

# The Doon School WEEKLY



*"I sketch your world exactly as it goes."* -Arthur Foot  
February 9, 2019 | Issue No. 2525

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

A response to last week's article 'Of Dreams and Colleges'.

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A reimagined telling of an infamous Greek myth.

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## THE YELLOW LIGHT

A creative piece expressing regret after receiving a yellow card.

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# On a Tightrope

*Devang Laddha examines School's rigorous schedule.*

The Doon School schedule has perhaps been the longest subject of debate in school. As we have evolved as an institution, our aims and needs have changed and with the schedule being instrumental in achieving these goals, it too has to be tailored to the changing dynamics. This has inevitably sparked a debate. Recent efforts to tweak the school schedule to resolve issues and the various discussions and changes made in the past two years stand testament to this. However, I do not believe the schedule is a solution to the issues we currently face, but it is reflection of a far deeper problem we must urgently address.

To be clear, there are questions about our schedule that we must answer as an institution: How can we call ourselves an 'aristocracy of service' when no social service time is scheduled in the time table (even though it is also important to college applications and finds itself on every SCL's CV), 'Why is academic time constantly compromised by dance, debating, music and other such activities'; 'Why has almost every ISC student in the last decade taken tuitions every winter despite us calling ourselves 'The Best School' in India'; 'Why is the curriculum across all boards rarely finished on time and rushed year upon year?'

As an institution we take on great pressure to excel in everything:

academics, extra-curriculars and sports. We could previously sustain this pressure at the cost of academic rigour. We had a board that was not demanding and allowed for students to only study the last two months before exams and get stellar marks.

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learning, something  
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academics the core  
principle**

With the introduction of IGCSE and potentially most students taking the IB, it is time to recognise that change comes with consequences that need to be dealt with. Academic rigour is central to our learning, something even colleges recognise by making academics the core principle for admissions – something we are reminded of in every Careers class. However, this academic rigour is impossible to sustain with the pressure on us to excel outside of class.

This can be seen by observing the current schedule we follow. Currently, we are expected to wake

up at 7 AM and go for classes. Classes are followed by lunch which ends by 2:30 PM. Any person going through seven schools in the day will be exhausted by this time. Hence, we built in a rest period from 2:30 to 3:15 PM. Yet, little to no students avail this time. Sports practices can be seen beginning at 2:45, people can be seen attending talks or going for STA or society meetings. Between 2:30 and 6:00 PM every week, students are expected to play sports, participate in extra-curriculars and engage in some form of social service. The bonus: they are expected to do all this at an extremely high level. This is impossible. The effect: students need to hold practices in the evening, compromising academic time, inevitably causing them to sleep late, be lethargic during classes the next day and this creates a vicious cycle – one that harms students physically, mentally and emotionally.

From personal experience, I can tell you this experience is damaging. The past two years, all my afternoons were spent working on publications, participating in activities and social service initiatives. Despite not being engaged in any sport, I could not complete all my extra-curricular work and often had to conduct practices in the night. This meant I got down to do my academic work

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**BRIGHT SPARK**

The following are the winners of the **S.R. Das G.K. Prize Test, 2018:**

**Seniors:** Karan Sampath

**Juniors:** Kabir Subbiah

Kudos!

**ERRATA**

On **Page 6** of **Issue No. 2524**, The article **“Fear”** written by Aryaveer Agrawal was published under the name of Aryaveer Singh.

The *Weekly* regrets this error.

**TAKING THE PODIUM**

The following are the appointments for **SEDS** for the year **2019-2020:**

Secretary: Karan Sampath

Boy-in-Charge: Divyansh Nautiyal

Congratulations!

**UNQUOTABLE QUOTES**

*The recent future.*

**Shouya Mann**, time traveller.

*9/11 happened in 2012.*

**Aryaman Goyal**, conspiracy theorist.

*Duck the germs out.*

**Keshaw Singhania**, maintaining hygiene.

“

**The roots of all goodness lie in the soil of appreciation for goodness.**

—  
Dalai Lama

**HOWZATT!**

The **Junior School Cricket Team** played a match against **Purohit Cricket Academy** on February 3. **Purohit Cricket Academy** won the match by 55 runs.

Siddhant Kumar Singh scored **27 runs** and Tejas Sharma took **two wickets**.

Well tried!

**LEADING CHANGE**

Divyansh Nautiyal has been appointed the **School Council Secretary** for the year 2019.

We wish him a fruitful tenure!

On behalf of the School community, the *Weekly* would like to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Tiwari on the birth of their daughter on the 28th of January 2019.

**CHECKMATE**

The **School Chess Captain** for the year **2019** is Shathaayu Patil.

We wish him a fruitful tenure.

**MATHEMATICAL MINDS**

A team comprising Aneesh agarwal, Arjun Agarwal and Ansh Raj participated in the **Infinity Math Fest** on January 11 and 12, organised by **Aditya Birla World Academy, Mumbai**. The team emerged **Runners up** in the **Quiz round**. In the **individual round**, Aneesh Agarwal and Arjun Agarwal were awarded the **Silver** and **Bronze** certificate respectively.

Well done!

**Around the World in 80 Words**

A Chinese student was arrested for taking pictures of the US Navy Base. The tomb of philosopher Karl Marx was vandalised in London. Venezuelan military blocked all aid routes in support of Nicolas Maduro. A measles outbreak was declared in Philippines after 300 were found dead. Numerous electrical explosions caused the shutdown of major streets in Atlanta. India successfully launched its communication satellite GSAT-31. The first leg of the fixture between FC Barcelona and Real Madrid ended in a draw.

**DoSo Doodle**

**Dr. Helping Hands**  
Pratham Bansal



*(Continued from Page 1)*

late at night and regularly slept by 1 AM and had to wake up at 6:30 AM to take PT. As you can imagine, sustaining myself on five hours of sleep for two years has done absolutely no wonders for my health. Regrettably, my situation is no way unique. Most of my form mates over the past two years and seniors before them have gone through similar experiences, trying to shoulder equal if not larger workloads.

However, even if we were for a second to set all this aside, there is another problem we must address. One of the central aspects of the Doon School experience is forging valuable relationships. It is these relationships that tie us together and this is what we are going to cherish after leaving school. However, the strain of the current schedule inhibits us from giving time to the people around us to

build relationships. Also, the high pressure demands of academia means that we cannot pursue and do things that we deeply enjoy. We cannot be happy. We are institutionalising the idea that success is mutually exclusive from happiness; something that is going to inhibit students from finding the right balance in life.

We need a solution. I do not believe it lies in switching from the IB to a less rigorous board in the A-Levels or ICSE, as many have proposed. Academic and intellectual rigour need to be a core part of our identity because at the end of the day we are an educational institution: a school. I believe we should focus on the root cause of all our problems: our competitiveness. We aim to be the best at everything we do: from cricket to music to art. Every year we aim to set higher benchmarks in everything we do,

evidence of which can be found in every activity captain's speech at the end of the year. While some would argue that this willingness to be the best at everything is what makes us special, we must ask at what cost are we willing to trudge this delicate pathon? The pressure we put on ourselves is driving us to the edge.

The simple fact is that we are overstretched as an institution and instead of cutting back, we are dangerously hurtling forward. Cutting down activities and regulating competitive spirit is by no means an easy task. Yet, it is one that is needed. It is something we must all get on board with to ensure we can sustain our aim to provide a holistic education along with the Doon School values to all our students while keeping them healthy.

## Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

It is with great fondness and a hesitant smirk I write this response - having been in the exact shoes of the SC former whose lay of land at that time was an obsession to penetrate the halls of an Ivy League college. I did - at Cornell, not Harvard - but I am one who carried an immense burden of realizing only in retrospect how entangled my mental capacity was with going abroad.

Around the age of 11, two things were clear to me 1) I wanted to be an immigrant and live in America 2) I wanted at some point to make a film - in that order of priority. I had read far too many tales of vastly successful men and women who forayed abroad and persevered and so I was determined to become like my idols. When I got into Doon, I was soaked in an arena of hungry, ambitious and competitive boys who brought out the best in me whether it meant delegating in

Model United Nations or boxing in the Rose Bowl.

Ansh Raj's front page article - Of Dreams and Colleges (Feb 2nd, 19<sup>th</sup>) is a nail on the head account of the dilemma I faced when I approached SC form. There is paramount complexity in riding the brain drain, economics is certainly the titular clause as he pointed out but money sir is just money.

In the upper echelons of legacy schools like Doon, there are a growing number of international schools who charge far more than the monetary investment needed to attend Doon. Similarly, the standard tuition for any private college here in the U.S stands equal or more to that of an Ivy League. The point I make is that economics sheds only a skewed light into the factors I as a Dosco considered when applying to a higher education.

I certainly knew that if I was spending crores after Doon,

it should be money well spent but what about exposure and most importantly individual development?

My story to me is clear in so far as I know that I learnt more about my strengths, capacity and stamina from 6 years in Chandbagh in a less than 70 acre campus than the vast roads of the United States of America. There is no doubt that the importance of a Doon education is a liberal education, with its firm roots planted in all round agility and trunks boasting a questioning mindset. Raj is correct and I can calmly confirm that your years in Doon are years of glory, wonder and excitement - when is the next house feast, when is Founders day - these are titular days where you exemplified strength against all odds - memories you rely on when you take that flight to JFK.

Doon happens once, can sum up my argument in a nutshell - a

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phenomenal breeding ground of the Indian spirit (as Raj mentioned) that paths us to strive for greatness in any arena. I certainly did not learn this at Cornell, as this mentality was deeply ingrained and etched into me in a small town unheard of by my contemporaries in a foreign land. Lest they know the better.

Sincerely,

Vikram Kejariwal (ex - 492 T, '12)

## The Last Stretch

Ahan Jayakumar

My shirt was covered in sweat. I was panting so loudly, I couldn't even hear the people around me. It was the last stretch; all I had to do was push. My body couldn't take anymore, but there was no option, it had to. I knew that I was going to have to suffer the consequences but, it was worth it. Oh! The sweet taste of victory, it was so close. Imagine how famous I would become, I could just picture it: "Underdog Steals the Show". It was so close! This one win would change my life completely, but then I said to my self "Don't be overconfident, a loss will also do the same"

That changed everything; the pressure began to pile on me. My brain was telling me to stop and give up, but in my heart, I knew I wanted to go on. I could just picture my grandfather on his deathbed saying "Whatever you do, don't give up. Follow your dreams and it will lead you where you want to go, where I want you to go." I could remember how much I cried that day for Pop-Pop. This was just the push I needed. I decided that, if I didn't do this for myself I should at least do it for him. I felt rejuvenated. It was like I had attained Nirvana. I was able to push myself to limits I didn't even know I had. I gave it all I had, until that moment, that moment when I looked up ahead, and it caught my eye. I lost everything in a matter of seconds. The end was so close, yet so far. I tried everything, I tried remembering Pop-Pop, my family back at home, but nothing seemed to work. Tears from my eyes rolled down to the ground like the drizzle of the rain before a storm. All was lost. I looked up and there I saw him. Pop-Pop was up there looking at me. I was astounded. I tried to reach out to him, and although no words were spoken, I could tell that he wanted me to go on.

I didn't know whether I was hallucinating or not, but at that moment it couldn't have mattered less. I just wanted to make him proud. I pushed myself until it was finally over. I couldn't believe it. I shut my eyes; although I couldn't physically see anything, my vision was crystal clear. I could see him up there, beyond the galaxy with a sense of pride around him. That one moment, when I got to see him happy after such a long time, gave me all the satisfaction I'll ever need.

## Icarus Did Fall

Armaan Rathi

Icarus did fall

Right on those damned pointed rocks,  
that lie on the putrid shore.

Covered in rotting filth.

Rotting by the minute was his damned corpse too,  
gored and stuck on those rocks,

sliding by the minute,

He got no funeral

no tomb

or any bloody love.

For 'twas what he deserved,  
for he didn't heed the words of the wise Daedalus.  
Who cared too much for that twit of a boy.

Daedalus must've grieved.

For he named an island after the twit.

He was better off in Crete I think,  
roaming aimlessly in the labyrinth.

A foolish matador for the Minotaur.

A wasted cause,

for Daedalus never taught him like Perdix.

Icarus did fall,

but only to his reprobate fate.

Bleeding on the rocks he was,

famous for his folly.

Famous for his flaw.

Stuck on the putrid shore,

he pondered weak and weary.

Corroding by the minute.

Lashed over by the mighty waves,

He might've thought,

for what a passing it was,

oozing ichor in spasms of terror

yet feeling no pain.

For he met his fate

Stuck on the putrid shore.

For imprudence had its price,

For he paid his debt,

Stuck on the putrid shore,

His tale embedded in perennial wails

Icarus did fall,

plummeting through the sky

wrapped in limp wings of flowing wax.

Down to the merciless rocks.

Down to his maledict fate.

# The Yellow Light

Adit Khosla

We had all been shameless. Our actions, spanning over approximately two years, had brought us here. Our palms were sweaty and we could hear each other's hearts beating. Even though we had been here for only five minutes, our blood was going cold and we were quaking in our boots. So many warnings and so many talks going into the wee hours of the night had not discouraged us. We were here due to our own mindless judgement and senseless actions. We all knew that, but we were still trying to find a way to get around what we knew was coming our way.

**So many warnings and so many talks going into the wee hours of the night had not discouraged us.**

There were eight people in the room. The three of us, and the 'big five'. Outnumbered and outweighed, it felt as if all was lost. We sat there, awaiting our fate, anxious, scared, thinking about our parents and how disappointed they would be. A few minutes of

questioning and lecturing lead to the much deserved full-fledged sermon. We were reminded of how young Ainur folks of Middle Earth were expected to behave, how the youngling must treat others, and most importantly of course how they must take heed of what the Elders say. As the continuous missiles of morals and ethics were showered upon us, we heard a sharp sound, only to see the drawer popping open.

We had been exchanging nervous looks ever since we had sat down, and now we all were staring at each other. We knew what was in store for us. But, the sermon had not stopped, and we did not know what was better, not having to listen to the mellifluous voices of righteousness in our ears or having to face what was in the drawer. Suddenly, there was silence in the room: coming out of the drawer to claim its infamous place in the limelight, emerged the fat, old, brown scroll. The very sight of it assured us of what was coming our way. Till now we had only joked about it, thinking it to be a distant nightmare, but with the register out and the pens ready, we were finally facing the consequences of our tardiness. The pages of the register crackled with power as they were turned to make the latest entry in a hundred years. It finally landed on a blank page and a horrific yellow light blinded us all.

# Into the Abyss

Shreyan Mittal

The surreal darkness enveloped me, wrapped me in its malevolent clutches. Try as I might, I knew it was hopeless. There would be no escape. That sense of looming terror struck me, engulfing me in waves of jet black. In those precious final moments, I reflected on how I had crashed headfirst into this situation. How, if not for my wife's demand of groceries, this unfortunate event could have been completely avoided. That just how different things could have been if I had arrived a minute later and missed the robbers exiting; bags of cash and pistols in hand, leaving a petrified cashier behind. What if, right then and there, I had just left and gone home, laying safe in bed rather than inches from untimely demise. Oh, how different things could have turned out. But of course, none of that was to happen. My chase had just led me into a dark and narrow alleyway, which seemingly stretched on forever. The alley looked exactly like the mafia hideout straight from a movie; graffiti everywhere, upturned trash cans and that haunting sense of eeriness. Despite all my instincts telling me not to, every muscle screaming in protest, I continued forward. I had but walked a few steps

when a force, equal to that of a hundred men, like a brick wall slamming into a helpless animal, hit me. I was down in an instant, gasping for air. It felt as if a rug had been swept from underneath my feet, leaving me in heaving mess. I looked at my attacker, only to find a creature cloaked in shadows, radiating the very essence of doom. In a desperate attempt to get away, I got to my feet as fast as I possibly could and ran towards the light. The next thing I knew, I was being lifted ten feet in the air, my feet dangling uselessly. I heard the monster growl as he flung me straight into the side of a metal dumpster. I could feel the warm blood oozing from the back of my head, matting my hair a dark red. My vision blurred; head spinning, I gave it a final try. I charged directly for the beast. It certainly took him by surprise as the collision caused him to stumble back a few steps. A sudden feeling of hope burst inside me, filling me with courage. Just as quickly, however, it was replaced with the sick sensation of dread as it gave a bone chilling snarl and charged at me. In that moment I knew, that Death had finally come for me. Here to take me into its abyss, forever.

# The Week Gone By

Aryan Bhattacharjee

It is that juncture in the year, where you begin to realise how difficult the next four continuous months of term will be; it is also the time when weariness begins creeping into our morale and the freshness with which we started the year seems slowly to diminish.

Academic pressures too seem to have gained strength over the past few weeks. Those preparing to write the ISC feel a sudden sense of urgency with regard to their preparations, cutting drastically their participation in Quadi-Football. Their counterparts in the IB however seem smoldered by the ever mounting enormity of IAs and submissions. An exhausted

A Form, having completed pre-boards, now begins to finalise upon Global Perspectives Projects and other formalities.

For S Form, the final trials seem to loom like a menace in the shade, at the point where they are neither near enough to stress over, nor distant enough to forget. For many, that isn't all, for they must now study for both their final examinations and standardised testing amidst the hectic chaos that is the relentless rhythm of life in School.

Cricket practices are dampened every now and again thanks to fickle weather, sunny one moment and stormy the next. Seniors matches are scheduled to begin today, hopefully the weather steers clear of any clouds and rain. The only sporting constant in School however, is hockey; with its season extending from early August to late May every year. Rain or shine,

Cricket or Football, this team always appears to have time for rigorous practice. All hail our national sport!

On the pastoral front, housemasters have now been given the additional task of ensuring all of S Form's laptops are submitted before eleven thirty each night. It isn't unusual to see them peering into the small glass frames of the lockers, a torch in one hand and a house list in the other, performing this task quite diligently. What I'm not so sure about is whether confiscating our laptops at the drop of a hat for misconduct is the right way to incentivise our doing the right thing. Perhaps one of my more disgruntled form-mates could write about this next week!

Until then however, if there is one thing I've observed about Chandbagh, it is this: time flies inside these walls; so don't worry, four months will pass in a flash.

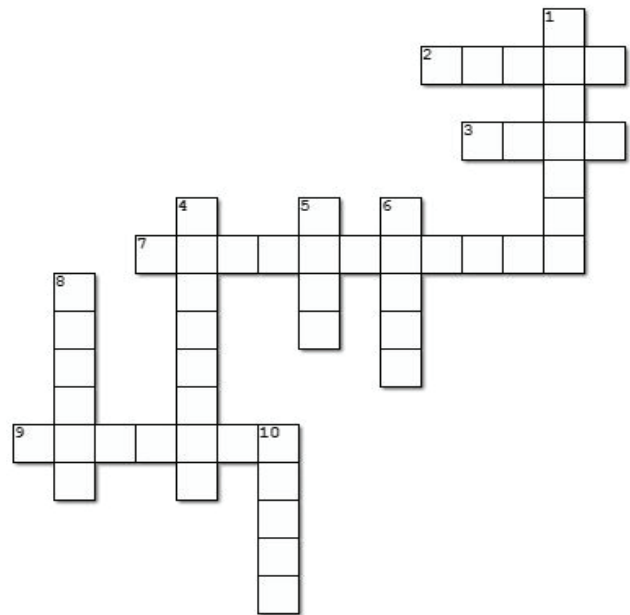
## Crossword | Romance

### Across

- 'Gone with the \_\_\_\_' was the first colour film to win the Academy Award for Best Picture in 1939.
- This Greek god is associated with Valentine's day.
- Julia Roberts won the Golden Globe for Best Actress for starring in the movie 'Pretty \_\_\_\_'.
- Valentine's Day originated in this city.

### Down

- This famous Polish composer practised in the dark.
- A ship that tragically sunk into the Atlantic ocean.
- This composer never drank unbottled water.
- This country was the birthplace of the Romantic Era.
- This name, taken from a famous play, is used to refer male lovers in the English language.
- This famous music composer's teacher also became his father-in-law.



Note: All answers to this crossword are the concerned persons' surnames.

Answers to This Week's Crossword	
Across	1. Chopin
2. Wind	3. Cupid
3. Cupid	4. Titanic
4. Titanic	5. Tchaikovsky
5. Tchaikovsky	6. German
6. German	7. Woman
7. Woman	8. Romeo
8. Romeo	9. Rome
9. Rome	10. Schumann
10. Schumann	

Source: <http://worksheets.theteacherscorner.net/make-your-own/crossword/>

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