

REGULARS	SCHOOL CAP'S ADDRESS	JUNIOR GOMBAR	ROVING EYE
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Uppercut

Only a man who knows what it is like to be defeated can reach down to the bottom of his soul and come up with the extra ounce of power it takes to win when the match is over. – Muhammad Ali

Boxing is ideally a combat sport involving two participants of similar weight, who fight in a fair and scientific manner. Throwing some wild punches is not boxing but street-fighting. Although last year's competition was a success, some bouts seemed to deviate from the real aim.

This year saw new talent emerging and the seasoned ones bettering their performance. Boxers toiled for months to lose/gain weight and be able to box in their preferred category. Practice outside the Rose Bowl was a daily affair and the boxers, training under the guidance of the boxing coach, gained immensely from it.

This year's competition was held inside the MPH, a welcome change from last year's venue—the old Basketball Court. The Olympic-sized ring, which is a testament to the School's recognition of the importance of updating sports facilities, was put into use again. The competition was well-organised and the referees and the judges were accurate in their arbitration.

The first day held many surprises. Sagar Agarwal shocked Shashvat Sikroria and Himmat Singh RSCed Rajat Gangwar. Oberoi House got a good start with Yuv Khosla and Aruj Pal Singh winning their bouts.



Kashmir and Tata House did well too. At the end of the first day, Kashmir House seemed favourites for both the Junior and the Senior Cup, while Oberoi and Tata House were within spitting distance of them.

The subsequent day went remarkably well for Tata House as Kamran Cooper, Gurbaaz Singh, Angad Singh and Prannoy Bohara won their respective bouts. Abhinandan Rajan, Lakshit Joshi, Prateek Ghei and Vigya Singh also qualified for the finals. It seemed that

Abhishek Chaudhry reports on the Inter-House Boxing Competition, 2008

Tata House could do nothing wrong on that day, and Kamran and Angad, especially, won their bouts with consummate ease. Jaipur and Hyderabad House made little progress and their prospects dimmed.

The final day began with Yuv Khosla, who showed a lot of zeal and potential, and who gave Udit Kapur



a tough time. Lakshit Joshi overpowered Sagar Karnawat and Vigya Singh won his weight with ease. Abhinandan Rajan scraped through against Yashvardhan Jain. Arvind Sharma humbled Prahlad Singh and Kamran Cooper had a decisive victory over Sagar Agarwal. As soon as one started to think that Tata House was losing its advantage, Gurbaaz Singh overcame Aruj Pal Singh to secure the Senior Cup. Saket Mahajan set a fine example by overwhelming Saarthak Singh and Kushagra Singh made history by becoming the youngest heavyweight champion in School. Angad Singh beat Melvin Michael narrowly to end the competition in exciting fashion.

Arvind Sharma won the Trophy for the Most Scientific Boxer and truly deserved it. Melvin Michael won the Best Loser's Trophy, losing to Angad Singh in a thrilling, free-hitting encounter which could have gone either way. The Junior Cup was bagged by Kashmir House while the Senior Cup was claimed by Tata House.

Contrary to commonly-held opinion, boxing in School has begun to be accorded a lot of importance and respect. It is a three-day affair, involving over fifty boys. People might say that boxing is losing popularity, but I feel otherwise. This year's Inter-House Boxing Competition proved to be a revelation of tremendous skill, strength and commendable fitness. The 70th year of this annual event saw the boxers reach new standards in School, and they kept the bar high throughout the event.

REVERBERATING

The following are the appointments to the **Editorial Board** of the *Echo* for the forthcoming year:

Editors-in-Chief: Arjun Kapur and Vinayak Thapliyal
Senior Editors: Rishi Sood, Devvrat Patney, Jayant Mukhopadhaya and Uday Shriram.

Designer: Dhruv Kumar

Associate Editors: Vahin Khosla, Utkarsh Gupta, Sachit Taneja, Banda Mann Singh Lamba and Devashish Singhal

Contributors: Vaibhav Bahadur, Shekhar Bishnoi, Shivam Katyal, Apurva Agarwal, Karmanya Malhotra, Nakul Jaidka, Aditya Vikram Gupta, Dhruv Goel and Alawi Singh.

We wish them fruitful tenures.

TENNIS TALLY

The following are the results of the various **Individual Tennis Tournaments, 2008:**

Sardar Mohammed Tournament (Seniors):

Winner: Abhishek Gupta

Runner-Up: Shashvat Sikroria

Dr SR Vohra Tournament (Juniors):

Winner: Divij Budhiraja

Runner-Up: Aazam Jauhal

Shantanu Garg has been awarded the **Sunil Rawley Trophy for the Most Promising Tennis Player.**

Well done!

AT THE PODIUM

Vivek Santayana and Arnav Sahu have been jointly appointed **Secretaries** of the **Senior English Debating Society** for the forthcoming year. We wish them the best of luck.

ATTENTION!

Shantanu Garg has been awarded the **Best PT Leader** for the year. Congratulations!

ERRATA

In the issue of the *Weekly* dated November 1 (Issue No. 2202), we had erroneously reported Hyderabad House to have placed joint 4th in the Inter-House Basketball Competition. In correction, Hyderabad had placed 3rd. The *Weekly* regrets the error.

The *Weekly* had not reported that Dr. Duru Shah, former President of the Federation of Obstetrics and Gynaecological Societies of India and the Vice President of the Federation of Obstetrics and Gynaecological Societies of India addressed the D and C Formers and girls from Scholars' Home on the **'Problems of Adolescence'** on Sunday, September 7. We regret the omission.



Opinion Poll

Do you think that the Trials schedule is well-planned?

Yes 71% 

No 29% 

(311 members of the school community were polled)

Next Week's Question: Do you like the new design of our leaders? (Note: if the design is popular, it will continue in subsequent issues.)

Unquotable Quotes

The Ishwar Chand Memorial trophy for the Best Carpenter of the Year is Arvind Sharma.

KPB hands out the award, to the award.

Your story should have a beginning, a conclusion and an end.

Saurav Sethia, has the final say.

There's a Weekly Meeting after the CDH.

Shashvat Se...(sorry, **Dhandania**) spreads the word.

I went to Ajmer Sharif dargah with Macbeth.

STB, on a date.

Turn your volume up to the maximum volume.

PCH, taking it up to the limits.

I'm telling you for as many times as you are old in years.

Dhruv Velloor, timeless.

Your poem is a five-line Pentane.

Pranjal Singh, afflicted by IIT rutting.

There's a very line fine between on and off.

Vivek Santayana, Prof. Spooner in the making.

Badal was in my eye of sight.

Vivek Santayana, short-sighted.

We'll be the oldest MUN in five years!

Arnav Sahu, the ambitious Secretary-General.

It's the same difference.

Arnav Sahu discriminates.

Just because you rocked ISCSE, you want to kill my brain cells?

Shashank Peshawaria dreads the 'Dreadful Exams'.

Mark me leniently.

Shashank Peshawaria, still dreading.

Give it to me after right now.

Kanishka Malik, in a hurry.

I did not spend the rumour.

Nikhil Sardana informs.

China is a neighbouring city of Punjab.

Dhruv Mahajan, the cartographer.

There were only one doggy outside the tent!

Prashant Bhandari, canine fan.

Robert Frost sang Imagine.

Prateek Agarwal 'imagines'.

Why are you so back?

Jaspreet Singh, questioning people running changes.

We would like to welcome our Chief Minister for the day.

Govind Singh announces to the world.

Honesty is the best code of policy.

Shreyvardhan Swaroop drafts a new set of rules.

AK-56 is a nuclear bomb.

Rishabh Chatterjee stops a little short.

Peshawaria, get me a copy of A4 paper.

Aadhar Sharma facsimiles.

Ostwald's Process is bit tough but quite easy.

AKM explains.

Catalyst chamber is electrically maintained.

AKM maintains himself.

What is the national flag of Aligarh?

Jayant Mukhopadhaya, separatist.

Vivaldi is the greatest musician alive.

T.V. Rishab Rao transcends time.

Circle is a direction.

Nilanjan Bhrama, lost.

It is a please from us.

Avi Raj, collectively well mannered.

I've read a Tale of Two Cities by Vikram Seth.

Nikhil Narain, going for the Gold Reading Award.

The School Captain's Address: Founder's Day 2008

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. May I begin by thanking you all for being with us on this very special evening and a special thanks to Lord Patten for consenting to be Chief Guest on this, our 73rd Founder's Day celebrations. I am sure that everyone present here, and especially those with whom Lord Patten interacted, will agree that he is a wonderfully good-humoured person, and a great source of inspiration.

When I think about my six years gone by at The Doon School, the first image that comes to mind is that of my peers and I in Martyn House, which for most of us was the first boarding house. We all entered Doon as pretty much the same people, new Doscos, but the distinct trajectories each of us has chosen are incredible. We are different, because each of us has found a passion for something or the other Doon offers, different because we have chosen a path we considered most suitable for ourselves; yet, we are similar, because we are now living our sixth year at Doon, and have grown up with the same opportunities. Such egalitarianism, a society free of cronyism, nepotism, and favouritism, where each individual is free to choose what he wants to, is free to follow and maintain his own convictions – is an important ingredient of the Doon School environment.

With leadership positions in administration, sports, extra-curricular activities or service, often from even Grade 9, a Dosco, I feel, experiences what it is to lead, and how one should lead. This ability stems not only from the many captaincies but also, I think, from the seemingly most mundane involvements, such as voicing one's opinion in House Council meetings, running activities such as the Audio-Visual Squad and the Chair Squad, and leading one's House in Inter-House competitions. It is this constant, and I daresay painful feeling of handling responsibility, that makes us, I feel, skilled to go out, and handle almost any adversity on one hand and joys, such as meeting one's graduating class after 50 years, as a lot of gentlemen here today are, on the other.

What fascinates me most about Doon is the attachment those who have experienced it have for it. Why is it that Doon School boys from the forties and the fifties still visit the school, flip through the archives, stand mesmerized before their names on honour boards and reminisce? Why is it that they often come for morning Assembly, looking at the entire school pray and sing the school songs, probably with more gusto than they did while at school? I don't think I could answer these questions just yet; but I imagine it is because this structure, the green environment Doon provides, is subliminally within us, inseparable, and when the Old Boys revisit this, their alma mater, they recollect the best and most carefree days of their lives. But what is so special about Doon, what is, as competing schools archly admit, so distinctive about us? I feel it is the small yet important things, coupled with its time-tested institutions that make the difference – things which probably seem even trivial – things such as the *Weekly* opinion polls, about whether Doon should turn co-ed or what aspects of Doon are the best and the worst. The strength of these small things though, these modes of expression, lies in the fact that they involve the entire community, from

the newly-arrived D formers, students of grade 7, to the biggest *karta dbartas* of the school; and when each and every member of a community is pushed to the limits and contributes his energy, it is only then that the community possesses that finesse, and gives Doscos, their true sense of ownership and duty for where they live. It is that extra special thing, I feel, that makes all the difference – and one can see it everywhere – for example the English play *Macbeth* yesterday, which not only involved students as the cast and crew members, but also as individuals responsible for the posters, the advertisements, the costumes and the editing.

If I were pressed to answer what I would remember about Doon after graduating, I think it would be the Rose Bowl, which is imbued with the applause and excitement of countless performances – good, bad, and indifferent; the sculptures made by students, masters and professionals; the shingle, more commonly known as the *bajri*, which we tread upon; the hours spent gainfully and perhaps painfully, in the sheds of the STAs and the SUPWs; the time spent on the sports field with seniors, juniors, and masters, at one time, when there is no hierarchy, when everyone's on a level ground; and ultimately, what I will remember most about Doon is its charm, and the affection all who are associated with it have for all that is Dosco.

There are very few schools, I think, which involve students in policy-making. One would imagine that in an all boys' school, this would lead to a 24/7 pagal gymkhana, a community of chaos. But that is not the case and I assure you, has never been the case at Doon. Allowing students to decide almost each and everything about school, right from where one's House Common Room funds should be allocated, to the framing of the School Codes and Policies book, gives us again, that sense of ownership for where we live. The strength of a community lies after all, in the care it takes of its lowest common denominators, the common man; and when the Old Boys know that they are returning to the school they literally owned, and still own, their sentiments and compassion for Doon seem only inevitable. You may have heard the Chinese proverb that reads – 'he who rides the tiger dare not dismount'; the Doon journey is one such experience: thrilling and very demanding. A Dosco cannot stop being a Dosco, even when he has an 'ex' attached to his number.

Now, as Doon is nearing its Platinum Jubilee, it must decide to what degree it will embrace change, what practices it must let go of. The new Vision Statement exercise, which the Chairman talked about, I feel, is an important step in this direction, and will surely produce answers about where Doon needs to head towards.

The first Headmaster of the school, Mr. Arthur Foot had written – 'In school your experiments in taste take place in guarded surroundings; a mistake can always be put right; and the experience that you gain should provide you, by the time that you are eighteen, with the confidence and judgment that is necessary for an effective career in the unsheltered world outside.'

As my peers and I stand poised to step into that world, I thank you Doon, for providing us with such a sound beginning to our lives! Thank you.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A ONE-RUPEE COIN

Revant Nayar

[Winner of the Gombar Speech Trophy Contest]
(Juniors)

I belong to a race; a race which has existed along with yours on this planet for quite some time now; a race which has provided you human beings with whatever you have ever desired; a race *because* of which you live, a race *for* which you live. This race of mine began with rather crudely carved pieces of metals and stone, which happen to be my ancestors. Just like you, however, we have also evolved. I am now a sleek, circular, polished metallic disc, imprinted with a fine one-rupee mark, which is my identity. Despite my charm, I unfortunately happen to be perhaps the most insignificant and unnoticed member of this race of mine. It isn't as if I wasn't always like this. When I entered the economy years ago, I was a celebrity; respected and valued by both human beings, as well as my own kinsmen. In the good old days, I had several brothers, such as the five, the ten and the twenty paisa coins. Now however, they are all gone and extinct. My dear human beings, admit it. Today, it is without a trace of remorse or a second thought that you discard me; on pavements, in parks, in junkyards or in your homes. I am then trampled over, ground into the soil, and spend the rest of my existence in a secluded nook or cranny, rejected and forgotten by mankind. There still are, however, certain people who at least do not seem to try their very best to get rid of me, the people whom you choose to call 'poor'. At least they do not leave me lying around on pavements, do not make me lose my gleam in a couple of days, and treat me with some respect. Yet, providence tricks me again. I do not stay long enough with them either.

My two other siblings, the two and the five rupee coins, are facing a similar life and fate to mine. The only members of my clan which do seem to command true respect and dignity are the gold coin, the silver coin and other such exotic, far-off relatives of mine; their importance somehow never seems to decline with time, and they continue to live a lavish, pampered life inside deep vaults and secure treasuries. And yes, even the remaining ancestors of mine, for all their utter ugliness, lie in museums and bask there in the undue glory and admiration you shower upon them. But it is another race, the race of the papery, fluttery 'notes' which now dominates. I suppose you know how very fragile they are, and that they can be torn, crumpled and even shredded into bits. Moreover, they also lack the strength and durability possessed by us, but have yet been allotted values that are not twice, not thrice, but up to a hundred times ours. Show some sense of judgment, my dear humans.

Today, my existence is indeed little more than a complete joke. I change owners very frequently, and am given absolutely no time to settle down or to rest. Often, I travel from one end of the country to another, or even into a new country in a matter of hours. Worst of all, I am also often the smallest member in whichever wallet I happen to visit, and am treated likewise. The only real place of refuge seems to be a piggy-bank, a money-box or a vault, if I happen to be fortunate enough. It is only here that I can lie at peace with my own kinsmen. I hardly have any uses today, a fact due to which I receive apathy from humans, mockery from my kinsmen, and intense jeering from those despicable notes. In places like the dollar store, for instance, you end up paying a hundred rupees for objects that cost ninety nine. It is then that the salesperson might just toss me back at you. But then odds are that he won't and that you won't even want that one rupee change, or that he might just toss a small toffee back at you instead. Yes, that is all I am worth and that is all I can boast of; one, or perhaps two of those little sweets you seem to relish for a minute or two. The only thing me and my siblings can hope to have from the future; to be placed in the same splendour of the museums that our ancestors now occupy. Perhaps then, even we will be then looked upon as primitive, interesting...and worth something.

* * *

There is a difference between 'hoping for something' and 'expecting something'.

These days, people often confuse a request with an order. In order to behave courteously, people add the word 'please' at the beginning of their request. But if the request is not fulfilled, we notice many people swearing under their breath. Perhaps they don't understand that when you request a person you hope the request will be fulfilled. You cannot expect it to be fulfilled because the person going to do you a favour and not follow an order. We can distinguish between the concept of a request and an order if we observe two examples around us. When an army officer commands the officer under him it is an order, but if a Dosco pleads with a teacher to increase his marks so that he can get a Distinction, it is a request.

Speaking of Doscos, many of them fall under the category of those who swear under their breath if their request is not fulfilled. Indeed, many go around spreading rumours of how rude a teacher or student is for not fulfilling a request. We can see many of them getting angry at the workers in the linen room for not providing an extra

The Mechanics of 'Please' and 'Sorry'

Kanishka Malik

blazer, after they have carelessly lost theirs. They don't understand that granting a favour is not a person's duty but an act of consideration. Also, when a person fulfils your request

for the first time, many people expect him to fulfil it for a second and then a third time, thinking it is now his responsibility to comply.

Another concept would be of 'forgiveness'. Here, too, one should hope for forgiveness and not expect it, as it depends entirely on the person whom we beg for forgiveness whether to grant it or not. Again, we can take the example of a Dosco. Many Doscos seem to demand forgiveness from a form mate or a teacher. First of all, many of them rarely behave humbly when it comes to asking for forgiveness and subsequently ignore the magnitude of their mistake and instead make excuses. They use the word 'sorry' in a facile way expecting forgiveness rather than hoping for it.

To conclude, I would say that it is usually one's ego which makes one arrogant and makes one rude and insolent when it comes to requesting or asking for forgiveness.

Roving & Sy

The S Form 'Enti': Assoc. Eds

If it wasn't for a handful of 'talkative' S formers, there would have been a few more surprises in store for us. For the *love* of God, if only we could stop 'scoping' The audience is capable of seating itself without any external stimulus. But yes, the 'smashing' S form Enti began (at long, *long* last) for the 'ladies and gents and all those in between', showing, once again, that firecrackers are unnecessary for ruining the show. So, what is it that the poison pen has picked on this time? The question is as superfluous as the Impressionist Movement and Debussy's compositions, (and we're not even *thinking* about mentioning Coetzee, Bertrand Russell...the list goes on). The starting video sequence showed everyone in their true colours and also showed us that the Video Club needed to invest in a macro lens for the *little gny*s out there. If we ignored the translucent dancers and the *Playboy* magazine, the video was well done.

Anyway, the 'rock stars' had to pipe down soon, as Assembly was a 'solemn occasion'. After the prayer was said (we don't know how, but somehow), we had a sombre performance by the Western Band (maybe, it's high time we made an addition to the School Assembly songs). The 'ersatz' Headmaster graced the stage with his dancing skills and smooth moves. The worst part was that he had to 'shatter' people again. On the other hand, it was surprising that an appointment got away after going *Bang! Bang! Bang!* at the HM. Coming to the impersonations, the Barbie Girl came complete with rose (and recipient!). Also, with the new Jaipur House prefectorial board, the School Council should be satisfied at having done a good job with the MPH lighting. We *fortunately* didn't see someone (he was 'camouflaged', as the S formers put it).

The great debater was called, and not a moment too soon. The problem was that no one anticipated the time he'd take to graze across the podium and throw his trademark karate chops. Anyway, the laser was finally off his head. I guess he can wallow in greener meadows, out of the vindictive cross-hairs of envious *Nod(dy)s*. One of the new House Captains seemed to have lost some weight! The last time he was mimicked, three pillows and a school-bag were needed (along with an over-sized *kurta*). The Tata House Captain was unarmed and 'pumped' up! This was, perhaps, the highlight of the show. He was pleased at having been the faster one, for once at least. Someone else was rather disheartened; no Prefect's tie, unfortunately, despite his cool suit, choreography, sprint technique and House Colours. The *real* McCoy was present, fortunately, and was called upon to accept the world's largest YC. It had sentimental value.

Anyway, the next thing on the agenda was Chambers. Everything was deliberately underplayed (from most sources, this was far *less* than what had happened during rehearsals). We would have to advise members of the community to be thankful the S formers didn't have shoe polish and fallen items on the set. One valuable message: don't give a damn about Physics and you will regret it, eventually, just as the masters did!

The Doscars were pretty unanimous. We would like to congratulate everyone. There was, again, quite a lot of 'scoping' going on, especially with proxy reception of awards. Someone (we don't know who, but someone) was up on stage to receive the award on someone else's behalf. Unfortunately, his favourite juniors were called upon to accept

the *Godfather of the Year* award. Poor 'scopat! The 'senti' Doscars were a good gesture. Our only regret was that the jeep wasn't received. The country's international relations at the (M)UN will definitely shape up (especially with Bangladesh and Panama). The awards took too long, unfortunately. If only the recipient of one of the awards was intimidated in advance. I guess he was caught up with John Donne this time. *Calcium Sandoz* found a new brand ambassador. At this rate, thousands of children across the country will have 'stronger joints'.

The finale was what we were waiting for. We were lost for words for quite a while. It takes courage to make a spectacle of yourself in public by dancing like a 'cartoon', 'biting buns' and 'loving high school girls inside Ed'. We must congratulate the S formers for a job so very well done.

All in all, kudos! The poison pen caps itself. One reason the S formers will be envied is that they always seem to raise the bar for the next lot of misfits, from ICSE to '*S Form Enti*'. In case you're wondering, the remaining ink will go into writing *peaceful petitions* regarding the convenience of the trials' schedule and vandalising Pablo Picasso's paintings.

* * *

| Poetry |

WORDS

Narinder Kapur

Runner-up, *The English Literary Society Poetry Writing Competition*

This empty space,
To be filled by soon, meaningless words,
Words, of no tune,
Words, of no positivity, or negativity,
Words of no rhyme,
Of no cadence,
No structure,
No meter,
No scale,
No quatrain,
No ode,
No sonnet,
Only words.
Just words.
Meaningless words,
Which dance to a tune not heard,
Dancing, to a beat not seen,
Therefore, mad words,
Of a madman.
These words are nothing,
But condolences on a lonely night,
Nights of despair,
Nights, when the fallen one takes charge,
Black crown on his black horns,
While his minions roam about him.
These words give me comfort,
Meaningless, in the day,
But in the night, comfort.
They are words,
Just words.
Just, and only, words.

| Viewpoint |
**Dreadful
 Board Exams**

Shashank Peshawaria

It's that time of the term again: its end. To most of us, the very idea of the holidays brings intense joy. Everyone wants to pull up stakes for a while now. Each one wishes to go home and savour the winter (for some, like the over-pampered D formers, relishing the winter may just comprise sitting before the heater in a cosy room, eating rich, hot soup and devouring as much junk food as they desire!).

For me, at least, it's the year of ICSE (meaning: I have to *rut*). I have to *rut* so much that by the time the Spring Term begins, I will be pale, shrunken, drowning in a sea of books – be it *Discovering Geography* or *Julius Caesar* or *Concise Mathematics for Class X...*! I have to keep on *rutting* and that's all I know. Thoughts of the holidays and the nearing Board exams don't cease to haunt me. I am distressed. I am fed up. I begrudge all those in the junior forms: some, who intend to spend their vacation in Paris or Florence or Goa or wherever! How I wish I were in their place!

*When at home these junior boys
 Will revel in laughter, mirth and joy,
 I will cry with books in hand,
 Trying hard to understand
 How Newton cooked up vexing things
 And made us all such underlings;
 How Shakespeare wrote such baffling plays
 In which Marcus Brutus slays
 Julius Caesar, his good friend,
 So that tyranny comes to an end.*

Really, the Board exams are a nuisance. My holidays – oh, they will not be 'holidays'! And since I haven't studied throughout the year, I will have to bear double the workload. I will have to study more than anyone else. These darned Boards – the idea itself is daunting. How long ago was it that I actually managed to be done with my projects, practical files and assignments? How soon I have to get back to studying again!

I don't have that enviable power: the ability to be able to *rut*. And for ICSE – believe me – one only needs that! I really wish I could rewind everything and get back to the start of everything – school life, studies *et al.* But alas! these Boards are unavoidable. They are inevitable. I'm sure everyone thinks so before these exams, but, you know, I'm one of the 'I can't take it' sort. Maybe, I really can't.

| Poetry |

Rise

Pranjal Singh

The pen on the desk,
 Papers strewn like flowers
 On a spring afternoon.

The white curtains,
 Billow in the breeze that
 Wafts through the room.

I feel rejuvenated,
 My breath calm and clear,
 My composure serene, I reflect
 Upon the turmoil in my mind.

It seems to reset itself,
 To resemble the calmness of Calypso.

The black spots of ink on my hand,
 Are like dark pits, infinitely deep,
 I seem to lose myself in their depths.

I ask myself,
 "Do I really have to be thus,
 Troubled and confused?"

"No!" comes the answer.

I am thus because,
 I choose to be thus.
 I will rise, I will not change.

No longer a whirlpool,
 I will be a wave.

A wave of clear reason,
 That will sweep aside
 The mighty mountains

Of hatred and envy,

Of spite and anger,

To the ends of my existence.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I read Vivek Santayana's article, *Being a Servant*, with great appreciation. By George, he is right! Those who sneer at you have no sense of what it is to 'belong'. The *Weekly* 'belongs' to its board, and vice-versa. Was it Nietzsche who said that those who were seen to be dancing were thought to be mad by those who could not hear the tune? Go on! Keep dancing! Don't even spare a backward glance for those who are deaf enough (and dumb enough) to not hear the tune.

In deep appreciation,

PKB, a die-hard *Weekly* maniac.

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