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# The Doon School WEEKLY

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## Athletes in the arena

*A week full of track and field events concluded with the School Athletics Captain's speech and a report on the Inter-House Athletics Competition*

**Aadil Singh Boparai**- School Athletics Captain

*Athletics is perhaps the oldest physical discipline in the world and is widely known as the mother of all sports, for almost every top notch sportsman must be a good athlete. What really makes athletics special is the fact that it tests so many facets of a human being's physical development. A hundred metre sprinter needs speed, a long distance runner needs stamina. A shot-put thrower needs sheer muscular strength while a pole vaulter needs agility. An athlete must be mentally tough too. He must have the will power to find hidden reserves of energy at a crucial moment, he must have the knowledge to develop a winning strategy and stick by it. To be successful, he must train constantly and push his body to the limit.*

*Athletics glorifies not victory but participation, and this was evident in this year's athletics competition, where we witnessed a high level of participation. It was heartening to see that performances in both the track and field events exceeded all expectations. Some of the highlights included Arjun and Aryaman Sengar's powerful performances in the field events, Zain Rehman's domination in the short distance track events, and Chirag Hirawat and Akaash Maheshwari in the long distance. It was good to see the emergence of a number of talented athletes in the junior and medium levels, including Udai Bothra, Kenilworth Yambem, Aditya Gupta, Hanumant Singh, Sumer Boparai and Jaspreet Singh.*

*What really stood out this year though was Jehangir Chinoy's fantastic performance in the pole vault, where he cleared 3.25 metres to break the existing record.*

*All in all, it has been yet another successful athletics competition, and for this I would like to thank all the student officials and staff who gave time to help out with the various events and the Dean of Sports, Mr. Deepak Sharma, for providing constant support. I would also like to thank the ground staff for keeping the fields in splendid condition, the AV squad, Mr. Philip Burrett, Mr. Rashid Sharfuddin and Mr. Michael James. Finally, I would like to make special mention of Mr. Nitin Chauhan, without whom the competition would simply not have been possible. Thank you all once again.*

**Shaurya Kuthiala and Mansher Dhillon**

The athletics competition was eagerly awaited by all this year. Stomachs in knots, stretched muscles, aching knees, and even some puking, made for another entertaining show of sportsmanship, suspense and photo finishes. From the very first event, spectators saw broken hearts, numerous tears, and some of the expected victories from the superior athletes. That feeling of joy that comes from being the first to touch the shining ribbon at the end of the race is one of the best parts of athletics. New talent emerged, and pulled off astounding victories over old hands in many cases.

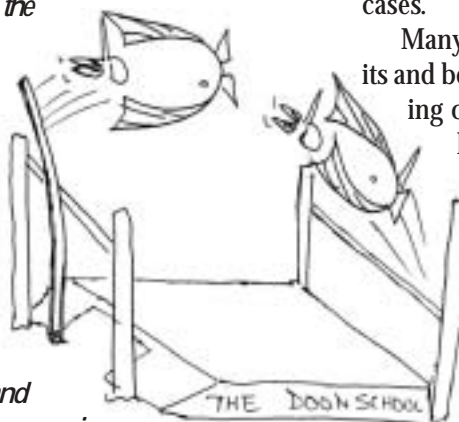
Many boys participated enthusiastically, testing their limits and beyond. Athletics is not just about running or throwing or jumping. It is much more than that. The sheer hard work that goes behind it is awe-inspiring. Athletes must stay in shape, keep practicing and work for hours to improve themselves. It is this work that makes them gain a split-second advantage over their competitors – the advantage that makes the difference between coming first or second.

The School Athletics Captain, Aadil Boparai, Chirag Hirawat, Zain Rehman and Jehangir Chinoy put up great performances. Jehangir registered an impressive victory in the pole-vault event, breaking Simon Talukdar's previous record of 3.22 m set in 2003, and setting a new one at 3.25 m.

In the Mediums section, the Tata House trio of Praman Narain, Ambar Sidhwani and Jaspreet Singh proved just how fast they were. The performance in the rest of the Mediums section promised an extremely competitive athletics competition in two years' time.

In the end, Oberoi House took everyone by surprise, especially Kashmir House, who were convinced the House Cup was theirs. Oberoi House managed to squeeze past Kashmir House by a thin margin of just three points. The famed marching of O House played a crucial role in this win. Their practice had obviously paid off.

Kashmir House found consolation in the Junior Cup, and the Mumtaz Ahmed Trophy was won by Aadil Boparai. Aditya Gupta performed extremely well in the Junior section and won the award for the most promising Junior Athlete.



## REGULARS

### LITERARY LAURELS

In the **Bakhle Memorial English Literature Prize Test 2006**, Ashish Mitter was placed first while Rijul Kochhar was adjudged second. Well done!

### QUIZ MANIA

Ashish Mitter, Chetan Aggarwal and Eeshaan Tiwary represented the school in the **Riverdale Inter-School Quiz**, held on November 4, 2006. Seventeen schools participated and the school was placed **Runner-up**. Congratulations!

### THEATRICALS

Anirudh Kapur was appointed Boy-in-Charge of **English Dramatics** for the forthcoming year. Congratulations!

### ATHLETICS ROUND-UP

In the **71st Annual Inter-House Athletics Competition**, the following were the House positions:

Junior Cup	Senior Cup:	House Cup
First: Kashmir	First: Oberoi	First: Oberoi
Second: Oberoi	Second: Kashmir	Second: Kashmir
Third: Tata	Third: Tata	Third: Tata
Fourth: Jaipur	Fourth: Jaipur	Fourth: Jaipur
Fifth: Hyderabad	Fifth: Hyderabad	Fifth: Hyderabad

### IAYP AWARDS

The following boys have successfully completed the IAYP Awards:

**Bronze Award:** Anirudh Gupta, Vinayak Thapliyal, Piyush Gupta, Vishesh Kochher, Ankur Saxena, Armaan Malhotra, Jaspreet Singh, Ashutosh Singh and Kanishka Gupta.

**Silver Award:** Vivan Rai, Vishnukaant Pitty and Yash Lalwani.

**Gold Award:** Vaibhav Bansal, Vishesh Goel, Pradyot Shahi, Ajai Atal, Vijai Atal, Zain Rehman, Amritesh Rai, Rijul Kochhar, Shoaib Ahmed, Apurva Maheshwari, Kinshuk Kocher, Rohanjit Chaudhry, Vinayak Bajoria and Shubham Gupta.

Congratulations!

### I-H MUSIC, 2006

In the recently concluded **Inter-House Music Competition**, the following were the winners in each category:

**Light Vocal:** Shashank Peshawaria, Vinayak Agarwal and Shatrunjai Dewan (Hyderabad). **Tabla:** Apoorva Joshi, Pulkit Sharma and Indresh Pathak (Hyderabad). **Popular Band:** Kashmir. **Piano:** Harsh Mall (Kashmir). **Drums:** Apoorva Joshi (Hyderabad). **Classical Vocal:** Vatsal Khandelwal (Oberoi). **Classical Instrumental:** Pulkit Sharma and Apoorva Joshi (Hyderabad), Pranay Agarwal (Jaipur). **Choir:** Oberoi. **Dance:** Tata.

The following were the final House positions with points:

**First:** Hyderabad (1872), **Second:** Oberoi (1765.5), **Third:** Jaipur (1749), **Fourth:** Kashmir (1746), **Fifth:** Tata (1740)

## Unquotable Quotes

*You played a very good piano.*

**SDA** appreciating good music.

*I won't interfere you. You don't interfere me.*

**NTC's** ideal student-teacher relationship.

*Which all of you know Charanprante?*

**Apoorva Joshi** in 'choirs'.

*You have an AP problem*

**Raghav Puri** does a psycho-analysis.

*I will throw up in your throat.*

**Rohan Gupta** feels sick.

*She's looking witch.*

**Indresh Pathak** cannot hold back the compliments.



## doonspeak

### Founder's over, what next?

Ah! At last I get to show my groovy moves in basketball.

- **Nipun Handa**

Making a mockery of the Mocks. - **Akshay Dobhal**

Sc Form. - **Pulkit Sharma**

It's high time one starts to concentrate on trials. - **Sachin**

**Uppal**

Studies - **Avyay Jhunjhunwala**

A looooooooooooooooooot of work. - **Chinmay Sharma**

The same old and boring trials. - **Siddhant Mittal**

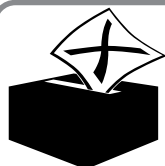
Next year's Founder's - **Mehtab Chima**

## OBITUARY

It is with regret that we inform the school community of the passing away of Rajendra Pratap Chettur (ex-219K '45) on August 28, 2006 in Bangalore.

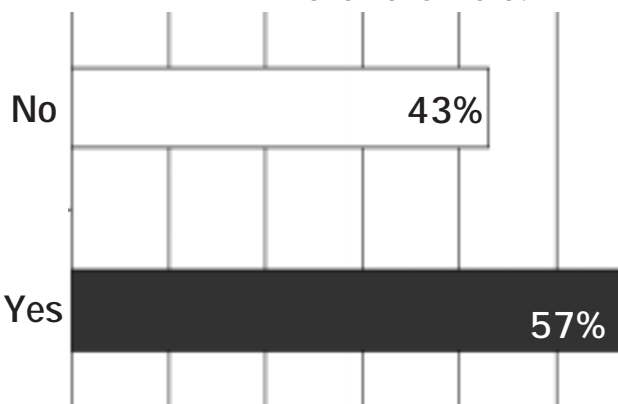
We also regret the sad demise of Pradhuma Shamshere Bahadur Rana (ex-179H '53).

We offer our deepest condolences to the bereaved families.



## Opinion Poll

Has the new CDH been worth the wait?



*(The Opinion Poll will now be conducted electronically on the Resource Centre computers. Do log in.)*

**Next Week's Question:** Do you support the death sentence on Saddam Hussein?

| Short Story |

# eTERNAL BONDAGE

Vishnukaant Pitty

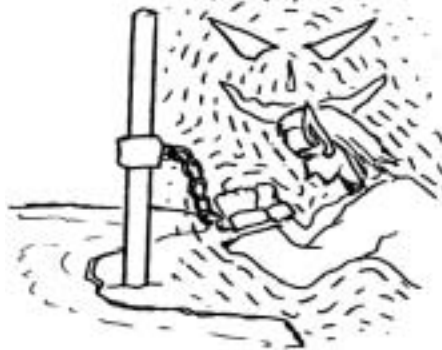
I held up my hand, my palm turned towards the crouching elf in front of me. I felt a sudden surge of energy as I drew out his life force. Ignoring his pitiful cries, I closed my eyes, inhaling the sensation of power as it brimmed over my mind. I was enveloped in the rapturous sense of power when the energy flow started dimming. I let my hand drop, and, turning around, walked away from the glen – the elf was dead. Its soul would find rest in the shade of the Tree of Elders; amongst all the others that had met with a similar fate.

This is what I have been reduced to – a parasitic shadow confined to survive on the flesh and blood of the people who once used to be my kinsmen. Ah! Those were the days when I was a free elf, destined to live under the protection of the sacred Tree of Eternity. I was untouched by all evil, and now I had been contaminated with the poison of the very thing I used to loathe.

The days that I had spent in prison, fettered to an orc totem pool, had robbed me of all my power. All this, for no fault of mine. I was being framed for infidelity to my race, for letting out the sacred secrets of the elves to the humans. Yet, despite the injustice, I had borne it all – the pain, the suffering,

and the separation of

my body from my soul. All that consumed my mind was the fateful day my body and spirit would give way. One day I would be granted the eternal peace that I had begun yearning for in the days that I had spent in prison. Days went by and then,



months. I was kept alive by the strength of my convictions, which etched into my heart the fact that I wasn't guilty and that was reason enough to survive, to live and fight for my rights. But I was too spent to fight. A mere ruin of my former self, all I ultimately desired was death.

Finally the day when I thought my body would give up came. I was denied even that bliss which inevitably marks the end of a warrior's life. Being an elf, I couldn't die a death by old age. I was denied one even after being dealt a fatal stroke. When I was on the verge of death, the accursed pool imparted to me, some of orc lifeblood. It clawed at my very essence and burnt me to the core, yet kept me alive. I returned from the dead, but underwent a change, a metamorphosis into a nightmarish creature, loathed by all, feeding on everything that could call itself alive.

I am damned in an eternal, invulnerable life. Battening on others like a leech, slaying like a demon, all for satisfying a hunger, a hunger for the living that cannot be quelled. I want all this to end; yet I do not have the power to deliver my own soul. Helpless, I suffered this agony. I yearn to be set free. I yearn for deliverance from my bondage.

| Commentary |

# The Scratch Card Generation

K.P. Somaiah

Recently I was reading an article published in *The Times of India*. The title read, 'The Scratch Card Generation'. Its contents went on to underline the alarming attitude of today's generation, and that is, as it was aptly put by a hip-hop performer, get rich or die trying. With the ever-increasing number of dangers and temptations lurking around the corner in today's world, one would expect today's youth to be more conscious of the way they spend their money. With the advent of call centres and BPOs, youngsters are presented with a way to make quick bucks. They want a Porsche by the time they are twenty-five and expect a superbike to go with it. It doesn't matter where you get the money, or how, but whether you have it. This trend is not limited to just automobiles, you've got to have the latest 'threads' and a couple of villas too. If you can't manage this, you've not 'made it' in life and you can forget about anything else.

Credit is becoming today's mantra for easy money. It doesn't matter if you can't pay back; just enjoy the moment. This is reflected in a lot of young people declaring themselves bankrupt worldwide, and this is most noticed in developed countries. Most youngsters are quitting colleges to work in jobs that bring them money fast. They're prepared to do anything for cash, be it working unearthly hours or turning to crime. Who cares about what happens tomorrow? What happens today is what is important. The future is too distant. Many youngsters join the new wave, call-centres. They make something like Rs. 30-40,000 per month, and spend it all. What these people don't realize is that their dreams are bound to be shattered, leaving them at a dead end with nothing to save them. Whatever happened to planning and making well thought-out decisions? Living in the fast lane is the in thing.

There's one very disturbing aspect to life today: with unregulated work hours, one also needs time to relax. The stress piles up. The answer to this problem is drugs. Sniff a line of cocaine and you're ready to party all night. Incidentally, one gram of cocaine costs roughly Rs. 3000. So where's the money coming from?

Actually, this attitude is not all about money, it's about materialism. Your success in life is measured not by what you have achieved, but by how many possessions you have. Throughout this article, I've been stressing on working youth. Now, let me go on to describe what goes on with many urban students. Well-off youngsters, who can afford to go to 'top-end' bars and restaurants, do drugs and alcohol, start smoking and, in short, live what they consider the good life. This lifestyle is an aspiration for many, whether they can afford it or not. Pressure in today's environment leads people to do all kinds of things. Easy come, easy go, is the attitude. This trend is a disturbing one and should send alarm signals and make our society sit up and take note.

# Chemical Conjurers

Vikram Kejriwal reports on the Founder's Day  
Chemistry exhibition.

It was a week before Founder's and the D form chemistry class was in progress. AKM then inquired if anyone wanted to volunteer for the Founder's Day Chemistry exhibition. I raised my hand immediately, and soon my partner, Gursehej, and I were assigned to prepare a project on toothpaste.

As we got working on our charts, we began making plans. We often visited the Chemistry laboratory and saw other Doscocs working assiduously on their projects. There were experiments associated with artificial blood, talcum powder, cream and chocolate. We knew that their projects were quite fascinating and therefore, we tried to make our own project flawless. As we handled an assortment of substances, we were introduced to various peculiar-smelling gases some of which I found to be extremely pungent. Mr. Ahuja often looked over our charts and supplied us with the chemicals, powders etc. required to prepare our project. We were frequent visitors to the Chemistry laboratory and diligently worked on our charts till they were all set, and our experiments were ready. During the project, we often acted as guinea pigs and applied cream, powder, and after-shave, and tasted chocolate and lemon oil. On the day before Founder's, all the experiments were tested and Dr. Bajpai himself scrutinized our projects.

The final day arrived, and I rushed eagerly to the lab immediately after breakfast. In no time, there was a crowd of eager parents, clustered around the 'Cannon Ball' project made by the Atals. They entered the laboratory and were fascinated by the experiments. They first had a look at our charts and then we explained our experiments to them. They even sampled our paste. The Chief Guest, Mr. Pandey, too, tasted our paste, and keenly observed the other experiments as well. Eventually, it was time to head to Skinner's for lunch. We knew at that point that we had managed to pull off our first year at the Chemistry exhibition successfully, without any glitches. This bit of knowledge gave us a feeling of immense satisfaction.

## CAREER CALL

The careers' notice board will focus on **Modelling** as a career in the coming week. All those who wish to walk the ramp should check the details.



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# Roving Eye

ChEd, Ed and SEd

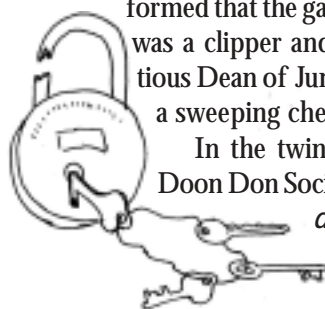
On Monday, after a sumptuous dinner at the CDH, a ruckus of boys headed back to their Houses to find a group of predators waiting for them. The sky was lit with the glare of the moon and the Houses by the glares of the tutors. As most of the boys were taken aback at the barricading of their Houses, a buzz arose in the school, with a cloud of 'great blue-flies' swarming above Doscocs, in anticipation of what they would soon behold.

In Tata House, the Housemaster bolstered the confidence of his troops and sermonized for over an hour, while the aerial armada surveyed every inch of the House. There were special instructions to confiscate all Odomos tubes, sleeping-pills and *Uncle Chips Spicy Treats* from the House. It was also reported that the Hindi Department was conducting a parallel check on the condition of its notebooks, with a Tata House tutor spearheading the campaign. The housekeeping was delighted when several *chotzhuaps* were recovered from lockers.

So close, yet so far, in the recently partitioned House, simultaneous checks were conducted by the effective use of ultrasonic equipment. The administration had called in the one-woman-army to blitzkrieg its way through enemy lines. ARY was extremely disappointed when he was informed that the gadget he was holding in his hand was a clipper and not a cell-phone. The ambitious Dean of Junior Sports headed (apparently) a sweeping check for banned substances.

In the twin towers, the members of the Doon Don Society were heard humming, "*arry deavaro, khara nikalo*". The PT gang had no *pbkm* in mistaking Gatorade for another, fermented liquid, and recorded a 98.172% success rate. ANC recovered a Prince tennis racquet while RMR was mum. While many were trying to hide their cosmetics, others were worried about the consequences of possessing *scanpapdi* (will I get a YC?) In the North tower, the 'schoolie' struggled to stay afloat as a flood of tears hit the second floor. His neighbours used yogic strategies to salvage precious letters from the deluge. The agitated artist apparently followed the 'eat-at-sight' policy ensuring that the 'doctor' remains in business. In the New World, the intellectual circle gathered to hum hymns. Across the line-of-control, the bearded man made a fashionably late entry and the check got underway only at half-past nine.

After a most eventful raid, in which plenty of food and money to the tune of Rs.5 was recovered, the tutors left, satisfied that the school check was a success.



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