

Established in 1936

# The Doon School WEEKLY

*"I sketch your world exactly as it goes."* -Arthur Foot  
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## DOONSPEAK

Doscas tell us how they are spending time in quarantine.

Page 3

## LOOKING THROUGH THE ANT'S EYE

An exploration of what an ant's view of School would be like.

Page 4

## PROBLEM OF THE WEEK

Let's see if you can solve this Math problem!

Page 6

# Institutionalised

Adit Chatterjee

He limped out the prison gates with tears in his eyes. He had no idea where to go from there. The brick red walls with the white stripes and the wrought iron gates with lamps on them were all he had known for the past five years. To be suddenly sent into "self-imprisonment" after just an announcement at lunch was something he hadn't ever anticipated, and yet, that's exactly what had just happened. It didn't matter much to him, he was being released the next year anyway, but something about the entire situation didn't sit right with him. The novel Coronavirus had been announced a pandemic, and prisons across the world were being forced by their leaders to shut down, for so many people confined in one area was a larger risk to life than the actual criminals themselves. Or at least, that's what the politicians said. His mother didn't come to collect him. He was flying home alone, just like the 500 other prisoners at the Chandbagh Facility.

His first few days at home were luxurious. He couldn't remember the last time he had a meal that wasn't watery, or slept in a bed that was soft enough for him to sink into when he lay down on it. His mother didn't speak to him much, not because she wasn't ecstatic to have him around, but because she simply wasn't used to having him home anymore. Instead, she

tried to show her affection by making extravagant meals for him, pampering him with whatever he asked for and coddling him with as much affection as she could. All she couldn't do for him was keep up an actual conversation with him; it had just been too long, and she felt far too distant from him. He couldn't sustain a conversation with any female friends either. Five years without any interaction with the opposite sex had left him clueless as to what to say, and even though he had the luxury of planning out his replies over text, he was hardly successful in making a conversation last longer than a few hours. "Oh well," he used to think, "Now I have all the time in the world to do the things I always dreamt of." When he was just imprisoned, he remembered looking out the mesh windows and dreaming of the day he was to be set free, never to come back to this dreadful land of restriction and control. He would imagine meeting a girl and falling in love, or meeting his friends back home once again and having all the fun he used to. He dreamt of scrolling endlessly through Instagram, or watching Netflix. Most of all, he would just hope against hope that he could finally get a good night's sleep, and would not have to wake up in the morning for grueling morning P.T.

Now, he finally had the

**When he was just imprisoned, he remembered looking out the mesh windows and dreaming of the day he was to be set free, never to come back to this dreadful land of restriction and control.**

freedom to do all of that, but he simply wasn't enjoying himself as he thought he would. Apart from the dreadful awkwardness he felt while talking to people, he found himself missing Chandbagh. Sure, it took away his phone and most other forms of contact with the outside, and the food was repetitive, but he missed the late night sessions he had talking to his fellow inmates. He missed begging the prison heads for pizza, and getting sent up to the warden for sneaking in a phone, or missing rehabilitation lessons. Most of all, he just missed the synchronized routine maintained there, where he felt like he was doing something

*(Continued on Page 2)*

(Continued from Page 1)

with his life, rather than simply indulging himself with food and sleep.

The few online rehabilitation lessons conducted were helpful in making him feel like he was back in the facility, but they just weren't the real thing. He was slowly beginning to long for the days when he was in Chandbagh.

**Two weeks later**

"Hey, is everything okay in there?", his mother questioned cautiously. He had slowly been getting more and more agitated at home since he arrived. She entered warily. He looked up at her. It was clear he had been crying. "What's wrong? Is everything okay?" She asked as

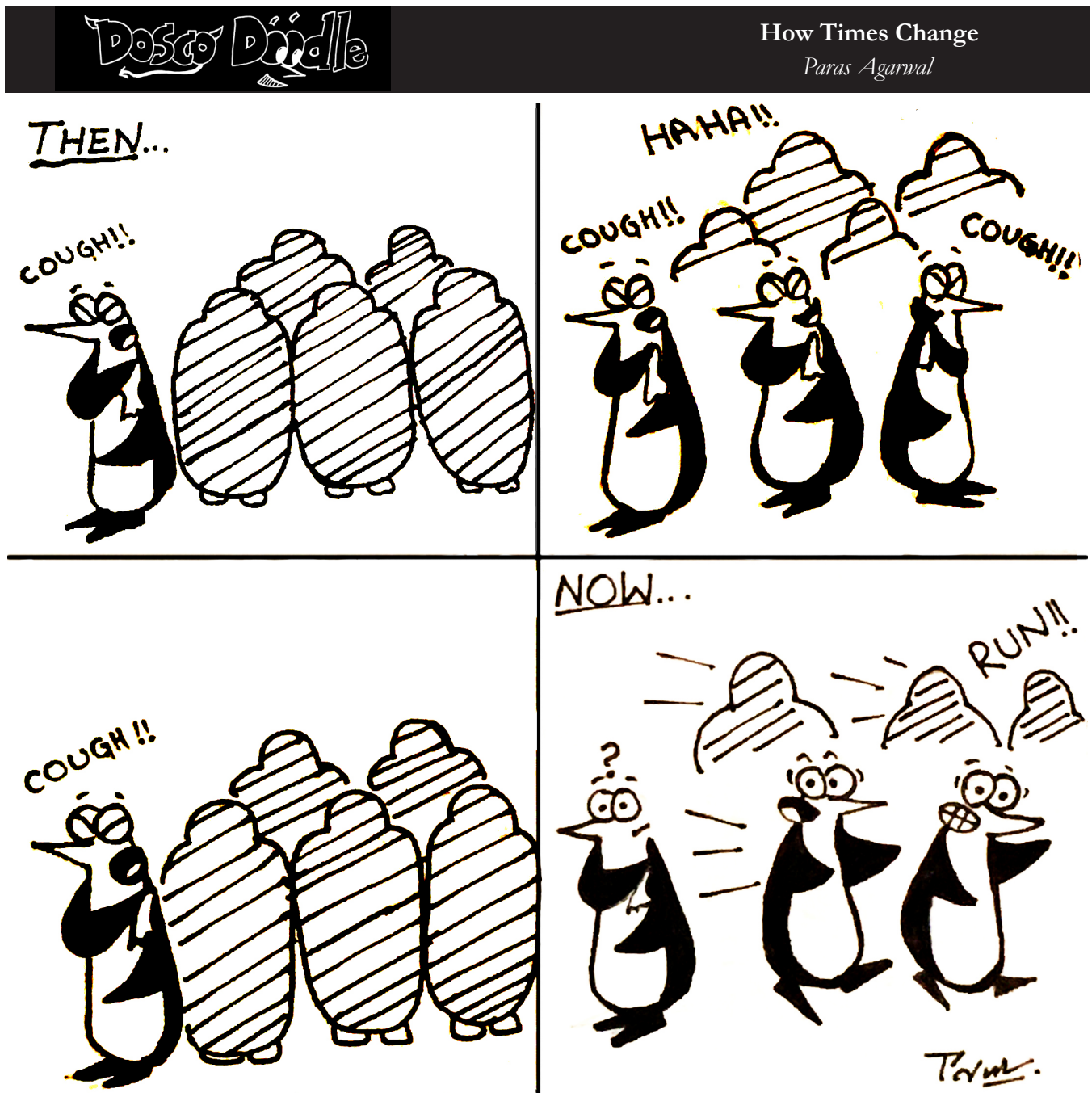
she bent down and held him.

He sniffled, and started speaking. "My dear mother, everything is wrong. For as long as I can remember, I have been in Chandbagh and in a way, it has become innately recognized by me as my way of life. In Chandbagh, I had purpose. I had younger inmates to guide, lessons to aim to excel at, and friends to support. In Chandbagh, I had an identity, I had a community, and I had people that I truly considered mine. I miss feeling like I mattered. I want to, no, I need to feel that way again. Outside those walls, I do not have the same purposes to fulfil. What can I do with my life now? No one is going to hire a washed-up inmate

whose greatest achievement in life is a tie that was awarded for being an exceptional prisoner. In the real world, I feel like nothing, no more than the garbage on the street.

In fact, I have no purpose at all. The world outside can never offer me the life Chandbagh, and unfortunately, that is the only life I find myself longing for. I truly feel that without Chandbagh I have nothing, for Chandbagh gave me everything."

She didn't know what to say, but just held him tighter, wondering how a nondescript 86-year-old rehabilitation center could ever impact a person this much. Perhaps she never would.



## How Have You Been Spending Your Time in Quarantine?

More than a month into quarantine, the entire experience of a lockdown has been a rollercoaster journey. Corona virus has impacted the student community globally, and has brought about significant changes in their schedule. For me my daily schedule is a mix of hurriedness, comforting food and a warm bed (especially for full-time boarders like us). Days start with rushing out of bed to indulge in the routine exercise schedule (I don't want my tummy coming out in violation of the lockdown), followed by attending the scheduled online classes conducted by the school. In short, I eat, sleep, study, repeat...

The monotony is broken by the occasional video calls, texts, and group chitchats on social media. I am also helping my grandfather by teaching him how to use modern technology to conduct his work from home. It is amazing to see him adapt to these technologies, even at his age. My long dream of learning acrylic painting has also suddenly started taking shape. My mother has volunteered to teach me despite her hectic schedule and no staff to manage the house in these unprecedented times.

- Aradhya Jain, C Form

In one line, my quarantine experience would be this: I have not yet fully adapted to this almost 'post-apocalyptic' lifestyle. Earlier, I used to wake up around 10 am, force myself out of bed, have some cereal, and log on to classes while trying to absorb as much social media as possible. Classes were followed by lunch at around 2 o'clock. I occasionally worked out in the evenings and then participated in Monopoly Marathons or cards (if anything, I have sharpened my card shuffles and my poker face immensely). The rest of the day was spent surfing Instagram and video calling friends or Netflixing through time. It's funny talking about social media consumption, because until about a week ago, I may have not known my Physics syllabus, but I definitely knew the Kardashians' hourly whereabouts! Thankfully, I realised I was using my phone and laptop for insane amounts of time, so I decided to cut back on my media consumption and did an experiment: I gave up my phone for a week just to break the pattern and hopefully use all this time in a wiser manner. Apart from cards, I am also learning about the stock market with my father due to his new and profound interest in the market. But more importantly, to compensate for all the junk food, I tried my hand at making them in my kitchen. Now I can proudly say I am an expert at making Cheesecake, Tiramisu, a variety of eggs and three different versions of Maggi. Looking back, this has been a boring, yet strange experience; however, I wouldn't necessarily call it a bad one.

- Soham Agarwal, S Form

Even though I have never had such temporal and physical restrictions, quarantine hasn't been that bad for me, except that the massive increase in my screen-time is bugging my eyes. Thankfully, I have the three most wanted privileges: good food, good company, and space to breathe. While school-work keeps coming in absurd amounts, I try my best to go beyond it and read, research, and learn new things. The internet has become my personal tutor in this sense. After a long time, the night sky has also become clear everywhere. Take time out to gaze at it. Learn new things about yourself. "With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy." as Max Ehrmann put it in his poem *Desiderata*.

- Yuvraj Sarda, A Form

I would have been in School at this time (had things progressed normally), playing, chatting with my new friends, swimming, debating, playing chess and badminton, learning robotics, having fun watching shows in the Rose Bowl, etc. However, all my expectations of fun drowned with the announcement of the lockdown. I realised that it would not be possible for School to call the new D Form batch. I started praying everyday, so that the virus would soon vanish from the world. I made sure that I remained fit and kept my immunity strong. I started facing the circumstances of the lockdown head-on. Then we began attending online classes. Though we sit with laptops like couch potatoes, we still try to learn as much as possible through digital platforms, by reading good books, and by helping our parents in household activities. I play board games with my family and even watch TV shows with them. Now I realise the value of doctors, policemen, and farmers: they are essential for us. I also understand the importance of human interactions, now that I am home-bound. I hope that we beat this deadly virus soon and that I join School as soon as possible.

- Anugya Gugalia, D Form



# Looking Through the Ant’s Eye

Dr. Srinivas Swamy describes his recent exploration of the ant’s perspective.

This Earth day, I was out looking at the campus from a different perspective. With the Earth taking a breather, the entire biodiversity of the ecosystem of our campus has become livelier. It felt like we are back in the Imperial Forest Research Institute from whom we have inherited the campus that is now ours. While wandering, I came across an army of ants and curiously followed them to their small anthill beside the Main Building.

Having discovered the ant hill, I became very curious to explore how the world might look from an ant’s perspective. The Main Building, the paths, other buildings, fallen leaves, flowers, and so on: this motivated me to look at almost all things through the ommatidia of the ant. Ants’ eyes are not like ours. They have compound eyes with many units, called ommatidia. Their eyes look like an array of LEDs you’d see in a traffic light, except they are dome-shaped.

Each ommatidium sees one point in space, so the whole eye sees different portions of one image. However, ants cannot see the world at the same resolution as we do. Their world is blurrier than ours.

So, I thought, why not look at the campus through the blurry vision of an ant? Sometimes it might give you the minute details that we miss out in the hustle and bustle of life. Keeping this in mind, I started exploring different parts of the campus with my MI-4. The interesting part was that sometimes I was caught, by a couple of guards and masters kneeling, or flat on my belly on the ground. They did ask me if I was okay, although unable to hide their laughter and curiosity!

Now that I was able to capture some parts of the campus, I want to throw up a challenge to identify the areas where the pictures have been taken. I bet it will be an interesting one for you and surely test your knowledge of the campus.

Can you guess where these pictures are taken from? Refer to the bottom of the page to check your answers!



Answers to the Challenge Above:		
1. Path leading to the Art School from the Library	4. Behind the Alumni Relations Office	7. Upper Skimmers' Entry
2. Southern Gardens	5. The Triangular Garden facing the Headmaster's residence	8. At the junction between Oberoi House and the Swimming Pool
3. The road beside the Accounts Office	6. Outside the Nursery, beside Martyn House	9. The road in front of the Circular Garden

# The Corona Warrior

**Vivaan Singhi** *explains how the sanitiser-dispensing robot he made at home operates.*

As we all know, the world faces a grim situation due to the pandemic spread of the Novel Coronavirus. One of the measures to fight against this pandemic is to periodically sanitize our hands with soap or sanitizer. I have a keen interest in robotics and machinery, so during the lockdown period, I decided to design and make a sanitizer-dispensing robot. This robot will dispense sanitizer without any physical contact.

This robot is made with LEGO MINDSTORMS EV3 platform.

## **How it works**

When the robot is turned on, the proximity sensor turns on automatically. When the sensor determines any change in its value (such as an approaching hand), it sends a command to the EV3 brain/processor. On receiving an input the robot acknowledges it and announces, "Hello, I'm CORONA WARRIOR. I will help you to sanitize your hands. Please confirm."

With this, the robot wants to check whether somebody is actually there to sanitize their hands or if it was just an erroneous message sent by the sensor. If we place our hand near the sensor again,

it sends a confirmation message to its processor. After receiving the confirmation message, the robot announces, "Please Wait."

Then, if we move our hand near the sanitizer bottle, motors start functioning and the sanitizer is dispensed. After this robot makes an announcement, "Thank you! Please maintain social distancing and help us fight the NOVEL CORONA VIRUS".



# Captor

**Krishnav Sachdev**

His heart was pounding; his mind was racing. He couldn't understand why his family had left him to this fate; why they had let him be taken by the captors' men; why they couldn't keep him tucked away in his bed.

A dozen hearts pounded with his, and a dozen minds raced against his. The captors' dozen victims were also in the same van as him, but he knew that countless other children had been subject to the same fate, having been pulled away from their families and the comfort of their homes. As the panelled minivan pulled up to the ominous expansive building, he knew that there was no escape. The grounds were milling with guards and henchmen making sure that no-one escaped the captors' cruelty because, he knew, that today she must be feeling particularly cruel.

The many minivans pulled up outside the captor's home, and the captives were made to line up outside the gate. He knew that it was time for her to address the gathering, and he dreaded what would happen when she was finished. As she walked out of the building of torture, the shuffling and nervous click-clack of teeth became worse. When The Evil One, for that is what she was called, neared the congregation

of her prey, a morbid silence enveloped the group.

Her rasping voice shattered the blissful peace, "Take that group to Cell Block A, that one to B, and..." She was there to address the guards, not the prisoners. As he was directed towards his cell, he prayed to his God; he prayed for Him to spare his life. The group of students was thrown in the cell and told to sit down.

The wait was worse than what was to come, and the feeling of impending doom shattered their wills and battered their minds, but he knew the only thing that would save his sanity would be having to deal with one of the captors' men and not she herself.

The locked door of the cell swung open behind him, and his heart sank. He looked back to see his biggest fear: the witch walked into the room with the dreaded weapon of hers clutched in her talons.

She set the weapon down on the table for them to fear and then shut the barred windows so that they were more miserable. Then, she slowly set down the weapon on each of their tables as they said their prayers one last time.

She commanded "Begin!" and he picked up his pen and started writing the final exam of the year.



## Problem of the Week

Certain numbers have interesting properties. For example,  $1^3 + 5^3 + 3^3 = 153$ . That is, the sum of the cubes of the individual digits of the positive integer 153 is the number itself. This may lead you to ask a question like, "Are there other such numbers?" (Yes there are, but that is not our concern today.)

The number 512 stands alone as a three-digit positive integer with three different digits such that the cube of the sum of the digits equals the number itself.

That is,  $(5+1+2)^3 = 512$ .

This is the only three-digit positive integer with three distinct digits that has the property.

Find all-five digit positive integers with distinct digits

such that the cube of the sum of the digits equals the original number.

That is, find all five-digit positive integers of the form **CUBES** with distinct digits such that

$$(C+U+B+E+S)^3 = \text{CUBES}$$

Source: CEMC, Waterloo

**Editor's Note:** This is a new section that has been added in order to give people interesting problems to work on with their friends and families in their free time. If you think you have found the right answers, you can contact your Mathematics teacher to see if you have successfully solved the Problem of the Week! We hope you enjoy this section, and welcome feedback on our email address.

### What Have You Been Reading During the Lockdown?

**Gujarat Files: Anatomy of a Cover Up**

**Author: Rana Ayyub**

Ayyub takes us through her journey as an undercover journalist, surreptitiously investigating the top-officials behind the Gujarat Riots. The book uncovers the brutality, lies, corruption and all the other ingredients that made 2002 an "anatomy of a cover up." The book is a must-read for readers interested in understanding contemporary Indian politics and the reason why the memories of the incident, till date, haunt the top brass of the central BJP government.

- Aarnav Sethy

### What Have You Been Watching During the Lockdown?

**The Prestige (Age Rating: PG-13)**

**Director: Christopher Nolan**

**Cast: Christian Bale, Hugh Jackman, Scarlett Johansson**

Anyone who watches The Prestige by Christopher Nolan is bound to ponder over its ending after finishing the film. The movie tells the tale of two rival magicians in late-victorian England, and will ensure that the viewer remains glued to the screen, wide-mouthed and heart racing. If not for the experience, I urge you to watch it simply because I challenge you to predict its ending.

- Advaita Sood

“

Normality is a paved road:  
It's comfortable to walk, but no flowers grow on it.

—  
Vincent van Gogh

### Around the World in 80 Words

COVID-19 cases crossed the 20,000 mark in India. President Donald Trump signed an order to temporarily suspend the approval of some green cards. Earth Day was celebrated all over the world on April 22. Oxford University performed the first human trials of their COVID-19 vaccine. The Indian Supreme Court granted journalist Arnab Goswami protection from arrest for three weeks related to allegations of libel against Sonia Gandhi. The Champions League and Europa League are likely to be played in August.

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