In 2004, The Doon School and HESCO (Himalayan Environmental Studies and Conservation Organisation) adopted the village of Fatehpur in order to help it attain self-sustenance. Since then, groups of enthusiastic Doscos have been going to the village regularly to continue the legacy.

This time, for the RSIS project, 19 students, accompanied by 6 teacher escorts, from Round Square schools around the world took part in the project which lasted two weeks from December 9 to 23. The project saw participation by students from every part of the world: Australia, Canada, South Africa, the United Kingdom and India.

Aditi Joshi and I were chosen to represent The Doon School at the conference. We were escorted by AKC and AKS, both of whom took an active part in the project.

Till the last minute, it was uncertain as to whether the project would take place in the aftermath of the Bombay blasts of November 26. It was touch and go till the last minute. Fortunately, the organizers decided to go ahead with the project as planned. Unfortunately, four students opted out of the project at the last moment, voicing safety concerns.

All the students arrived at Dehradun from where we proceeded to the SKCC hostel. The very next morning we launched ourselves into a packed schedule, beginning with yoga on the rooftop. Waking up at 6:30 in the morning, in freezing December temperatures, was definitely not pleasant! Strangely enough, after the third day we began to enjoy yoga and it no longer seemed like a punishment for us.

We would leave for the worksite at 9 o’clock by bus and would be back by three, all sweaty and exhausted, just in time for lunch. In the afternoon again we would leave for the worksite at around 3:30 to be back at five in the evening.

The work was strenuous but there was nothing that we could not handle. We were divided into groups, each headed by a group-leader who kept a vigilant eye on the students ensuring that they did not overstrain themselves and that they undertook proper safety precautions.

The work involved making bricks, laying stones for the foundation of a new house and raising the walls up till roof height. The highlight was that we managed to complete ten roofs in seven days. Apart from this, we dug a soakage pit for a toilet to be constructed.

Towards the middle of the project, a short, two-day trip to Rishikesh had been planned for us. We all had a great time, treating the foreign students to a variety of Indian food items. Shopping never seemed to end as everything seemed to fascinate them: from cloth bags for ten rupees to scarves to imitation silver jewellery for 150 rupees.

On our way back from Rishikesh, we passed by Dehradun where they indulged in a little more shopping. We even made a brief stopover at School where Aditi and I had the privilege of escorting our guests around.

We reached Fatehpur, recharged and rejuvenated, and all set to complete the remainder of our work. By the end, our coordinators were running out of tasks for us, for we were completing the work at such remarkable speed that we were giving them a hard time figuring out new tasks for us to complete!

Every evening after dinner, the students would put up presentations pertaining to social and political issues regarding their country. Some came with documentary films, others with Powerpoint presentations. One even wrote a song on the severe drought being faced in Australia... ‘Save the water... and drink the beer’.

I found the entire experience thoroughly rewarding as it made me more self-confident and helped me grow as a person. There was a remarkable atmosphere of camaraderie among the students. Since there were students from diverse cultural backgrounds, each brought a unique colour to the project. Interacting with the villagers was truly an enriching experience.

We completed the project by December 23, and it was time to go back to Dehradun. The Doon School was already waiting for us in the next week with new activities and projects.
HELPAGE TALK

AK Singh, Joint-Director of HelpAge India, Northern Region, gave a talk on the need for caring for senior citizens across the country, on Saturday, March 26, in the AV Room.

The School is to receive a MIG-23 fighter plane, which has been recently decommissioned. Where would you choose to place it from among the following locations: a) the area between the Swimming Pool and ASH's residence, b) the area between the Art School and the CDH, or c) the garden in front of the Science Block?

39% C
20% A
41% B

(307 members of the School community were polled)

Do you think that movies should be screened in the Rose Bowl?

85% Yes
15% No

(296 members of the School community were polled)

Next Week's Question: After having received the results of the Test Week, do you still believe that the new schedule is better?

The Careers' noticeboard will focus on Marine Engineering as a career choice this week. All those interested must look it up.

The Great Indian Xerox Machine

Vikram Kejriwal


This multi-talented film-maker, painter and designer has created works like Unnati Jain which merged history and aesthetics in a single tape role. People's first reaction on reading his article, however, were the usual phrases such as “Who the hell is he to insult Indian cinema... look at Sholay Millionaire.” Well, to these ‘slumdog’ supporters, I say that this is primarily a British movie with a British director and producer. There are, however, Indian actors and actors of Indian origin in it.

We are so used to seeing releases of every single Bollywood movie that Bollywood movies are reviewed with titles such as ‘Akshay Kumar does a Brad Pit’. This might earn several crores for the industry, but this makes India look like a country which mindlessly apes Hollywood.

Our film industry has lost touch with the creativity, poetry and art of Indian cinema, and instead, Bollywood has become a factory, churning out remixes and copies of Hollywood hits. Today, more stars come from the families of famous actors, and thus, achieve easier fame. The main criteria for an A-level actress is a cosmically-enhanced bosom, a good-looking face and, obviously mediocre acting abilities.

Nowadays, the low-budget movies assure a great experience, not the multi-crore blockbusters. Our horror movies have proven to be more of a comedy than something that would leave us terrified. When was the last time we touched upon our great culture or produced a racy thriller? Hollywood has excellent directors, who delve into every aspect of life, while we continue to use Bollywood like a Xerox machine which duplicates originals and where rivalry among artistes makes for more news than their work, where fierce egotism shatters fledgling hopes and rivalry among artistes makes for more news than their work.

We are so used to seeing releases of every single Bollywood movie that Bollywood movies are reviewed with titles such as ‘Akshay Kumar does a Brad Pitt’. This might earn several crores for the industry, but this makes India look like a country which mindlessly apes Hollywood.

It is not that Indian cinema lacks financial backing, but that the system itself is flawed. Our visual effects and song editing are top-notch, mastered by AR Rahman for music and Abbas-Mustan for visual quality. While the good scripts often turn out to be box office toppers, even the poor ones achieve success with weak storylines but excellent endorsements and widespread publicity. It is this hype before the release of a movie that actually spoils it; merely due to endorsements and widespread publicity. It is this hype before the release of a movie that actually spoils it; merely due to the fact that viewers expect much more from it.

We also lack directors with trademark talent. We need a Peter Jackson to make an epic or a Quentin Tarantino for an edgy, personal-eye view. A Priyadarshan movie is always the same: monotonous and camera-eyed.

What Indian cinema grants today are only millions of titles such as ‘Akshay Kumar does a Brad Pitt’. This might earn several crores for the industry, but this makes India look like a country which mindlessly apes Hollywood.

Our film industry has lost touch with the creativity, poetry and art of Indian cinema, and instead, Bollywood has become a factory, churning out remixes and copies of Hollywood hits. Today, more stars come from the families of famous actors, and thus, achieve easier fame. The main criteria for an A-level actress is a cosmically-enhanced bosom, a good-looking face and, obviously mediocre acting abilities.

Nowadays, the low-budget movies assure a great experience, not the multi-crore blockbusters. Our horror movies have proven to be more of a comedy than something that would leave us terrified. When was the last time we touched upon our great culture or produced a racy thriller? Hollywood has excellent directors, who delve into every aspect of life, while we continue to use Bollywood like a Xerox machine which duplicates originals and where rivalry among artistes makes for more news than their work, where fierce egotism shatters fledgling hopes and rivalry among artistes makes for more news than their work.

We are so used to seeing releases of every single Bollywood movie that Bollywood movies are reviewed with titles such as ‘Akshay Kumar does a Brad Pitt’. This might earn several crores for the industry, but this makes India look like a country which mindlessly apes Hollywood.

It is not that Indian cinema lacks financial backing, but that the system itself is flawed. Our visual effects and song editing are top-notch, mastered by AR Rahman for music and Abbas-Mustan for visual quality. While the good scripts often turn out to be box office toppers, even the poor ones achieve success with weak storylines but excellent endorsements and widespread publicity. It is this hype before the release of a movie that actually spoils it; merely due to the fact that viewers expect much more from it.

We also lack directors with trademark talent. We need a Peter Jackson to make an epic or a Quentin Tarantino for an edgy, personal-eye view. A Priyadarshan movie is always the same: monotonous and camera-eyed.

What Indian cinema grants today are only millions of titles such as ‘Akshay Kumar does a Brad Pitt’. This might earn several crores for the industry, but this makes India look like a country which mindlessly apes Hollywood.

It is not that Indian cinema lacks financial backing, but that the system itself is flawed. Our visual effects and song editing are top-notch, mastered by AR Rahman for music and Abbas-Mustan for visual quality. While the good scripts often turn out to be box office toppers, even the poor ones achieve success with weak storylines but excellent endorsements and widespread publicity. It is this hype before the release of a movie that actually spoils it; merely due to the fact that viewers expect much more from it.

We also lack directors with trademark talent. We need a Peter Jackson to make an epic or a Quentin Tarantino for an edgy, personal-eye view. A Priyadarshan movie is always the same: monotonous and camera-eyed.

What Indian cinema grants today are only millions of titles such as ‘Akshay Kumar does a Brad Pitt’. This might earn several crores for the industry, but this makes India look like a country which mindlessly apes Hollywood.

It is not that Indian cinema lacks financial backing, but that the system itself is flawed. Our visual effects and song editing are top-notch, mastered by AR Rahman for music and Abbas-Mustan for visual quality. While the good scripts often turn out to be box office toppers, even the poor ones achieve success with weak storylines but excellent endorsements and widespread publicity. It is this hype before the release of a movie that actually spoils it; merely due to the fact that viewers expect much more from it.

We also lack directors with trademark talent. We need a Peter Jackson to make an epic or a Quentin Tarantino for an edgy, personal-eye view. A Priyadarshan movie is always the same: monotonous and camera-eyed.
3. The Doon School Weekly
Saturday, March 28

**Pranjul Singh**

- **Prash - आप यहाँ कब से रहती हैं?**

  उत्तर - ऐसे लोगों की व्यवसायी जीवन बिताते हैं।

- **प्रश - इस आबाद के लोग आपका अच्छी तरह स्थायी रहते हैं?**

  उत्तर - ऐसी लोगों ने इस आबाद में जीवन बिताया जिसमें वे अच्छे समय बिताते हैं।

- **प्रश - आपकी विवाह की तारीख थी?**

  उत्तर - आपकी विवाह की तारीख बाद में आये हैं।

- **प्रश - आपकी विवाह का मंत्री जी थी?**

  उत्तर - आपकी विवाह का मंत्री जी बैराम हैं।

- **प्रश - आपकी विवाह का पता?**

  उत्तर - आपकी विवाह का पता इसमें आये हैं।

- **प्रश - आपकी विवाह का समय?**

  उत्तर - आपकी विवाह का समय बाद में आये हैं।

- **प्रश - आपकी विवाह का लोग बड़ी अच्छी तरह से पैसे आते हैं।**

  उत्तर - ऐसे लोगों ने इस आबाद में जीवन बिताया जिसमें वे अच्छे समय बिताते हैं।

- **प्रश - इस आबाद का राजनीतिक अंतर?**

  उत्तर - ऐसे लोगों ने इस आबाद में जीवन बिताया जिसमें वे अच्छे समय बिताते हैं।

- **प्रश - इस आबाद का राजनीतिक समय?**

  उत्तर - ऐसे लोगों ने इस आबाद में जीवन बिताया जिसमें वे अच्छे समय बिताते हैं।

- **प्रश - इस आबाद का राजनीतिक शीर्षक?**

  उत्तर - ऐसे लोगों ने इस आबाद में जीवन बिताया जिसमें वे अच्छे समय बिताते हैं।

- **प्रश - इस आबाद का राजनीतिक लोग बड़ी अच्छी तरह से पैसे आते हैं।**

  उत्तर - ऐसे लोगों ने इस आबाद में जीवन बिताया जिसमें वे अच्छे समय बिताते हैं।
The beauty of Facebook lies in the fact that we can build a relationship with people whom we would feel awkward calling or mailing, as we do not know them well enough to do so. Also, Facebook strengthens our relationship with these people as everyone we know does not live in our town and even if most do we do not meet them every day.

True, some people on our friend lists might not be as close to us as our ‘regular’ friends. In the ‘Facebookers’ defence, I would point out that the beauty of Facebook lies in the fact that through Facebook we can build a relationship with people whom we would feel awkward calling or mailing, as we do not know them well enough to do so. Also, Facebook strengthens our relationship with these people as everyone we know does not live in our town and even if most do we do not meet them every day.

Through Facebook we maintain a certain amount of connectivity with all our friends and family members who we are close to, and with whom our relationship would perhaps peter out without Facebook. I myself know for a fact that if it weren’t for Facebook, my family abroad and my friends outside this campus – whom I do not get to meet too often – would have been little more than strangers to me. Now, however, I am up-to-date with all their lives (and vice-versa); we can even see pictures of each other, which are updated regularly.

However, this brilliant networking tool has developed a bad reputation because some people have started silly groups and made fake accounts to trouble others. But let me remind you that these are the same people who concoct fake e-mail accounts, harass people through e-mails and make prank calls. Facebook is not the cause of their malice; it is just a convenient way for them to express it. Moreover, Facebook facilitates users to stay safe from troublemakers (which sites like Orkut do not) as it allows you to simply delete them from your ‘friend list’, after which they can do nothing to bother you. If someone starts groups on Facebook or posts certain pictures which are hurtful to others, that person can be reported to the Facebook authorities (who are known for their vigilance and efficiency) who lose no time in disabling his/her account. Parents and the School should be encouraged to advise children not to interact on Facebook with people whom they do not know.

Coming back to the issue of whether or not Facebook should be allowed in School, the main complaint that masters and others have against this site is that boys spend the whole day whiling away their time on the computer purely because of it. That is not untrue; socializing and networking more than necessary is not constructive and has adverse effects on one’s academics, sports and co-curricular activities. It is for this reason that I am of the opinion that parents and the School should limit students’ use of Facebook; anyone missing out on activities because he was too busy on Facebook should be dealt with strictly. However, I am sure that most Doscos would not be foolish enough to sacrifice their academics and other activities for the Internet. But after weighing the pros and cons of this controversial site, I can say with conviction that Facebook is an extremely useful and safe networking tool which should not be used above a certain limit.
A recent series of events (which I will astutely comment on, thank you) has led me to wonder why exactly we need social networking websites (Facebook, Orkut, MySpace, et al) so desperately. This veritable army of networking sites has managed to stretch its arms quite far, consuming several million people in the process. We hear that even the government has gotten interested in it as a medium to attract votes. But setting aside the obvious popularity of these sites, we need to objectively look at whether they are truly useful in an all-encompassing sense.

Admittedly, students do have social lives. Even I, an introverted and confirmed book-addict, confess to an occasional urge to hook up with a few long-lost, elusive friends. I, too, feel the need to shout something out to the rest of the world as a status message, at times. I am also part of the era of the netizen, a member of ‘Gen X’ or whatever we are labelled these days. In keeping with John Donne’s famous words, we need to find new ways to not be islands, and Facebook seems a perfectly acceptable way to do it.

However, what completely manages to elude my comprehension is our apparent state of deprivation when we can’t glue ourselves to a computer monitor. We are addicted to Facebook. We need our daily Facebook fix, and, should we not receive it, the sky shall fall on our heads! (It is worth noting here that what Goscinny and Uderzo’s terrifying Gauls feared with such paranoia, did not ever happen, and is not likely to happen in this millennium, either.) Frankly, the two weeks during my holidays when I was unable to access the Net proved to be my most stress-free; that fortnight was a relief!

After Facebook, the Oxford English Dictionary ought to invent a new definition for the word ‘friend’, because the people the average Joe makes friends with these days are often not Joe’s friends at all. In fact, most of Joe’s (769 or more) friends are people to whom he has said the words “Hi”, “How are you?” and “Great weather today, eh?” an impressive once in his lifetime. The majority of us in School will admit that, in most cases, it is just the first phrase that is required to define ‘friendship’. It is also common knowledge that the more friends one has on Facebook, the more respect one has among his ‘group’. Omar Abdullah knows this, and is proud to boast of a fair bit more than a thousand friends.

At the same time, becoming socially extrovert on the Internet really means becoming more withdrawn from the real world outside the (new) idiot box. An increasingly common occurrence is that students often forsake their studies and hobbies to chat online, or post pointless comments on the message boards of people they have made friends with, or create childish and disgusting groups somewhere along the lines of ‘I Love the Word Random’ or ‘Doscos Name Their...[censored]’. Sometimes, thankfully, they are seized with creative afflatuses, the end result being speeches on ‘How Best to Waste a Whole Hour on Facebook’ (I happened to read that one; it offered me quite a few good ideas). Getting stuck to Facebook also makes people more irritable, more obese, less intelligent and more prone to get into vendettas. And if I haven’t already added, lots of Facebooking also means fewer people playing sports for the House.

That brings me to my final – and most worrying – point. Whenever we find something we can use, we will misuse and abuse it. That’s the tragedy of today’s youth, I’m afraid. The daily papers are rife with stories of students stalking other students and other students committing suicide because of other students. Some people create fake accounts of their nemeses to pursue silly vendettas, or sometimes just for fun. Some people send unnecessary messages to their friends to ruin somebody they have a problem with. All this because Student 1 said something nasty to Student 2 after Student 2 pestered Student 1 for three weeks with messages. Schools are implicated too, forcing students to come down hard upon their students. Due to this, we just don’t know whom to trust anymore – the worlds of social networking sites and of the rest of the world as a status message, at times. I am also part of the era of the netizen, a member of ‘Gen X’ or whatever we are labelled these days. In keeping with John Donne’s famous words, we need to find new ways to not be islands, and Facebook seems a perfectly acceptable way to do it.

My conclusion is this: Facebook, along with the other networking sites, has managed to stretch its arms quite far, consuming several million people in the process. We hear that even the government has gotten interested in it as a medium to attract votes. But setting aside the obvious popularity of these sites, we need to objectively look at whether they are truly useful in an all-encompassing sense.

Admittedly, students do have social lives. Even I, an introverted and confirmed book-addict, confess to an occasional urge to hook up with a few long-lost, elusive friends. I, too, feel the need to shout something out to the rest of the world as a status message, at times. I am also part of the era of the netizen, a member of ‘Gen X’ or whatever we are labelled these days. In keeping with John Donne’s famous words, we need to find new ways to not be islands, and Facebook seems a perfectly acceptable way to do it.

However, what completely manages to elude my comprehension is our apparent state of deprivation when we can’t glue ourselves to a computer monitor. We are addicted to Facebook. We need our daily Facebook fix, and, should we not receive it, the sky shall fall on our heads! (It is worth noting here that what Goscinny and Uderzo’s terrifying Gauls feared with such paranoia, did not ever happen, and is not likely to happen in this millennium, either.) Frankly, the two weeks during my holidays when I was unable to access the Net proved to be my most stress-free; that fortnight was a relief!

After Facebook, the Oxford English Dictionary ought to invent a new definition for the word ‘friend’, because the people the average Joe makes friends with these days are often not Joe’s friends at all. In fact, most of Joe’s (769 or more) friends are people to whom he has said the words “Hi”, “How are you?” and “Great weather today, eh?” an impressive once in his lifetime. The majority of us in School will admit that, in most cases, it is just the first phrase that is required to define ‘friendship’. It is also common knowledge that the more friends one has on Facebook, the more respect one has among his ‘group’. Omar Abdullah knows this, and is proud to boast of a fair bit more than a thousand friends.

At the same time, becoming socially extrovert on the Internet really means becoming more withdrawn from the real world outside the (new) idiot box. An increasingly common occurrence is that students often forsake their studies and hobbies to chat online, or post pointless comments on the message boards of people they have made friends with, or create childish and disgusting groups somewhere along the lines of ‘I Love the Word Random’ or ‘Doscos Name Their...[censored]’. Sometimes, thankfully, they are seized with creative afflatuses, the end result being speeches on ‘How Best to Waste a Whole Hour on Facebook’ (I happened to read that one; it offered me quite a few good ideas). Getting stuck to Facebook also makes people more irritable, more obese, less intelligent and more prone to get into vendettas. And if I haven’t already added, lots of Facebooking also means fewer people playing sports for the House.

That brings me to my final – and most worrying – point. Whenever we find something we can use, we will misuse and abuse it. That’s the tragedy of today’s youth, I’m afraid. The daily papers are rife with stories of students stalking other students and other students committing suicide because of other students. Some people create fake accounts of their nemeses to pursue silly vendettas, or sometimes just for fun. Some people send unnecessary messages to their friends to ruin somebody they have a problem with. All this because Student 1 said something nasty to Student 2 after Student 2 pestered Student 1 for three weeks with messages. Schools are implicated too, forcing students to come down hard upon their students. Due to this, we just don’t know whom to trust anymore – the worlds of social networking sites and of the rest of the world as a status message, at times. I am also part of the era of the netizen, a member of ‘Gen X’ or whatever we are labelled these days. In keeping with John Donne’s famous words, we need to find new ways to not be islands, and Facebook seems a perfectly acceptable way to do it.

My conclusion is this: Facebook, along with the other networking sites, has managed to stretch its arms quite far, consuming several million people in the process. We hear that even the government has gotten interested in it as a medium to attract votes. But setting aside the obvious popularity of these sites, we need to objectively look at whether they are truly useful in an all-encompassing sense.

Admittedly, students do have social lives. Even I, an introverted and confirmed book-addict, confess to an occasional urge to hook up with a few long-lost, elusive friends. I, too, feel the need to shout something out to the rest of the world as a status message, at times. I am also part of the era of the netizen, a member of ‘Gen X’ or whatever we are labelled these days. In keeping with John Donne’s famous words, we need to find new ways to not be islands, and Facebook seems a perfectly acceptable way to do it.

However, what completely manages to elude my comprehension is our apparent state of deprivation when we can’t glue ourselves to a computer monitor. We are addicted to Facebook. We need our daily Facebook fix, and, should we not receive it, the sky shall fall on our heads! (It is worth noting here that what Goscinny and Uderzo’s terrifying Gauls feared with such paranoia, did not ever happen, and is not likely to happen in this millennium, either.) Frankly, the two weeks during my holidays when I was unable to access the Net proved to be my most stress-free; that fortnight was a relief!

After Facebook, the Oxford English Dictionary ought to invent a new definition for the word ‘friend’, because the people the average Joe makes friends with these days are often not Joe’s friends at all. In fact, most of Joe’s (769 or more) friends are people to whom he has said the words “Hi”, “How are you?” and “Great weather today, eh?” an impressive once in his lifetime. The majority of us in School will admit that, in most cases, it is just the first phrase that is required to define ‘friendship’. It is also common knowledge that the more friends one has on Facebook, the more respect one has among his ‘group’. Omar Abdullah knows this, and is proud to boast of a fair bit more than a thousand friends.

At the same time, becoming socially extrovert on the Internet really means becoming more withdrawn from the real world outside the (new) idiot box. An increasingly common occurrence is that students often forsake their studies and hobbies to chat online, or post pointless comments on the message boards of people they have made friends with, or create childish and disgusting groups somewhere along the lines of ‘I Love the Word Random’ or ‘Doscos Name Their...[censored]’. Sometimes, thankfully, they are seized with creative afflatuses, the end result being speeches on ‘How Best to Waste a Whole Hour on Facebook’ (I happened to read that one; it offered me quite a few good ideas). Getting stuck to Facebook also makes people more irritable, more obese, less intelligent and more prone to get into trouble. And if I haven’t already added, lots of Facebooking also means fewer people playing sports for the House.

That brings me to my final – and most worrying – point. Whenever we find something we can use, we will misuse and abuse it. That’s the tragedy of today’s youth, I’m afraid. The daily papers are rife with stories of students stalking other students and other students committing suicide because of other students. Some people create fake accounts of their nemeses to pursue silly vendettas, or sometimes just for fun. Some people send unnecessary messages to their friends to ruin somebody they have a problem with. All this because Student 1 said something nasty to Student 2 after Student 2 pestered Student 1 for three weeks with messages. Schools are implicated too, forcing to come down hard upon their students. Due to this, we just don’t know whom to trust anymore – especially our ‘friends’. At the same time, the School and our parents should also act more sensibly to help guide us– blocking Facebook on Websense is hardly the right way forward.
Mistaken

Shashank Peshawaria

It is often that I have dreamt.
And that too dreamt such dreams
As will visit but once:
Fleeting images of past realities
With all their grim intricacies,
And of futures that may or may not
Trouble the time yet to come.

Several several deaths have I faced,
But worse yet were the days
When the very dreams that I dreaded
Materialised without any eerie haze,
When the very deaths that I had died,
I saw, replayed, with my own two eyes...
And then, despite myself, I had cried.

I have dreamt of disease and decease,
Of losing myself in unchartered seas,
Of doomed souls in sealed vaults,
Of my own unending faults,
And of such realities,
That if had been or will be,
Would be more than enough to kill me.

But what keeps me asleep,
And what grants me the will
To brave the phantasms so deep,
What gives me the courage,
And what lets me be still
Through that midnight bondage?

It is just that, despite it all, I still dream...

Midnight Bondage

Abhilakash Lalwani

It is often that I have dreamt.
And that too dreamt such dreams
As will visit but once:
Fleeting images of past realities
With all their grim intricacies,
And of futures that may or may not
Trouble the time yet to come.

Several several deaths have I faced,
But worse yet were the days
When the very dreams that I dreaded
Materialised without any eerie haze,
When the very deaths that I had died,
I saw, replayed, with my own two eyes...
And then, despite myself, I had cried.

I have dreamt of disease and decease,
Of losing myself in unchartered seas,
Of doomed souls in sealed vaults,
Of my own unending faults,
And of such realities,
That if had been or will be,
Would be more than enough to kill me.

But what keeps me asleep,
And what grants me the will
To brave the phantasms so deep,
What gives me the courage,
And what lets me be still
Through that midnight bondage?

It is just that, despite it all, I still dream...

Unquotable Quotes

This formula is grammatically incorrect.
Abhilakash Lalwani's mathematical blunder.
Pocket money learns you to keep a budget.
Dhruv Velloor, costs and works accountant.
I don't entertain every Tom, Dick and Sawyer.
Pulkit Bansal recalls the only book he's read.
We do this for better you.
Sparsk Batra, the good Samaritan.
Did he show the geography movie about children.
Nakul Talwar, land-locked.
I no do anything violence.
Avik Gugalia, in his defence.

Online Edition: http://www.doonschool.com/magazine
weekly@doonschool.com
1PSS® All rights reserved. Printed by: The English Book Depot, 15 Rajpur Road, Dehradun, Uttrakhand - 248009, India. Published by: Philip Burrett, The Doon School, Dehradun.