

The Doon School WEEKLY

"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot
February 27, 2021 | Issue No. 2596



MUMBAI: THE CITY OF DREAMS

A creative piece about the city of Mumbai

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PROBLEM OF THE WEEK

Can you solve this week's maths problem?

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From the House of the Unknown

Pranav Lohia writes about his experience in the wellness centre.

When I discovered that I had fever, I concluded what anyone who had fever would conclude in these rather unusual times. I concluded that I had COVID. As the implications of my discovery dawned on me, my stomach began to flutter and I began to palpitate with such intensity that I thought that I would succumb to my anxiety before COVID even got a chance. Fortunately, I succumbed neither to the Coronavirus nor the anxiety. The Wellness Centre alone is to thank for my recovery, for it was tasked with saving me, and succeeded. In the process, however, a part of me died.

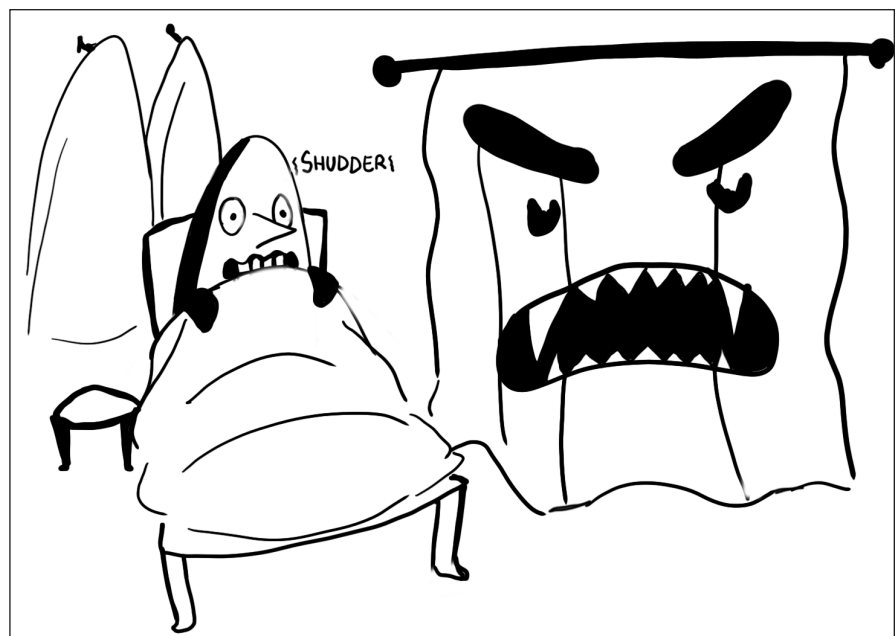
After being diagnosed with fever, the nursing team immediately surrounded me in what seemed to be an interview setup. I was subsequently asked a number of questions about my interactions in School. I had to choose between disclosing who I was around and giving them a description clear as mud. Somewhere along the interview, a hilarious question got me laughing until I realized that they were not in the mood to joke. I was asked if I had body ache, to which I replied that I had no body ache, following which I was asked if I had even a little body ache, to which I replied, 'no, I am sure I don't have any.' After this, the staff concluded that I *had* body ache. Soon after this 30-minute conversation, I was transferred

to Martyn House which is the designated COVID ward. During my stay there I was poked, prodded (as most people in my situation are) and drained of various fluids with needles of various sizes - all to determine which malady I have had the pleasure of hosting.

A few hours later, I was informed that I had tested positive for typhoid. Following this, I was approached by an external healthcare professional who took out of his backpack a Ziplock bag, the contents of which bore a similarity to those of a COVID testing kit. Needless to say, I was quite perplexed, for having been told not half a minute ago that I had typhoid I had assumed that the case of the mystery malady had been solved. However, to my dismay, the case had not been closed

The Wellness Centre alone is to thank for my recovery, for it was tasked with saving me and succeeded. In the process, however, a part of me died.

just yet, for now the depression brought on by the knowledge of my sickness was coupled with that of hosting two diseases at once. The day had passed with a high fever due to a current of tension that was constantly running
(Continued on the next page)



(Continued from the previous page)

through me. At precisely 8 PM, I was informed that I had tested negative for the Coronavirus, and I was sent back to the Wellness Centre. I was warmly welcomed by the support staff who immediately presented to me the hospital's trademark cure-all (besides Zupar) - a warm cup of BournVita. I was beginning to feel better till I realised that I was going to be here for the next seven days.

Meanwhile, the news that I had typhoid had caused a ruckus back home. After I assured my mother of my normal condition, she lost belief in anything I said and decided to ship a packet of homemade food to School.

Upon feeling somewhat better now, I decided that it would be best to get some sleep. Oh, how naive I was! I had entered a different world altogether. I experienced what it was like to sleep in a lonely hospital. The place houses 18 beds spaced evenly in four rooms and has no curtains to stop any light that comes from from outside. With all the lights switched off, the hospital bears an eerie resemblance to a classic horror movie setup. With plastic curtains between the beds creating an image of what was behind me, the place did wonders for my imagination as I would frequently jump at the sight of a t-shirt or sweater that my mind would conjure into some creature out of a horror story. I would experience these moments of terror throughout the night as I lay awake because of the eerie sound of silence. At the end of the day, however, these measures are understable. On the topic of the day's end, since I had been bed-ridden the entire day, there was not the slightest possibility that I would be tired. As a consequence, I managed to fall asleep only at 1 AM. I was woken up at 6 AM for a temperature and oxygen check. After I returned to sleep, I was woken up again at 8 AM for breakfast, after which my entire day was dedicated to covering the extensive syllabus of YouTube. Having binge-watched videos from every content creator there was, I finally decided that it was time to move to the more difficult part of the course and watch a movie. By the time I finished it, I realised that an entire day had passed without my doing anything. It was not much later that I realised I would have to live like a bat for the rest of the week. On the third day, just as I began to recover and get used to the experience, I was greeted by a brand-new problem: the washrooms. As you may know, one of the new COVID precautions is the new toilet with sensors and jet spray. The commode in the Wellness Center did not seem to be particularly fond of me, and in a cruel conspiracy between my stomach and the commode, both stomach and commode would act quirky in perfect synchrony, leaving me to deal with a rumbling stomach and a malfunctioning

commode at exactly the same moment.

However, with the passage of time, I recovered rather quickly. Whether it was lying in my bed for 23 of the 24 hours in a day, the overdose of YouTube punctuated by one-hour naps in between, the late night BournVita with toast that got my laziness peaking, or the barrage of medicines I was subject to, within a week I had made a complete recovery. I was jubilant at the thought of being discharged from the Wellness Centre. Now, however, I find myself missing the pampered lifestyle....

सैनिकों को मेरा सलाम

कृतिन गोयल

एक तरफ घोड़े बेच सोते हैं हम,
दूसरी तरफ बार्डर पर सैनिक हारते नहीं अपना दम।
मैं इन वीरों को सलाम करता हूँ,
दिन रात देश-भक्ति करने के लिए इनका आभार व्यक्त करता हूँ।
युद्ध में इनके लिए अपने जान कुर्बान सही,
देश से बढ़कर कुछ भी नहीं।
सलाम है, इन प्रशंसनीय वीरों को मेरा,
जिनका अपने परिवार से दूर बसा है डेरा।
नन्हें-नन्हें बालक महीनों अपने पिताओं का इंतजार करते हैं,
वे पिता जो आँसुओं को दबाकर आपने बच्चों को अलविदा कहते हैं।
वे महान मनुष्य हैं जो अपने कर्तव्य का पालन करते हैं,
अपने देश की मिट्टी की हिफाजत करते हैं।
हमें अहसास नहीं इनका जीवन कितना कठिन और पीड़ादायक होता है,
परंतु फिर भी अपने संस्कारों को स्मरण रख ये देश की सेवा करते हैं।
अगर हर कोई बैठ जाये घर पर,
कौन करेगा उन संकटों का सामना जो होंगे सर पर।
अंतिम समय पर भी इनके होठों पर भारत का नाम लहराता है,
नाम कमा एक देश की मिट्टी को समर्पित हो जाता है।
हमारा फर्ज बनता है की इन्हें प्रणाम करें,
एक सच्चा नागरिक बन ऐसा प्रदर्शन करने के लिए नमस्कार करें।
मुझे हमारे देश के सैनिकों पर है गर्व और अभिमान,
इनको मेरा सलाम।

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

Only illiterate people care about grammar.

Lorcan Conlon, roasting the Weekly

Apply heat to burn.

Kabir Subbiah, piling on

With more hair dropped your brain size increases.

Vishwavijay Rathore hair hair, go away

He looks like a 'stouched' potato.

Aryan Kasera, quite the spud; he spelled the beans

Your pony tail looks like a horse's tail.

Siddhant Srivastava Shakespeare of similes

THE WHO?

Who is Christopher Comstock?

Shardul Raghuvanshi: A traveller

Arkh Goyal: The owner of AT & T

Atharva Jain: A footballer

Christopher Comstock, also known as **Marshmello**, is an American **electronic music producer** and **DJ**. He first gained international recognition for releasing remixes of songs by American DJ duo Jack Ü and Russian-German DJ Zedd. His songs **“Silence”**, **“Wolves”**, **“Friends”**, **“Happier”**, and **“Alone”** are multi-platinum certified in several countries and have appeared in the **Billboard Hot 100**.

“

Maybe our favourite quotations say more about us than about the stories and people we are quoting.

—
John Green

This Week in History

1582 C.E.: Pope Gregory XIII announces the New Style (Gregorian) calendar.

1804 C.E.: Britain declares Egypt a sovereign state.

1965 C.E.: Human rights activist Malcolm X is shot dead by Nation of Islam followers at the Audubon Ballroom in New York City.

1954 C.E.: The first mass inoculation against polio with the Jonas Salk vaccine takes place at the Arsenal Elementary School in Pittsburgh.

1997 C.E.: The creation of Dolly the Sheep, the world's first cloned mammal (from an adult cell) is announced by the Roslin Institute in Scotland.

1999 C.E.: The Lahore Declaration is signed between India's Atal Bihari Vajpayee and Pakistan's Nawaz Sharif on the use of nuclear weapons.

2020 C.E.: Violent protests against the new citizenship laws erupt in Delhi, India, leaving at least 38 people dead.

Around the World in 80 Words

The recently-inaugurated Motera stadium in Ahmedabad is now the world's biggest cricket stadium with a capacity of 110,100. Ghana became the first country to receive vaccines as part of Covax, a global scheme to distribute COVID inoculations for free in economically disadvantaged countries. 100 dead dolphins were found on an island near Mozambique. At least 79 inmates were killed in simultaneous fights in four jails in Ecuador in one of the deadliest incidents in the country's prisons in years.

Dosco Doodle

Grown-Ups

Roban Taneja



| New Voices |

Mumbai: The City of Dreams

Yuvan Kamdar

Mumbai, the city of dreams. The home of well-groomed pet Labradors as well as a certain breed of leeches. The home of the richest and the dirtiest. Of guns and ice cream. A place of hope and absolute despair.

A gutter flowing down the road, children flying kites on the rooftops of makeshift houses, chickens rummaging around garbage, colourful clothes hanging on lines across the street. These were some of the sights surrounding Pandey's home.

Wearing a dull white shirt and holding a tin tiffin box filled with dal and roti, he walked through the narrow lane, ducking under the clotheslines, and stepping over the muddy potholes. Far away he could see the silhouettes of small hills covered with trash. It was still dark, and his children and wife were still sleeping in their ramshackle hut made out of some old tin and blue plastic sheets. After about five minutes of walking through these slums, he met Sanjay. "Hey Sanju, Good Morning, how are you?" Sanjay said as he quizzically gazed at him. Pandey said, in Hindi, "I am just practising my English for my new job". "Have you heard the news about the BMC?", asked Sanjay. After a negative grunt from Pandey he continued, "Our 'friend' in the office says that they will come tomorrow. They will come, they will come with their huge machines, their long official papers and destroy this place as they did in Andheri." He wondered if it was true. If the BMC (Bombay Municipal Corporation) would come tomorrow and raze these slums, his home, to the ground, he had no idea what he would do. He had nowhere to go. He had left his

village long ago with all his savings to start a new life here in Mumbai. His village was deep in the heart of Maharashtra and there was not much of a future there for him. He reached a bus stop and got onto the bus for Church Gate, one of the most elite places in Mumbai. He could already see the towering skyscrapers of South Bombay coming into view. The sun was just rising as he fell asleep, his head bouncing rhythmically against the bus window.

As the sun rose over the tall skyscrapers outside Mehek's window, she woke up to the sound of her favourite pop song playing on her smartphone to find a glass of fresh orange juice next to her. After a warm shower, she grabbed her school bag and met her driver, Pandey, in her building. She rode to school in silence, as usual. It was an unspoken rule that Pandey would not talk to her unless it was important and Mehek never really asked herself why. She went to school, met her friends, and enjoyed her day. She came home and studied. The day was over before she knew it. This was her routine.

The next day as she was coming home from school Pandey suddenly got a call. As he was talking on the phone, she could see the colour drain from his face. He suddenly took a turn she was not familiar with and put down the phone. "What happened?" Mehek asked in broken Hindi. He replied with some comment about a family crisis and cursed the 'bloody government'. Mehek was frightened. The highways turned into small gullies with *chawls* surrounding them. Mehek could already sense some sort of turmoil in the people she saw through the

window. There was a solemn look on the faces of the local families standing on the side of the road, their bags filled with whatever little they owned. Pandey abruptly stopped the car at the start of a vast area of plastic, bricks, sewage and people, roughly arranged to form a slum. The area was deserted and large machines were now clearing everything in it. Some people just stood and watched as officers with various legal documents supervised the demolition. Pandey ran inside hurriedly and was lost within the labyrinth of the slum. Only when he came out of the slum with a woman and three children did Mehek realize that this was his house. She looked out of the car window and watched as the scene unfolded in front of her. She knew of these slums; she had even read about them in her geography textbooks. She would donate a portion of the food in school to the slum dwellers, but somehow, she never felt their pain, the desolation of the slums. When she saw Pandey, a person she had known for years, go into these slums, she began to understand their feelings. She never wondered or thought to ask Pandey about where he came from.

Such is the detachment that money can buy.



CLARIFIED



Bitcoin

In early February, 2021, Tesla, an American electric vehicle and clean energy company, bought \$1.5 billion worth of bitcoin. As a result, the price of bitcoin reached a record height as it rose from around \$37,000 to \$48,000 before pulling back on Tuesday, February 9. On February 18, bitcoin reached another all-time high at \$57,529. Though the reasons behind Tesla's actions are known by few, it is safe to say that the company sees it as having quite a bright future, one that may impact the world economy. For this reason, in this edition of Clarified we explain how bitcoin works.

At a basic level, bitcoin is just a digital currency (cryptocurrency) that was created to solve many of the problems we face when we pay for things online. For instance, when we buy something online, our payment is carried out through a bank or credit card company. These institutions take a cut of the transaction and function on the premise that we trust them with sensitive information such as our credit card details. Very often, the fee that companies take builds up and, in some cases,, our sensitive information may be stolen. Bitcoin, however, is decentralised, meaning that no single authority controls or distributes its exchange. All bitcoin transactions are controlled by a large network of computers running special software. During a transaction, these computers record the bitcoin addresses (the destinations) of the sender and the receiver, and the amount sent and received, and enter this information in a record called a blockchain. The blockchain is updated over 100 times a day and is sent to every computer that processes bitcoin. The blockchain contains every transaction ever made. All transactions are also irreversible which is another downside, so if you send bitcoin to the wrong person, there is no middle-man (the bank) to verify that you are sending bitcoin to the right person. If you were to maliciously change a blockchain, it would require massive amounts of energy and would not last very long as it would be verified amongst other devices in the system and then reported and changed. Every transaction is encrypted and verified at multiple points in the network to make sure that every computer is using identical copies of the information in the blockchain, making it virtually impossible to cheat the system or counterfeit. As an added level of security, blockchains are overseen by miners.

Miners are people or companies using specialized computers to process transactions and ensure they are secure. A transaction is processed only when it is added to the blockchain which is achieved only by solving a computational problem which chains together blocks of transactions. For processing transactions, miners are rewarded with new bitcoin every 10 minutes, causing more bitcoin to go into circulation.

To better understand how it works, let us go through the step-by-step process of how a transaction in bitcoin occurs. We can take two people, Bob, and Alex. Alex wants to send one btc (bitcoin) to Bob. He will first start by scanning Bob's QR code (his bitcoin address) in an app such as Coinbase, and then fill in how much bitcoin he wants to send to Bob. In this scenario we will use one bitcoin. However, since bitcoin has a high value, one generally deals with fractions of bitcoin. Having entered the value, Alex will send his bitcoin to Bob. When the transaction is created, it is sent to the blockchain (as mentioned above). After going through a series of checks, Bob receives the bitcoin from Alex and is free to do whatever he wants with it. The whole process was achieved with little to no fees and no intermediate party.

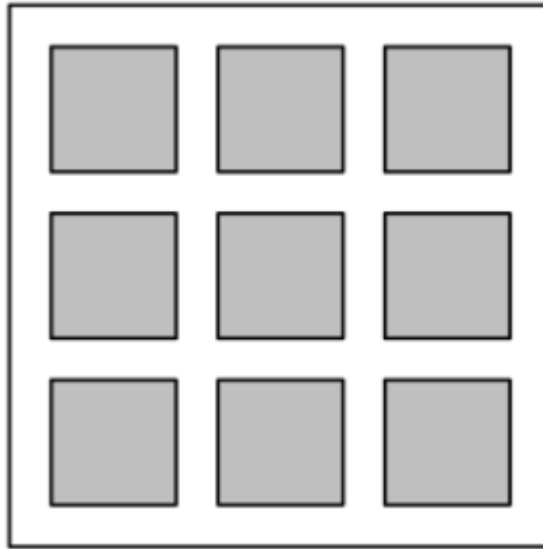
Due to its nature and the lack of an intermediate party, bitcoin has been gaining popularity and rising in value at exponential rates since 2008. Though its stability as an investment has been debated, its demand has been rising continuously, proving that it may very well be the future of digital payments, and possibly even the world economy.

Sources

- 1 <https://www.investopedia.com/terms/b/bitcoin.asp>
- 2 <https://bitcoin.org/en/how-it-works>
- 3 <https://www.cnet.com/how-to/what-is-bitcoin/>

Problem of the Week

A large square region is paved with n^2 grey square tiles, each measuring s inches on a side. A border d inches wide surrounds each tile. The figure below shows the case for $n = 3$. When $n = 24$, the 576 grey tiles cover 64% of the large square region. What is the ratio d/s for this larger value of n ?



Source: *Art Of Problem Solving*

What Have You Been Reading During The Lockdown?

Looking For Alaska (16 +)

Author: John Green

Looking For Alaska follows the life of Miles Halter as he decides to leave his uneventful life in Florida to “seek a Great Perhaps” at Culver Creek, a boarding school in Alabama where he meets Takumi, Alaska Young and the poverty soaked genius ‘The Colonel’. Their year, Culver Creek is studded with pranks with ‘The Colonel’ as the main perpetrator and Alaska as the larger than life creative force. Life seems pretty eventful until eventually tragedy strikes. A book of mystery, depth, love and the sense of living on the edge, this book is immensely captivating and a must-read for all!

-Anshul Khakhar

What Have You Been Watching During The Lockdown?

London Has Fallen

Director: Babak Najafi

London Has Fallen is an action-packed movie starring Gerard Butler, Morgan Freeman, and other Hollywood stars. It follows Mike Banning (Gerard Butler), navigating through London, trying to protect the president of the United States, after the British prime minister’s funeral goes wrong. Not only does this movie feature action-packed fighting scenes with helicopters, but it also has the emotions that make you feel like you are right there, watching as a third party. This movie exceeded my expectations and I would recommend it to all action movie fans.

-Vir Mehta

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Online Edition: www.doonschool.com/co-curricular/clubs-societies/publications/past-weeklies/ weekly@doonschool.com



©IPSS: All rights reserved. **Printed by:** The English Book Depot, 15 Rajpur Road, Dehradun, Uttarakhand-248001, India. **Published by:** Kamal Ahuja, The Doon School, Dehradun.

Editor-in-Chief: Advaita Sood **Editor:** Aryan Agarwal **Senior Editors:** Aditya Jain, Kabir Singh Bhai **Hindi Editor:** Keshav Tiwari **Special Correspondents:** Ahan Jayakumar, Armaan Rathi, Saatvik Anand, Shreyan Mittal, Vihan Ranka **Correspondents:** Abhay Jain, Aryan Baruah, Yashovrat Nandan **Cartoonist:** Paras Agrawal, Rohan Taneja **Webmaster:** Kritika Jugran **Assistant Managers:** Arvindanabha Shukla, Priyanka Bhattacharya, Purnima Dutta **Technical Assistant:** KC Maurya **Picture Credits:** <https://ihs.co.in/urbanlens/films/good-morning-mumbai/>