे। अपने समूह में द्वितीय स्थान पाने वाले विद्यालय तीसरे और चौथे स्थान के आमने सामने आये। प्रतियोगिता का आयोजन कैम्ब्रिज प्रारूप में हुआ और प्रत्येक विद्यालय से तीन प्रतियोगियों ने भाग लिया। दल के पहले वक्ताओं ने विषय को परिभाषित करते हुए अपने दलों के तर्कों का मुख्य आधार स्पष्ट किया।

दूसरे वक्ताओं ने विषय को विस्तार से प्रकट करते हुए अपने दलों के तर्कों को मज़बूती प्रदान की और यह प्रमाणित करने की कोशिश की कि प्रस्तुत विषय उनके दल के मतानुसार ही सही है। तीसरे वक्ताओं ने अपने दल के पूर्व-वक्ताओं का समाहार प्रस्तुत किया और अंत में अपने विपक्षी दल के मत का खंडन किया। प्रतियोगिता में भाग लेने वाले सभी दलों को तैयारी के लिए तीन घंटे का समय दिया गया तथा इस अवधि में उन्हें अपने अध्यापकों से मिलने की अनुमति नहीं दी गयी। प्रतियोगिता के नियम बहुत कठिन और चुनौतीपूर्ण थे।

प्रथम चरण का विषय 'व्यावहारिकता असंवेदनशील होती है' था। इस विषय पर वक्ताओं द्वारा अलग अलग विचार प्रस्तुत किये गए। विपक्ष में बोलने वाले वक्ताओं ने कहा कि व्यावहारिकता और संवेदनाशीलता एक ही सिक्के के दो पहलू हैं और बताया कि किस प्रकार संवेदनशीलता एक प्रस्थान बिंदु है और व्यावहारिकता अंतिम बिंदु। प्रतियोगिता के पहले चरण में दून स्कूल ने आर. आई. एम. सी. को, वेलहम गर्ल्स स्कूल ने एम. जी. डी. स्कूल को, मेयो कालेज गर्ल्स स्कूल ने यूनिसन वर्ल्ड स्कूल को तथा वेलहम ब्वायज स्कूल ने सिंधिया स्कूल को पराजित किया।

प्रतियोगिता के द्वितीय चरण का विषय "अपने डर से डरो" निर्धारित हुआ। पक्ष में बोलने वाले दलों ने प्रायः इस विचार को अपना मत बनाया कि हमें अपने डरों से पैदा होने वाले डरों से डरना चाहिए। इस सन्दर्भ में जीवन के नैतिक नियमों का हवाला देते हुए कहा गया कि हमें उनके टूटने के डर से बचना चाहिए। इस चरण में आर. आई. एम. सी. ने एम. जी. डी. स्कूल को, दू स्कूल ने वेलहम गर्ल्स स्कूल को, वेलहम ब्वायज स्कूल ने यूनिसन वर्ल्ड स्कूल को तथा मेयो कालेज गर्ल्स स्कूल ने सिंधिया स्कूल को पराजित किया।

प्रतियोगिता के तीसरे चरण का विषय “देहाती औरत कमजोर नहीं” चुना गया। दलों ने देहाती औरत के शाब्दिक अर्थ से लेकर उसे किन्हीं विशेष विचारों का प्रतीक मानकर विचार किया। इस चक्र में दून स्कूल ने एम. जी. डी. स्कूल को, आर. आई. एम. सी. ने वेलहम गर्ल्स स्कूल को, मेयो कालेज गर्ल्स स्कूल ने वेलहम ब्वायज स्कूल को तथा सिंधिया स्कूल ने यूनिसेफ स्कूल को पराजित किया।

प्रतियोगिता में तृतीय स्थान के लिए आर. आई. एम. सी. तथा वेलहम ब्वायज स्कूल के बीच मुकाबला हुआ। आर. आई. एम. सी. के अनुभवी दल ने मज़बूती के साथ अपने पक्ष को रखा और जीत पाई। इस प्रतियोगिता का विषय “मानव लघु है” था।

प्रतियोगिता के अंतिम चक्र में दून स्कूल और मेयो कालेज गर्ल्स स्कूल आमने सामने थे। विषय था “अभिव्यक्ति की सीमाएं स्थापित करना अनुचित है”। दून स्कूल ने पक्ष में बोलते हुए बताया कि अभिव्यक्ति की स्वतंत्रता मनुष्य का जन्मसिद्ध अधिकार है और अगर इस मौलिक अधिकार पर सीमाएं बांधी गयीं तो वह अमानवीय होगा। उधर विपक्ष में बोलने वाले दल ने कहा कि अभिव्यक्ति अगर दूसरों के अधिकारों को चोट पहुंचाती है तो उस पर सीमाएं बांधना उचित ही है। दोनों पक्ष बहुत कुशलता से बोले किन्तु निर्णायकों ने अंत में दून स्कूल के पक्ष को अधिक प्रभावशाली माना। अंत में उन्हें ही विजेता घोषित किया गया। दून स्कूल के रितेश शिंदे को अंतिम चक्र का तथा आर. आई. एम. सी. के सौरभ शुक्ला को प्रतियोगिता का सर्वश्रेष्ठ चुना गया।

कार्यक्रम के छात्र आयोजकों हिमांशु पोद्दार तथा चैतन्य फतेहपुरिया ने आयोजन समिति के अन्य सदस्यों के साथ मिल कर कार्यक्रम का सफल आयोजन किया। अंतिम चक्र का संचालन श्री पंकज जोशी ने किया। डा. अरविन्दनाभ शुक्ल तथा हिन्दी विभाग के अन्य सभी अध्यापकों ने कार्यक्रम को सफल बनाने में अमूल्य योगदान दिया।

## रेत की ज़रूरत हर रेगिस्तान को होती है

(हमने उपरिलिखित विषय पर छात्रों की प्रतिक्रिया चाही तो उसके उत्तर में हमें जो मिला आपके सामने प्रस्तुत है - सम्पादक)

यशराज अग्रवाल

हर एक व्यक्ति को पहचान की ज़रूरत है। ज़िंदगी बहुत छोटी होती है और हर इंसान इस ज़िंदगी का पूरा फ़ायदा उठाना चाहता है। ऐसे में वह व्यक्ति स्वयं को किसी न किसी कार्य से जोड़ लेता है। दुनिया की आँखों में वह कार्य बहुत छोटा हो सकता है, लेकिन उस व्यक्ति के लिए वह अपनी पहचान बन जाता है। इसी पहचान के सहारे मनुष्य अपनी रोज़मर्रा की भागदौड़ भरी ज़िंदगी में स्थिरता लाता है, अपनी ज़िंदगी को एक रूप और अर्थ देता है। आज के समय में आदमी अपनी इसी पहचान को खोता जा रहा है। आदमी एक मशीन की तरह बनता जा रहा है। आगे बढ़ने की दौड़ में जो पीछे छूट जाता है, अपनी पहचान खो देता है। आदमी दूसरों को प्रभावित करने में इस तरह लगा हुआ है कि अपने को बदलते बदलते अपने असली रूप को ही भुला देता है। चाहे कोई भी किसी भी स्तर पर क्यों न हो, एक पहचान की ज़रूरत उसे हमेशा होती है। इसी लिए हम देखते हैं की जो व्यक्ति अपनी पहचान खो देता है वह अपना साहस और आत्मबल भी खो देता है। ज़िंदगी में आगे बढ़ने की चाह को खो देता है। वह मशीन बन जाता है, भावनाहीन और यान्त्रिक।

अपने स्कूल को ही देख लें हर किसी को कुछ ऐसा चाहिए जिससे वह पहचाना जाए। दूसरों के लिए न सही अपने ही लिए तो कम से कम प्रत्येक छात्र कुछ ऐसा खोजता है जिससे वह पहचाना जाए, कुछ ऐसा करता है जिसमें वह खुद को देख सके।

हमें अपने जीवन में ऐसी ही पहचान बनानी है जिसे हम कभी न खोएँ क्योंकि रेत की ज़रूरत हर रेगिस्तान को होती है।

## अग्नि राज सिंह

यह वैज्ञानिक तथ्य है कि रेत के कण सरलता से तापमान बदल सकते हैं। दिन में जलते कोयले जैसे गरम और रात के समय बर्फ के गोले जैसे ठंडे। बहुत से लोग रेगिस्तान को उसकी कठोरता के लिए कोसते हैं। नहीं समझते की रेगिस्तान है तो रेत तो होगा ही और रेत होगा तो कठोरता भी होगी।

जीवन में जहाँ सकारात्मकता होती है तो कई बार नकारात्मकता भी होती ही है। जिंदगी के हर मोड़ पर 'यिन' और 'येंग' के दर्शन से हमारा सामना होता है। मादक पदार्थों के सेवन में आनंद आता है तो हमारी सेहत पर भी बेहद बुरा असर होता है। खेल-कूद में लगे रहें तो स्वास्थ्य तो अच्छा होगा पर सूर्य की किरणों से कर्क रोग होने का डर भी रहता है।

भले ही हर बात में अच्छाई और बुराई की मात्राएं अलग अलग होती हैं, पर वे दोनों एक दूसरे पर निर्भर होते हैं। हमें भी जीवन में यही दृष्टिकोण लेकर आगे बढ़ना चाहिए और हर बात की अच्छाई और बुराई को परखना सीखना चाहिए।

## उद्भव अग्रवाल

रेगिस्तान एक ऐसे जगत की कल्पना जो एक बाँझ की तरह अपनी सृष्टि की मूल वजह को पूरा नहीं कर पाती वह है उपजाऊपन। इस रेगिस्तान को बंजर बनाने में उन सभी रेत के कणों का हाथ होता है जो इसकी बुनियाद में सूक्ष्म लेकिन आवश्यक किरदार निभाते हैं।

आज का समाज रेगिस्तान की इसी विशेषता को अपने अंदर समेटे है। रेगिस्तान विकास और उपजाऊपन का विपरीतार्थक है, ठीक उसी तरह हमारे समाज की वैसी दशा तब आयेगी जब उसका छोटे से छोटा भाग.... रेत का कण, उसपर विश्वास करना छोड़ दे।

मगर यह भी सच है कि अँधेरे में आशा की किरण उस तमस का खात्मा कर देती है। ठीक वैसे ही जैसे आज का सनकीपन, चाहे वह मीडिया में हो या समाज के दूसरे तबकों में, एक ऐसी दुनिया की रचना करने पर तुला हुआ है जहाँ विकास और शुद्धता मिल-जुल

कर नहीं रह सकते। अगर रेगिस्तान का निर्माण होता है तो हम ही उसके दोषी होंगे। हम प्रण ले लें तो समाज की तबाही कभी न होगी। रेत ही नहीं होगा, तो कहाँ का रेगिस्तान!

## हिमांशु पोद्दार

“रेत की ज़रूरत हर रेगिस्तान को होती है” सुनने में तो एक साधारण सी पंक्ति लगती है जिसका अर्थ है कि बिना रेत के रेगिस्तान का होना नामुमकिन है। अगर हम इस पंक्ति पर गंभीरता से विचार करें तो हमारे सामने एक बड़ा रहस्य सुलझ जाएगा जो अंततः मानवजाति के विकास के लिए बेहद महत्वपूर्ण साबित हो सकता है।

हमारे जीवन में कई ऐसी चीज़ें होती हैं जिनके बिना उनसे जुड़ी वस्तुओं का अस्तित्व मुश्किल हो जाता है। जैसे रेत रेगिस्तान को उसका अर्थ प्रदान करती है, वैसे ही कुछ गुण होते हैं जो एक इंसान को बनाते हैं और उसके व्यक्तित्व को समाज के सामने लाते हैं। सबसे पहला गुण है सच्चाई जो सभी मनुष्यों के भीतर होनी चाहिए। अब चाहे वह खुद के प्रति हो या दूसरों के प्रति, सच्चाई के बिना हम खोखले रह जाते हैं।

मेरा यह भी मानना है कि दुनिया में किसी को हर वस्तु की चाहत नहीं होनी चाहिए। वही मनुष्य संतुष्ट होता है जो त्याग करना जानता है और जितना हो उसी में खुश रहता है। जैसे रेत की ज़रूरत हर रेगिस्तान को होती है, वह रेत के अलावा किसी और वस्तु की मांग नहीं करता। संतुष्ट लोग भी जो उनके पास होता है उसी में अपनी खुशी ढूँढते हैं और उसी से अपना अस्तित्व बनाते हैं, किसी और वस्तु की मांग नहीं करते। यही जीवन का सबसे बड़ा दर्शन है।

## मत दो मत

### कार्तिकेय कर्दम

आज मतों का मोल करोड़ों में है। हिन्दुस्तान में मत जीते नहीं बल्कि खरीदे जाते हैं। मतों को बेचने वाला होता है आम आदमी, जो महंगाई के दबाव से कद में छोटा होता जा रहा है। हमारे देश के नागरिकों की मानसिकता आज उस स्तर पर पहुँच गई है कि वे चंद

रुपयों या सुविधाओं की खातिर अपना मत किसी भी भ्रष्टाचारी को बेचने में नहीं कतराते। मानिए या न मानिए कोई भी राजनीतिज्ञ चाहे वह कितना भी सच्चरित्र या बेदाग माना जाता हो, वह भी इस व्यापार की दूषित नदी में अपने हाथ गंदे कर चुका होगा। भारत में आज तक कोई वैज्ञानिक ऐसा साबुन तैयार नहीं कर सका है जो हमारे राजनीतिज्ञों के हाथ और आत्मा को साफ़ कराने में सक्षम हो।

बुजुर्गों ने सही कहा है कि लालच बुरी बला है और इसी मानवीय कमजोरी का लाभ उठाते हैं हमारे देश के पालनहार। इसे ऐसे समझिए- आखिर एक पान वाले को जो देश के किसी कोने में अपनी दूकान चलाता है, क्या चाहिए? यदि कोई नेता जी उसे रिश्वत के रूप में एक साइकिल पकड़ाते हैं तब उसका और उसके पूरे परिवार का मत तो उन्हें मिलना पक्का ही समझिए। हमारे देश में थोड़े से लाभ के लिए लोग किसी को भी अपना मत देने के लिए तैयार रहते हैं। वे यह नहीं देखते कि उस मत से उनके गाँव, देश और समाज का क्या नफ़ा-नुक्सान होगा।

हमारे देश के संविधान में राजनीतिज्ञों के लिए कोई पढ़ाई संबंधी नियम नहीं है। एक अंगूठाछाप व्यक्ति भी प्रधानमंत्री बन सकता है। मत मिलें तो एक परम अयोग्य व्यक्ति भी देश के सर्वोच्च पद पर बैठ सकता है। अपनी इसी तरह की खामियों को छुपाने के लिए मतों की खरीद-फरोख्त की जाती है। धनबल और बाहुबल का दुरुपयोग किया जाता है।

राजनीतिज्ञ अपनी कुर्सी बचाने में व्यस्त रहते हैं। तुष्टिकरण का मन्त्र चल रहा है। हर किसी की वाजिब-गैरवाजिब इच्छाओं को पूरा किया जा रहा है। कारण साफ़ है, मतों के दम पर ही तो सत्ताएं गिरती या बनती हैं। छात्रों को मुफ्त लैपटॉप दिया जाना, छात्राओं को साइकिलों का वितरण, टैबलेट पी सी का वितरण, एक रुपये किलो गेहूँ का वितरण, गरीबी रेखा के नीचे आने वाले लोगों के लिए आवासों का निर्माण जैसी योजनाएँ बन रही हैं। ये कितनी व्यावहारिक हैं, भारत जैसे देश में इन योजनाओं पर खर्च किया जाना

कितना तर्कसंगत है या सबसे बड़ी बात यह है कि इनके पीछे सरकार की नीयत क्या है- इस पर कोई विचार नहीं किया जा रहा है। अगर अपने देश के राजनीतिज्ञों के वादों के इतिहास को देखें तो लगता है कि ये जनलुभाऊ योजनाएँ भी पहले के अनेक वादों और कार्यक्रमों की तरह धोखा ही सिद्ध होंगे। चुनावों के बाद क्या होगा, यह बड़ा प्रश्न है।

चुनावों का उद्देश्य होता है कि देश के लिए सही नेतृत्व को खोजा जाए। परन्तु, होता यह है कि हम झूठे वादों के बहकावे में आकर गलत नेता को चुन लेते हैं। हमें समझना चाहिए कि 'मत' एक अनमोल अधिकार है और मात्र एक मत भी हार-जीत के बीच अंतर बना सकता है। हमें उसे चुनना चाहिए जो सकारात्मक बदलाव ला सके। बदलाव के बिना विकास की बयार बहने वाली नहीं है। जितनी ताकत ताज पहनने वालों में होती है, उससे कई गुना ताकत ताज पहनाने वालों में होती है- इस बात को समझना बेहद जरूरी है।

## वज़न

### श्री मनोज पांडे

जब मैं 'भोलाराम का जीव' पढ़ रहा था तो मुझे वज़न के महत्त्व का एहसास हुआ। वजन का रोजाना ज़िंदगी में कितना महत्त्व है! परसाई जी बेचारे बड़े सुन्दर ढंग से मेरे जैसे पाठकों को समझा गए। उन्हें शायद मालूम था कि मैं बगैर वज़न के कितनों के द्वारा कुचला गया। सो वह नहीं चाहते थे कि उनकी जाति के लोग बेवज़न होकर वज़नदारों की कृपा से वंचित रहे। पाठकों को यहाँ मैं बताना चाहूँगा कि परसाई जी ने अपने इस अलौकिक व्यंग्य में बड़ी संजीदगी से अनेक प्रकार के वज़नों का उल्लेख किया है। लेकिन परसाई जी को स्वर्ग सिधारे बहुत दिन हो गए और इस बीच कई नए वज़नों का आविष्कार हो गया है। कहते हैं समय के साथ चीज़ें बदलती हैं, सो वज़न भी हमारे सामने कई रूपों में आ गया।

पिछले दिनों बनवारी लाल जी काफी दिनों बाद मिले। जब पिछली बार देखा था तो बड़े सुदर्शन व्यक्तित्व के धनी थे। अब मुरझाया चेहरा, असंतोष से भरी उनकी बातें सुनकर मैं



हैरान हो गया। खैर, मुझे मामला समझने देर नहीं लगी। बताने लगे 'यार! अब तो नौकरी करना वज़नदारों की गुलामी करना हो गया है। काम करो या न करो, पर ऐसा ज़ाहिर करते रहो इन वज़नदारों के सामने की मैं तो काम के बोझ से दबा रहता हूँ। उनकी बातों का लब्बोलुबाब यह था कि वज़नी लोगों ने मेरा हक़ छीन लिया। उनकी पीड़ा मेरे लिए असह्य थी, पर मैं तो खुद एक फूँक से उड़ने वाला प्राणी हूँ।

वज़न की संस्कृति बड़े-बड़े रूपों में दिखाई दे जाएगी। अब कुछ वज़नी बटखरों के बारे में बताता हूँ जो आपको वज़नदार बना देंगे। अगर आपके पास एक खूबसूरत बीवी है तो आपके वज़न में इजाफा हो सकता है, बस थोड़ी सी 'ट्रेनिंग' की ज़रूरत है। वज़नदार की बीवी के प्रातः और सायं भ्रमण का समय आपकी बीवी को पता करना होगा। बस कभी आगे कभी पीछे घूमने लगे। धीरे-धीरे आपका वज़न बढ़ जाएगा। अब आप को क्या करना है? बीवी से ज़रा अपने साथियों की रहस्यवाली बातें बता दीजिए। मौका ताड़कर आपकी बीवी अपनी नई घुमन्त को वह सब बता देगी जो अब तक रहस्य था।

उपहारों की आप अपने वज़न बढ़ाने में उपेक्षा नहीं कर सकते। परसाई जी ने भी इसे अपने व्यंग्य में शिद्दत के साथ स्वीकार किया है। बस मौका ढूँढ़िए। जन्मदिन, खासकर के वज़नदार की बीवी का जन्मदिन ज़रूर याद रखिए और बस उपहार लेकर पहुँच जाइए। फिर आप जो चाहेंगे, भाविष्य में वह आपकी बाट जोहेगा। भले आप कम्युनिस्ट हैं, धर्म-त्यौहार नहीं जानते लेकिन वज़नी के धर्म त्यौहार का पता ज़रूर रखिए और मार्क्स को छोड़कर मार्क्स (अंकों) को बढ़ाने की चिन्ता करिए। निश्चित रूप से आपका वज़न किसी वेटलिफ्टर की तरह बढ़ जाएगा।

तरीका नंबर दो। आपको अपनी गाड़ी कमाई से हज़ार दो हज़ार रुपए हर शनिवार को खर्च करने होंगे वज़नदारों को अकेले में बोलिए कि आपके दोस्त की पत्नी आर्मी कैंटीन से अच्छी वाली दे गयी है। बस दो तीन हफ़्तों में आपके वज़न में फर्क दिखाई देने लगेगा। आपके स्वास्थ्य और भविष्य के स्थान में सुन्दर परिवर्तन योग बनेगा। अगर आप वज़नदारों के लिए 'केयरिंग' नहीं हैं तो फिर यह नुस्खा भी

आज़मा लें। 'सर, आपका सन्डे कैसा रहा?' 'आपकी टाई बहुत अच्छी है' और 'सर, दिल्ली टूर कैसा रहा?' यह सब यही ज़ाहिर करेगा कि आप वज़नदार का बहुत ध्यान रखते हैं। और हाँ, वज़नदार के पालतू पशुओं का भी ध्यान रखिए। परसाई जी इस बात के बड़े हिमायती थे। इसके लिए आपको जीव-जंतुओं के नस्लों की जानकारी लेनी होगी। सलीम अली की कोई किताब ज़रूर पढ़ डालिए। वज़नदार के पशुओं को कभी जातिवाचक संज्ञा से मत बुलाइए। उसे हमेशा व्यक्तिवाचक संज्ञा से ही बुलाइए। उसकी लम्बाई, चौड़ाई, रूप-रंग की तारीफ़ ज़रूर करिए। उसकी नस्ल जानिए। वज़नी के और शौक जानिए और उन शौकों से अपने शौकों का ज्योतिषी की तरह कुण्डली-मिलन करिए। सत्ताईस नक्षत्र से कम मिलते हैं तो अभी आपका वज़न 'स्टैण्डर्ड' नहीं हुआ। पर हताश मत होइए। कोशिश जारी रखिए।

झुकना बहुत अच्छा होता है। जो झुकता नहीं टूट जाता है। अगर आप वज़नदार के आगे झुककर, खासकर उसकी बीवी को नमन कर सकें तो उनका आशीर्वचन आपके वज़न में इजाफा कर सकेगा। जैसे-जैसे आपका वज़न बढ़ता जाएगा, अनेक बेवज़नी लोग आपके इर्दगिर्द भी मंडराने लगेंगे।

छह महीने बाद बनवारी लाल फिर मिला। उसका चेहरा पूर्ववत था। मैंने आश्चर्य से पूछा 'तेरा स्वास्थ्य सुधर गया?' बोला, 'यार, मैंने तेरा लेख पढ़ लिया था!'

## भूख

### रुद्र श्रीवास्तव

जब भी भूख से लड़ने के लिए कोई खड़ा हो जाता है, सुन्दर दीखने लगता है। झपटता बाज़, फन उठाए साँप, दो पैरों पर खड़ी काँटो से नन्हीं पतियाँ खाती बकरी।

आज मैं भूख के विषय में अपनी बात कहना चाहता हूँ। यह शब्द सुनकर सभी स्वादिष्ट भोजन के बारे में सोचते होंगे, लेकिन मेरा मानना है कि इस विचार में थोड़ा परिवर्तन लाने की ज़रूरत है। भूख के अनेक आशय हैं, परन्तु इस समय मैं भूख को तीव्र इच्छा के रूप में देख रहा हूँ। मैं इस विषय पर इसी रूप में विचार करूँगा।

जब भी एक विद्यार्थी छात्रावास में नया-नया आता है वह अपने माता-पिता की ममता से वंचित छात्रों के बीच लोकप्रिय होने के चक्कर में दिन-रात एक कर देता है। वह यही सोचता है किस प्रकार अधिक से अधिक काम करके वह अपना नाम बनाए। हम अक्सर देखते हैं कि प्रसिद्धि की यह भूख उसे सही रास्ते से हटा देती है और वह उचित-अनुचित का विचार छोड़ कर प्रसिद्धि पाने को ही अपना एकमात्र लक्ष्य मान लेता है। और, होता यह है कि वह नाम पाने की जगह बदनामी के दलदल में फंसता जाता है।

कदाचारी को धन की भूख होती है और अपराधी को सुख की भूख होती है, परन्तु महान व्यक्ति वह होता है जो इस भूख से लड़ता है और अपने सिद्धांतों से नहीं हटता। महत्वाकांक्षा मनुष्य को पागल कर देती है, उसके विवेक को समाप्त कर देती है। असल में यह दिल भी बहुत अजीब है, इसे मनाने के लिए जितना भी करो संतुष्ट नहीं होता। तभी तो यह कथन कितना प्रचलित है “ये दिल मांगे मोर”। दलाल स्ट्रीट और वाल स्ट्रीट के नुमाइंदों को यही भूख तो असंतुष्ट रखती है।

वैज्ञानिकों का मानना है कि भोजन करने के पश्चात हमारा पेट दिमाग को सन्देश भेज देता है कि पेट भर गया है। दिमाग इस सन्देश को पाकर खाने की इच्छा को समाप्त कर देता है। भूख के समाप्त होने का यही इशारा है। लेकिन सच यह है कि कई लोग इस इशारे को नज़रंदाज़ कर देते तथा ज़रूरत न होने पर भी खाते रहते हैं। इसके बाद उदर कई तरह की आवाजें निकाल कर ज़बरदस्ती भोजन न करने का आदेश देता है। अगर उसे भी नज़र अंदाज़ किया जाता है तब स्वास्थ्य बिगड़ने का खतरा पैदा हो जाता है। कहने का अर्थ यह है कि जब भूख लालच का रूप ले लेती है तब विनाश प्रारम्भ होता है। अगर आपके पेट में चूहें दौड़ रहे हों और आप किसी ढाबे में बैठकर स्वादिष्ट भोजन करना चाह रहे हों और उससे आपका पेट भर भी जाता है, तब सब ठीक है। परन्तु अगर आप इसके बाद भी खाना नहीं रोकते और अपनी सीमा लांघते हैं,

तब आपको समझना चाहिए कि खाने की सीमा और खाने की इच्छा में अंतर है। इस अंतर को समझना ही हमारे चरित्र को दिशा देता है।

आजकल भारत में कुपोषण की समस्या ने काफी गंभीर रूप धारण कर लिया है। हम पहले खाते हैं, फिर भरते हैं, फिर ठूँसते हैं और अंत में उगल देते हैं। अन्न का दुरुपयोग लगातार हो रहा है। अगर हम इस दुरुपयोग को रोक पाएं तो अनेक लोगों को खाना मिल सकता है। इस कृत्य से हम दयावान बनेंगे और हमारे चरित्र का विकास होगा।

पेट की अग्नि तो शांत की जा सकती है लेकिन लेकिन दिल की भूख को शांत करने के लिए आत्मसंयम चाहिए, दूसरों के प्रति दयाभाव चाहिए, नज़रिए में महानता चाहिए। जब यह सब होगा तभी दिल में शान्ति और आँखों में संतोष होगा।

## रावण

रित्ज़ी राजस्वी

*कितना बदनसीब हूँ मैं जो खुद ही न पहचान सका,*

*जहां नज़र गई मेरी हर शख्स अंजान ही दिखा।*

*मेरी सासों मे अब भी दम हैं,*

*कि कोई सामने आ जाये, तो उसको खोने का डर है।*

*मैं आँसुओं की लहरों में नहा लेता हूँ,*

*जब हर मोती में माँ बाप नज़र आते हैं।*

*ज़िन्दगी के हर मोड़ पे मैं भटकता हुए बड़ा हुआ,*

*मगर मुझपर हर कदम हमला ही हुआ।*

*इस ज़िन्दगी मैं इतना गमज़दा हुआ,*

*सदिया लग जायेंगी मेरे चेहरे पर रौशनी लाने में।*

*मेरी ज़िन्दगी एक काटें की तरह बन गई हैं,*

*जहाँ फूल एक रौशनी की तरह बन चुका हैं।*

*हर मोड़ पर रावण नज़र आते हैं,*

*जहाँ मेरे पिता आशा की तस्वीर नज़र आते हैं।*

# Perhaps

Udbhav Agarwal

...falls

It lands incessantly on the nose of a man, standing beneath the tin. He feels the drop's spread over his face, its breath over his nose. He shuts his eyes. The world shuts around him. It is him, the drop and only the drop. He smiles, indulgently enjoying every sensation. His lips stretch to the ends of his face.

He opens his eyes. His hands move to the fall of his waist, where his gun is tied. He looks down, and waves his hand over his gun. Wiping his face, he moves on. It has started to rain.

~

He remembers the days when it all started. The riots had broken, he was handpicked from a fresh crop of men enrolled in the army. There was excitement in the air back then, an anguished unruly excitement. Now...the air feels the same each day every day. His gun feels the same, virgin and weighted.

His duty is to stand on a highway in Kashmir. He follows his duty. He stands. He has stood ever since. He is standing now.

~

The soldier wakes up and sits on the edge of his bed, his feet dangling in mid-air. He climbs down the ladder and presses his feet against the stoned floor.

He walks to the end of the room through the door and looks blankly towards the sky. His eyes drown in its absence. He stands there and thinks in deep rhetoric. He hopes for movement. Perhaps today he will have to pull the trigger of his gun. Perhaps today he will be needed. He takes his towel from the wooden railing. It is still wet. He takes off his shirt. It is short on his sleeves. He takes off his pyjama, and wraps his naked self with the towel. He makes his way to the shower.

Three showers are lined against each other. He unwraps his towel, hangs it on an empty hook and waits for his turn.

~

Standing on the side of the road, the man feels awkward. Cars pass him, turn by turn, swift in their movement. Some of the children roll the windows down, to catch a glimpse of the snuggled gun wrapped in his arms. He looks from left to right, and back to the left. The river is flowing beneath him, packed between mountains on both sides. Snow fell last night. Another winter is approaching. Another year will end.

~

He stands in silence. The road has been deserted for quite a while. No one has uttered a word. There is no one to utter a word to. The soldier lifts his gun, aims it, and pulls the trigger.

A bullet shoots out and disappears somewhere. The noise of the shot awakens him. Finally, he feels something. Finally, he knows that he is real.

~

A water drop lands on the tinned roof of the house, splattering instantly into a million smaller droplets. The original drop smoothly makes its way to the edge of the painted tin, and hangs incredulously from it. The other drops slide down the roof. The grey cloudy sky stays shut. The water moves slowly, navigating its waivered way to the edge. One by one, the drops join the end, augmenting the mass of water hanging from the roof. The water flows and keeps on flowing, apathetic and unaware. The mass of water becomes heavier and heavier. Giving up, the drop...

## Kalyug

*Madhav Mall sheds light on the deteriorating conditions of the world today*

Prophesized millenia ago by the Mayans and the Vedas, Kalyug, or the Apocalypse, I believe, is now upon us. From raging fires to brutal revolts, worldwide scams to murderous riots, the world, as we know it is slowly being devastated.

The 21st Century is the dawn of the Kalyug. In terms of rape, terrorism, bullying and even thievery. As I pen down this article, a quote comes to mind; "The UN was not created to take mankind to heaven, but to save humanity from hell." This quote in today's age has lost its value. Mankind is plummeting to the deepest pits of hell.

Take the Westgate Mall terrorism for example. Hundreds of casualties and deaths. The Kenyan army was sent to overthrow the rioters, ending the terrorism. Media attention was at once focused onto the attacks and the army. Had Americans and Europeans not been there, the media attention would surely have been more focused on the clothes and cars of famous personalities.

The Mumbai terrorist attacks took place in 2008, and the accused were arrested and verdicts passed. The Assam bombings and the Agartala blasts resulted in more casualties. But why is it that the accused have not

been jailed or given the death penalty yet? The reason is simple. Mumbai is a bustling metropolis, while Assam and Agartala lie ignored in the North-East. This is no excuse for not actions being taken.

We are all familiar with the Delhi Rape Case and its final verdict which of course was the death sentence. But further east in Kamduni, West Bengal, there was a gang rape and murder of a girl. Such was the brutality of the rape that the accused tore the girl's limbs up to the navel. The verdict, for this case has not been given as yet even though the accused were caught and proved guilty. Why were they not hanged? The Kalyug is brought on by these people who rape, abduct and murder women as if it is their birthright. Why did the police or the judge not take proper action? All because of the patronage of political parties, towards the men.

Terrorists hijacked a jet bound to New Delhi from Kathmandu, and took it to Kandahar in Afghanistan. One hostage was murdered. The accused have yet not had any action taken against them. Almost a copy of the attacks were the infamous September 11 attacks in New York. As rightly said by former Foreign Minister of India, 'The hijacking was a forerunner of the 9/11' because it involved the same infamous trio, the Al-Qaeda, the ISI and the Taliban. It was supposed to include attacks in Los Angeles, Aden and Ammam, but it was only the India counterpart, which was successful.

Murders are happening all over the world, for various reasons. But when a school boy kills a peer with a cricket bat for cheating in a match, it is intolerable. The boy was released from jail, on grounds of 'mental problems', and a 'juvenile age'. When people like these are alive, how can we not call this the Kalyug? The boy is devil incarnate, killing peers over petty issues.

From what I can see, the possibility of the start of righteousness is highly unlikely.

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## Rio?

**Udayan Sinha** *expresses his concerns about Rio de Janeiro hosting multiple world events in the near future*

Multitasking is an exclusive ability, not common to all. Hosting the Olympics is a strenuous task as it is and being a developing country doesn't help in the least. Hosting the FIFA World Cup is a Herculean task, which only a few nations can even think to pull off successfully, given that their economic con-

dition would allow them. Brazil, though, is hosting the two biggest events known to mankind, back to back: the Olympics in 2016 and The Football World Cup in 2014.

In 2014, the beautiful game returns to the nation, which has popularized the sport to its current status. Brazil is hosting the FIFA World Cup next year. The nation has produced the best players known to the game. Brazilian soccer is famous for skill, grace and expressive supporters.

Even after the FIFA World Cup winds up, the lime-light will still be on Brazil. The world will shift its attention to the biggest sporting event, The Olympics.

What a country needs for the success of such events is the co-operation of its citizens. Unfortunately, the internal conflicts of Brazil may hamper the preparations of the events. Since 1985, which saw the end of dictatorship in Brazil, this is the first time that a major internal conflict has come about. This started off with an increase in the transport fares within the country. The issue was controlled to a certain extent but matters went out of hand when the government was accused of maladministration and misuse of public funds. The people want better infrastructure but this money was being used for the stadiums to host these two events.

In June this year the streets of Rio de Janeiro saw a million people protesting against the government. The crowd did not shy away from aggressive protests. Vehicles were burned, stones pelted and several civilians were left injured. The law enforcement agencies did manage to subdue the protestors by the use of rubber bullets, stun grenades etc.

The FIFA Confederations Cup took place during this unrest but to the delight of all the football fans, was uninterrupted by the commotion. And to the delight of the Brazilian people, their national side did emerge the winners. When asked, Pele, regarded as the best player to ever step on the football field, said that the people of the nation should support the government and the national teams for various sports and events. Minutes after he made these remarks on a social networking site the citizens shunned him for his remarks.

Can Brazil prevent the internal conflict from affecting the success of the two greatest events on the planet? The stage is set. The world is prepared to witness Brazil create history by becoming the only nation to hold the FIFA World Cup and the Olympics within the span of two years. The question remains "Is Brazil ready?"



# The Egyptian Re-Revolution

*Arjun Singh talks about the second revolution that took place in Egypt this year.*

The 2011 Egyptian Revolution, that lasted for over two weeks, rocked the global news and was a starting point in the infamous 'Arab Spring'. This resulted in the deposition of the then President, Hosni Mubarak who had been in power for over 29 years. This was due to a number of factors, mainly, corruption, inflation, unemployment and police brutality, as well as the ongoing state of Emergency, which had been declared after the President's assassination in 1981. The new elections took place after a period of rule by the Supreme Council of the Armed Forces. There were two candidates, one of which was Mohammad Morsi, a member of the Freedom and Justice Party and long-time supporter of the Muslim Brotherhood, an organization which conveys that all Middle-Eastern nations should be governed by strict Islamic Law. The second was Ahmed Shafik, former Prime Minister under Hosni Mubarak's regime, and at the time of election, an independent candidate. With the people wanting a change of power, the end result was that Morsi won over 75% of the votes cast and was sworn in as President on the 30th of July, 2012.

Revolt against Morsi came in November 2012, when Morsi issued a Presidential Order that extended the powers of the Constitutional Mandate Assembly, the body that was working to draft a new Constitution and organize elections of the New Parliament. In the document that was issued from his office ordering this, it was mentioned that he was authorized to use any means necessary to protect the revolution and power of the new government. This resulted in the resignation of members of the Mandate Assembly and Opposition leaders such as Mohamed El Baradei to hold suspected secret meetings to overthrow Morsi and was done so because they believed the Brotherhood supporting the President, would impose strict Islamic practices in the nation. Another action taken by Morsi which added to his unrest was the appointment of Adel-el-Khayat as Governor of the Egyptian state of Luxor. Khayat is a member of the radical Al-Gama Al-Islamiyya Extremist Organization that was responsible for the Luxor Massacre, an attack at an archeological tourist site in Luxor which killed 62 people. As tensions on Morsi's actions as President continued adding to the decline of his reputation, minor protests against Morsi took place in Cairo, Alexandria and Aswan. Seven months later, protestors started preparing for bigger and larger protests.

On the 30th of June, 2013, over 14 million people took to the streets of Egyptian cities, demanding the resignation of Morsi and the removal of his administration; with the epicenter of the protests being Cairo's Tahrir Square. The headquarters of the Muslim Brotherhood, the group of which Morsi was a patron, was ransacked with windows smashed and documents burned. A day before, the protest organizers claimed that they had received 22 million Signatures on an online petition demanding Morsi's resignation. During this time, Morsi was moved out of the Presidential Palace to a secure location.

On July 1st, Defense Minister General Abdul Fatah al-Sisi, issued a 2 day deadline for Morsi to resign from the Presidency, with the purpose of restoring order to Egypt and preventing more mass demonstrations. This was also met by police officers joining hands with protestors in Tahrir Square and chanting anti-Morsi slogans.

The Protests continued onto the next day, local residents, who were Pro-Morsi Supporters, clashed with the Protesters leaving nearly 20 dead and many more injured. Morsi gave an official response that day to the demonstrations. In a 3-hour television statement, he stated he would "Defend the legitimacy of the Presidency with his life." This statement, did not only not stop the protests but caused them to increase in intensity.

And, on the 3rd of July, after a joint conference with various industry and youth leaders, the Egyptian military announced that they had impeached. Many leaders of the Freedom and Justice Party and Muslim Brotherhood were also arrested and placed in military custody. Protestors in Tahrir Square cheered and celebrated by shouting and dancing. General Al-Sisi named former Chief Justice of Egypt Adli Mansour as the Acting-President. The military also suspended the new Constitution. The protests ended that night and the following morning, people gathered in Tahrir Square to collect trash and clean the area.

Recently, new protests by supporters of the Muslim Brotherhood have occurred, with them demanding Morsi be re-instated to the Presidency, and claiming his removal was unlawful and illegal.

Personally, I think that there is a possibility of the Egyptian Military attempting to gain power considering they appointed the President. It may have been diplomatic in the eyes of the people to appoint an independent President, the Military may be using him to fund their private enterprises, which includes corporate and tourism. The Interim-government, to stop the protests by Muslim Brotherhood supporters, should engage in treaties with the Brotherhood and negotiate the release of some of its leaders from custody. Overall, the possibility of creating a new democracy in Egypt is highly unlikely at the moment until there can be some stability, and we will have to wait and see what the new leaders do next.



# “Blame It on The Onions!”

*Aditya Bhattacharya writes about the Indian mindset toward issues such as politics, food and the never ending saga of the Indian gurus*

During the summer holidays, I had been dutifully following my long-standing ritual of sleeping in and missing breakfast (which was a result of my late-night prowling around the house, but that's another story) when one day my parents decided that I was not fully aware of the consequences of wasting food. Enter my father with a lecture on the rising food prices. I listened to them as attentively as anyone who had slept for a mere three or four hours the night before could, nodding at the wrong time and answering 'yes' and 'no' out of context. My parents, exasperated at the sight of a 16-year old struggling to keep his eyes open at 9 AM, naturally gave up. I returned to my bed and returned to that position that has accorded the sloth its very own attribute.

A few hours later, at perhaps three in the afternoon, I found myself locked in the house, with just a note explaining the disappearance (I would be pushing my luck if I had called it a sudden one) of my parents. I got up, finally awake, and proceeded to do what any boy my age would do: turn on the laptop and the Wi-Fi connection and browse through Facebook (if anyone is wondering, I did brush my teeth while the laptop was starting up) for hours on end. Occasionally, I would come across some politically-influenced status updates, some of which were rather intriguing. There was a variety of political thought floating around, like a comment on the state of the economy (to my slight bemusement) or a harsh criticism of a politician and his or her actions. There never failed to be present a scathing review of the government's performance and almost every argument reached the conclusion that 'it's because of the corruption, dude!' However, due to my desire to seek out some makeshift meal at that time, I did not take much notice of this phenomenon.

At around four, the usual barrage of sabziwaalas assaulted our colony in their trademark fashion. They proclaimed their stock with such proficiency that they could have given Lil Wayne a run for his money, and I could hear the neighbours haggling over the prices and simultaneously very keenly discussing the reason behind the 'exorbitant' prices that they had to pay for the vegetables and fruits. This discussion grew more and more interesting until three theories were propounded by two of the customers and the hawker himself. One expounded that the prices were high because of the upcoming elections. The second said that it was a result of the 2G and the CWG scams. The third one, and my personal favourite, stated that there had been an attempted coup by Baba Ramdev and his posse, and the prices had been elevated to combat his greatest supporters, the poor and oppressed. Since I was waiting for the electric supply to make a miraculous and quick return, I contemplated the three theories at length. Having studied economics, the first and second theories seemed credible to me. However, there was something about the third theory that had a certain sinister feel to it. Nevertheless, also having the attention span of an economics student, my thoughts shifted towards the impending doom I was being sentenced to due to the lack of electricity.

In the evening, my parents returned home to find me exactly where they'd left me. I decided to offer a penny for my father's thoughts on the state of the country, but before I could do so I was told that a friend of my father's was going to come over for dinner. I changed my clothes, and dressed properly (you have to look good in the holidays!) and received our guest with all the hospitality of a hotel concierge. Soon, my father was involved in an animated discussion of the state of the country, so I naturally stepped in to listen. I was surprised to find words like 'corruption', 'scams', 'cash for votes', 'Ramdev's a nuisance' and 'useless government'. I told him that back at school we had discussed similar issues in our Economics and Political Science classes as well, and he was surprised that teenagers were also so critical of the government now. Dinner interrupted our discussion, and soon we were too full to exert our minds.

As our guest was about to depart, we followed our ritual of spending ten minutes at the gate just wishing him goodbye, when he turned to me and said, "You know, I was just like you when I was 16, doing the whole angry young man thing. But there's one thing you should remember: whenever anyone asks you anything about an economic problem, there's one answer that works every time. Just blame it on the onions, son."

## A Risk Worth Taking?

*Kunal Kanodia elucidates his reasons for supporting Narendra Modi in the upcoming elections*

"Ghar ghar ki awaaz, Modi Raj, Modi Raj!" I didn't blink twice when I saw this presumptuous hoarding in the middle of the busiest intersection in downtown Allahabad last month. What I was struck by, however, was the mass appeal that Modi seems to carry in a state where the BJP hasn't come to power since the 90s, and won't manage to capture Lucknow for at least the next decade. He's described as a rather polarizing figure, and this is especially visible when there is the old "Rahul vs. Modi" debate happening across roadside tea shops, five star hotel lobbies and the corridors of Kashmir House. He is loathed and loved, something that is extremely rare for politicians, who require the quick shifting of the electorate's loyalties. But in an era where India is beginning to stumble, in not just the domestic economic sphere, but in the world's eyes at large, we require a Prime Minister who will be assertive, who will react to being termed a *dehati aurat* by the Prime Minister of Pakistan, and who shall not bank on Washington's aid because he leads a poor country. For his critics and his admirers alike, it is Modi who is the epitome of assertiveness – he is the one who has roughed it out, he is the one who has proven himself. And he is the only one capable of leading India further into the twenty first century before it's too late. Before you begin to sound your disagreement over my support for Modi, I take the liberty to define the crux of the particular sphere in which I believe Modi to be the right choice for the country. That is foreign policy. The promise of 'India Shining' – which incidentally happens to be a BJP campaign slogan - that shook the world in 2004-5, seems a farce a decade later. That is because of an inept government, corrupt machinery, and a profound inefficiency that pervades our bureaucracy. I am not implying that Modi guarantees a magical facelift of the entire nation: my expectations from him are nowhere close to that. But what I do know is that Modi will redefine the poodle like foreign policy that the Congress has subjected us to. India today is snubbed by the West as a third world power which has promise only when it remains subservient to the country. Modi promises to move the country as further East as possible – something that is feasible given the huge unexploited trading potential that the ASEAN offers, or the enormous gains that a partnership with China could offer. Modi may inspire extreme opinions, but he will not be someone on whose birthday the hashtag "#PappuDiwas" is trending on Twitter. We need to turn our face away from America

*The Doon School Weekly Saturday, Oct 19, 2013*

until it welcomes us with open arms: India should not be dragged into a potential Sino-Western conflict because of a weak Prime Minister. Whatever Modi may be, he will not be a weak Prime Minister. I know this, and the majority of the country's electorate knows this too. And I'm confident that since this is what is required for our country to prosper, 2014 shall see India rebounding to attain its rightful place on the world's stage.

## Writing the Picture

*Suyash Raj Shivam*

Darkness was all around.  
Nothing could be seen.  
I was there all alone.  
Or so it seemed.

And then all of a sudden.  
Light started streaming in.  
Dispelling the darkness  
It steadily grew.

I found myself out in the open.  
The blue was staring down at me.  
As my vision cleared.  
I could see it all.

A rolling landscape dotted with trees.  
Flowers of every colour in full blossom.  
Animals basking in the sun.  
The birds chirping with glee.

On my left was a beautiful garden.  
Trees laden with mouth-watering fruits.  
Small children were playing.  
In a bliss of their own.

The picture was so pleasing to the eye.  
I did not have any words to express it.  
But slowly it came to me.  
And began to unfold.

What had been a blank page until now.  
Was getting filled slowly and steadily.  
I could see a flurry of lines.  
Words written in waves.

Beauty was written most beautifully all over.  
Pleasure and Satisfaction were beaming.  
I was overwhelmed with joy  
My picture was complete.

# On Cheating In A Test

By: 'The Innocent Sufferer'- Reprinted from Issue No. 1505, 1987

It had started again. Another test. This time it was the Chemistry teacher who had sprung the surprise on us. "Chemistry test tomorrow, boys" he had said in such a light manner that my hands wished to go around his neck and squeeze. So did the hands of the other boys, if I could judge correctly by the contortions on their faces.

"Calm down," I had said to myself. "The world is not finished, even though my report card may be. I must face the situation like a man and do the bravest thing possible". At that very moment, a solution hit me. "I know," I said, "I'll get myself excused by the hospital."

Transported by this heady thought to at least sixth, if not seventh heaven, I smiled from ear to ear. "All's well with the world" seemed to sum up my general outlook. The next moment I was rudely brought down to Earth again by the leering voice of my master. "Remember, any absentees will get zero in their middle column".

I looked at the teacher, whose face was by now transformed with an evil grin that would have even put Hitler to shame. My jaw dropped-my head sank low. In my desolation, I knew that there was only one honorable course left to follow-I had to cheat.

The next day dawned sunny and bright, quite opposite in nature to the state of mind that I was in. I arrived at the chemistry lab, thinking of merits and demerits of bashing one's teacher over the head with a blunt object only to find that the test had commenced. I grabbed a

**"The world is not finished, even though my report card may be. I must face the situation like a man and do the bravest thing possible"**

place which was well fortified with test tubes and glass jars filled with multi coloured liquids and glanced at the test paper.. I looked around-all the other boys were writing away as if thier lives depended on it with expressions of wisdom riveted on their faces. I alone stuck out like a sore thumb.

Finally I decided to go through with my dangerous plan. The teacher chose that opportune moment to chase a fly out of the classroom and casting weary glances in all directions I found that the coast was clear. Desperately, I flipped over the pages to the chapter on oxygen but the oxides didn't seem to be there. I went back a few pages, went forward a few more pages, but all I managed to learn was that carbon dioxide turns lime water milky. It was then that the devastation dawned upon me-the page I was looking for was missing from the book!

Pierced to the heart by this outrageous arrow of misfortune, I simply sat transfixed on my chair, staring into space until I was distracted by the sound of a jar breaking and the accompanying howl of agony pronounced by the unfortunate soul who was being treated with an excess of nitric acid. I suddenly realized that if I didn't get on with it I might find myself in serious time problems.

"Psss," I whispered to the chap seated on my right. "What's an oxide?"

The slimy rascal pretended not to hear and carried on working with an air of purpose and determination. I called out to him again but he seemed as unshakable as Atlas, so I gave up and turned my attention to the boy on my left. "Psss," I called again, by now a master at this routine.

"A-ha! Nabbed!" came the ear shattering response not from the boy but from the master who unnoticed by me had re-entered the room and had crept up behind me.

"This is the end." I thought cowardly and began to quiver like an Aspen leaf (though actually I have never seen an Aspen leaf, leave alone a quivering one). I turned around and faced the teacher.

"I consider this an unforgivable sin" he said, reducing me to cinders with his malevolent glare. "How many times have I told you not to use a ball-point pen?"

My heart skipped a beat then took a double beat in this highly erratic manner for quite some time. I thanked the heavens above and finally managed to mumble the words, "Sorry Sir".



# The Problem of Economic Progress

*Dalbir Singh Vahali - Reprinted from Issue No. 1507, 1987*

The problem of implementation of our plans and economic policies has always relied on the willingness of people, business and labour to cooperate in achieving common targets of development. In a democratic country like India, implementation of our plans presents a special problem because of barriers in the form of illiteracy, superstition and religious intolerance that come in the way of corporation and progress.

In the Second Five Year Plan more emphasis was placed on progress and we were prepared to make a large sacrifice to achieve rapid development. It was not so much the ethics of the situation but the realisation that the possible conflict between ends and means was not of 'A' class priority. There is a feeling that we must think of progress and we have a right to demand it when faced with deficit budgets and backwardness all around. But at the same time there is the fear of hurting other people's sensibilities. There is basically no real bond of equality or of the rate at which to progress towards greater prosperity nor the primacy of social and economic justice. The latter was never meant to be a hindrance to each private individual's progress. And if it were, it would in fact make matters worse. If every person becomes the dispenser of economic justice, then he will not succeed in achieving even domestic goals, let alone national and international ones. It cannot be denied that one's social status and one's economic status tend to be one and the same and that a denial of either, or of both, is a serious error. But this is what we seem to be doing in our country and no wonder that it produces discontentment and a feeling of denial of basic rights and freedoms. Progress can only be measured by the degree to which we successfully resolve these conflicts.

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## What I Had Thought The Doon School Would Be Like

*Suresh Mirchandani - Reprinted from Issue No. 727, 1962*

I had heard a lot about The Doon School before, and on reading The Doon School Book, my desire to come here increased. Many things struck me when I was reading The Doon School Book, especially the games. In it I saw pictures of boys fencing and wrestling. I saw pictures of boys playing other games too, but, somehow seeing boys fence or wrestle struck me in particular, and I thought that if I got admission into the Doon School I would learn these two famous arts. Since, I had seen other boarding schools- St. Paul's at Darjeeling, and Barnes School at Deolali, both these schools had large dormitories where the boys used to sleep and also a large dining hall, where the boys used to have the same food, so I thought the Doon School must have got same facilities. Before I had read the Doon School Book I used to think that there were Cubs and Scouts, and since I was the Senior Sixer of Cubs I knew a lot about tracking, flag reading, etc. but, when I read that there were no scouts or cubs since the life in a boarding school is similar to the one of a cub or a scout, and this disappointed me.

On my arrival here, when I asked my guardian where the fencing and wrestling schools were, to my disgust he told me that these two arts were stopped a few years ago- fencing owing to the lack of tutors and wrestling because the bouts used to end up with the losers with some broken limbs.

Having been a cub before was a help. I knew what it was to be working with a bell and to do things fast, properly and neatly, so that when I had to be woken up by the bell it did not worry me.

Another thing which had struck me very much while reading the Doon School Book was that during Mid Term break boys went on treks. I am looking forward to these now. Now since I have settled down, I feel quite happy, although there are not the things in this school which I thought there would be.

# On Tall Men

**Vishvajeet Singh** - Reprinted from Issue No. 727, 1962

*There was a tall man from Loon town,  
Who always wore a shrunken gown,  
He paraded up and down the streets  
In the hope to meet –  
Another tall man from Loon town.*

Alas, the tall man is in for a disappointment, for there is not another tall man in Loon Town, only short men. And this tall man prefers to mix with a taller man and not a short one. This is true the world over. The tall man, thinking himself superior, looks with disdain upon the shorter men because in actual fact the tall man's only virtue is his tall stature.

Every man, if not normal, is either fat or thin. If the tall man is thin he looks ungainly, but if he is fat the fact will not be noticed. If he is neither, then let him rejoice. The opposite is the case with the short man: if thin he won't look so bad, but if fat he will resemble a football!

In everyday life the tall man has to suffer while passing under low doorways, or while dancing with a partner much shorter than he is. I saw a very striking example of this at 'Yorks' in Delhi. The tall man would lift the little woman off her feet every few moments and remain that way for some time before putting her

down again! Also, the tall man has difficulty in shaking hands with a shorter person, or while talking to him. An example of this is a recent news reel in which Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri is shown shaking hands with some difficulty with Mr. Lyndon Johnson of the U.S.A., who in turn had an equal amount of difficulty in bending to Mr. Shastri's level.

But there are advantages of being tall. The tall man can without the aid of any elevation in the form of a stool raise himself to a high level and pick the choice grapes which the fox found sour. I have often noticed that the short man suffers at a cinema or sports event in case a taller man sits in front of him. The tall man can overcome this without much effort on his part. And last but not least, members of the opposite sex prefer the tall man to the short one. Maybe this is so because they are swept off their feet, as has been illustrated earlier on.

## Did You Know?

In 1987, Issue No. 1507 of the Weekly, Ashish Garg wrote an article titled 'Hasty Waste', railing vehemently against the decision of the School Council to introduce a new House, namely, Oberoi House.

# In Defense of Fatness

**Bhaskar** - Reprinted from Issue No. 726, 1962

much rather prefer a chubby one.

Most people say that fat people's lives are shorter. This is where Queen Victoria comes in again. she had a normal life not too short nor too long. Billy Bunter, Bud Abbot, Hardy and other such fancy characters brighten up books and films a lot. Also a fat man can be relied upon. This is proved in Shakespeare's 'Julius Caesar'. Caesar says, "Let me have men around me that are fat, and such as sleep o' nights." Only the other day Bismillah Khan gave a Shahnai recital, which was very nice. He wasn't thin. Anyway, if he was, he wouldn't have had enough breath for the extensive notes.

In stories you'll never find a plump miser unless it's a very queer one. And if anyone is simply skin and bone, he's just as liable to be called 'skinny' as fleshy and blooded people are liable to be called 'fatty'.

In most people's opinions, thin people are superior to fat ones. I see no reason for this. It's true that thin people are better sportsmen and athletes but there's no reason why fat people can't be good too if they try. Also many great people have been fat. For example, Sir Winston Churchill, you couldn't exactly call him thin. He did a lot during the Second World War. Queen Victoria wasn't slim either, yet she did a lot in the building of Britain. Besides, does anyone like a thin skinny baby? They'd

# CONFESSIONS OF A TOBACCO SMOKER

*R.L. Holdsworth - Reprinted from Issue No. 722, 1962*

Though I don't expect many Doon School boys will believe me, I never smoked when I was at school; partly because I didn't think the elaborate precautions to avoid being caught were worth the trouble and partly because my father extracted from me a promise that I wouldn't smoke till I was twenty-one. It would save the Headmaster a lot of time, and the School a lot of money in the printing and issue of Yellow Cards if Doon School parents would extract similar promises from their offspring.

Seriously, I don't think there is much pleasure and certainly not much profit to be got from smoking at School – unless you derive pleasure from the mere breaking of a rule. Your stomach and your lungs are not developed enough to withstand this somewhat unnatural strain. There is a story, possibly apocryphal, of a distinguished Doon School boy, who was advised by the doctor, who had just examined his nasty sore throat, to try if possible to cut his smoking down to ten cigarettes a day. There is another story, certainly not apocryphal, about a young Doon School boy, who was a very good boxer. In the house competition he was disqualified against a very much weaker opponent for hitting with the open glove, and we Tata House lost the cup by that one fight. When I asked him why he couldn't win, he replied, "Sir, I had been smoking so much and was in such bad

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**“Seriously I don't think there is much pleasure and certainly not much profit to be got from smoking at School – unless you derive pleasure from the mere breaking of a rule.”**

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training that I felt I have to finish the bout in one round!" Failure to get round the Cross Country course is due to one of two things: excessive smoking or excessive eating; and how many seniors last December failed to finish the course?

When I was a Housemaster I used to set an example, to go around the senior Cross Country course. I ceased this practice when I was doing more than 26 minutes, thinking the example of doing a 27 minute course would not be a very edifying one. In all that time I have never failed to finish, owing to a 'stitch' or spasms of coughing, although at the time I was consuming a rather shameful amount of tobacco. But by the age of 47 I was a hardened sinner and my stomach and lungs were equally hardened. A very small quantity of tobacco will spoil a boy's lungs and stomach from the point of view of all games, but chess.

To go back a bit, when I left school, and was ready to win World War I, my father said that I was released from my promise, as in the trenches I would find tobacco a great comfort. He recommended a pipe. I gratefully accepted his offer. My first experiment with the goddess Nicotine was a three penny cigar on the top of a bus. I survived it. I then bought myself a pipe.

You in the Doon School who knock back two or three cigarettes on end in the Rose Bowl, or the Music School, or wherever it may be, may not perhaps realize that smoking a pipe without unpleasant internal qualms is not so easy. I used to start it in the smoking compartment of a railway carriage, but often I had to make my way into the corridor to complete it out of the window without loss of dignity.

As a young officer, about to win World War I, which I did, incidentally in a little less than a year, I was a complete smoker. In the matter of tobacco I was omnivorous. On the princely pay of sh7/6 a day I used to smoke the most expensive tobacco (then about 8 pence an ounce), expensive cigarettes and enormous cigars. I bought the most beautiful straight-grained pipes for an inconsiderable sum of money.

Then came Oxford. The same riotous profligacy continued, except when I was in training for University football, when some effort was made to 'cut it down' to three or four pipes a day. In this period I think cigarettes were definitely abandoned and I confined myself to a pipe and to occasional cigars on festive occasions.

At Harrow, between the years 1922 and 1933, I became a still more devoted pipe-smoker. In 1931 I was invited to join Smythe's expedition to climb Kamet. I insisted that the list of stores should contain as much tobacco as

*( contd. on next page)*

(contd. from previous page)

I could possibly smoke. It is a great credit to Frank Smythe's organizational powers that I never went short. In the book 'Kamet Conquered' Smythe records the fact that I smoked a pipe on the summit of Kamet at 25,447 ft.. He adds that I had boasted that I would do so, and questions whether I enjoyed it? I should like to say that it is my invariable habit to light a pipe on the summit of any mountain, and that I did not see why Kamet should be an exception, for all its great height. I really did enjoy that pipe. It was a lovely day and there was no wind sufficient to prevent my lighting it. On my return to Meade's Col, 23,500' I shared a tent with Jack Brinie. On his return from the summit, relaxing in a small Meade tent, I smoked so furiously that he begged me to open the tent door- the temperature outside was -25 °C. Consequently, the next morning both our frostbitten sets of clothes were covered with drifted snow- not the best treatment for frostbite I am told.

The devoted pipe-smoker is not easily separated from his pipe. I was fishing with the present HM for trout in the Kagan valley, adjoining Kashmir. I lost three very good fish that day- and trout in that valley used to run very big- and I was determined not to lose another. I hooked another in a little circular pool with a small outlet into a big rushing river. The fish went round and round the pool for a minute or so and then escaped into the main river. I decided to go with him and was soon off my feet. Mr. Martyn, fishing below me, saw a figure swimming a perfect breast stroke, with a rod held high and a pipe firmly held in his mouth. Eventually I grounded, walked up to where the line had been carried many yards below by my fish, found him lying exhausted, and landed him. It was worth it. He was five pounds.

When I am asked whether I have not a number of old favourites among my pipes, I reply no. This is almost entirely due to Doon School cricket. I have had countless delightful pipes but they never live long enough to become old friends. Four months is about their extreme lifetime. Tobacco is a sedative to the nerves. When I am watching Doon School cricket I need a sedative- several sedatives. I have often bitten through the stem of a valuable pipe on seeing a particular ghastly stroke made at the crisis of a match. I smoke continuously throughout matches. It is the only thing that keeps me sane. Consequently, my old friends are in their graves within four months. If I were you I should have nothing to do with the goddess Nicotine....and yet.....

# On Pocket Money

(Late) Tejeshwar Singh - Reprinted from Issue No. 727, 1962

Pocket Money is something that should be reverently treated. It provides us joys and thrills, whose memory we cherish. We are able to see pictures, buy records and such other amenities available to us only through pocket money. Parents get tired of children coming in begging them for money to buy ice-creams and coca colas, so they liberate themselves from this bond by giving us pocket money. Most people usually spend their pocket money within a few days of its receipt, whereas others, who think in terms of rainy days, save it up. Some others even open up a saving account.

Parents however, do not give us pocket money only to be free from the continual bother but also teach us lessons in economy. If we don't spend it properly considerably and wisely, we are bound to suffer. For instance, suppose a boy spends his month's pocket money in a week. The next week a very good picture comes to town. He goes to daddy dear and very sweetly begs him for Rs. 1.8 only. Dear daddy if of firm mind would kindly but firmly refuse. And so three weeks of ensuing misery- no cokes, no ice-creams and no pictures. Thus the father teaches his son that when he is a big man he should save his money not hoard it like a miser but save it like a cautious wise man so that the future is a time of plenty.

In School we get pocket money for somewhat the same reasons for which our fathers give us pocket money. However, our money is taken away by this Society and that Society and the Common Room and so on and so forth, until we have only about Rs. 4 left to spend in a month. Thus, if the idea of giving us pocket money in School is to teach us economy, pocket money is more or less a farce, and an utter failure. At home we don't have to pay for the above mentioned items so that all our money is for us to spend as we like.

Pocket money is like a vital lifeline between us and our enjoyments. If we break it our chances of enjoyment are destroyed. So treat your pocket money as you should treat a vital object.



# Reprints: The Best of 2013

The Doon School Weekly reprints some of the best articles printed in 2013

## THE REBEL

**Kunal Kanodia** - Reprinted from Issue No. 2333

He threw off his chains. It was not easy— those metal cuffs were all he had known. There was no family; no home or hearth to go back to after a hard day's work in the fields. There was no God; for he knew that 'He' did not exist. If a God had existed, 'he' would have known something, if not someone, apart from the chains. From the time he was born, he wore only the chains.

It was with the chains that, as an infant, he had been picked up by an old couple on the banks of the river which flowed through the cold country in which he lived. His chains had deterred the couple, and they soon left him back in the cradle in which they had found him. Couple after couple saw him, but quickly left him on seeing his chains. Was it just the chains that caused everyone to leave the poor child? What were these chains anyway? That we don't know. What we do know is that he landed up, with his chains, in a town miles away, many years later. The chains witnessed his first word, his first joke, touched his first woman— indeed, the chains had known him always.

He hardly knew anything about the chains himself. They were as much a stranger to him as the stars in the sky, but then the cold metal was much more reliable than that golden haired pretty lady with whom he often sneaked out. The chains did not give him a moment of privacy. Here, maybe we are being naive, for he knew privacy to exist only when he had the chains on, for without the chains it was just emptiness. For the metal would never leave his pale wrists, it could not and would not— they were, after all, *his* chains. But the chains knew that they weren't his— they had never belonged to anyone. It was he who belonged to them.

The golden haired, pretty lady never felt threatened by the chains. She was able to make him smile, laugh and put him in a mood which he was never in when he was with them. She had told him to take off his chains many a time, for she said that she had already taken hers off. He had, in turn, shushed her in fear that the shackles on his wrists would overhear their conversation. How could he shun his only unfaltering friend in so off-hand a manner?

By the time he had reached his nineteenth year, the chains began to grow too small for his comfort. Over the years, they had become rusty and cold and the golden haired, pretty lady declared that she would go away if he didn't take off his chains. After days and days of thought, he had asked the

chains to go away. The chains were taken aback and they grew smaller and constricted his limbs. The chains were still his friends, and although they never made him sad or happy— they at least made him safe from these extreme emotions. But the girl had made him laugh, and cry too - why was it that he wanted to choose her over his chains?

He looked over the wheat growing in the fields and saw a number of men and women walking arm in arm towards the capital city. They had rifles, pitch forks and kitchen knives, but more importantly, they had chains. He decided to join the march. His chains grew colder, and restricted him even more. But he carried on.

In the capital city, the peasants met with fire from the soldiers, who had chains which were loose— loose enough to let them do as they pleased. But he survived the firing. So did all those around him. The bullets had helped release them from their chains. As the chains fell to the ground, he looked down and saw the golden haired, pretty girl waving to him in the distance, he waved back— for now, he had no chains.

## The Life of A Poem

**Rohan Singh** - Reprinted from Issue No. 2353

As I see my hands move along this blank page  
Weaving a tapestry of poetry,  
I wonder, what if I had left this page empty,  
What if I had let it be?

Now this page is black and white  
like an old TV screen,  
But what about this page's past?  
What about the horror it's seen?

Lives are lost just so you can read these words,  
The trees tremble at the sight  
Of the woodcutter coming with his axe,  
And as he swings it with all his might.

The story goes, there was once a tree  
which now lies a stump,  
As the huge, lush green forest,  
turns into a smelly, stinky dump.

And in this dump my poem lands,  
Perhaps read, rejected, and discarded,  
Its life seeps slowly into the ground,  
And becomes one with the ground, again.

# Decoding Gangnam

*Vireshwar Singh Sidhu - Reprinted from Issue No. 2328*



'Oppa' Gangnam Style'- a line that is on the tongue of millions. PSY, the South Korean rapper has sent ripples across the world with the music video for his K-Pop song 'Gangnam Style'. Be it Hollywood actor Hugh Jackman or UN Secretary General Ban Ki Moon, Britney Spears or Katrina Kaif, all have shaken a leg to the tune of this single and tried to copy the dance moves popularized by PSY. Inarguably, the most viewed and liked video in the history of YouTube, with over 530 million views, is not just any song.

Beneath the antics of this world-conquering song is a sharp social commentary parodying the country's newly rich and affluent district-Gangnam, housing the upper class of the South Korean society. Although it is only a small slice of Seoul, comprising 1 percent of the total population of the city, Gangnam is a place which generates a mixture of envy and desire, very similar to South Delhi in India.

Gangnam which is now the most coveted address in Seoul was, less than thirty years back, a mere farmland riddled with drains. In the 1970s it became the beneficiary of a development boom.

Due to the real estate investment growth in the early 2000s, land prices appreciated to achieve new heights and land owners became rich overnight. This newly acquired wealth drew the trendiest of boutiques and clubs to Gangnam and more importantly, provided the residents access to what is considered to be vital in South Korea-education. This education came not in the form of public schools whose fees were paid by the government, but private schools with personal tutors for the young kids of the locality.

Many famous K-Pop singers from Korea have tried time and again to crack the American market, but have failed rather miserably. So what was so impressive in PSY's song that not only did it crack the American market but also stormed charts across the globe and became a worldwide anthem of sorts? Well, the world is still frantically searching for the answer!

**"As PSY said on the American TV show 'Today', 'I'm not handsome, I'm not tall, I'm not muscular, I'm not skinny, but I'm sitting here.' In short, he attributed his success to his attitude."**

**"Be it Hollywood actor Hugh Jackman or UN Secretary General Ban Ki Moon, Britney Spears or Katrina Kaif, all have shaken a leg to the tune of this single and tried to copy the dance moves popularized by PSY."**

As PSY said on the American TV show 'Today', "I'm not handsome, I'm not tall, I'm not muscular, I'm not skinny, but I'm sitting here." In short, he attributed his success to his attitude. His satirical take on the residents of Gangnam shows him dancing with retirees in a 'disco-like tour bus'. The beautiful models on either side of him are showered with confetti and he delivers his hip-hop from the toilet

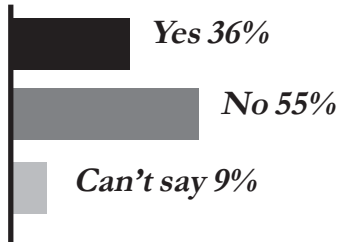
seat. Old men play a Korean board game and women walk backwards which happens to be a popular way of exercise in South Korea. The song has it all, exploring the relation of South Koreans with Gangnam residents and of course, the invisible horse riding dance moves. Also, he dresses trendy, as PSY or Park Jae-Sang says, "Dress classy, dance cheesy."

He has popularized K-Pop music to such an extent that if you'd ask an American what they associate with South Korea, they would probably answer "Gangnam Style!" PSY has promised that he will perform the song shirtless if it tops the Billboard charts, though currently stuck at number two. We do hope it gets to the top and also, that he releases more hit singles with crazy new dance moves. Like they say, "Who needs 'swag' when you got Gangnam Style?"

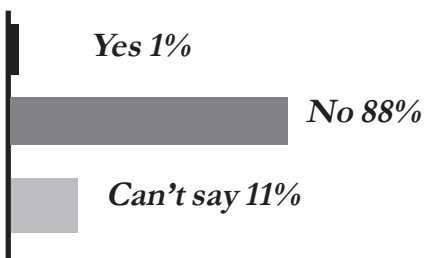
# The Opinion olls

The Doon School Weekly conducted a poll in the School, and the following are the results taken

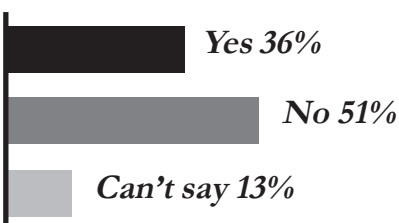
1. Do you think athletes get enough time to practice in School?



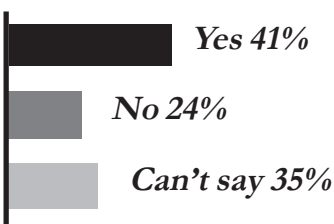
2. Do you think Founders practices should take precedence over all other School activities?



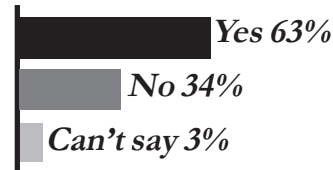
3. Will India ever be perceived as the 'land of opportunity' by the West?



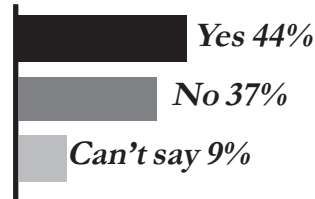
4. Do you think the Social Service midterms were really helpful?



5. Does the School Council represent the School efficiently?



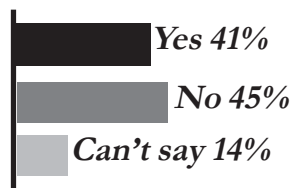
6. Has the addition of the Physical Education class increased the general fitness of students?



7. Has the relationship between Seniors and Juniors improved?



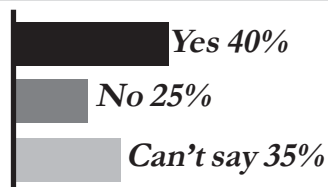
8. Is the School concentrating far too much on its infrastructure?



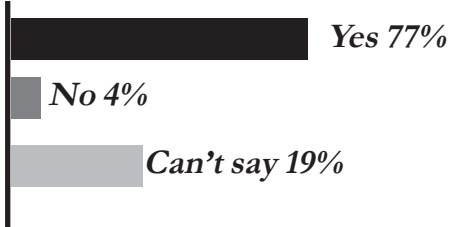
9. Do people put on a facade in their second term of S-form?



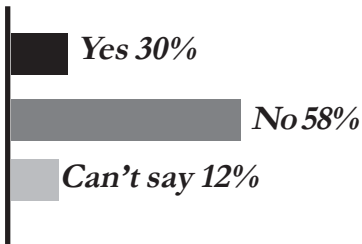
10. Is Doon really an egalitarian community?



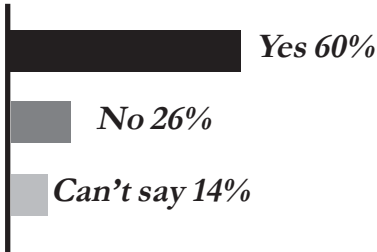
11. Do you think our education system can produce leaders?



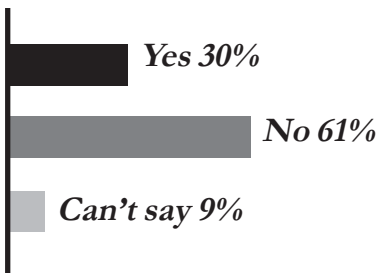
12. Is India on track to become a “Global Super-power” in the coming three decades?



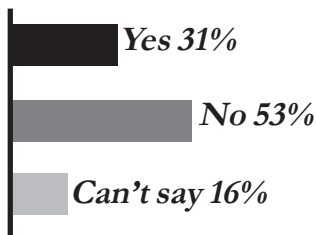
13. Is the United Nations fulfilling its purpose of averting war?



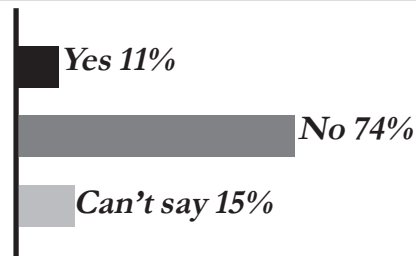
14. Can Kashmir ever be a non-issue?



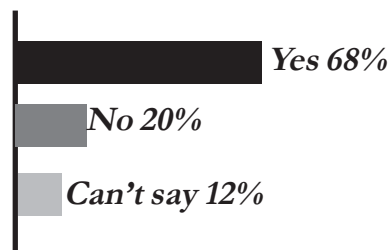
15. Is Modi too devious a leader to ever be Prime Minister?



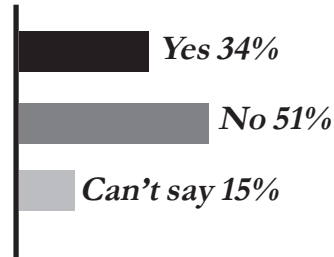
16. Do you believe that women in our country feel safe on the streets?



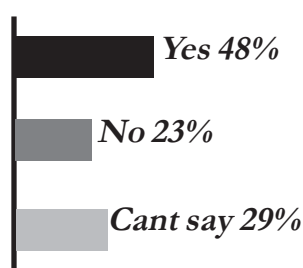
17. Is our judiciary placed under far too much pressure by the government to ever be independent?



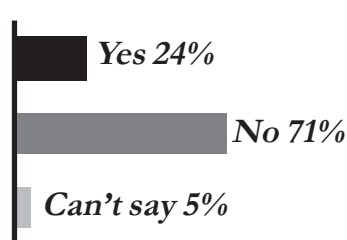
18. Would you want to live in a country that is not a democracy?



19. Is ‘Secularism’ a more important factor in determining people’s votes than ‘good governance’?



20. Will political parties ever be brought under the RTI?



# The (Very Best of) Unquotable Quotes

*They are going to lamp the light.*  
**Tanmay Gupta**, how are they going to do that?!  
*I have never said 'unpossible'.*  
**Yuvan Kumar**, we can all see that.  
*Go outside and kill yourself each other.*  
**ADN**, exceeding his authoratative limit.  
*I like socialise while playing basketball.*  
**Karan Sethy**, dedication.  
*I have a fracture in my muscle!*  
**Viren Aggarwal**, you should get a plaster on it!  
*I'm blushing to him.*  
**Azan Brar**, shouldn't it be the other way around?  
*I want to suicide twice by tonight.*  
**Tanay K Agarwal**, Tuck Everlasting.  
*Grew up man!*  
**Nirvana Dogra**, oh, the irony.  
*I live in Kanpur, not India.*  
**Laksh Sharaf**, where exactly is Kanpur?  
*Plug the TV on quickly!*  
**Shivam Sharma**, mixing his switches and sockets.  
*Get the put ball*  
**Aviral Garg**, isn't it too heavy for you?  
*His father is a politicianer.*  
**Nitin Sardana**, genius!  
*See into my eyes!*  
**Arunabh Uttkarsh**, not talking to a girl.  
*I put the gun in the bullet.*  
**Ishmaam Chowdhary**, Modern Warfare Overloaded.  
*I like to playing hard.*  
**Yash Meel**, not talking about sports.  
*Decrease the brightness of the fan!*  
**Pratyush Bharati**, conserving electricity.  
*Two plus two is equal to TwoTwo.*  
**Amal Agarwal**, the School's next Math teacher.  
*I am feeling detestation towards you.*  
**Anirudh Popli**, expressing his feelings.  
*She did it myself.*  
**Yash Kuldeep Mishra**, confused about who he is.  
*Ammunition is short for ammo!*  
**Devansh Agarwal**, while playing GTA-V.  
*The match will be between Hyderabad VS Oberoi.*  
**Sudhansh Agarwal**, match fixing.  
*Yes, I play.*  
**Akhil Ranjan**, on being asked whether he is in the play.  
*Say him no!*  
**Nikhil Saraf**, authoritative.  
*The wings of tide have come at last.*  
**Pulkit Agarwal**, musings on change.

*We went for midterms on the 23th of December!*  
**Varun Sehgal**, it must have been fun in the cold!  
*Everyone should be in the field at 4 o' clock.*  
**Ishaan Jhavar**, that'll be tough.  
*The Amazon is in the USA.*  
**Naman Lodha**, not THAT America, genius.  
*I want to write a count ponterpoint.*  
**Chaitanya Kediya**, good luck with that!  
*I will start lost trusting in you.*  
**Madhav Goel**, please don't.  
*Does you want to hear a jokes?*  
**Varun Singh**, no thank you, that was funny enough.  
*I can getting abs.*  
**Anirudh Popli**, we know you can!  
*I can hear the footprints!*  
**Aditya Bhattacharya**, shivering in fear.  
*Come to in the house.*  
**Ajitesh Gupta**, what time should I come?  
*I have never seen such a shameless.*  
**ARD**, we agree with you, sir.  
*Have your body language!*  
**IDS**, for breakfast, luch or dinner?  
*I'm a vegetarian zombie!*  
**Arpit Chadda**, here, have some broccoli.  
*You are a talking dumb.*  
**Suryansh Kainthola**, look who's talking.  
*Can you smell NBA?*  
**Pratyush Bharati**, yes, it smells of idiocy.  
*Will you get out with me?*  
**Nikunj Agarwal**, it's complicated.  
*The President of the USA is Omaba.*  
**MNP**, switching to Political Science.  
*I speak than better English to you.*  
**Rohan Hundia**, aiming for English Markers.  
*It is my dream to get past into the future.*  
**Aditya Vardhan Bharadwaj**, time traveller.  
*I can't Hindi.*  
**Ruhaan Dev Tyagi**, you can't English either.  
*Can you play drum with one hand?*  
**Tushar Sharma**, not really.  
*You need to meet the HM inside the break today.*  
**Vireshwar Singh Sidhu**, how?  
*What we have it here is...*  
**ADN**, an unquote.  
*I can see you with my ears closed*  
**.Rahul Agarwal**, why wouldn't you be able to?  
*I am feeling saphisticated!*  
**Naadir Singh**, feeling suffocated.



# The Year Gone By...

Aditya Bhattacharya

Normally, one would begin an article such as this with a very cheesy and nostalgic comment on how the year's gone by in a flash, but let's be honest: we're all very happy it's coming to a close. There are many things that the school year makes us what we are, but it's not sentimental. Actually, the one thing we're consistent at is maintaining that dread that we feel before we leave for school from home. We always try to miss as many days of school as possible, jam as many classes as we can, and weasel out of compulsory school events. But all foolery apart, it was a year of innovation, of new challenges and as always, of pushing ourselves to and beyond our capacities.

The year began as usual with the cricket season, which was possibly the most annoying cricket season ever due to the amount of games that were washed out courtesy of the always unpredictable Dehradun weather (my sympathies to the Weather Reporting Squad, who were ambushed on many an occasion). After it seemed that there could be a three-way tie for the senior cup with Oberoi, Hyderabad and Kashmir House all looking set to win the cup, the rain played spoilsport and Oberoi House made the most of it to lift the House Cup. However, a more dangerous spoilsport lay in sight for our A-Ts and SCLs: the Boards. The innate 'Boards body-clock' kicked in, and they burnt the proverbial midnight oil and broke the respective barriers set by the preceding batches. The Prize-Giving Ceremony had the one and only Shekhar Gupta as the chief guest, and he did not fail to impress us all with his eloquent speech, which both the incumbent and ex-School Captain had trouble topping. This was capped by the onset of midterms, during which the new S-form had a good two-week vacation, which helped them be right on track for their year of 'taking charge', though their numbers were depleted by those on exchange, which was a whopping 30-something students, the highest so far. The school orchestra and choir also competed in the Izhar-e-Hunar Cultural Festival at Hopetown, and did really well, coming second in their categories. 'Afzals' saw the School Basketball Team reach the semi-finals, and Welham Boys' School lifting the trophy. And so, February and March were soon at the back of our minds as summer called for swimming and hockey.

The summer months were one of great activity as the musicians began work on the Summer Production, each House got their act together for the Inter-House One Act Play in Hindi, the School Team for Hockey played its usual matches and tournaments, the PT competition approached, but there was one interesting development that the science department organized. The School hosted its first Earth Day Conference, and it was a one of a kind conference similar to the RSC but very different in its focus and execution. The School did not fail to perform, and picked up a couple of prizes as well. The PT competition saw Jaipur House lift the Gong, and the One Act Play competition was swept by Oberoi House. The end of term Trials were as doom-spelling as ever, yet with patience and perseverance on our side we all managed to get past and make it to the holidays.

The second term began with the onset of the biggest and best DSMUN so far, with about 40 schools and 500 delegates on campus. As usual, almost the entire School was involved in this event, which called for three days of holidays. The Inter-House Music Competition was spread over August and September and Hyderabad House clinched the Music Cup. The School managed to win almost all the events that we hosted: the Chuckerbutty Debates, the Kamla Jeevan Hindi Debates, the Shriram Bansidhar Chess Tournament and the Doon School Aquatic Meet. The School also organized and hosted the first-ever Young Entrepreneur's Conference, finishing as runners-up overall. The Inter-House Soccer Competition also went to Hyderabad House, winning both the Senior and Junior Cups. A host of new teachers also joined the School this term, and all of them were immediately involved in the many activities that occur. The rain kept everyone on their toes, with its erratic nature and as usual it never failed to rain at DSMUN. There was almost literally a barrage of career talks this term as well, apart from the usual CIS Universities Fair, and more and more colleges were being made known to boys.

The summer holidays saw one of the worst disasters hit Uttarakhand in recent history. A cloudburst in the upper reaches of the hills caused a devastating flood to sweep across most of the towns near the hills, leaving very few locals safe or unscathed. Millions of rupees' worth of destruction was caused, and many lives destroyed. The School had participated in a Round Square project in Uttarkashi, as well as an expedition to Dhumdhar Kandhi Pass, and had managed to descend in time. This motivated the School to participate in the relief efforts, and hence S-form and A-form went on a social service midterm. They visited flood-affected areas and did their part for the community. Post-midterms, the Founder's *maala* josh had already begun, with most of the School already under redecoration and maintenance. Founder's Day preparation took its toll on every one in School; from the support staff to the teachers to the boys, no one was spared any time for relaxing.

So, after one hectic year that saw the Dosco flag rise higher and higher among the schools of the country, is it too much to say that we'll miss doing all those things? Is it too much to ask of one to recount one of these tales favourably and memorably? My answer is no. But it is also not like a Dosco to sit back and enjoy the ghosts of achievements past, and therefore, although at Founder's we are really celebrating the year's conclusion, we are also celebrating the challenges, the risks, the trials and tribulations, the happiness, and the good things that are yet to come. Go Dosco!

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