A TOURNAMENT OF CLASS
A report on the recent hexangular cricket tournament.
Page 3

THE WEEK GONE BY
A humorous account of the events of the past week.
Page 4

SUDOKU
Can you solve this week’s Sudoku?
Page 4

Banana Republic

Vivaan Sood

Banana Republic: a politically unstable country with an economy dependent upon the exportation of a single resource or product.

I don’t really understand morals. Other than social norms, there’s nothing really telling me to give to the poor. It’s not even a law. And yet it is expected of me to give money to the poor. No one is really dictating what is right and wrong and scrutinising every action that you take, unless you believe in god, which is something else that I find absurd. I mean, how can you be dogmatic about a person that lives in the clouds and simultaneously watches the moves of seven billion people. People can be a fanatic about such topics. I on the other hand only believe in god when it is convenient.

As I ruminated and continued with my inner monologue, I was interrupted by my friend. In a manner of inadvertent brevity, he exclaimed “The Higher Ups are here!” Now this was something worth my while. These were people, who in my opinion, did not have any sense of morals. If I was one to conform to society, these were figures who did not care. In a haste, I ran out of my room, and to the balcony to see them.

They were caught up in monotonous conversation (on account of their lack of personality). All donned grey suits, however to give credit, each was a different shade of grey. The Head Farmer promptly slithered into the scene just then. “The next batch is being prepared. Here I present the latest one” he blared. He presented a group of short and plump specimens. Simply looking at them brought up something unsavoury within me.

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They were the least bit remarkable, hardly deserving of such a grand introduction. “They seem to be lagging behind a bit,” my friend pointed out. He was right in that they hadn’t developed as much as they were expected to, and as much as other batches had at this point. Surprisingly, the suits had, through some miracle, figured this out too. They pushed their concerns upon the head farmer.

“We’ve used the same formula for almost a century, and it’s worked for just as long. Trust the process” he cried. The same mould, same formula and same environment had been used for an incredibly long time. “We excel in producing the same type of product that our customers expect. I don’t plan on springing any surprises on them. It would be bad for business.” Just as he said this last sentence, the suits all nodded in sheepish agreement.

Look at this, not the least bit of individuality or uniqueness among this batch, and they pride themselves on this achievement. “I’m just glad we didn’t turn out like this” I said to my friend. “I want to meet this batch, think that’s possible?” he asked. It would be interesting to see just what was supposedly amazing about this crop. We rushed down, just as the batch was retreating back into their cave like rooms. I stopped a blissfully ignorant specimen who was unaware of their lacklustre show and rather revelled in the praise. He wore a sort of mindless smile. “What do you lot do all day?” I questioned. “Oh we just sort of…hang around. Nothing in particular,” he answered. I peered into their room, and as explained, all of them were lying on their beds and doing the same thing, or rather, nothing. This was of great shock to me. I’d never heard of

(Continued on Page 3)
MUSICAL MAESTROS
The following are the Music Appointments for the Academic Year 2022-2023:

Music Captain: Aryan Prakash
Dance Captain: Raghav Mundara
Orchestra Leaders: Veer Nigam and Udai Dungarpur
Band Leader: Aadi Jain
Choir Leader: Adeitya Khanna
Percussion Leader: Rajyavardhan Dugar

We wish them a fruitful tenure!

NEW FACES AT THE HELM
The following are the appointments for the Academic year 2022-2023:

Archives: Kabir Sodhi
Stage Committee: Aradhya Gupta
Trophy Squad: Abhyuday Singh
IAYP: Keshav Bagrodia
Assembly Talk (Hindi): Sudhanshu Chowdhary
Assembly Talk (English): Veer Nigam
A.V. Squad: Vihaan Gupta and Jinay Borana
Social Service Secretary: Paras Agarwal
Art Secretary: Siddhant Agarwal

Congratulations!

"We have to dare to be ourselves, however frightening or strange that self may prove to be."
— May Sarton

RISING BIBLIOPHILE
Aditya Saraff has been awarded ‘Seniors Gold’ in the reading awards.

Kudos!

OBITUARY
The Weekly deeply regrets the passing of Ms. Sita Kapoor on 14 March, 2022. She joined School in 1994 as a French Teacher and served the School for 10 years. We extend our heartfelt condolences to her family and friends.

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES
He could verbally email us.
Sudhanshu Chowdhary, tech guru.

There are the haves and the have-nots.
HM, workers of the world, unite!

Don’t make fool of me.
MKS, fool me once...

I switched on the spotlight.
Advay Gupta, the creator.

Your bread is making a jam.
Umaid Singh Dhillon, toaster traffic.

I’m full of wisdom and youth.
Shreyan Mittal, young, dumb and broke.

Around the World in 80 Words
ISIS confirmed the death of former leader Abu Ibrahim al-Hashimi al-Qurayshi in a US raid last month. The BJP held control of Uttar Pradesh in the state elections. An American astronaut, Mark Vande Hei, broke the record for the longest time in space, and stayed in the International Space Station since April 2021. Russia banned Instagram on Monday, which cut 80 million people from the social media network. Denmark proposed a ban on selling cigarettes to people born after 2010.

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Eyes On The Prize

Arav Khanal gives an overview of the recently-concluded cricket tournament.

The return of the Inter-House Cricket Competition restored a semblance of normalcy in School. While the format of the Inter-House was far from conventional, the competition was enjoyed by Masters and students alike, as we saw the Masters partake in the contest decades after this format was scrapped. The very first game of the Hexangular Cup provided us with a nail-biting end. After an intense game, Oberoi came out on top by a slim margin of seven runs. Tamish Agarwal and Iman Chatterjee’s endurance and inch-perfect batting for their respective houses resulted in a high scoring match, but Tushar Jalan’s three wickets proved to be decisive for the Oberoi House win.

The next match saw the House of Steel clash with the House of Gentlemen, with the latter coming out on top. Kashmir House’s highest-scoring batsmen across the tournament were Tamish Agarwal and Kapil Thapli, while young Rohan Jalan’s eight wickets topped the leaderboards for bowling numbers.

House’s affairs on the bowler’s end, while PTV took two wickets and scored 52 runs.

The finals between Kashmir and Oberoi saw the Swans emerge triumphant over the five other teams in a showcase of skill. Tamish Agarwal’s batting lent his team 79 runs, and Namann Jain got them 43 more. All members of the team also contributed greatly during bowling, and from Kashmir House, Arjun Prakash gave their team hope by scoring a total of 27 runs.

The highest-scoring batsmen among the tournament were Tamish Agarwal and Kapil Thapli, while young Rohan Jalan’s eight wickets topped the leaderboards for bowling numbers.

I fell into a sort of lull, and quietly drifted into a state of catatonia. I cannot recall what I did during this time, but I’m certain it was not much.

Unfortunately, I did not wake up fully from this state until much, much later. I believe we may have overdone it. Upon waking up, I stumbled out of my bed. I found myself out of breath just getting up. The face that stared back at me in the mirror was strange. I felt that I was beginning to look like the specimens of the new batch. However, before I could enter a state of agony, I was rudely interrupted by sounds of someone else’s distress. As fast as I could, (admittedly quite slow) I hobbled to the balcony to see the commotion.

The Higher Ups had appropriated the balcony to see the commotion. “What are we going to tell the customers?”, “Sure”. Then, both of us simply lay down on our respective beds and did nothing. It was nice to take a break from the usual rigour.

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The Week
Gone By

Shreyan Mittal

If I was asked to describe the current mood around Chandbagh, I would do so using five words: the calm before the storm. As you read this on a bright Saturday morning, with the only thought in your head being the fear of the upcoming Trials, allow me to debrief you on the current happenings on campus.

As the Sc Form rolls up their sleeves in preparation for their last hurrah, the S-Formers have started looking forward to the morning assemblies, hoping to hear their names being announced from the fated podium. All around the MPH Auditorium faces either light up with joy or fall with a look of disappointment, as the C-formers try to clap at any opportunity afforded to them. Prefect hopes can also be seen desperately trying to fill out their applications, squeezing out time between every class due to the time constraint bestowed upon them. As the fight for leadership over societies and activities continues, I guess we have no choice but to watch as bridges are burned and NESTs are broken.

The School also saw the festival of colours being celebrated on Friday, though ironically no colours were allowed, adding to the long line of strict precautionary measures against Covid-19. This proved of no hindrance to the students as they planned and tried to employ every tool available to them, ranging from fire hoses to water balloons. On the topic of Covid-19, rumours have been circulating around campus of the hospis suppressing positive results and imprisoning any student with a mild fever. However, I have been ensured that this is baseless hearsay, as our hospital staff would never put anything above their students’ health!

As the Sc-IB struggle under a pile of submissions, using the walls of Chandbagh for their throwing practice, Trials have unfortunately arrived for the rest of us. My final piece of advice to you will be this: time flies inside these walls; so don’t worry, these next two weeks will be over in a blink of an eye.

Sudoku

Key:

The views expressed in articles printed are their authors’ own and do not necessarily reflect those of the Weekly or its editorial policy.

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