

Editorial

"Pens are most dangerous tools, more sharp by odds than swords, and cut more keen than whips or rods." With these words, James Taylor, bluntly describes the power of an individual associated with the media.

Here at Doon, we have over ten student-run publications finding their way to our dining tables regularly - it is high time we gauge the power we wield. The publications in school give us a meal of poetry, creative writing, student opinion, food for thought, an analysis of the school and the performances of its various teams, world news, reviews, developments in science, issues affecting the school and also the world today. All this, not just in English but in Hindi as well.

For seventy years the *Weekly* has reported all the important day-to-day events of The Doon School, and, at the same time, it has provided DoscOs with an outlet for their literary genius coupled with their imagination, which, trust me, can run wild! In this day and age, it is important for publications in a school like ours to give a holistic perspective on issues which affect today's youth. This helps them deal with these issues because the world isn't perfect and it will never be. The same applies to our lives - whether we acknowledge it or not. This is just one of the many plain truths of our world. There are myriad problems faced by a teenager growing up today: some real, some imaginary, and it is difficult for a teen to deal with these problems on his/her own. Actually, it is next to impossible, especially if he/she happens to be studying in a boarding school away from the traditional pillar of support - family. This is where the role of a publication comes in. People might say that there are plenty of staff members who can be approached, but this isn't entirely true. Take the example of our school - out of a faculty of over fifty, each student has only one or two masters whom he considers approachable. It is therefore important to talk about these issues, some, if not all, in a medium that is accessible to all.

Before sitting down to write this editorial, I had decided that I would elaborate on a topic that I had touched upon once before in the *Weekly* - that of taking full advantage of the opportunities presented to us on a platter of gold, the gold platter being The Doon School. Most of the students seated around you, including yourself, were born with a silver spoon in their/your mouth. Born with fancy trappings that could satisfy your wildest dreams, resources with whose help you could springboard yourself to a higher pedestal. The Doon School is such a resource; you can either use it or abuse it. There are many who don't realize their true potential even after spending six years here, and we often wonder at the lack of awareness among DoscOs. I feel that because there are so many opportunities around us, through our years in Chandbagh and even before that, we tend to take them for granted and believe that these opportunities will be available to us forever. Perhaps that is why we wait for a sunnier day? After our graduation from school, year by year, all these opportunities will vanish, leaving us with nothing. I came across a couple of quotes which put forth my point succinctly:

"The greatest achievement of the human spirit is to live up to one's opportunities and make the most of one's resources." (Vauvenargues); and for the over-optimistic:

"Do not suppose opportunity will knock twice at your door." (Chamfort)

Recently, there was news about an Indian diplomat being declared *persona non grata* in Pakistan. They had planted some documents on him and had thus arrested him. The man happened to be a Dosco and on being released he said that if it wasn't for The Doon School experience, he wouldn't have been able to survive that ordeal. I can't think of a more apt example that can make us realise the power of our famed institution.

It is the beginning of the end for the batch of 2007. We have already started the last lap of our Doon School life. And, as we gather our achievements, accolades, experiences and memories of our six years spent at Chandbagh, the form below us is already gearing up to become the next set of honchos of Doon. *The Doon School Weekly* has given me a sense of responsibility, achievement and has made me cherish my years here. For about a year I have been the head of something that I am truly proud of and something that has given me immense fulfillment and satisfaction. I thank Mrs. Bathla and Mrs. Chaturvedi for being guiding forces throughout my tenure and for 'slogging' it out with all of us on Thursday evenings (that's when we wrap up the issue). I thank Ayushman Jamwal for his support and for kindling in me an appreciation for poetry (regardless of what I have said in the past about it). I thank Saurav Sethia for being a one-man army, and Shikhar, Ashish and Naman for their dependability and for making my life much easier this term. I thank all the other board members for respecting my authority and for giving the school community a quality publication every Saturday morning. I also thank Mrs. Khambatta for helping me cement this editorial, and for always appreciating my articles.

When I wrote this piece, I wondered if I would be able to arrest the readers' attention with my point of view. I just hope that you have survived the ordeal. The *Weekly's* legacy must now be handed down, as it has been, and will always be. Just the Founder's Day issue rests between what has been and what will be.

So it's here, the last time I'll be scrutinized for the ink that has been put on these pages, the only time I have been privileged to write this page for a Founder's Day issue of the *Weekly*, a privilege that has been shared by only seventy-six other DoscOs spanning seventy years of reportage and creativity. Welcome to this year's Founder's Day celebrations of The Doon School, and its *Weekly*.

Akaash Pathare

Not Just A Dream

Sandip Pitty

Very often one is granted a wish but not immediately. The time lag between making a wish, and its fulfillment can be so long as to be relegated to a forgettable past.

It was as a young boy that he first went to Doon. He was going on a holiday with his parents to Mussoorie. They stopped at Dehradun for a day and since it was en route to the must-see Tapkeshwar Mahadev, they dropped in at The Doon School. It was, after all, the alma mater of the prime minister's son, and their guide suggested they visit it. He was then a twelve year old – teeming with optimism and ambitions - who went to the best school in Calcutta and felt privileged to be studying there.

Soon after they entered the gates, he felt transported to another world. His own school with two playgrounds now seemed Liliputian compared to the sprawling campus with lush greenery all around. The fragrance of flowers and the quiet surroundings were such a refreshing change from the city.

He asked his father if he, too, could study there. He was told that it was out of bounds for 'commoners' – one needed to be not only very intelligent and rich, but also have enough influence to even think of being schooled there. Only ministers' sons, royalty, and the like, studied there. His young mind had to accept the reply and suppress his desire as he walked wistfully around the ivy-clad buildings on the pebbled path. Doon for him remained a distant dream...

Nearly three decades passed. Calcutta, now Kolkata, was finally beginning to develop into a modern metropolis. He was now the father of a twelve year old boy who was at a very good school and doing well there. It was by chance that they came across a magazine survey on the best residential schools in India – The Doon School was ranked first.

Unaware of his father's old wish, the son got interested in the school. He was perhaps more determined than his father had been, and wanted to seriously attempt admission to the school his father had longed to go to. Not wanting to discourage the child at the outset, the father went ahead with the formalities, not really believing that he would succeed. Doon still was inaccessible, or so he had heard.

Feeling that his son had very little chance of getting selected, he was afraid that his optimistic son might have to face disappointment. However, the young man's confidence was justified, he got selected. All those in the know gushed – he had achieved the 'impossible.'

After the initial euphoria came the misgivings. How would the young boy, who had lived such a sheltered life, cope with the rigours of a boarding school? The

sensitive child that he was, he might not be able to cope with an entirely different milieu. However, the die had been cast.

Not sure that they were doing the right thing by sending the child so far away, the father proceeded with the preparations. Soon, D-day arrived, and he was back in Dehradun, now a state capital, but this time with much trepidation and a heavy heart. The

city hadn't changed much and the school looked very much the same as the image etched in his memory since his childhood. The pebbles (he learnt they were called *bajri*) were still there, as was the ivy on the main building. The greenery was even more lush and the scent of flowers still pervaded the air; but to him these didn't seem appealing any more,

for they were separating him from his son. Given the choice he would turn back; if Kolkata was good for him, it was good enough for his son. What would he learn here that he couldn't in Kolkata? Then he looked at his son – wide-eyed and mesmerized by the surroundings.

"Thank you for bringing me here," said the son, and then, he realized, that his dream had finally come true.

(The author is a proud Dosco parent)

~~~~~ Free Falling...

KENILWORTH YAMBEM

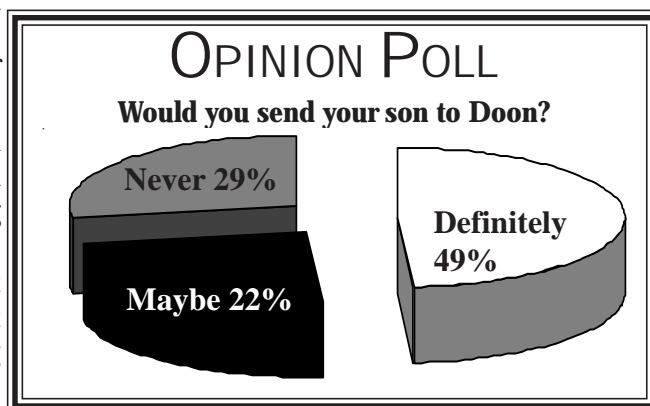
Falling from the edge that my mind flows,
I find myself still on the fall.
Is it a conclusion or is it a beginning?
I know not what may proceed.

Abandoned by reason, I can't go on,
For the cause to live was relinquished by me.
Why do I reside in humanity?
Where I am but a lone, existing shard.

Shall I, still on the fall,
Find a branch of reason
Which I may cling on to?
Shall I go on in a smooth flow?

In a corner of my subconscious,
Lies an invitation from the unknown
And it is this freedom of judgement
That brings in me a grace of fear.

I still am, but on the fall.
Now! There's a platform
Of reason big enough to hold me,
And I walk on, till its end.



EDUCATION: A MARKETING STRATEGY

Baljit Malik on the semantic incongruity of the term 'public school'

That's what they say of what goes for public school education. That, as in the language of the advertising world, it's a brand. A brand or patent whose quality can be assured. As can be profits. Going beyond quality, it's also believed that public schools stand for certain perennially universal values. Values such as uprightness, dignity of labour, sportsmanship. Some schools such as Doon also emphasise the capacity or ability to "face unpopularity for the sake of Truth". Individuality as against the herd instinct is also supposed to be a forte, or a value-added part of the ethos of public schools. And now, keeping in tune with the requirements of cyber-space, public school inmates (if we may refer to them as such) are also required to be computer-savvy and wired.

So far, so good. But the brand, or patent, suffers from gaping loopholes, as indeed do most claims of brand creators, the advertising agencies and companies....sometimes also referred to as the hidden persuaders behind the wages of conspicuous consumption.

Public schools as they are, are actually private schools that cater largely to a privileged, moneyed, upper and upper middle caste and class elite. The public is actually the missing link in the world view of these schools. The aspirational public school world (as of today) is one of private business carried out from within an air-conditioned 5-star culture, and artificially, chemically greened, golf courses. The work and recreational spaces of pedigreed public schoolists are in actuality reservations such as glass-house office towers, glasshouse shopping malls, esoteric fenced-off hotels, clubs, military messes and chambers of commerce and industry.

So, it should be asked, why are these exclusive schools called public instead of private, especially since the plebian public is largely denied entry to them? This is an important question as virtually none of the alumni, faculty or proprietors of these schools seem to have much idea of the apparent semantic incongruity of the terminology such schools have attached to themselves. The answers lie in the history of these schools as they evolved in Britain during the evolution of Parliament and Empire. Democracy as well as the requirement of Rule Britannia required the instillation of a sense of public responsibility and public service in those who would be called upon to steer the wheels of Nation and Empire. It was thus that the great schools of Britain saw the light of day. Privately owned independent institutions, they were called to train a privileged elite for the public services: The Civil Service, Military Service, Colonial Service, Church Service...and so on.

The pioneers of The Doon School too had such a vision in place, when Doon came out of its womb in 1935. India was then emerging into nationhood, and would soon require a cadre of visionaries, administrators, politicians, social workers, professionals in various disciplines, jurists, journalists, service officers, and, more importantly, responsible citizens with a recognisable halo of integrity.

Have we strayed from that vision, or have we stayed the

course?

Given the glitzy world of advertising, of ephemeral page 3 fashion techies, of 5-star work and recreational culture, of Bollywood dream merchants, and of repetitive 24/7 electronic media, it is high time we first looked at ourselves in the mirror, then posed the two questions mentioned above.

Living as I do in an old colonial mansion in Lutyen's New Delhi, and in a 130 year-old vintage cottage in Kasauli, some of these questions came back to me with a thump and thud when I received a letter from my late daughter in 1991, then an eleven year-old, from her school in Rishi Valley. "Papa", she wrote "today working in the school farm, I carried a *tasla* of gobar on my head. And, for the

first time in my life, I felt Indian". Has the organic gobar of public reality gone out of focus in our lives? Has a virtual world taken over from a real cosmos? Have we lost the art and knack of questioning ourselves and each other?

Last year I came for Founder's and the Golden Jubilee of our class of '55 with a new metaphor in my life in the flesh and blood of my post-modern Dalit Adivasi colleague, Mary Tirkey. She is a metaphor, a brand, a patent I would like to engrave and 'ingrain' in the conscious-

ness of Doon, a school whose pre-eminence within Indian public schools is unquestionable. I will leave Rishi Valley out of this fraternity, because I don't believe Rishi Valley is or ought to be like public schools as they are today. Mary Tirkey and her people have taught me (a Sikh, one who learns) what education should be all about. It should be to learn how to grow non-toxic food, it should be about how to make a house with bare hands, it should be how to till the soil, to graze animals, it should be how to hunt and protect animals, it should be how to dance, to sing, to rear friendship and family. It should be about "with the people, for the people, by the people".

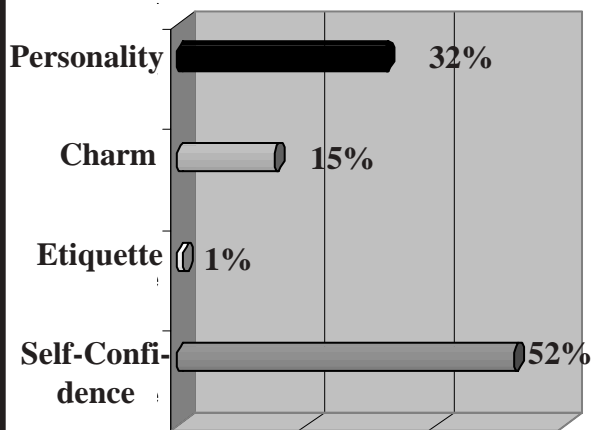
If we could learn to do all that, I would be proud to be associated with a well and truly branded, public school ethos and institution. Until then, I shall reserve my verdict about how public are public schools as we have them today.

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Going beyond quality, it's also believed that public schools stand for certain perennially universal values

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In your opinion what qualities in a Dosco make him/her stand out?



Wonder Years on the *Weekly*

Kanti Bajpai tells us about his experience with The Doon School Weekly as a student and member of the Editorial Board thirty-five years ago

What was it like to be on the *Weekly* editorial board thirty-five years ago? One way of answering the question is to say that for me it was probably the best experience of my school life. I would rank it higher than acting in the school plays and being House Captain, which also were wonderful experiences.

I informally joined the editorial board in the first term of B form. Himmat Sher Singh (ex-114T '70), senior by a year in Tata House, encouraged me to write for the *Weekly*, and soon I was dropping in to editorial sessions as an apprentice to learn proof-reading and editing. The Chief Editor in 1970 was Madhav Patwardhan (ex-68H '70), a tall, smiling, literate S former who welcomed me into the fold gravely but graciously. I say graciously because I was only in my first term at school and a bit of an unknown, but Madhav never really behaved as if he knew anything about my recent entry into the community. He always talked to me as if I was a veteran. I was very grateful for his bland acceptance of me at a time when I was constantly being asked why I had joined school in the B form.

Not surprisingly, the rest of the Board was welcoming in a fairly business-like way. There was Ranjit Pandit (ex-297H '70) and Arvind Chopra (ex-314H '70), both S formers, Karan Thapar ('KT', ex-238J '71), an A former, and of course, Himmat. Ranjit was talkative, witty, and urbane, and probably the most efficient of the editors (he was also a generous and friendly senior as I found out on a Dodital midterm where our paths crossed). Arvind was a laconic, ironic presence. Karan was full of the most outrageous stories about school life and about his own life. He was also, I discovered, the most disciplined person I had ever met. I think Madhav found KT a bit too much of a chatterbox, but even he enjoyed Karan's humour and vitality. Himmat was a friendly tyrant, the most relentless optimist, and never took no for an answer. He commissioned more articles for the *Weekly* than anyone else in my three years with the paper. He would go up to someone and say, "Hey, you can write better than me. You should be writing for the *Weekly*." He flattered, rather than frightened you into writing.

Dr. S.D. Singh (SD) was the master-in-charge of the *Weekly* (father of Pravin Singh and grandfather of Vikram and Arjun) in my first term. He was quite a formidable figure. The editorial board in those days was constituted in the month at the start of the new year, in the third week of January (the school opened earlier in those years). In the cold early weeks of the term, SD was always immaculately dressed in either a grey wool suit or a tweed coat and flannels and a sober tie, rather in the manner of an English squire (or so we would tell ourselves—I am sure we knew nothing about how squires dress). When he peered down his nose and over his glasses at you, it took a

strong heart to return his look! My greatest fear, when Himmat would drag me along, was how I would sit still in his presence and do my editing!

I am not sure why SD gave up the *Weekly* the following term (perhaps because he took over Hyderabad B which had just been created with the division of the Houses), to be replaced by Charlie Kandhari (KD). At any rate, for the next two and a half years, I worked under KD (or 'Kaddu' as we affectionately called him behind his back). Editing the *Weekly* with Charlie was different. With SD, we were all fairly professional and crisp—and, in varying degrees, intimidated. SD was clipped, formal, and very much the pater familias. Charlie was a bachelor, in his mid-thirties, a bon vivant, closer to us in age, had travelled the world, and was full of obiters, anecdotes, sarcasms, and, when necessary, put-downs! We would hang out at his bungalow across from the Art School quite late into the evening, rush home for a quick shower, and then make a dash for dinner.

Often, we would be back at Charlie's place after dinner to finish the proofs, and he would be cooking in his ill-lit kitchen. He might offer us a snack of some exotic French dish he was preparing, as he strolled in and out of the verandah in his T-shirt and shorts and a drink in his hand. SD left us alone to produce the *Weekly*. Presumably, he would look over the materials and the proofs with Madhav, but he didn't fraternize with the editors. Charlie, much freer as a bachelor, would wander in and out of our sessions, picking up a proof, redlining something, offering advice on grammar, style, and editing minutiae. I never knew him to be wrong in these matters, although we would often plot as editors to catch him out.

By this time, the editorial board had changed. Madhav, Ranjit, and Arvind had left Doon after the ISC. Karan was Chief Editor, Himmat was his deputy. I was now formally part of the editorial board as were Sanjay Rajadhyaksha (ex-331K '72) and Amitav Ghosh (ex-246H '72). I am not sure how the new editors were chosen. Charlie had in all likelihood consulted Madhav and the S form editors as well as Karan and Himmat. Clearly, a member of the editorial board should have a good eye for the English language. In addition, it was accepted that there should be one editor from each House.

At any rate, I suddenly found myself, in my A form, as the senior-most editor after Karan and Himmat, and already beginning to fantasize about life as Chief Editor! While we junior editors were not actively competitive in terms of trying to get ahead in the race to be Chief Editor, there was competition, existentially speaking. Amitav was already dauntingly literary. Sanjay was meticulous, modest, and extremely clever.

We did, all of us, senior and junior, try to outshine each other in terms of our knowledge of the English language, and quite some litres of blood were spilt over

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what was right and wrong stylistically.

Charlie's verandah was probably the most intellectual space in Chandbagh, and we flourished in it. We would trudge in and slip away as we finished the proofs, to a slight feeling of melancholy. The editorial sessions were cosy, untrammelled by the usual protocols of school life, and our interactions seemed pure and direct. As we headed back to our respective Houses, our minds would once again be filled with all the usual concerns of boarding school life. I, at any rate, always found the walk back to T House somewhat bittersweet after the editorial sessions.

My romance with the *Weekly* was greatest in 1971. The following year was a bustling, busy year. I was House Captain and had all kinds of other responsibilities and was consumed by everyday life in school—the School Council, debating, acting, and, yes, somewhere along the way, studying for the ISC. Charlie made me Chief Editor, but it has always seemed to me that the year I enjoyed most on the board was my second year. Amitav too was House Captain, and his life at school had changed fairly dramatically as a result. SD thought it better he give up the *Weekly*—and so he did, formally speaking. In practice, though, he was very much a part of the board, dropping in to do the proofs, commissioning articles, and planning future issues. The board also consisted of three new A formers—Gautam Sehgal (ex-237J '73), Himani Bhatt (ex-409K '73), who joined us in January, and Sunil Khanna ('Mankind', ex-221H '73) who arrived in March.

Amitav and I probably took ourselves more seriously as editors that year than we should have; KT and Himmat had a lighter touch. Still, when we did get too argumentative and dour, we would be saved by Amitav's massive, shrieking laughter, Sanjay's puckishness, and Gautam, Himani, and Mankind's cool competence and good sense. We missed Karan's effervescence, Himmat's outrageous snobberies (he was from the princely family of Kalsia), and the unflappable presence of Madhav, Ranjit, and Arvind, but the *Weekly* evenings of 1972, at least for me, were the best moments of school life.

I remember Charlie as being more involved in the editorial meetings in 1972. That said, he did not interfere in what was published. He saw the proofs, occasionally wrote a short article (on the flora and fauna of the estate or, deftly, on something that irked or impressed him in the life of the school), gave us ideas on how to plan the next issue, and commissioned pieces (such as reviews of the school play or other events). He fed us Old Boys' news (which was a lively section of the *Weekly*) and pitched in with items for 'News in Brief'. I know he contributed several pseudonymous articles, usually on a controversial aspect of school life, that were gems.

As for the editors, we knew the limits of what could be written in the pages of the *Weekly*, and Charlie never had to 'lay down the law'. We rarely got incendiary material; indeed, I cannot remember a single occasion where we had to reject an ar-

ticle unless it was because the material was poorly written. On the whole, we thought of the *Weekly* as I believe it should be conceived: as a journal of record for the community, as a forum for balanced and critical commentary, as a vehicle for creative writing, and as a means of entertainment. I doubt that anyone saw it as crisply as I have just stated it, but I would say that deep down that is how we regarded the *Weekly* and our custodianship of it.

We published our share of juvenilia, pretentious philosophizing, and harping on school and social commentary. We also did some rather foolish things. Amitav and I once wrote rather dismissive responses to an article by young Sanjay Vaswani who was a C former. This was foolish in the extreme since we had commissioned the piece and thought it good enough to print! I am sure we lost several potential contributors as a result of our stupidity. Old Boys Raza Bilgrami (ex-289T '69) and Rajiv Sinha (ex-113T '69) put us in our place in their rejoinders—I can still remember my embarrassment. My greatest disappointment was that we didn't do anything pivotal with the *Weekly*. It went on, much as before. We talked a fair bit about change and new initiatives, but we didn't fundamentally do anything new.

The *Weekly* gave me a lot. I was introduced to proof-reading and editing. I learned how to collaborate with and lead a small group of talented, intelligent individuals. This was never easy but always invigorating. The editorial sessions were sometimes a refuge, sometimes an intellectual club, and sometimes a schoolboy romp. Best of all, though, the *Weekly* was the most adult space I inhabited in those years. SD and Charlie played a major role in providing the setting for that, but so too did my fellow editors. It was the one place where we could play at being more than mere schoolboys.

Looking back on it, serving on the editorial board of the *Weekly* was probably the coolest thing I did at school.

Hades Shades

Vishnukaant Pitty

Demeter's plants and greenery, all forming divine bonds,

From which the intricacies of beauty are engendered.

All these vanish as I depart, footprints, that I know not if
I leave,

Abandoning this bliss, while others mourn behind me.

In the cavernous underground, Hades lurks,
Awaiting my arrival as I draw closer to Erebus;
Making my way into perpetual darkness,
Crossing the Styx, into the realm of mystery.

Guarded by the mighty Cerberus,
Niffenheim looms before my eyes,
The torturous heat is burning me, blazing holes,
My bones need rest – they deserve it so.

I think now is the time to answer their desires,
I shall yield to the eternal bliss.
This ordeal is excruciating, reaching to all ends;
For the inevitable, I shall bow my head and wait.

Money Matters

Mansher Dhillon interviews Sati Puri, a vital member of the school's fund-raising initiative

DSW: When and why did you join The Doon School?

Sati Puri (SP): The Board of Governors of The Doon School requested Mr. Analjit Singh to head the school's fund raising initiative in April 2004. Since I live in Dehradun, I was requested to be the focal point, or rather, serve as a connection between the Headmaster in Dehradun and Mr. Analjit Singh in Delhi.

DSW: What exactly does your job require you to do?

SP: I receive Old Boys, corporate houses and prospective donors in school. The majority of our donors are Old Boys who live abroad. The Fund-raising Committee has members at various locations in the world, namely New York, California, London, Hong Kong, Bombay etc. It is also my job to keep in regular touch with these various Committee members.

DSW: What were you doing before coming here?

SP: I worked for James Finlay and Co. Ltd. in Calcutta, which I joined in 1958 after college, and from where I retired as Senior Vice President.

DSW: How exactly are funds collected?

SP: Well, the Fund-raising Committee collects funds from Old Boys in India and abroad, corporate firms and other well-wishers of the school, with the help of its various members which, as mentioned earlier, are located across the world.

DSW: Where do you see this school twenty years from now? How vital a role will fund-raising play in the general growth of the school?

SP: The school has a Vision Statement laid down by the Board of Governors that the school should be one of the ten best schools in the world. I definitely see the school reach this goal in the next twenty or so years. The world around us is changing very swiftly, and for the school to retain its pre-eminent position, we must accept and manage this change. Funds are therefore being collected to improve the infrastructure such as buildings, sports facilities, educational facilities (namely, the introduction of IB in April 2007), and to increase the scholarship funds to enable 50% of the boys in school to receive scholarships, something that can only be done through funding. Funding will help the school to meet competition from new schools being established all over India.

DSW: What do you do with the funds and who are the main donors?

SP: The main donors are, of course, Old Boys spread all over the world. They have, in the past two years of our effort, given back to the school community most generously. The funds collected have been used towards the growing needs of the school in relation to scholarships, infrastructure, information technology, sports facilities etc.

The cornerstone of the fund-raising initiative has been to assure Old Boys and corporates of complete transparency and follow-up in this effort. Regular updates have been provided to donors through The Doon School Fund-Raising Committee. Quarterly news on status of funds, application and projects is provided.

DSW: What are your views on the 'Friends of School' board and the controversy it has been subject to?

SP: Recognition of donors is a very important aspect of

fund-raising, whether people like it or not. The Fund-Raising Committee has devised a system of recognition, whereby donations are recognized in the 'Friends of School' board, or the new signage on way-finders installed at various places in school.

Whilst all may not agree with the style of recognition, it is necessary. It is not possible to please everybody by introducing something else in school. Acknowledging these donors is as important as collecting funds, for that matter.

DSW: What do you like about your job?

SP: I consider myself most fortunate, as the fund-raising initiative of the school has given me the opportunity to 'give back' to the school which has given me and my family so much. Four generations of my family have studied here. I myself joined school in 1948 and left in 1952. This job has also given me an opportunity to relive my youth. All in all, it is a tremendous joy to be a part of the school's daily routine again.

DSW: Do you read the Weekly? If so, what are your thoughts on it? Do you think it can be improved?

SP: I read it sometimes, as copies of the *Weekly* are put on my desk rather irregularly. Therefore, I read only the copies which are sent to me.

The Headmaster informs me that *The Doon School Weekly* has not missed a single deadline, since its inception. It is well-written and gives the student body, as well as the faculty, the opportunity to freely express their views. It leads to lively and stimulating debates and the articles are well-written and enjoyable to read.

Most things can be improved and it is upto the editorial board to devise ways of enlarging and improving the content.

DSW: How has Doon shaped you?

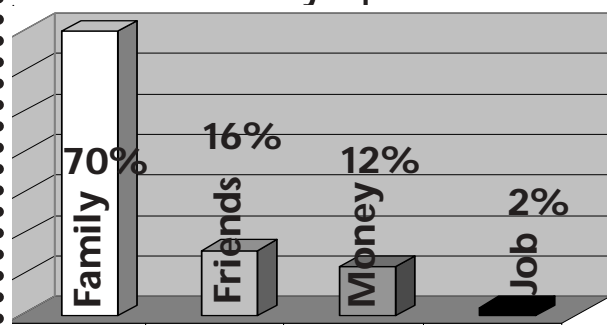
SP: I hugely enjoyed my days in school. One makes life-long friends and nowadays a Dosco greets you with open arms wherever he is or whatever vintage he is. School taught me to be self-reliant, to feel for those less fortunate than I, and to cope with the changes which were taking place in India soon after Independence.

DSW: What do you do to unwind after a hard day's work?

SP: I go to my garden. I am an avid gardener. I also spend time with my Labrador, Tyson. I have a pristine sal forest at my door in which I walk daily. It rejuvenates my mind, body and soul: what could be better!

Opinion Poll

What would you put first?



If music reflects the mood of the age, what does today's music say about us?

Rushil Singh
Winner of the
Dr. Shankar Dayal
Sharma English
Essay Contest 2006

Music is a form of expression. It consists of the thoughts and feelings of a generation, surfacing in an aesthetic manner. A lot can be said about a personality by his/her taste in music. Music has always been referred to as 'soul food.' It nurtures and nourishes a part of us that nothing else can sometimes reach. However, it has faced a lot of criticism. Drugs, violence, excesses, vulgarity etc., have been associated with music. The character of musicians has been doubted and numerous accusations have been made. Music has, however, stood the test of time and thrives today. It is extremely popular in all parts of the world. It is not restricted to a particular culture, religion or nationality.

I am of the opinion that music reflects the mood of the age and current music symbolizes rebellion. It is a form of protest. The present generation strives to break free and that is reflected in today's music. It inspires us to spread our wings and fly.

Today's youth detests protocol of any sort and is eager to be let free. They do not want to be bound by rules. They do not want other people's opinions or ideologies to be thrust upon them. They have their own desires to express in a manner that is suited to their times. They have faith in their own beliefs and opinions and want to carve out an identity for themselves. They loathe traditions and customs which do not make sense in their social or political milieu. They want to live life on their own terms.

Punk rock, heavy metal, alternative rock and pop are popular genres of music. Punk rock bands like *Blink 182*, *Sum 41*, *Bowling for Soup* etc., are at the head of a revolution. A revolution that strives to bring about a radical change in society. These bands propagate liberty and freedom. They employ a very informal style of music. They sing what they believe in, and in extremely explicit vocabulary, tell us what they love and what they hate about the world around them. Songs like *American Idiot* by *Green Day* openly criticise the American government and its system of administration. Though these bands use profane language, it is only to drive home their point emphatically. They are not afraid to say what they need to say. Their fans appreciate that honesty and directness. Hypocrisy is intolerable to them.

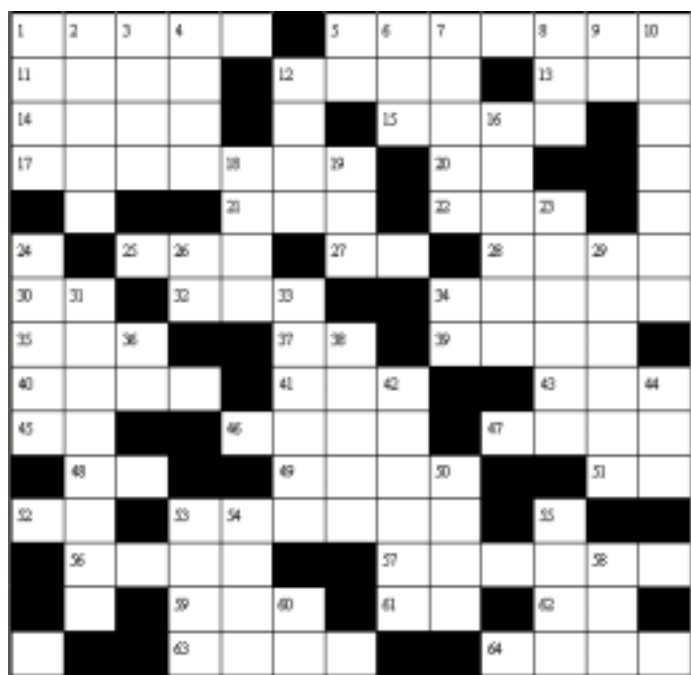
Many bands come across as being immature and reactive to the point of being objectionable. They sing about the crazy things they did in high school and college. They don't feel the need to discourse on serious subjects which are 'relevant.' However, this does not mean that their music is completely frivolous and devoid of a deeper meaning. They voice the sentiments of a group, however small it may be. *Adam's Song* is a suicide note in the form of a song and would reduce even a stone to tears.

According to me, *Nirvana*, led by Kurt Cobain sparked this revolution. Though Kurt Cobain was highly criticized for his lifestyle, he was an icon for the youth in the late eighties and early nineties. He was God to many youngsters at that time. His suicide in 1992 shattered the hearts of millions of teenagers and young adults all over the world. He concluded his suicide note by saying, "It is better to burn out than fade away ...". His song, *Smells Like Teen Spirit* is considered by many lovers of music to be one of the greatest songs of all time.

Music certainly mirrors society. What we hear is what we live in. Music is used as a means to communicate thoughts and feelings. Young minds today are restless, searching for an anchor, wanting to find meaning. The fact is that music is the only thing keeping many from insanity. It is much more than a form of entertainment. It is a symbol of freedom. It is a refuge.

CROSSWORD

Ashish Mitter



Across: 1. Noble gas 5. Three pointed spear 11. _____ ist – Jewish fundamentalist 12. Blessing 13. Serious conflict 14. City of the Taj 15. Fermented grape juice 17. Precious stone 20. Move to a place 21. Male child 22. Unrefined mineral 25. Topographical term 27. Conjunction 28. Long story 30. Male pronoun 32. Barcelona's home ground – _____ camp 34. A person who loses 35. Single egg 37. Microsoft 39. Small insects 40. Important Indian economic organization 41. Poverty Alleviation Programme 43. Electrostatic precipitator 45. Hesitating sound 46. Good conductor 47. A steady, brisk pace 48. Extra-terrestrial 49. German river 51. Nickel 52. Cosmetic brand 53. Argentinian striker 56. James Bond movie 57. Kingdom 59. British Broadcasting Corporation 61. Musical note 62. Tin 63. Spanish wunderkind _____ Fabregas 64. Male of a deer.

Down: 1. Freedom fighter Chandrashekhar _____ 2. Firm 3. Tagore novel 4. Kerala festival 5. Preposition 6. What boatmen do 7. British architect – _____ Jones 8. Female sheep 9. Sodium 10. To set off 12. Irish singer-cum-activist 16. Anti-virus programme 18. Scandinavian capital 19. Genetic identifier 23. Christian holiday 24. Media personality Sagarika _____ 26. Leg-side on a cricket field 29. Reprimand intended to correct 31. Heavy chemicals company 33. Cricket official 34. Los Angeles 36. Blood group 38. Investment banking firm- Goldman _____ 42. Poor person 44. Press Trust of India 50. Site of the Coliseum 53. Business news-channel 54. A loose, flowing garment 55. Substance of an argument 58. Ribonucleic acid 60. Counter Strike

THE ART OF APOLOGISING

RIJUL KOCHHAR

The person about whom I am going to write may seem an incongruous choice. For obvious reasons, a rustic, illiterate villager may seem to be the last person on the globe to write about. When this thought first occurred to me, I had similar apprehensions. I have been procrastinating about writing this for two long weeks, contemplating the subject's appropriateness. In the beginning, it seemed a slick trick, writing about a villager, someone simple and 'uncultured' in our ways of the world.

How wrong I was. How short-sighted and foolish not to value service, hard work and responsibility. Luckily, the mists of ignorance or foolishness, or whatever it was, cleared from my mind, and here I am, writing about someone who has served me and helped me.

I am talking about Ranjan. You may have never heard the name, but nevertheless, he is the very man I wish to write about. Ranjan is my attendant-cum-physiotherapist-cum-friend-cum-advisor-cum-twenty-four hour companion. My school is not wheelchair accessible. There are a lot of staircases, pebbles and other obstacles which hinder mobility.

As a result, when I came back from the hospital post rehabilitation, I needed someone to help me around. Ranjan was the man.

He helps me get around school, to classes, seminars, parties, meals, appointments, exams etc., in record time. I hate being late. Ranjan helps me reach my destination before time. Besides that, when I was incapacitated, he helped me in all things from toilet management to my rehab regimen to my social obligations to general recreation (park visits, malls, markets, amusement parks, restaurants etc.). He has been with me through my darkest days. Literally, he has helped me stand on my feet again. We work as a team, from five in the morning till eleven at night. And just like any other team, our machinery too, runs into glitches.

First is the hurdle of misunderstanding. Due to the cultural and attitude differences, there are times when things don't turn out as they should. I say something and Ranjan doesn't pay attention to it. As a result, things turn out differently. Here is a small example: Ranjan knows that I have my yoghurt with salt and pepper. But one day, I wanted it sweet. I told him so. But in his habit of not listening to detail, he brought me my yoghurt as it comes every day: salty. A small event, which when repeated over and over again would certainly get on one's nerves.

Second is the problem of forgetfulness. There have been times when Ranjan has misplaced or lost certain things. Once, I asked him to keep a physics notebook and my calculator carefully. The notebook belonged to a friend. Exams were in a week's time. When I asked Ranjan for the notebook, he looked blank. Imagine losing someone's notes before an exam! Not only that, Ranjan even misplaced my expensive calculator with the notebook in question. My lender friend got very unhappy about the whole affair. Although things were patched up, the incident left a bitter taste in all our mouths, and was an embarrassment for me.

Third is the question of inconsideration. There have been times when I have woken up in the middle of the night, remembering that I have to collect notes for an assignment nearing its deadline from someone at the opposite end of the campus. I have pulled a sleepy, groggy,

edgy, irritated and tired myself and Ranjan out of bed to take me to the other side of campus for my work. Most times he has never complained. But one night, I mentioned to him the beauty of the lunar sky. Imagine that at two in the morning! When I asked him why he was so luke-warm in his response, he just cracked like a highly heated piece of glass. In the end, I realised how foolish I had been; first, for waking up in the middle of the night, then, for waking another man up, and finally, admonishing him when he did not join in enthusiastically appreciating the beauty of the night sky at that unearthly hour. I have been inconsiderate on many such occasions.

The examples that I have given you are seemingly trivial and may not, at first glance, deserve a mention here. But they hold a deep meaning. The mere fact that I remember these incidents underlines my fondness for my Man Friday. We bicker over small issues, just as others do. But we always find a way out.

They say—"To err is human, to forgive divine". I believe, and so does Karan Thapar (in his column Sunday Sentiments—*Hindustan Times*, September 24, 2006), that "To err is human. But to apologise is the real divine thing to do." A 'sorry' is one of the easiest ways to atone for a trespass, but it is the most difficult to utter. A 'sorry' extracts us from all impasses, and that's what Ranjan and I say to one another after a fiasco.

Let's look at a typical scenario. How often do we say or do something wrong, and despite doing it, despite realising and accepting our follies, hold back from apologising? Even if we do apologise, do we not add the following—"I didn't mean to," or "I am sorry but..." to dilute our apologies? It is inherent in us all not to accept things as they are. 'Sorry' may be one of the simplest words in any dialect, in any language around the world. It may be one of the earliest words in our vocabularies. And yet, it is one of the most difficult to utter out loud.

Ranjan may be unversed in our ways of the world. But he is one of those rare men of power who has the strength to say 'sorry.' I realise my mistake the instant I commit it. I try and apologise, but that's it—I try. Eventually, I put on a façade, pretending I have nothing to apologise for. Deep down, however, I know whom I'm fooling. Ranjan comes right ahead with his apology, without any pretence. And I respect him for that.

I remember not to express my views on the moon at two in the morning; Ranjan tries not to get me sweet yoghurt when I want it salted. I am not perfect; Ranjan is not perfect. And in this imperfection lies the perfection of our symbiotic relationship. I could not have come back to school post my injury without him. He is the most intrinsic and irreplaceable entity in my life. It is because of him that I returned; because of him that I stayed on.

Ranjan doesn't know that I'm writing about him. Nor is there a better way of thanking him (although no amounts of it would suffice) for the service he has rendered unflinchingly.

Ranjan belongs to a very different culture, and has a very different set of ideas and perspectives. We have our differences. But at the end of the day, to me he is a god-send; to me he is indispensable. And in his own inimitable way, he has taught me one of life's biggest, simplest and yet toughest arts—the art of apologising.

Your most memorable moment in school ...

PMV: When a boy, who I thought hated me, touched my feet.

GSS: Still waiting for one ...

AAQ: The staging of *Macbeth*, my first play in school.

PDT: When a whole lot of boys came up to me and told me why I should take up housemastership of MH.

ASH: There was a boy who did every wrong in the school and was often punished and reprimanded by me. He did not even meet me when he left school. However, a few years later, he came running up to me and said, "I'm in a hurry, but I came here to meet you and tell you that every time you punished me, you were right. Thank you."

MHF: None.

HMD: Winning The Doon School Cup.

KLA: I am still waiting for it.



Jaldi Five

The Housemasters respond to a rapid fire round of questions

Your worst nightmare is...

PMV: Tata House coming down.

GSS: The night of Jai Singh's birthday.

AAQ: The first of April.

PDT: When every MH menace is transformed into an angel! I will then have no work left.

ASH: Walking towards K House at one o'clock at night and seeing nobody there.

HMD: Losing all report cards just before the report card meeting.

MHF: Loneliness.

KLA: Yet to occur!

Name one tradition of your House...

PMV: There has been sincerity for PT in Tata House.

GSS: There has always been a lot of love for the House.

AAQ: No, there is no such tradition in Foot House.

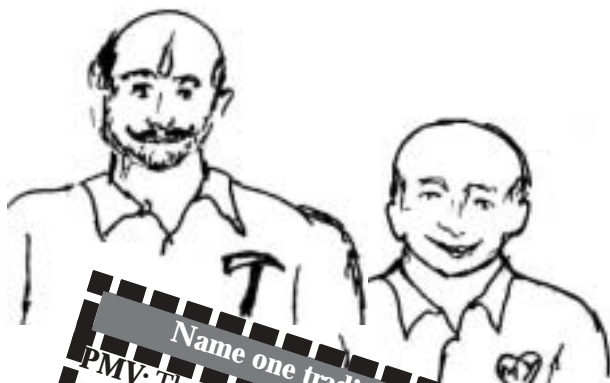
PDT: Yes! Breaking windows!

ASH: K House has been known for gentlemen and the good humour of the people.

HMD: We do nothing that will dishonour us or our House.

MHF: There is a sense of commitment and sincerity towards the dignity of the House.

KLA: Generosity.



Qualities you look for in a house captain are...

PMV: Honesty, maturity and a zest for discipline.

GSS: Commanding personality.

AAQ: Integrity, sincerity and firmness.

PDT: A good human being.

ASH: Genuineness, firmness. He must be understanding and should be loyal to the House.

HMD: Integrity, leadership and a sense of responsibility.

MHF: Justness, integrity and the potential to stand up for right matters.

KLA: Leadership and vision.

What are your views on the senior-junior relationship?

PMV: It is better than before. There is more friendship.

GSS: It's great!

AAQ: Excellent at the moment.

PDT: The seniors are role models for the juniors. The juniors adopt not only the good but also the bad qualities of the seniors.

ASH: It is much better than the yesteryears.

HMD: It is improving.

MHF: It is not perfect. The juniors must respect the seniors and the seniors must not comment on the juniors' families and their background.

KLA: Has scope for improvement.



Yash Gandhi
Winner of the
Bakhle Memorial
English Essay Con-
test 2006

Careless Whispers

Human beings have always loved to gossip, be it at the office or at home. After a hard day at work, it is a universally favourite pastime to sit and gossip, the more scurrilous, the better. Gossip carried in whispers from one person to another, oblivious of the harm it would cause to the person in question, is a phenomenon as old as time itself. It is indiscreet and loose talk in hushed tones, indulged in just for a little fun.

When somebody demands secrecy or does not want to be heard by all and sundry, he whispers something into another person's ear. It may be about a beautiful person or about the happenings an hour before, but, what if these whispers become a cause of major embarrassment? What if these 'careless whispers' spread slanderous messages? After all, you do not care about what you are spreading, as long as you or your dear ones are not the victims.

I remember a tale, which my history teacher once told me about her experiences as a journalist back in Kolkata. Two eminent gentlemen were in a deep discussion over the personal life of one of India's top artistes. Rumour has it that it was this clandestine talk, which led to a Delhi-bound flight being delayed at Dum Dum Airport. The official excuse: delay due to 'technical reasons'! Not only were they carelessly and discreetly exchanging ugly gossip about another person, they seemed oblivious of the discomfort they were causing the sixty-odd passengers stuck at the airport, desperately waiting for their plane to leave.

A careless whisper has been a useful tool, which our politicians have used to defame each other. During election time, every party sends people to different centres with gossip and other secrets about the rival candidates. This information may be spread via CDs, mails, letters or even verbally, and, mind you, it is information which only 'you' are meant to know. The whispers may vary from a person's finances to his personal life or even about his activities at a party. Unfortunately, the gullible public does get carried away by such whispers. Most of us have heard of the private conversations between Bush and Tony Blair at the recently held G-8 Summit, which revolved around Kofi Annan and the entire Lebanese mess. Careless about the presence of a microphone, the two statesmen spoke about things in language that put both of them to shame. Another world leader, Vladimir Putin, was embarrassed publicly for his sexist and insensitive remarks about another world leader. His 'careless whisper' will certainly cost him dear as the news reports have shown. Bush is not the only person to have been caught while whispering carelessly. Richard Nixon lost his presidency over his unscrupulous bid to access information not meant for him. Today the word 'Watergate' signifies ugly gossip and slander. In India, the careless whispers made by George Fernandes, Jaya Jaitley, and a galaxy of other politicians to journalists from *Tehelka* even lost them their jobs, apart from the havoc it caused nationwide. It was a similar careless whisper that brought to light the fact that Zahira Sheikh was a puppet in the hands of a certain political bigwigs in Gujarat.

Careless whispers are rampant in the world of entertainment. In most of the soaps that run in almost every Indian household after the day's meal has been eaten, a woman with possibly the biggest *bindi* of the most exotic colour, plays the trouble-maker who, thanks to her whispers to various people, is able to cause fights between husband and wife, mother and daughter, business partners, siblings...you just name it! The woman who whispers has every idea of the harm she will cause to the other person and does it with great zeal and enthusiasm. The private conversation between Salman Khan and Aishwarya Rai became a major sensation during that time, embarrassing both. It was talk made by two people completely unaware of what was happening around them. It just shows that for some reason, we forget normal conversations, but never the careless whispers...

And The Years Just Flew Away

SHAURYA KUTHIALA

I was looking through some of the old photographs in the Archives, and I saw various photographs in colour and in black-and-white, and a thought hit me. All those people smiling and looking at the camera in their times, did they ever imagine that one day they would no longer be in this world and that someone else would see them as they were, in those very photographs? Those people that we now know to either be elderly or who have passed away are there, looking young and enjoying the prime of their lives. I have often wondered since then, how will it look to someone else, while he is flipping through the by-then 'old' photographs, to see us smiling into the camera, frozen in that moment forever.

Time really does fly. I have heard many people say this, and I really do believe that it is true. Let me take benchmarks of time in the form of 'major events' that have struck the world, and not in the conventional unit of 'years.' For someone my age, it's not been really long since we entered the third millennium. I can still remember that night vividly. I was watching a TV show which featured excellent magic tricks. It ended shortly before midnight. I even remember wishing my family a "Happy New Year and millennium". That wasn't so long ago, was it? Then, the next year Al Qaeda struck and brought down the Twin Towers and a good chunk of the Pentagon. Whenever I see a book written after that particular incident which mentions it, I think, "Quite a recent book," before I realize that it was a five whole years ago that it happened. To some, five years is not a very long time, but in my case, it's only a third of my life till now.

It also seems to us as we progress to higher forms that the previous form just breezed by. I've come across boys saying, "We were just in C Form, *jaar*. Now we're in A Form," and this shows what I mean. Now in A Form, I'll probably think in my Sc Form, "I was just recently in A Form. How can time fly so quickly?"

Thinking about what others may call idle speculation may seem a waste of time to you. To me, these topics are not a waste of time, but help me satisfy my curiosity. They help me to answer my unanswered questions, by discussing them with myself, and sometimes, others. I would like you to give some thought to this as well. Think along my lines, and you too will feel that time just flies by like an unstoppable force of nature. Isn't it strange to know that we too will be in those photographs for others to see one day, thus completing the cycle we are supposed to? Will it not seem odd to come back and point ourselves and our ex-formmates out to others when we near the age of sixty? Only time will tell.

"In the 21st Century, the Boarding School must 'change' to survive"

POINT

ASHISH MITTER

The Doon School today is changing, and changing fast. The evidence is all around us: the Art School and the old Music School have gone, so have the Masters' houses separating the Main Field from Skinner's; the school is introducing the IB as an alternative to ISC; there are plans in the pipeline to liberalize school rules for Sc-formers (an unprecedented step), and there is even talk of Doon going co-ed. But all this is not really unusual. The school has experienced greater changes in the past. In fact, the only constant we have in our lives is change, fuelled by an inherent desire to improve; to continue to create, as Mr. Martyn envisaged, 'men of responsibility, initiative and integrity', in a rapidly-changing world.

There is a fear that in our blind acceptance of change, we will lose touch with our roots; that change necessarily implies a revolutionary deviation from certain eternal values. This is a sweeping generalization as change, more often than not, is contained within the founding beliefs. There is a fear that our traditions, values and morals will be compromised in our hungry pursuit for change. It is imperative that these fears be gently discarded. After all, in the words of Roosevelt, 'the only thing to fear is fear itself'. Often, we cling on to the past because it *is* the past. We glorify our traditions and speak of them with overtones of awe and respect, not because they have any relevance today, but because they had relevance once upon a time. In the type of insulated and secure community that exists inside every residential school, there is a suspicion that change will compromise its security. This suspicion may not be entirely baseless, but we must look at the flip side of the coin. The world will not and cannot wait for you. A residential school resisting change is bound to be rendered redundant. In this era of globalization, parents have a wide range of schools to choose from for their children, and they naturally want the best. With quality educational facilities now being found in almost every corner of the world, residential schools will have to be able to provide the best: the best facilities, the best staff, the best environment for learning, if they want to continue to attract students. For this, they must be willing to change.

Moreover, they must change to keep abreast with the realities of the modern world. As the very basic notions on which society is based are redefined, residential schools must be willing to adapt accordingly. In any dynamic society, perceptions of secularism, equality, freedom, etc. are changing instantly. For residential schools to produce people whose (to quote Martyn again) 'sensibilities have been awakened and interests aroused in the many faces of life', these changes must be embraced.

COUNTERPOINT

SHIKHAR SINGH

A cantonment approach with a red-brick Library and an ivy-covered Main Building mark our inherited past. French windows, desks with *Vikram Seth* scribbled on them juxtaposed with computers, projectors and the glamour of multi-media aptly sum-up the 'change' we have undergone. Yet they are merely superficial, as the bedrock belief and tradition of the school is intact since time immemorial. The point is simple – 'change' is superficial, and something that times demand of us; however, it is the long-standing, ever-relevant philosophy of our school that has been the principal cause of our success.

I am here to defend a core belief, a tradition that has not changed in spirit but only been reinvented and interpreted differently with the passage of time. For instance, the introduction of the International Baccalaureate is a reconstruction of the old belief of Practical Education that best meets the beliefs of the school. This is, therefore, not a 'change', but a mere rejuvenation of our traditions. In fact, our standing as a leader in providing quality education stems from this strong 'foundation', and not the elegant ivy-clad buildings and well-equipped science laboratories.

It is also true that today, boarding schools are no longer the first preference for quality education. With the dawn of private education in urban areas, boarding has lost significance in the education market. Then, it is crucial to examine the reason for a select few to send their children to such schools. In principle, I believe that it is the 'philosophy of all-round development, secularity, and simplicity' that appeals to these parents. For change, the infrastructure and better teaching most day schools can also provide, but teaching students under a tree, or trekking on the icy peaks of the Himalayas only we can offer.

Boarding schools provide an atmosphere for community living and are crucial in making us independent and self-reliant. The core ethos of such institutions is not to provide 'textbook'-oriented education but to nurture and develop the talents of its pupils. Residential schools provide an arena of opportunities to expose the strengths of its pupils. This is instrumental in our development and preparation for life.

A common argument is that in a time of globalization, integration of cultures is essential. However, I consider the foundation of boarding schools to constitute a fusion of diverse beliefs. Owing to its glorious historical past (the Vedic Gurukul system and Kurt Hahn's philosophy), our base is inclusive of such changes, and current socio-political trends are extensions of this belief.

To sum up, I believe that what a boarding school stands for is continuity, tradition and its ethos, and not the fluidness of trends and 'change'.

emotion-laden speech fortified the conference theme – *Plus Est En Vous* – There is more in you than you think. The next two days consisted of an evening watching *Macbeth* and also a day spent exploring the surrounding area. I was lucky to be selected to interact with Her Highness Princess Royal. The princess turned out to be the most charming lady, with none of the snobbery that royalty is reputed to have. We discussed certain socio-economic and political issues and she expressed a genuine desire to come visit India. That night was the most enjoyable one as we spent the entire evening dancing, and learning the Scottish Reel (a form of dance). Day 4 was a lecture by George Reid, Member of Parliament. His speech was about economics and dealt with the poor condition of people in third world countries. This was followed by student discussions in various forums called *Barazas*. That evening was a multi-cultural one, with all us Indians looking resplendent in kurta pyjamas. All countries had to put up an entertainment of sorts and believe me, the fusion music performance put up by our boys was a runaway hit, with the crowd giving us two standing ovations! The duo of Mall and Sood absolutely sizzled while Chinmay impressed all with his ‘miniature drums’ (*tablas*). Rest assured, The Doon School was the word on everyone’s lips for the rest of the evening. Day 5 was ‘Adventure Day’ with everyone having to go on a specific adventure. A variety of options as diverse as golfing, canoeing, bouldering etc up for grabs. My choice was mountain biking and I had an amazing time going 20km uphill and 30 km downhill. We returned bruised, mud splattered and beaming from ear to ear. In the evening we all had to set up stalls in a pre-assigned area and talk about various social service projects undertaken by our school. We set up two stalls-one for Chennai and the other for Fatehpur. Surprisingly our stalls excited the most interest and were very well appreciated by others. Day 6 was a rather hectic one and we were addressed a last time by our third speaker, the above-mentioned Kriss Akabusi. It was 90 minutes of pure adrenalin pumping theatrics. His speech reiterated the motto of the conference. Discussions ensued and later we went for a presentation on the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. Once again, I had the opportunity to meet royalty, the Duke of York, this time round, who incidentally took a great interest in India and particularly in Doon and quizzed me about our school and how it was similar to other English boarding schools. There was a rock concert post-supper, with the Gordonstoun students performing and we had a thoroughly enjoyable dance with our ‘dates’. Much to our dismay, the dance lasted for only two and a half hours. Later, we headed out to the main lawns where there was a dazzling fireworks display that lasted half an hour. As the noise of the fireworks died down, there came a completely different sound from above. We all looked up to see a piper on the roof. That concluded our final day and also the end of a once-in-a-lifetime experience for all of us. The next hour was spent in the lounge, bidding fond and tearful goodbyes to all our new friends. We then returned to our houses and had to pack at supersonic speed as departure time was 2:30 am. Just as we were to board the plane, a strong gust of wind suddenly arose out of nowhere and began to flap our jackets wildly – perhaps as a gesture of goodbye, as the stinging highland wind kissed our sad faces for one last time as we bid adieu to Gordonstoun.

The Power Within

Ayushman Jamwal

1689 days have run away,
47 days waiting to go,
And let loose in the mind’s eye.
I remember, sprinting on the Main Field,
Crying over lost hopes,
Savouring victories and friendships,
Fighting deceit and hypocrisy,
Overthrowing injustice as one,
Making differences in the lives of others.

In this world spanning seventy acres,
Whose boundaries blur away to a parallel life,
I have lived gloriously, sipping at my youth,
And realising my dreams,
Making me content with all I have.

Blessed I am,
To be gifted with contentment, for I see around me,
Spirits pulsating with energy,
Wearing shining cognizance, over forsaken morality,
Searching for more pieces of jewellery,
Not weapons for the games outside.

Blessed I am,
To have values for smiles,
Where the light of one’s joy,
Brightens my spirit,
While hiding petty visages in others.

Blessed I am,
To see behind talkative eyes,
To know who speaks like a saint at day,
While slowly building,
A thief’s intentions at night.

Blessed I am,
To know where my happiness resides,
Position, power, prestige,
And are unembraced by the heart,
The people bound to my thoughts,
Weave auras of joy in the air.

Then I see these youngsters,
Innocent and ambitious,
Dreaming of having their names immortalized on
walls,
Dreaming of walking with heads held high,
As icons of accomplishment.

Run wild, my friends, in this garden of opportunity,
Work hard in sowing your seeds,
And reap the sweet fruit of glory.
But beware of breaking free from humility,
Flying away under the illusion of supremacy,
Which slowly decays the bonds made in reality,
For they are the achievements,
Yielding more golden moments,
Than the ones forgotten in an instant.
I have my weapons, polished and ready,
When I cross the fading borders,
I may not have many remembering my name,
But I shall have something many fail to believe they
possess,
The power within.
To all, just think,
Realize what really matters,
Find the road to be one with this conscience,
To fulfill your destinies.

In The Land of Bagpipes

Rohan Gupta recounts his trip to Europe during the Round Square Conference

“The past is only for reference and not for residence” – so stated Olympic, Commonwealth and European Games athletics champion Kriss Akabusi on October 12. He was addressing an unusually silent group of 450-odd students from 60 schools worldwide, seated in St. Christopher’s Chapel in Gordonstoun, nestled in the heart of North Scotland – in the last of a series of keynote lectures. A quote that has oft been repeated, in all practicality, is easier said than done – as felt by the seven of us, namely Gaurav, Harsh, Chinmay, Dilsher, Chitwan, Shrivats and myself. We have just returned from a fortnight-long trip that was rightly called by someone “ridiculously amazing – if you know what I mean”. Most of us are still battling with the withdrawal symptoms and depression caused by the conclusion of the Round Square Conference – 2006. Our pre-conference tour of Switzerland and Germany along with four other schools, namely St. Stithian’s Boys’ and Girls’ (South Africa), Appleby and Lakefield (Canada) was a resounding success. A relatively new concept, the pre-conference tour involves a whirlwind, but highly satisfying tour of foreign countries, in our case, Germany and Switzerland.

Amidst a lot of excitement, we reached IGI airport on the September 29, at around 10.30 pm. Fond goodbyes and basic formalities done, we breezed through all procedures only to be stopped short at the *Air France* counter. The ground staff sheepishly apologized and informed us that due

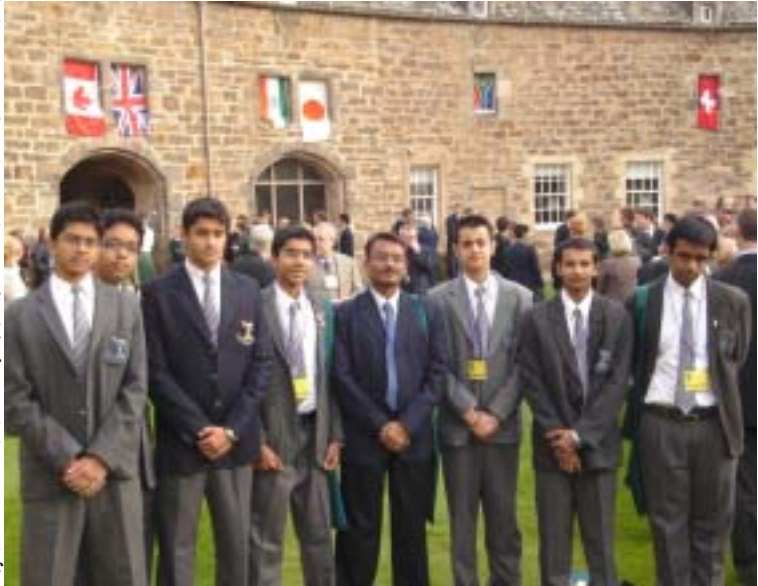


Photo Credit: Arvind Chalasani

to technical difficulties we would to fly *KLM* and via Schipol Airport instead of Paris and also apologized for all inconvenience caused. Talk about the perfect start to the perfect trip! Still, spirits high, we boarded the plane for a long and tiring journey. Seven sleepless hours later, with aching shoulders and numb feet, we disembarked at Schipol Airport, a global shoppers Mecca, with its four floors of duty-free shops.

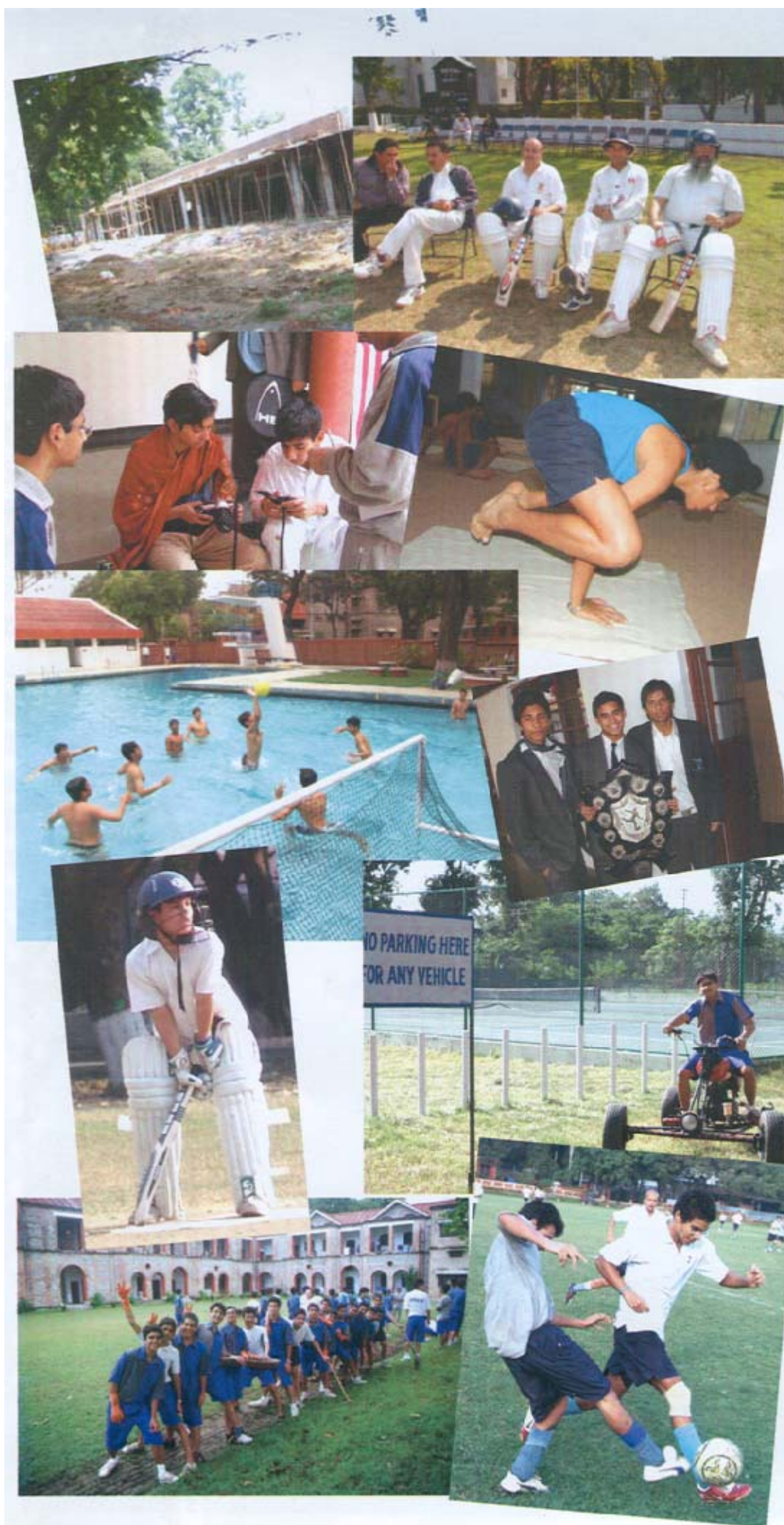
We then proceeded to Geneva, from where we took the subway along with students from other schools and headed for the Swiss town of Egle. We put up in a B&B courtesy the Aiglon Collegiate for three days and within that period saw the majestic Matterhorn and also took a guided tour of Aiglon. We were spectators at an ice-hockey game and visited the medieval castle of Chillon. We headed for Germany next, or more specifically, for the Schule Schloss Salem. We arrived in Salem on the night of German Re-unification Day amidst great festivity. But what really took our breaths away was the sheer magnitude of the Salem campus – which is a whopping 700 acres and comprised four campuses – one for the primary and middle schools and two, Spetzgart and Haerlen, solely for the senior students. After a not-so-brief debriefing we were allocated our dorms. Shrivats and I were housed with two South Africans and two Canadians. We then moved for the formal dinner in our uniforms. Half a dozen speeches later, the dinner began. It was a ‘black-tie’ affair with candles, live music, the works. Something out of the ordinary for us to see was when the teachers moved from table to table, wine bottles in hand, serving the students (smoking and drinking is allowed on the Salem campus for all above the legal age of 16, though we, ofcourse, practised abstinence). The next day, with Salem students as guides we went on an exhaustive tour of all the campuses. We had to leave the next morning and were sad to bid adieu to such a great school! That day was almost wholly eaten up by travel. Wednesday saw us make an early start as we all bundled into the bus and went to Dachau – the infamous concentration camp. As we walked where, seventy years ago, thousands of Jews were mercilessly murdered, there was a palpable feeling of ill-boding in the air that was very intense. The very earth seem to cry foul over the atrocities committed all those years ago and the sinister words inscribed on the iron gates, *Aebeit Macht Frei* (Work for Freedom) had their own story to tell – one of deceit and irony. The latter half of the day comprised a tour of Munich’s famous city centre and a whole lot of ‘retail therapy’ for the ‘starved’ shopaholics. It is a picturesque city, often called the epicenter of fusion. Strolling along the cobbled pavements and freshly-tarred roads, we just couldn’t get enough of the city. The next day we caught our flight to Aberdeen and were hit by the sharp Scotland air straight in our faces. Accompanied by a Round Square representative, we drove to Gordonstoun – the host school and one of the founding schools of the Round Square. As we drove through the gates, the general feeling was like the one we had had at Salem, only this time it was the sheer size and magnitude of the event that was awe-inspiring. 500-odd students from sixty schools across six continents plus all their staff members and heads were gathered together. It was honestly mind-boggling! Post supper saw us in the Chapel (their version of our MPH), sitting glassy-eyed as the entire ceremony unfurled before our eyes. That marked the end of Day 1. Day 2 saw the flag-bearing ceremony and also the first keynote speaker – Jamie Andrews. Once an avid mountaineer, Jamie lost both arms and legs in a freak accident but now with the help of prosthetics, leads a normal life. He is once again able to climb his beloved mountains. His passionate,

RANDOM SHOTS RANDOM SHOTS RANDOM SHOTS



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SHOTS RANDOM SHOTS RANDOM SHOTS RANDOM SHOTS RANDOM



सम्पादक जी लिखते हैं

अमृतेश राय

ऐसा कभी कभी होता है कि अपने विचारों को इतने सशक्त माध्यम से प्रतिपादित करने का अवसर मिलता है। यह सम्पादकीय लिखते हुए मैं यही सोच रहा हूँ कि अगर मैं चार साल पहले इस स्तर पर होता तो मुझे ऐसा करने का अवसर नहीं मिल पाता।

मेरे विचार में पिछले छः सालों में जब से मैं स्कूल में रहा हूँ, हिन्दी के स्तर और लोकप्रियता में बदलाव आए हैं। हिन्दी बोलचाल की लोकप्रियता बढ़ी है। इतना ही नहीं बोलचाल की हिन्दी भी बेहतर हुई है। अब हिन्दी प्रकाशनों के लिये लोग खूब उत्साह से लिखते हैं। इसी उत्साह से स्पष्ट हो जाता है कि विद्यालय में सृजनात्मकता का ही नहीं हिन्दी भाषा का भी उत्थान हुआ है।

सम्पादकीय लिखने के लिये मुझे अधिक मशक्कत नहीं करनी पड़ी। ऐसा इसलिए क्योंकि ऐसा करने में मुझे खुशी का अनुभव हो रहा है। यह शायद सबसे उपयुक्त माध्यम है जिससे मैं सभी छात्रों को हिन्दी में लिखने के लिये, अपने विचारों की अभिव्यक्ति के लिये प्रोत्साहित करना चाहूँगा। जो लोग कलम की शक्ति और कलम की अभिव्यक्ति में विश्वास रखते हैं उनसे मेरा अनुरोध है कि वे इस माध्यम को उसका आदर प्रदान करें।

आज हिन्दी अपने आपको एक वैश्वीकृत रूप में विकसित कर रही है। जहाँ रूढ़ि की चादर हटी है वहीं नये विचारों का भी आगमन हो रहा है। बालीवुड की फिल्में नये मुकामों तक पहुँच रही हैं। हाल ही में निकली एक रिपोर्ट के अनुसार हिन्दी की ज़िन्दगी बहुत लम्बी है।

इसी उम्मीद के साथ, कि हिन्दी के पाठन और लेखन को बढ़ावा मिलेगा और स्कूल में और समाज में इसका दर्जा और बढ़ेगा मैं आपसे विदा लेता हूँ।

विचार

हमारा समाज और अंधविश्वास

चंदचूड़ शुक्ल

मैंने जैक लंडन का एक उपन्यास पढ़ा था जिसमें भेड़ियों के झुंड के बारे में बताया गया था। लेखक ने बताया था कि किस प्रकार भेड़िये एक साथ शिकार करते हैं। सबसे पहले झुंड का प्रमुख शिकार की पहचान करता है। फिर वही शिकार की योजना बनाता है। और अंत में झुंड के बाकी सदस्य उसकी तय योजना के अनुसार शिकार करते हैं। वे अपने प्रमुख की योग्यता पर विश्वास करते हैं।

इसका कारण मेरी समझ में तो यही आता है कि अगर एक से अधिक प्रमुख और एक से अधिक राय होती हैं तब लक्ष्य की ओर जाना थोड़ा कठिन हो जाता है। समूह में रहने वाले सभी प्राणी इस बात पर विश्वास करते हैं। आखिरकार मनुष्य याने हम लोग भी सामाजिक प्राणी हैं तथा अन्य सामाजिक प्राणियों की तरह हममें भी एक दूसरे पर विश्वास करने की आदत होती है।

मैं कई बार सोचता हूँ कि यह विश्वास अंधविश्वास में कब, क्यों और कैसे बदल जाता है? मेरे मन में इस प्रश्न के अनेक उत्तर आते हैं - दूसरों की काबिलियत पर अपने से अधिक विश्वास, अपने दिमाग पर जोर डालने में आलस्य, किसी बात की बहुत अधिक प्रसिद्धि, हमारा अज्ञान और सबसे अधिक हमारी झुंड-मानसिकता आदि। असल में अंधविश्वास तर्क पर आधारित नहीं होता। अंधविश्वास सवाल पूछने की अनुमति नहीं देता। उसे तो केवल मानना होता है। अंधविश्वास के पीछे कहीं न कहीं डर भी छिपा होता है। हम अविश्वास करने से डरने लगते हैं। यही अंधविश्वास की नींव है।

सबसे पहले राजनीति के क्षेत्र में फैले अंधविश्वास की ओर मैं आपका ध्यान बँटाना चाहता हूँ। अक्सर लोग राजनीतिक नेताओं की बातों पर आँखें मूँद कर विश्वास कर लेते हैं। लोग मानते हैं कि देश या राज्य की समस्याओं को उन नेताओं से अधिक कोई नहीं समझता। जो समस्या

को समझता है समाधान भी वही दे सकता है। इसी कारण से नेताओं के विचारों पर अंधविश्वास की सीमा तक भरोसा किया जाता है।

व्यापार और बाज़ार को देखें तो बिकने वाले सामान पर लगी आई एस आई की मोहर अंधविश्वास नहीं तो और क्या है। किसी सामान पर अगर यह मोहर लगी होती है तो हम उस सामान को शुद्ध ही मानते हैं। हम यह सोच ही नहीं पाते कि इस मोहर के बावजूद वह सामान गलत गलत हो सकता है। किसी खास कम्पनी के नाम को शुद्धता की गारंटी माना जाता है। यह अंधविश्वास ही तो है।

साधारण मनुष्य संविधान को सब प्रकार के शकों दूर मानता है। कानून को सब प्रकार के प्रश्नों की सीमा से बाहर मानता है। संविधान और कानून की किताब पर आँख बन्द करके विश्वास करने की आदत को मैं अंधविश्वास ही मानता हूँ।

हमारे जीवन में सबसे महत्वपूर्ण धर्म को माना जाता है। हमारे धार्मिक नेता जो कहते हैं वह हमारे लिये पत्थर की लकीर होता है। यह भी एक प्रकार का अंधविश्वास ही तो है। मैं यहाँ अंधविश्वास के प्रचलित रूपों की ओर भी आपका ध्यान दिलाना चाहता हूँ। बिल्ली रास्ता काट जाये तो नुक्सान होगा, छीक आजाये तो कुछ बुरा होगा आदि। इन पर विश्वास किया जाता है क्योंकि ये हमें परम्परा से मिले हैं। इन्हें तर्क की कसौटी पर परखना हमारे बस की बात नहीं है। हम किसी भी होने वाले नुक्सान को टालना चाहते हैं, इसके लिए किसी बात पर आँखें मूँद कर विश्वास करना पड़ता है तो उससे फर्क भी क्या पड़ता है। यही तो कारण है डॉन ब्रेडमैन हमेशा दायें पैर में जुराब पहले पहनते थे, तेंदुलकर दायें पैर मैदान में पहले रखते हैं, अमिताभ बच्चन नीलम की अँगूठी पहनते हैं, लोग घर या कारखाना बनाते हुए वास्तु का ध्यान रखते हैं और जन्मपत्री लिये हुए यहाँ वहाँ धूमते हैं।

अंत में मैं यही कहना चाहता हूँ कि हम अपनी अपूर्णता को पूरा करने के लिए विश्वास का सहारा लेते हैं जो कभी कभी अंधविश्वास में बदल जाता है। चाहे वे धार्मिक अंधविश्वास हों, व्यावसायिक अंधविश्वास हों या कुछ और हों। कहने वाले तो ईश्वर के अस्तित्व को भी अंधविश्वास ही मानते हैं।

समाज है तो विश्वास है और विश्वास है तो अंधविश्वास भी हमेशा रहेगा।

नाटक

खून - पानी

प्रांजल सिंह

सूत्रधार -

सब समय का फेर है। दिन होता है, रात आती है। रात जाती है, सुबह फूटती है। आज तुम इसके हो कल उसके ये फक्कड़ सोचता था कि सत्य है, न्याय है, शुभ है, कल्याण है। पर जैसे जैसे जीवन बीता, समय ने बताया कि कुछ नहीं केवल स्वार्थ है, मुँहदेखी बात है, झूठ की न कोई जात है। जेब में पैसा, पास में अधिकार तो सब मेरा गुलाम।

दृश्य - 1

(बोल नगाड़ों की ध्वनि से तोशाली का सारा दुर्ग गूँज रहा है। हर ओर मांगलिक दीपक जल रहे हैं। रनिवास की छत पर तीन दासियाँ बात कर रही हैं)

सुषुम्ना -

देखो तो, नन्हा युवराज किस तरह रनिवास की हर रानी की गोद का आनंद उठा रहा है। परंतु साथ ही युवराज की जननी महारानी की हालत की भी तो चिंता का विषय बनती जा रही है।

सुशीला -

सुषमा, सुना है कि महारानी सीता देवी की तबीयत बिगड़ती ही जा रही है।

सुषमा - सुशीला, महाराज भी वहीं हैं। मारे दुःख के एक बार अपनी संतान का चंद समान मुख भी नहीं देखा।

सुषुम्ना - कैसी बात करती हो? भला ऐसी वेला में वे महारानी को कैसे छोड़े? वैद्यो ने भी जवाब दे दिया है। संतान को देखने के लिये तो जीवन पड़ा है, अपनी मरती रानी का साथ कैसे छोड़ें। रानी माँ के बाद महारानी जी ही तो उनकी जान का हिस्सा हैं।

सुशीला - क्या तुम यह कहना चाहती हो कि वे बाकी रानियों की परवाह नहीं करते?

सुषुम्ना - बाकी रानियाँ उनकी रानियाँ हैं, सीता देवी उनकी पत्नी हैं।
(तभी एक कर्कश शोक संतप्त स्वर उनके वार्तालाप को बाधित कर देता है।)

सुषमा - रनिवास में से किसी के चीखने का स्वर आया।

सुषुम्ना - कहीं, महारानी

(अंगरक्षिका दामिनी प्रवेश करती है, वेशभूषा अस्तव्यस्त और मुख श्वेत हो गया है।)

सुषुम्ना - दामिनी, क्या हुआ?

सुशीला - सब रो क्यों रहे हैं ?

दामिनी - तोशाली के इस दुर्ग में शायद खुशियों का आगमन दुःख के साथ ही होता है। आज युवराज के जन्म को चौबीस घंटे भी नहीं हुए कि....कि.... महारानी सीता देवी का देहांत....

सुषमा - हाय राम ! महारानी नहीं रही क्या ?

दामिनी - हाँ, अब मुझसे और न पूछो। मुझे शोकसूचक का घण्टा बजा कर महारानी की मृत्यु का दुःखद समाचार पूरे दुर्ग में देना है।
(दामिनी जाती है)

सुशीला - चलो, महारानी के अंतिम दर्शन तो कर लें।

सुषुम्ना - (रोते हुए) आज का दिन तोशाली के इतिहास में सोने और कालिख दोनों से लिखा जायेगा। सत्रह साल बाद महाराज को उत्तराधिकारी की प्राप्ति हुई और आज ही हमारी देवी समान महारानी की मृत्यु.....
(तीनों दासियाँ जाती हैं, पर्दा गिरता है)

दृश्य - 2

(स्थान : तोशाली के किले के रनिवास का द्वार। सुषुम्ना और सुषमा आती हैं)

सुषमा - महारानी सुष्मिता देवी की संतान किसी भी समय जन्म लेने वाली है। युवराज सत्यव्रत को भी भातु सुख की प्राप्ति होगी।

सुषुम्ना - खुशी मुझे भी है किंतु

सुषमा - जानती हूँ तुम्हें लगता है कि जिस तरह महारानी सीता देवी की तीन वर्ष पूर्व पुत्रजन्म के साथ मृत्यु हुई थी वैसे ही महारानी सुष्मिता देवी भी....

सुषुम्ना - याद है मरते वक्त महारानी सीता देवी ने महारानी सुष्मिता देवी से वचन लिया था कि वे युवराज सत्यव्रत का पुत्रवत पालन करेंगी ?

सुषमा - हाँ, आज तक उन्होंने युवराज का पुत्रवत पालन ही तो किया है।

सुषुम्ना - बात आज तक की नहीं, आज के बाद की है। कहीं अपनी संतान के आने के बाद महारानी युवराज की ओर से विमुख न हो जायें।

सुषमा - तुम भी कैसी बात करती हो ? भला माँ भी बच्चों में भेद कर सकती है क्या ?

सुषुम्ना - परंतु सुष्मिता देवी सत्यव्रत की माता नहीं विमाता हैं।

बिगुल बजता है, लोगों के हर्षित हो चिल्लाने का शोर। दामिनी नाम की अंगरक्षिका आती है।

दामिनी - सुषुम्ना, सुषमा, महारानी ने पुत्र को जन्म दिया है। मैं तो चली महाराज से पुरस्कार लेने को।

(दामिनी जाती है।)

सुषमा - चलो सुषमा राजकुमार को देख के आयें।

सुषुम्ना - ठीक है चलो।

(दोनों जाती हैं, पर्दा गिरता है।)

दृश्य - 3

(महल का बगीचा, सुबह का समय, महारानी सुष्मिता देवी और दोनों राजकुमार आते हैं। सुषुम्ना युवराज सत्यव्रत की देखभाल कर रही है और सुशीला सत्याधार का ख्याल रख रही है।)

सुष्मिता - सुशीला, मेरे पुत्र सत्याधार को चोट न लगने पाये, ध्यान रखना।

सुषुम्ना - महारानी युवराज को तो देखिये, कैसे पेड़ से पेड़ छलांग मार रहे हैं। कैसा मनोरम दृश्य है।

सुष्मिता - हाँ देख रही हूँ, पर युवराजों को क्या पेड़ों पर चढ़ना शोभा देता है।

सुशीला - देखिये नटखट राजकुमार कैसे गिलहरियों को सटीक पत्थर मार रहे हैं।

सुषुम्ना - महारानी, ये तो निषेध कार्य है।

सुष्मिता - धत्, क्या राजकुमारों के लिये कुछ निषेध होता है।

(सुष्मिता देवी दूसरी ओर जाकर बैठती है)

सुषुम्ना - सुशीला, देखा कैसे रानी ने राजकुमार के पाप को भी क्षमा कर दिया और युवराज के हर कृत्य में बुक्स निकालती हैं। और तो और तुझे मालामाल करती हैं मुझे तो बेतन भी मुश्किल से मिलता है।

सुशीला - हाय राम! देवी जैसी महारानी पर ऐसा आरोप ? अगर उनकी मुझ पर कृपा दृष्टि है तो उसमें भेदभाव कहाँ से आ गया।

(राजकुमार सत्याधार की ओर देखकर)

अरे राजपुत्र ! यह क्या ?

(सुशीला जाती है)

सुषुम्ना - यह तू नहीं महारानी की दक्षिणा बोल रही है। सत्य तू भी जानती है और मैं भी, महारानी युवराज की ओर से पिछले सात वर्षों से विमुख होती जा रही हैं अब तो उन्होंने युवराज को भी युवराज कहना छोड़ दिया है। केवल सत्याधार ही उनके लिये युवराज होने के योग्य रह गया है। सब समय का फेर है। आगे जो न हो थोड़ा.....

(मंच पर सूत्रधार का आगमन)

सूत्रधार - तो देखा श्रीमान, समय का मिजाज़। जब मैं सिक्का ताश में इक्का बदल देता है किस्मत खेल। बात रह जाती है, घात का जन्म होता है। समय का फेर, लगती तो है थोड़ी देर पर सब रंग सामने आ जाते हैं, देखते देखते सब क्या से क्या बन जाते हैं। बचो इस समय की मार से, भागो भागो, दौड़ो दौड़ो, अपने को बचाओ इसके घात से। बस हमारा नाटक तो खत्म हुआ। क्या? इतनी जल्दी..... भला जल्दी है यह? सब कुछ तो बदल गया - बात, विश्वास, मूल्य और स्वामिभक्ति। आज नहीं बदला, हमेशा से ऐसा ही है..... बदलना तो अब है, इस पापाचार को, मन के व्यभिचार को हमें आपको सबको मिलकर!

कब होगी तुमसे बात

कुछ लोग बहुत दूर चले जाते हैं,
कहते हुए 'फिर होगी कभी मुलाकात'
पर कैसे रहेंगे तुम्हारे बिन,
अब दुबारा कब होगी तुमसे बात ?
जीना पड़ेगा अब यादों के साथ
दुःख होता यह सोच, कि
छूट रहा है मित्र का हाथ
अब दुबारा कब होगी तुमसे मुलाकात ?
तुम थे तो आँखों में रौनक पैरों में ताकत थी,
तुम्हारे साथ मैने चढ़े दुःखों के पहाड़,
मुझे छोड़ तुम बीते कल से चले गए,
जबकि मैं करता था तुमसे टूटकर प्यार।
जानता हूँ, जीवन भर चलना होगा,
काटनी होगी पसरती हर काली रात,
एक कली से नाजूक दोस्ती के लिये जीना होगा,
क्या पता कभी हो जाए तुमसे बात।
बहुत दिनों बाद, आज हो ही गई तुमसे मुलाकात,
और निकल गई वह दिल की बात,
जो मैने दिल में कहीं दबा रखी थी,
कट गई हर रात जो काटती थी मुझे तुम्हारी यादों के साथ।
आज मिल गया वह दोस्त मुझे,
जो मेरा दुःख समझता था,
जो मुझसे दिल की बात कहता था।

पर बढ़ते फासलों से ही प्यार दमकता है,
जैसे सूर्य की रोशनी से चाँद चमकता है।

सूनी सड़कें

क्यों हैं आज,
ये सड़कें सूनी,
कहाँ गये वे लोग,
जो यहाँ टहलने आया करते थे?
इन गरीबों को झूठे सपने दिखाया करते थे,
वो गरीब आज सड़क के किनारे सो रहे हैं।
वे देख रहे हैं खुद को शिखर पर,
कोई डॉक्टर है तो कोई इंजीनियर,
देख रहे हैं वो खुद को गाड़ियों में।
गाड़ियाँ जो इस सड़क पर रंग जमाती हैं,
मशीनें जो इस संसार पर अपना हक जताती हैं।
इनके बीच इन तुच्छ जीवों का कोई स्थान नहीं,
कोई मान, कोई सम्मान नहीं,
मानव भी वीरान सड़कों में रंग न भर पाया,
इंसान मशीनें बनाकर बन गया उनका साया।
वो सड़के आज सूनी बना दी हैं इंसान ने।
दहशत फैला दी है गरीबों में,
शायद यही लिखा है इनके नसीबों में।
भगवान ने मानव को बनाया बाँटने के लिये प्यार का सन्देश,
पर इंसान ने धरती को काटकर, बना डाले देश।
मानव ने सीखा बोलना सत्य,
इनसान ने झूठ की बुनियाद पर खड़े किये वतन।

तो क्यों हैं वो सड़कें सूनी,
अनजानी राहों पर क्यों अकेले हैं हम।

केदारताल

उदय सिंह

गंगोत्री क्षेत्र गगनचुम्बी पर्वत शिखरों, हरहराकर बहती नदियों, बुग्यालों और हिमनदों से भरा हुआ है। गंगोत्री से पश्चिम में एक ऐसा ही सुरम्य पर अत्यंत कठिन स्थल केदार बामक है। इस केदार बामक में एक बहुत महत्वपूर्ण हिमनदीय झील केदारताल स्थित है। इसे सैलानियों और पर्वतारोहियों का स्वर्ग कहा जाता है। इसके एक ओर थलैसागर, दूसरी ओर भृगुपंथ, वसिष्ठ पर्वत और तीसरी ओर चतुरंगिनी धार स्थित है। इस वर्ष मिडटर्म के दौरान हम मित्रों ने केदारताल की यात्रा करने का कार्यक्रम बनाया।

हम 30 सितम्बर को देहरादून से गंगोत्री के लिये रवाना हुए। हम ट्रेकिंग के लिये केदारताल जा रहे थे जो कि 5040 मीटर की ऊँचाई पर है। हमारे दल के चार लोग थे - दिलशाद सिद्धू, अश्विन भास्कर, और यडावल्ली आदित्य। हमने देहरादून से साढ़े पाँच बजे यात्रा प्रारम्भ की। गाड़ी में बैठते ही हम सपनों की दुनिया में खो गये और 9:30 बजे मार्ग के ढाबे पर रुककर आलू के गरमागरम परांठे खाये और पुनः स्वप्नलोक की सैर पर निकल गये। हम उत्तरकाशी करीब 1 बजे पहुँच गये। वहाँ हमने भरपूर खाना खाया और गाइड से मिले। उसका नाम बलदेव था। वह तो यह मानने को तैयार ही न था कि हम केदारताल का ट्रैक तीन दिन में कर सकते हैं। उस समय हमें डॉ. शुक्ल की आवश्यकता पड़ी। उनसे बात करने के बाद वह तुरंत मान गया। उसी समय हम गंगोत्री के लिये रवाना हो गये। हमने रात गंगोत्री में ही काटी।

अगले दिन हम 7 बजे नाश्ता कर ट्रैक के लिये निकल पड़े। हम सबने अतिरिक्त कपड़ों के जोड़े रख लिये थे। पहले हमने कमरतोड़ 3 कि.मी. की चढ़ाई की। किसी तरह हमने 2 घंटे में जी जान लगाकर और घास को पकड़कर 3 किलोमीटर पार किये। कपड़ों के चार परत पहने और पसीने में डूबे हुए, थकावट से दूटे हुए हम आगे बढ़ते चले गये। एक चट्टानी ठौर के बाद चढ़ाई बहुत आसान थी। अंतिम एक किलोमीटर सबसे डरावना था। रास्ता बहुत पतला था और एक ही आदमी एक बार में चल सकता था। हमें पत्थरों के बीच में से जाना था। यहाँ पर दिलशाद ने निराशा का दामन धाम पीछे मुड़ने की सोची परंतु जब सब लोग आगे जाने लगे तो उसे निर्णय बदलना ही पड़ा। दिलशाद ने भी हिम्मत दिखाई और आगे बढ़ा।

करीब 12 बजे हम भोजखड़क पहुँच गये। खानापीना हो जाने के बाद हम फिर चल पड़े। कम चढ़ाई होने से हमारा उत्साह और बढ़ गया। चार घण्टों में हम केदारखड़क पहुँच गये। यात्रा का आखिरी हिस्सा फिर से पत्थरों से घिरा हुआ था। ठंड बढ़ती चली जा रही थी। बर्फ से ढके पहाड़ अपने घर से ठंडी हवाएँ भेजकर हमारा रास्ता रोकने का प्रयास कर रहे थे। गाइड के साथ मिलकर हमने तंबू लगाए और खाना खाकर सो गये। अगले दिन हम केदारताल के लिये निकल पड़े। 3 घण्टों के अन्दर हम केदारताल में थे। सफलता की खुशी वह खुशी होती है जो संतोष लेकर आती है। ऐसी खुशी ही असली होती है, सच्ची होती है। थलैसागर का दृश्य आँखों को भानेवाला था। सूर्य की सुनहरी किरणों के कारण सफेद बर्फ सोने जैसी प्रतीत होती थी।

दो घण्टे वहाँ रुकने के बाद हम वापस हो लिये। हमने अपनी तीसरी रात भोजखड़क में बिताई। भोजखड़क में हमें कुछ विदेशी मिले जिनसे हमने खूब बातें कीं। उस रात हमने विजय के उपलक्ष्य में उत्सवाग्नि प्रज्ज्वलित की। अगली सुबह हम गंगोत्री के लिये निकल पड़े। हम तीन घण्टे हमने वहीं बिताए और ईश्वर को धन्यवाद किया जो हमें सकुशल वापस ले आया। केदारताल के मनमोहक दृश्य भुलाये नहीं भूलते।

लिखने पर विचार

स्कन्द गोयल

कभी कभी जब एडिटर जनाब पत्रिका के लिये शॉर्ट नोटिस पर कोई लेख मांगते हैं तो बड़ी हुज्जत हो जाती है। सारी भावुकता निकल जाती है, संवेदनाएँ सूख जाती हैं, कला - साहित्य के सारे अभिरूप जैसे कुछ देर के लिये सुन्न हो जाते हैं और कुछ लिखने की चाह में कई दिनों तक बनाए मेंटल नोट्स को कोई मिटावनी आकर मिटा जाती है। कटोरदान में जो दो पैसे खनखनाते और शोर मचाते थे, वे भी सड़क पर गिर जाते हैं। एक अजीब सा खालीपन, सन्नाटा सा हो जाता है। वाकई कुछ भी नहीं सूझता है। शायद यही विचारों की विडम्बना है - कभी समय पर नहीं ही आते।

तो मैंने सोचा कि अब जब भी कुछ सूझेगा कागज़ पर लिखकर रख लूँगा। जिससे ऐसा धर्मसंकट फिर न हो। मगर शायद अभी तो पहाड़ आना बाकी था। खाली कटोरे में जो कंकड़ धूल थी उसे झाड़कर मैं विचारों की भीख माँगने चला।



अपने एक घनिष्ठ बुद्धिजीवी मित्र से पूछा कि यदि उसके पास ऐसी कोई बात हो जिसे कुछ इस ढंग से पाठको के सामने उभारा जा सके जो न तो उनके लिये बोझिल हो न मेरे लिये। तयोरियाँ चढ़ा कर, माथे पर कुछ झुर्रियाँ लाकर उसने एक लम्बी साँस बाहर छोड़ी।

शायद अपने मित्र का उल्लेख करने के लिये मेरा उसने के बजाय उन्होंने का प्रयोग अधिक उचित रहेगा क्योंकि 'उन्होंने' उस गहनता के साथ मुझसे बात की कि अचानक मैं सांसारिक दर्शन, उपभोक्तावाद और आध्यात्म के आगोश में बहने लगा। जो अनश्वर स्वर मेरे कानों की शोभा बढ़ाने के लिये निकले, उन्होंने मुझे अपनी समस्या का हल दे दिया। मगर विरोधाभास यही है कि जो चीज़ें दिखने में सरल होती हैं उनकी परिपक्वता अत्यंत जटिल होती है।

उन्होंने कहा - 'कल का अखबार उठा ले - वरीयता अनुसार कोई ऐसा अखबार जिसे शायद ही कोई पढ़ता हो। टाइम्स या हिन्दू नहीं, एम्प्लॉयमेंट न्यूज़ की एक प्रति ले आ। क्या बढ़िया लेख छपते हैं, वाह ! - होता भी तो एक ही है - तो चुनने में भी ज़्यादा मेहनत नहीं करनी पड़ेगी। बस एक दिक्कत है...' 'क्या?' मैंने नींद से जागकर पूछा।

'अनुवाद करना पड़ेगा। कोई बात नहीं, किसी जूनियर को पकड़ा देना।

- क्या ऐसा करना चोरी नहीं कहलायेगा? देखा नहीं विश्वनाथन का क्या हुआ था।'

-अरे चुप! ये सब फिज़ूल की बातें हैं। वैसे भी आजकल पढ़ता कौन है? तू जो लिखेगा, वो भी ज़्यादा से ज़्यादा कितने लोग पढ़ेंगे, दो या तीन ! वैसे भी आजकल यह जितने गुरु महात्मा बन गये हैं, क्या करते हैं? सब पुराना माल रीसाइकल करते हैं। मगर जनता तो पागल हो जाती है। वी आई पी तक इनमें शामिल हैं। यही आज का नियम है। खुद ही सोच - लोग सालों से लिखते आ रहे हैं - एक ही चीज़ के बारे में और तब भी लोग पढ़ते हैं - और उनकी चांदी होती है। नया साहित्य तो एक बहाना है। सभी वही पुरानी चीज़ें घुमा फिरा कर लिखते हैं। वैसे भी साहित्य क्या है? अगर मेरी तुलना को अन्यथा न माने तो साहित्य की सबसे अच्छी तुलना चने से की जा सकती है। चाहो तो

चने की दाल तैयार, मसाला डालो और मज़े लो। नहीं तो बेसन बनाओ और चीले खाओ, चने का आटा बनाओ और साग के साथ चटखारे ले कर जीमो। घोड़ा खाए तो साठों की रफ्तार पर भागे और आदमी खाए तो चबैने का मज़ा, साथ में गुड हो तो कहने ही क्या।

इतनी अमर वाणी सुन मैं निढाल हो चुका था। धन्यवाद के साथ मैंने परम ज्ञानी मित्र से विदा ली। मैं वाकई नहीं जानता था कि जो भी आज तक लिखा गया वो सब चोरी थी। अगर आप उन तीन चार लोगों में से हैं जो वाकई पढ़ते हैं तो आप ये लेख पढ़कर ज़रूर बता दीजियेगा कि क्या मेरा ये लेख आपने इससे पहले कहाँ पढ़ रखा है?

शास्त्र

स्फोट

श्री मनोज पांडेय

स्फुटयते ध्वनिमिरभिव्यज्यते इति यह स्फोट शब्द की व्युत्पत्ति है। वस्तुओं का रूप परिवर्तित होता है, फिर भी उनके मूल तत्व में कोई परिवर्तन नहीं होता। मेज काष्ठ का परिवर्तित रूप है, आभूषण किसी भी धातु के परिवर्तित रूप को धारण करती हैं, परंतु धातु नहीं बदलती। इसी प्रकार विनाशी वर्ण, शब्द ध्वनि रूप होकर मूल शब्द-तत्त्व है। इसी को स्फोट कहते हैं। शैव इसी को बिंदु और नाद कहते हैं।

हमारा अन्तःकरण नेत्रादि इंद्रियों के द्वारा संसार में उपस्थित पदार्थों पर पहुँचकर वैसा ही रूप धारण कर लेता है। अन्तःकरण को सक्रिय या अनावृत कर देता है। चूँकि यह चेतन मन की सूक्ष्म दृष्टि है अतः यह आकार अधिकतर प्रत्यक्ष होता है। ठीक इसी प्रकार शब्द वर्णध्वनियों के माध्यम से अर्धगत स्फोट उत्पन्न करते हैं। ध्वनि के बगैर स्फोट प्रभाव की परिकल्पना सम्भव ही नहीं है। व्याकरणाचार्यों ने वाक् (वाणी) को परा पश्यंती मध्यमा और बैखरी इन चारों रूपों में एक मत से स्वीकार किया है। भर्तृहरि का मत इस विषय में भिन्न है। उनके मत का मैं यहाँ उल्लेख नहीं करना चाहूँगा। नाटक में भी ध्वनि का बहुत महत्व है। या यह भी कह सकते हैं कि संवाद कला का नाट्य में विशिष्ट स्थान है। उपरोक्त चारों वाणियों में बैखरी को हम सभी सुनते हैं। बैखरी वाणी का उद्भव स्थान नाभिमूल है। उच्चारण स्थानों से उच्चरित होकर कानों में पड़ती है। (देखें आखर विखर) बैखरी अनुभव की परिधि में आ जाती है। लेकिन ये अनुभव स्फोट का (ध्वनि का) चरम रूप नहीं हैं। कारण, श्रोता के मन में एक संस्कार होता है जो अर्थतत्त्व को कई बार बगैर ध्वनि के भी ग्रहण कर लेता है - जैसे नाटक में जनांतिक के माध्यम से पात्र कुछ कहता है। दर्शक सुन नहीं पाता, किंतु संस्कार के द्वारा भाव ग्रहण कर रस लेता है। वैयाकरणों ने इसे पदपदार्थ बोध की संज्ञा दी है। भाषा सीखने वाला बालक अ, इ, उ आदि वर्णों की ध्वनियों को सुनकर दोहराता है और ध्वनि तत्त्व (स्फोट) को पकड़ कर भाषा ज्ञान का ककहरा सीखता है। बल्कि कई बार जो शब्द बालक पहले अपने आप बोलता है वह भी ध्वनि तत्त्व के कारण ही सीखता है जो उसे परिवार के सदस्यों से सुनने को मिलते हैं। उपनिषदों ने इसे शब्दब्रह्म के रूप में प्रतिस्थापित किया। पाणिनी ने इसी शब्दब्रह्म को आत्मसात कराने के लिये स्थूलरूप वर्णों की अभूतपूर्व वन्दना की है। संज्ञा प्रकरण उसी वन्दना का परिपक्व फल है। र व (रु शब्दे) नागेश ने 'रुदा को जो कि नाद या ध्वनि के अधिष्ठाता हैं, को उसी रूप में (ध्वनि रूप में) पूजा है।' द्यावापृथिव्यौ जो कि रोदसी नाम से भी जानी जाती है के विपरीत नीरव शब्द को निःशब्द रूप में रखा गया है।

सूर्य को हम सभी 'रवि' के रूप में जानते हैं। सूर्योदय के पश्चात सारी सृष्टि रव (ध्वनि/शब्द) युक्त हो जाती है। इसलिये रवि यानि ध्वनिवाहक संज्ञा सूर्य को दी गयी है और उसके लिये उपयुक्त भी है।

स्फोट से पूर्व ही हमें ध्वनि पर विचार कर लेना चाहिये ताकि 'स्फोट' सुन्दर हो अन्यथा विस्फोट होने की

सम्भावना प्रबल हो जाएगी। रहीम इस स्फोट विस्फोट रहस्य को जानते थे- 'हिये तराजू तौलिये तब मुख निकसत बान।' **व्यंग्य**

मोहल्ले के कुत्ते

अरविन्दनाभ शुक्ल

श्राद्धों का मौसम चल रहा था। कुत्ते दावतें उड़ाने में व्यस्त थे। पंडित जी अपना झोला लिए किसी घर की ओर बढ़ते दिखाई दिए नही कि श्वानवृन्द ऊर्ध्वकर्ण होकर उनके पीछे-पीछे चल पड़ता। इधर पंडितजी साँकल खटखटाकर दरवाज़ा खुलने का इंतज़ार करते और उधर पूँछ संचालन का कार्य अबाध गति से प्रारम्भ हो जाता। पंडितजी दरवाज़ा खोलने वाले जजमान के लिए हाथ उठाकर आशीर्वचनावली का गान करते और कूँ कूँ का स्वर उनकी संगत देता। अन्दर से मंत्र पढ़ने की आवाज़ें आती तो बाहर रसीले व्यंजनों के स्मरण मात्र से चलायमान जिह्वाओं के लपलपाने की ध्वनि। इसके बाद खान-पान का कार्यक्रम प्रारम्भ होता। बुभुक्षित जनपथसंचारी कुत्तों का दल चबूतरे पर रखे हुए भोज्य पदार्थों की ओर झपट पड़ता। आपस में खूब कहासुनी होती। छीनाझपटी के दौर चलते। दंत-नखशर्तों का आदान-प्रदान होता। भागदौड़ होती। लड़ाई-झगड़े होते। विविध स्वरों में एक-दूसरे पर दोषारोपण होता। देखने वाले उस दिव्य दृश्य का भरपूर आनन्द लेते और हँस-हँसकर उन चित्र-विचित्र भाव-भंगिमाओं का बखान करते।

कुत्तों में कुछ नेतानुमा कुत्ते भी थे। वे लड़ते-झगड़ते थे। छीना-झपटी करते थे। काटते-खसोटते थे। खाना देने वाले के सामने दो पैरों पर खड़े होकर पूँछ भी हिलाते थे और साथ ही अपने साथियों पर यह भी जताते थे कि उन्हें यह सब पसन्द नहीं। एक दिन खाना देने वाले ने खाना दिया। कुछ को मिला कुछ को नहीं मिला। जिन्हें मिला उन्होंने थोड़ा और पाने के लिए तथा जिन्हें नहीं मिला उन्होंने सिर्फ पाने के लिए पेट दिखाकर और उछल-कूदकर देने वाले की चिरौरी प्रारम्भ किया। शायद बुरे मूड दिन उसे वह सब लगा। यह तो नहीं है कि हो वह अच्छा ही लगे। वैसे आवश्यक तो यह भी नहीं है कि जो अच्छा हो वह ही अच्छा लगे। कारण कुछ भी रहा हो पर हुआ यह कि उसने एक कुत्ते के पेट पर जमाकर पाद-प्रहार किया। दो चार उच्च गुणवत्ता की गालियाँ दीं। उन्हें उनके जाति-नाम से सम्बोधित किया और भविष्य में आसपास न दिखाई देने की ताकीद भी कर दी।

चोटिल कुत्ते ने अपने नेताओं से शिकायत की। शिकायत हुई तो नेताओं के लिए भी कुछ न कुछ करना अनिवार्य हो गया। उन्होंने सिर जोड़कर आपात् कालीन सभा की। स्वाभाविक बात है कि एजेंडा 'कुत्तों के आत्मसम्मान की रक्षा' ही था। विचार-विमर्श हुआ। उस दौरान चमत्कारिक रूप से न तो कोई झगड़ा हुआ और न ही किसी बात पर किसी ने असहमति व्यक्त की। जन्म-जन्म के शत्रु कुत्ते एक दूसरे को अत्यंत सम्मानजनक सम्बोधनों से पुकार रहे थे। भाई-चारा अपने घरम पर था। कुत्तावाद नेताओं की रगों में खून बनकर बहने लगा था।

काफी लम्बे विचारविमर्श के बाद एक छुटभैये श्वाननेता ने सुझाव दिया, 'हमें अपना एक प्रतिनिधि मंडल गृहस्वामी के पास भेजना चाहिए और उसे सूचित करना चाहिए कि उसकी हरकत हम कुत्तों पर नागवार गुज़री है। भले ही हम कुत्ते हों पर खून हमारा भी लाल ही है। पड़े ही शक्ल न मिलती हो पर उसके और हमारे कुछ गुण तो

अवश्य ही मिलते हैं। सच्ची बात तो यह है कि अदमी हमारा गुरु है। हमने पूँछ हिलाना उससे सीखा, पूँछ दबाना उससे सीखा, दाँत दिखाना उससे सीखा, खीसें निपोरना उससे सीखा और अगर अतिशयोक्ति न समझें तो हमने अधिकांश कुत्तापन ही उससे सीखा है।

'भाइयों, नेताजी ने जो कहा है अपनी ओर से सोच समझ कर ही कहा होगा, पर मेरा मात कुछ और है। मेरी बात सुनने में कठोर ज़रूर लगेगी लेकिन सच्चाई यही है कि अब कुत्तागिरी पर उतर आने का समय आ चुका है। अगली बार जब घर का मालिक खाना देने आता है तब रोटी पकड़ने के स्थान पर उसका हाथ ही धर दबोचा जाए।' युवा-श्वान-संघ के युवा महामंत्री ने राय दी।

दलित कुक्कुर प्रकोष्ठ का कार्यकारी सचिव जो युवा श्वान संघ के महामंत्री-पद पर कई महीनों से नज़र जमाए था बोला, 'हमें इतना ऊपर उठने की क्या आवश्यकता है ? सबसे आसान तो यह है कि उसका पाँव ही पकड़ लिया जाए। चार दाँत गड़ा दिए जाएँ। बदला भी पूरा हो जाएगा और उस आततायी को सबक भी मिल जाएगा।'

एक मँझोले नेता ने कहा, 'बात तो पते की है लेकिन इससे होने वाले लाभ हानि पर तो विचार कर लो। हमने इस आदमी की बदौलत बहुत दावतें उड़ाई हैं। अगर हमने इसे नुकसान पहुँचाने की कोशिश की तो ध्यान रखो भविष्य में मैं एक-एक टुकड़े को मोहताज़ हो जाऊँगे। कुछ ऐसी जुगत सोचो जिसमें रंग लगे न फिटकरी और रंग चोखा ही चोखा।'

एक बुजुर्ग नेता बहुत देर से चुपचाप बैठा था। उसके गले में एक पट्टा पड़ा हुआ था जिसे वह व्यवस्था से विद्रोह का चिह्न कहा करता था। वैसे कुछ शरारती कुत्ते उसे भूतपूर्व पालतू कुत्ता भी कहते थे जिसे उसकी नाफरमानियों की वजह से उसके मालिक ने बाहर का रास्ता दिखा दिया था। वह बुजुर्ग नेता अचानक ऊँचे स्वर में बोला -

'हमारे सामने चार प्रश्न हैं - किससे बदला लेना है, क्यों बदला लेना है, कैसे बदला लेना है और सबसे महत्वपूर्ण बात यह है कि किसका बदला लेना है ? जब तक इन चार प्रश्नों का जवाब नहीं मिलता तब तक हम कुछ भी करने की स्थिति में नहीं हैं। इन चार में से दो जवाब मेरे पास हैं। हमे आदमी से बदला लेना है। बदला इसलिए लेना है क्योंकि आदमी ने हमारे एक भाई के पेट पर लात मारी है। कैसे बदला लेना है इस बात पर विचार विमर्श हो ही रहा है। अब सवाल यह है कि हमें किसका बदला लेना है ?'

'अपने भाई का बदला लेना है।', युवा नेता तपाक् से बोला।

'अपनी इसी समझ की वजह से तो आजतक धास काट रहे हो। व्यक्तिगत झगड़े को सामुदायिक रंग देने का क्या अर्थ है ? बदला तुम्हें या मुझे लेने की ज़रूरत क्या है ? क्या लात तुम्हें लगी है ? नहीं न ! तो फिर ? मैं तुम सबसे बड़ा कुत्ता हूँ, इसीलिए कहता हूँ कि दूसरों के फटे में टाँग अड़ाने कोशिश मत करो। क्रंतिकारियों की तरह सोचने में अपना समय ज़ाया मत करो। नेताओं की तरह सोचो, नेताओं की तरह।' बुजुर्ग नेता ने उत्तर दिया।

इतना कहकर बुजुर्ग नेता चुप हो गया। सभा में थोड़ी देर तक चुप्पी छाई रही। सभी छोटे-बड़े, मँझोले-छुटभैये, नये-पुराने, कुत्तावादी-रोटीवादी नेता इस बात को आत्मसात करने में जुट गए। जो अभी तक दूसरे के साथ हुए अपमानजनक व्यवहार को लेकर चिंतित थे अचानक सच्चे योगियों की तरह बाह्य से अंतः की ओर उन्मुख हो गए। कुछ काल की नितांत चिंतनपूर्ण चुप्पी के बाद एक श्वान-शिरोमणी ने प्रस्ताव रखा कि इस अवसर पर वरिष्ठता और अनुभव की कद करते हुए अंतिम निर्णय बुजुर्ग कुत्ते को करने दिया जाय। सभी ने इस प्रस्ताव का स्वागत किया तथा सहमति में अपनी अपनी पूँछ लहराई। यद्यपि कुछ पूँछें ज्यादा ऊँची नहीं उठी थीं तथापि अंतिम निर्णय का अधिकार बुजुर्गवार को सौंप दिया गया।



बुजुर्ग नेता ने रात के समय आम सभा बुलाई। मौहल्ले के कोने कोने से तरह तरह के कुत्ते सभा में शिरकत करने के लिए आने लगे। रमल्ला हलवाई की भट्टी के पीछे जब कुत्तों का जमावड़ा हो गया तब बुजुर्ग नेता अपने चले-चपाटों के साथ आ पधारे। चेलों ने किंकिया-किंकियाकर कुक्कुर जाति की प्रतिष्ठा में नारे लगवाए। सम्मान के साथ नेताजी के पट्टे को बार बार चाटा। नेताजी की प्रशस्ति में कूकरी गान का आयोजन हुआ। इसके बाद पूरे तामझाम के साथ नेताजी भट्टी पर चढ़ गए। उन्होंने एक बार पुनः जाति का जयघोष किया। फिर गला खँखार कर बोले -

'भाइयों और भगिनियों, आज के ऐतिहासिक अवसर पर इतने श्वान-सम्मर्द को देखकर मेरा हृदय गदगद हो गया है। अब मैं दावे के साथ कह सकता हूँ कि हमारी जाति की सम्मान-रक्षा कठिन नहीं है। जैसा कि आप सभी जानते ही हैं कि एक मनुष्य ने हमारे स्वत्व को ललकारा है। हमारी खुदारी को गाली दी है। यह एक मनुष्य और कुत्ते के बीच जन्मा कोई साधारण विवाद नहीं है। यह तो टकराव है बुर्जुआ प्रवृत्ति और सदियों से दबाई और कुचली जा रही आम जनता की आवाज का। समय आ पहुँचा है कि जब हमें अपनी धूधनी को ऊँचा उठाकर अपने वंशजों के साथ हुए अपमानजनक बर्ताव का प्रतिकार करना होगा। हे युगकर्णधार ! कुक्कुर समाज ! अगर तू इस विषय को पी गया तब तेरी आने वाली बस्त्रें गुलामी के अभिशाप को हरपल भोगेंगी। साथियों, अगर आज आप लोग चुप्पी साध गए तो कभी भी बोल न पाओगे।'

चारों ओर से हुंकारें भरने की आवाज़ें आने लगीं। सदियों से टोंगों के बीच में घुसी हुई पूँछें अचानक ऊपर उठकर बड़े वेग से लहाराने लगीं। कोई-कोई वीर तो मारे जोश के अपने पंजों से ज़मीन खुरचने लगा। दाँतों के घिसे हुए किनारे सड़क के खम्भे पर लगी जलती-बुझती द्यूब की रोशनी में चमकमाने लगे। लगा कि क्रांति मौहल्ले की सीमा तक आ पहुँची है।

बुजुर्ग नेता ने एक बार चारों ओर नज़र घुमाकर सामने बैठे कुत्तों पर अपनी बात के असर को परखा और फिर संतोष के साथ आगे कहना प्रारम्भ किया -

'हमारे सामने एक ही रास्ता है और वह है असहयोग का। कल फिर वह दुष्ट मनुष्य खाना डालने आएगा। आज, आज, ले, ले, तो, तो की ध्वनि के साथ हमें पुकारेगा। हमें अपने मन पर काबू रखना होगा। कही मन भटक न जाये, इसलिए किसी ऐसी जगह जा छिपना होगा जहाँ से न तो वह हमें दिखाई दे और न ही उसकी आवाज़ ही हमें सुनाई दे। एक न एक दिन मजबूरी का मारा मनुष्य हमारे पास अवश्य आएगा और हमसे खाने के लिए मिन्नतें करेगा। उस समय हमारा पलड़ा भारी होगा और हम अपनी शर्तों पर उसे नचाएंगे। बोलो, है मंज़ूर ?'

चारों ओर से आवाज़ें आने लगी, 'मंज़ूर है, मंज़ूर है। आपकी बात बिल्कुल सही है। ऐसा ही होगा।'

इसके बाद सभा समाप्त हुई। नेताजी की जयजयकार हुई। कुत्ते छोटे छोटे दलों में अपनी भावी विजय पर चर्चा करते हुए प्रस्थान कर गए। सड़क के खम्भे पर लगी द्यूब और भी तेज़ी से जलने-बुझने लगी।

अगला दिन आया। कुत्ते मनुष्य के घर के आसपास ही घूमते रहे। वे मनुष्य के सामने ही उसकी रोटी छोड़कर जाना चाहते थे। वे अपने असहयोग को यथाशक्ति अभिव्यक्त करना चाहते थे। उनके लिए यह अस्मिता का प्रश्न था। मान-सम्मान का प्रश्न था। कुत्तों को लगता था कि उनका सारा भविष्य दाँव पर है। अतीत की कालिख से निकलकर वर्तमान की रोशनी में आने का अवसर वे किसी भी कीमत पर खोना नहीं चाहते थे। उनकी दृष्टि घर के द्वार पर टिकी थी। धीरे धीरे परीक्षा की घड़ी आन पहुँची। दरवाज़ा खुला। हाथ में भोज्य पदार्थ लिए मनुष्य बाहर निकला। उसने कुत्तों को पुकारा। तय योजना के अनुसार कुत्ते मुँह फेरकर वहाँ से चलते बने। मनुष्य ठगा सा यह दृश्य देखता

रहा। उसकी समझ में नहीं आ रहा था कि वह क्या करे। तभी उसने एक बुजुर्ग कुत्ते को अपनी ओर आते देखा। उसके गले में पट्टा पड़ा हुआ था। उसकी पूँछ बड़ी तेज़ी के साथ हिल रही थी। उसकी आँखों में खुशामद भरी चमक थी। कुत्ते ने आते ही ज़मीन पर लेंटर अपना पेट दिखाया। कूँ कूँ की आत्मसमर्पणात्मक ध्वनि की। आदमी ने खाना उसके सामने फेंक दिया। कुत्ते ने क्षणभर में भोज समाप्त किया और तय योजना के उत्तरार्द्ध का पालन करते हुए किसी गुप्त स्थान पर छिपने के लिए चला गया।

यह एक ही दिन हुआ हो, ऐसा नहीं है। यह घटना रोज़ रोज़ दोहराई जाने लगी। आज भी दोहराई जा रही है। बुजुर्ग नेताजी का स्वास्थ्य उत्तरोत्तर उन्नति के पथ पर बढ़ता जा रहा है। असहयोग भी चल रहा है। सब योजना के अनुसार ठीक-ठाक ही चल रहा है।

बस मौहल्ले के कुत्ते थोड़े असमंजस में हैं कि क्रांति मौहल्ले की सीमा को पार करके भीतर क्यों नहीं आ रही है।

विचार

जैसी करनी वैसी भरनी

कौस्तुभ वर्मा

सन् 1974 की बात है, भारत के राजनीतिक एवं वैज्ञानिक क्षेत्रों में बड़ी हलचल थी। भारत ने श्रीमती इन्दिरा गांधी के नेतृत्व एक लम्बा कदम आगे बढ़ाते हुए पहली बार पोखरण में परमाणु परीक्षण किये। वे डॉ. होमी जहाँगीर भाभा की योग्यता के कारण सफल तो हुए ही पर इसके साथ साथ पाकिस्तानी आतंकवाद को भी करारा झटका लगा। भारत ने अन्य राष्ट्रों के समझौतों की उपेक्षा करते हुए, यह सिद्ध कर दिया कि भारत के पास मौलिक, स्वदेशी हथियारों को बनाकर आतंकवाद से लड़ने की क्षमता है।

इसके पश्चात भारत पर अंतरराष्ट्रीय प्रतिबंध लगाने प्रारम्भ किये गये। एक के बाद एक भारत के आयात - निर्यात पर पाबन्दी लगायी गयी। अमेरिका तथा अन्य समर्थक देशों को भारत का ये दुस्साहस सोवियत संघ की तरफ बढ़ते झुकाव का इशारा प्रतीत हुआ। पूंजीवाद और समाजवाद में बँटी दुनिया में भारत को आतंकवाद का नहीं, अपितु पश्चिमी देशों का भी दुश्मन माना जाने लगा।

भारत के विदेशी सम्बंध बुरी स्थिति में थे और अर्धव्यवस्था भी बिखर रही थी। 1962 के चीनी युद्ध के समय किसी भी देश ने भारत की मदद नहीं की थी। समानता, प्रजातंत्र और संवैधानिक अधिकारों के रखवाले माने जाने वाले देश-ब्रिटेन, फ्रांस या अमेरिका, किसी ने भी इस बुरे समय में भारत का साथ नहीं दिया।

इसके विपरीत इन देशों ने भारत को भी विभाजित दुनिया में अपना शत्रु स्वीकार कर लिया। इसका परिणाम यह हुआ कि सोवियत संघ के दक्षिण एशिया में प्रभाव को कम करने और उसका सामना करने के लिये अमेरिका ने पाकिस्तानी सरकार को नये हथियारों और बमों से युक्त करना प्रारम्भ कर दिया।

नवीन तकनीकों से बने खतरनाक हथियार 'कोल्डवार' की नीति के तहत पाकिस्तानी सरकार तथा अन्य समर्थक देशों को दिये जाने लगे। भारत और सोवियत संघ का मुकाबला करने के चक्कर में वे यह नहीं समझ पाये कि इससे आतंकवाद और अराजकतावाद को बढ़ावा मिलेगा। अमेरिका ने तीस साल तक भारत विरोधी नीति रखकर और पाकिस्तान को शक्तिशाली बनाकर अपने ही पैरों पर कुल्हाड़ी मार ली।

अब जाकर, 2006 में अमेरिका को एहसास हुआ है कि उससे भूल हो गयी और भारत - अमेरिका परमाणु समझौता इसी बात का संकेत है कि उनकी नीति में आखिरकार बदलाव आ गया है। अपने दिल पर 9/11 आतंकवादी हमले झेल कर अमरीका को समझ आ गया है कि भारत सही था न कि पाकिस्तान। जैसा उन्होंने किया वैसा ही पाया।

ON THE ROAD

Philip Burrett on a journey that made him explore more than just his external world

I am not going to bore you with mundane details of my trip on two wheels to Ladakh this summer. Yet, it has provided me with much food for thought. There has been enough time between now and the event for me to reflect objectively on what happened to me on the trip: why I took it, how it changed me, and other such important questions.

The trip for me was not about getting to a destination. Life, I believe, is more about the journey than the reaching there. After 1000 km towards Leh I had savoured enough, reflected enough and laughed enough and wanted to turn back – maybe all the other excuses were for the press. It was the breeze blowing through my helmet, the scenery drifting past, and the blue-domed geography lessons I learnt, that sufficed. I had set myself a challenge and by the time I turned back, I had given myself pass marks and I found there were no more fresh challenges along the way. There is also the question of losing interest in a task once I am past half-way; that, too, cannot be ruled out.

All journeys I have undertaken have had to do with people, and not places. Here, too, it was the camaraderie and friendships as well as the petty squabbles over money, what to eat, where to stop, who will grease the chains and the rest of it, that made the journey worthwhile. No trip can ever leave the human equation unaffected – bonds either grow stronger or they fade. Even when I have journeyed alone, there are invisible people who have inspired it or who I carried along or was running away from. It is difficult for me to think of a journey being only about machines and landscapes.

All the time I thought, what if we had a puncture, engine trouble or any of the myriad problems that could stall our progress? This is because, as a person, I am a planner and want to avoid problems. So I have back-ups and back-ups for back-ups (check what a man puts in his backpack for a journey, and you will learn lots about him)! As it happened, we had none of the problems that I had feared, but in the end, what experience had we gained? Not much, I am afraid. I have realized that if all goes well, one doesn't learn much. If we had had a spate of impediments enroute, we would have learned how to overcome them, and, as a result, grown in experience, and learnt from our

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When the mind is switched off, it forces one to live the present, which is therapeutic, almost mystical.

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mistakes. We passed many bikers but only one of them was really in trouble with an engine that had no compression and refused to start. We stopped to help, but had to leave them in the wind-swept rocky wilderness and move on – rather selfishly, I thought at the time. On our way back, I had half-expected to see them being eaten by vultures, but that was not the case – they had solved their problems in some way, and had grown as a result and were more experienced than I was, because I still had to learn what to do in such a

situation.

Travelling along long, lonely stretches in uninhabited terrain, one is likely to fall into a semi trance-like state, where there is no conscious thinking that is in progress. Marathon runners talk about this during training – when they are too tired to think and so are in a 'thoughtless' state. For me, this state is akin to deep contemplation and prayer. I am reminded of Pasternak who said he got most of his literary inspiration while engrossed in hard physical labour in his potato fields. When the mind is switched off, it forces one to live the present, which is therapeutic, almost mystical. Yet, while there were times when one looked at the breathtaking scenery and wondered how things were back home, or when the car insurance was due, there were times when I slipped into what Eckhart Tolle calls 'the now', which leads to great inner awareness.

Before any journey, people will give all manner of unsolicited advice – mainly of the negative kind. They will tell you about the dangers and the problems. I say to you that if the 'unexamined life is not worth living' then the risk-less journey is not worth taking. Cheap thrills have never been my cup of tea, but risk in adventure which teaches one about who one really is, is well worth it. Plan by all means, dig deep into your experience, but you will always meet strange beasts and have unique adventures and yet you will survive. Sometimes in life, one must leap without looking. I think it is my midterms at Doon that have reinforced this belief.

I learned that there still lurks in me an impetuous child who is in need of adventure, and believe there is that child in all of us. Is this why I am a teacher? It is no child's play to take small 150 cc bikes to 17000 feet and cross raging torrents and risk the elements, but it is the child in me that drives me to do such things and which refuses to surrender. I encountered this part of me and realized that the recognition of this and giving in to this inner child is what really makes me happy. Jung calls this the *puer aeternus* (eternal child) quality, and it is this that beckons me to leave the safety of the known and to venture into the unknown like a child exploring secret, hidden, and sometimes, forbidden places.

After a hectic term at school, where one comes in contact with so many people, exuberant boys, questioning parents, demanding colleagues, there is always an inner need to move to a quieter pace to confront the inner chaos and to reflect on the months gone by, and travelling into the wilderness of Ladakh provided this polarity between people and solitude, noise and silence, extraversion and introversion. While the journey was not always smooth riding, it did provide those quiet moments that bring peace and the wisdom that one absorbs from simple people and their unspoilt landscape.

Every journey teaches us something about ourselves and this one was no different. All of life is a groping for self-knowledge, and it is only in hardship that one's true self emerges. Often one may not like the real self that one encounters – the fearful, the timid and the selfish people that we don't know we are. But the truth is the only thing that really counts, and so I plan my next trip, perhaps along the Mumbai-Goa highway via Ratnagiri. Any takers?

K.P. Somaiah
 Winner of the
 Dr. Shankar Dayal Sharma
 English Essay
 Contest **2006** (Juniors)

The importance of the home environment in the formation of character

"Fourteen year-old son shoots father because of scolding!" screamed the newspaper headlines. "Missing Daughter," blazed another. Do you sometimes wonder who is to blame? The new 'Gen-X' wants to be cool, the image which you present to your friends is all that matters. It is an embarrassment to bring your friends home and have them see your mother wearing a sari, speaking in the vernacular, doing some household chore. Your father has to look slim and stylish and exude an air of material success. In short everything around you becomes just another fashion accessory. There is no room for time honoured values like love and respect and all that matters now is yourself and your personal freedom, even if it is at the cost of others.

I myself used to have friends like this in my old school and I feel sad to say, but their hurtful and uncaring attitude was born out of being neglected by their parents and loved ones. Scenarios in households where both the mother and father are working are now increasingly becoming a reality. The parents have no time to spare for their children in their hectic schedules. The result, the kids are left with a little money to go eat out or do whatever they like. The only person waiting for them at home after a tiring day is the servant, who doesn't even care about them. Whatever happened to home-cooked meals where everybody ate together or the lovingly prepared 'dabbas' for school? The kids grow used to this routine, having little or no communication or guidance from their parents and in turn lose all consideration for them. Suddenly there are too many squabbles in the family. Everyone wants to do their own thing. The family goes to the multiplex together and everyone ends up seeing different movies on their own. The children growing up in this kind of environment are horribly self-centred and ungrateful. They are not well-groomed or courteous because no one has ever taught them and are extremely insecure for want of attention. They grow up to be lonely, miserable people.

Then comes the exact opposite, the spoilt, rich-kid syndrome. They want for nothing. They possess all the fancy toys and latest gadgets. They always have their way and never care about getting into trouble, because daddy's money will bail them out. They want to go to the most hip hangouts among their social circle and want to be cool no matter what it takes. Many of them end up addicted to drugs, become heavy drinkers or chain smokers. Many girls end up having an unexpected pregnancy after trying to have a 'good-time' at a late night party. They grow up to be dysfunctional adults who want to control everything around them and expect the world to grovel at their feet and answer their every beck and call.

Then there are people growing up in highly abusive and violent environments. Mom and Dad are always arguing. Dad takes out his frustration by beating the mother and children. He is an alcoholic. So is she. They're

hardly ever at home. One night the father does not come home. He is found in the gutter the next morning, half-dead because of taking too many drugs. He is fired from his job. A messy and traumatic divorce ensues. The kids are given to the mother for custody. The kids grow up to be violent, antisocial elements, dependent on drugs and cannot understand concepts such as love and commitment for they have never experienced these emotions themselves. They have no morals or values and don't give a damn about the rest of society.

All these children are rebellious and shock the society with their antics, but they are also the future of mankind. They grow closer to their friends, ignore their parents and consider home to be a prison.

Not to say that there are no decent households where children are taught to appreciate people around them. Unfortunately, the numbers are dwindling. Children from these backgrounds who actually spend constructive time with their parents and learn to value people around them are the best kind of people, for they have been given love and they give it back twofold to others.

I, for one firmly believe that the environment you are brought up in determines your character. One can see maladjusted people all around us and we can only change this by bringing up our children in a proper manner. As a child, I would like to appeal to all the parents in the world to love their children and discipline them with a firm, yet a gentle hand and guide them. For the care you provide is what makes them who they are.

I remember seeing a film *Michael Jackson comes to Manekgunj*, in which a young boy kills his mother, who is a common labourer, over an expensive pair of Reebok shoes that he saw on television and demanded from her. I have heard one instance when a young family went off on a holiday, leaving their aged parents locked out of the house. This is not what we want to inculcate in future generations. So we better take care of our children if we don't want to be left out in the cold.

Make Your Day!

Where's the party, dude? At Skinner's tomorrow. **Tata House** hosts the **Pagal Gymkhana** on Founder's this year. We invite everyone to our bash, promising a package of entertainment, excitement and a lot of fun, so be there! Come for the auction. The prices are falling like the leaves in autumn. Parents: Tambola time! DoscOs: Stuff yourselves!



Winds of Change

Sanjiv Bathla's reflection on the passing of the seasons at Chandbagh

*The season has changed – the reason hasn't. Winds of Change!
For a Change! Change?*

Inevitable... Is change the only thing that is always constant? If yes, then where are the fossils and remains of change? Could we go back in time one day? Are we pacing too fast? Is it important to pause for a moment and look behind? Each day, as every Dosco wakes up to better himself, someone, somewhere, will always wonder what has changed in The Doon School. Each passing batch has the same query and leaves with the same apprehensions as to what all will undergo a change here after they have graduated from Chandbagh!

I have spent seven years (E to Sc form) at Doon and am now notching up the sixth year as a teacher. My desire to share my perspective stems from the view of an Old Boy, teacher and also a parent, as my son Siddharth today walks on the same *bajri* and eats at the same Tata House tables in the CDH....but the question remains...what has changed? They still teach Physics here but now in a new science block. The music is alive. The strings of the sitar that could be heard for acres from under the trees around the old music school, is now confined within the new music school. One gets to enjoy it on occasions such as an inter-house music competition or the Founder's Day celebrations. The eucalyptus and the camphor haven't lost their fragrance but the smell of deodorants and gels the boys are getting used to, overpowers it. The autumn still comes with its windfall of leaves that I remember we would crush under our Peshawari chappals. We burnt holes in them, converging rays of the sun through a magnifying glass. Today, the leaf is sometimes swept away before it falls! The campus, of course, looks much cleaner and is immaculately maintained. That's a change! Looking back, I recall that, sometimes classes would be held out in the winter sun or under the shade of the bamboo grove around the Rose Bowl. One could breathe the fresh air, hear the chirping of birds; and the more 'naturally-inclined' would follow the scampering of a squirrel until it disappeared into a hole in a tree trunk. Ipods have today, blocked the sounds of nature. Now the classrooms are getting 'smart' with multimedia and audio visual taking over. The IB is next on the cards. That should be a good change! I hope that day doesn't dawn when a boy won't hear 'His Master's Voice'. Letting boys out of the classroom today is like unleashing wild spirits sometimes. The hangouts have changed. Perhaps these changes are necessary and productive to prepare us for the demands of the changing world outside. To get into St. Stephen's would be a cake-walk in those days. Today one needs a 99%. The whole idea of education has changed. *Buntiks*, wafer chips, and spring rolls served at the Tucky have replaced the joy of climbing *chakotra* (grapefruit) trees and tearing the peel apart with a divider from our geometry box to get to the fruit and stealing juicy guavas and mangoes from the trees in teachers' homes and then, thick as thieves, hiding ourselves on the Tata House tin roofs and enjoying the feast. Inevitably, the Dame would catch us and, in all cases, offer that pinch of salt and red chilly powder to complement the stolen treats, instead of reporting us to the Housemaster. The Dames are as wonderful and still go out of their way to help, but now we don't eat grapefruit anymore! A few more lady teachers is a welcome change. Not only for the boys but also

for their mothers who are now able to confide in and connect better with the same gender for a better perspective.

The Internet and telephone are efficient all over the campus and gift us more information that we can consume. They also bring us close to our parents, so close, that if a boy sneezes, the parent knows instantly, and the Housemaster gets to know only a day later. What is to be done? Is this a good change? I still remember how fantastic it felt to receive that much-awaited handwritten letter from my mum and dad. Their handwritings indicated that both were together, at least while penning those lines. I often imagined hearing their voices while reading their letters. Today, for most of us, even a Diwali wish would be a text on SMS, and that too a 'forwarded' one.

The sunshine is the same, the Mussoorie lights brighter.

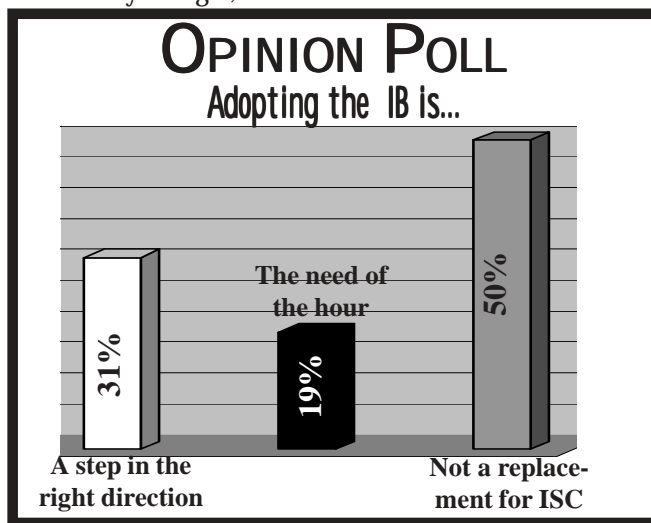
The soul of Chandbagh is the same, perhaps the world's rules tighter.

There is still a charm in breaking rules and busting these bounds. The YC looks the same but the reasons have changed. The Headmaster's announcement, "See me in Break", still sends shivers of dread down the spine. The Scholar's and the Games' Blazers look ever-so-smart, but has the sportsman's spirit remained the same?

Architectural additions and a fifth boarding house: the campus may have changed cosmetically but the house spirit remains the same. The toys and the linen rooms are the same, but how the prefects run the House has changed. Has the idea of midterms, social service and the motive behind achieving an award changed? The School and House colours are still tough to get. Getting a bad chit is the easiest. One late mark still kills the opportunity to sign the prestigious Honours Book. One must be on time. The boys have to learn not to ask for that extra mark just so it looks good on their resume. They must learn to earn it. They also must learn to value each penny their parents spend on their education by making optimum use of what the school has to offer. This attitude is often lacking today.

Change will come; change may be necessary, it may take us forward. But we must pause and look behind. In all the evolutions to come, my very best to the people who make the changes. I hope people have the good sense to accept those changes.

What will never change are the everlasting friendships, the bonds with our seniors, the memories of our teachers and their mannerisms and last, but not the least, the wonderful memories of the years spent at The Doon School. In spite of all the many changes, I still love it here!



“ BEST OF UNQUOTABLE QUOTES ”

They catch a dig.

AKM gets the order wrong.

“We’re going to Ibiza” was sung by Welham Boys’.

Rudra Bajpai, the music-lover.

Aluminium is light-weight in colour.

MTS knows her chemistry.

Stop licking your fingers with your hands.

Nipun Mohan, anatomically challenged.

My ears are as sharp as a hawk’s.

KAR flaps his wings.

Too many broths spoil the cook.

Mansher Dhillon, demanding gourmet.

There will be a lot of dead corpses.

STB envisions World War III.

My seat number is four-and-a-half.

Kushagra Kumar needs more space.

I’m not light, I’m a light.

Rituraj fails to illuminate.

I’m a light-saving power pack.

Rituraj, the conservative environmentalist.

Take a piece of pen and a paper.

Shikhar Singh, going to pieces.

Please off these.

HMD refers to switches.

Let’s see if you can hear it.

HMD wants all senses to be involved.

Look at to me.

MLJ commands attention.

My cousin has been topping the ISC for the last five years.

Vansh Bhatia is full of pride.

I am a man of words.

Vinayak Paliwal pontificates.

Michael Games is the games-in-charge.

Rishabh Bir Singh updates us.

Stop playing like Fele and Madonna.

NTC remembers the soccer legends.

I got to eat only a glass of water.

ARY, the disappointed gourmand.

Whose uncle?

Naman Goel, on hearing about Simon and Garfunkel.

Who’s our class referee?

Vansh Nathani, eager to enter the ring.

I have to make the menu of my Chemistry project.

Eshaaan Keswani, who’s going to eat it?

Music that lifts our breaths to Heaven.

Amay Malik excuses his not brushing.

The Titanic was released in 1912.

Ashish Mitter, student of history.

Give me a list of all the punches in the Boxing Comp.

Parag Rastogi, getting shutta.

Am I a conductor that I must train you?

Shamsher Singh, lecturing his younger brother.

If you have two guns in a bullet..

Parag Rastogi on the art of assassination.

The Earth revolves around the sun.

Sidharth Jai Singh, amateur geographer.

Pigs are kept in poultry farms.

Praman Narain, if pigs had wings.

Holi is the most dange festival of lights.

Akrit Soin, colour blind.

Are you Leagues XI or House XII?

Suryajit Singh, scoping to manage.

This is your permanent seat until tomorrow.

SSM tells Rahil Rai Puri.

I wrote a damn well essay.

Abhaas Shah, grammatical genius.

Dilsher Khanna is a container for school captaincy.

Tanveer Angad Singh has given up scoping.

You should be fast and slow at the same time.

Jaspreet Singh demonstrates double-marktime.

I’m so cool that if you come near me you will melt.

Harsh Mall boasts.

Last wicket to get an over.

Parag Rastogi gives a peptalk to his team.

Does it come in any other colour?

Jagabanta Ningthoujam, asking about the Indian flag.

Three out of the two polls were good.

Siddharth Jai Singh, poll freak.

You! As in Y-E-U!

Niren Bhavanani, the linguist.

Are you doing this to weight lose?

Nikhil Bector enquires.

I am going to fail in Beethoven.

Suhaas Khullar confronts his test paper.

Don’t act like a three-year old adolescent.

KAR chides.

When was Socialism invented?

Niren Bhavanani, the political scientist.

Archie is a comic book superhero.

Akshay Thapan, comic fan.

I’m a tomboy.

Chirag Nangia, very confused.

There are missing pages in my book.

Jaiveer Singh shell-shocked before his English trial.

Your birthday is after assembly tomorrow.

Shaurya Kuthiala wishes Pushparaj.

The angle is more than 45 degrees celcius.

Naman Goel, positively saturated.

I’m going home by airport party.

Saurav Sethia, just dying to get back home.

I’m not a walking-talking unquotable.

Rohanjit Chaudhry being pestered for more unquotables.

She looks good with her hair shut.

Shaurya Kuthiala, going Shakalaka Boom Boom.

Online Edition: <http://www.doonschool.com/magazine>

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Editor-in-Chief: Akaash Pathare **Editor:** Shikhar Singh **Senior Editors:** Rijul Kochhar, Uday Pratap Singh **Hindi Editors:** Amritesh Rai, Suhaas Khullar **Associate Editors:** Ashish Mitter, Naman Goel **Special Correspondents:** Saurav Sethia, Shaurya Kuthiala, Vishnukaant Pitty **Correspondents:** Arjun Sethi, Soumitra Srivastava, Dhruv Velloor **Online Editor:** Gaurav Gupta **Webmaster:** Vishal Mohla **Chief-of-Production:** Ayushman Jamwal **Assistant Managers:** Stuti Bathla, Priya Chaturvedi, Arvindanabha Shukla **Special Assistance:** K.C.Maurya **Photo Credit:** Sanjiv Bathla **Graphics:** Vishnukaant Pitty

