To Chandbagh

Keshav Tiwari writes about change, leaving School, and his farewell.

Goodbyes are often clichéd in School. They are cocktails of the same old traditions, the same old emotions, and the same old songs. Towards the beginning of my A Form, I had started to get frustrated by these self-indulgent celebrations that rarely differed as experiences. They came across as a celebration of a monotonous series of rinse-and-repeat anecdotes – does every single batch in School somehow feel nostalgic about the same experiences? Despite this frustration, I would be lying if I said that the same old does not feel good and in some ways, needed right now. This is not because ‘the same old’ brings nostalgia or comfort with it, rather the idea that ‘the same old’ is back. For the last two terms, the Sc Form has gone through a series of lasts that served as firsts in post-COVID Chandbagh.

The distinction between the same old and the idea of it, is that the latter is oblivious to the nuanced change that manifests itself in our day-to-day lives. This illusion is a dense fog which makes us unaware of our impact on those around us. The reset button that we all hoped was always there for each of us, but the definition of reset for some was synonymous with that of a default. School is changing, just as it always does and should. However, one cannot help but feel that the usual rate of change was much slower than its current pace. As the Batch of 2022 exits the metaphorical gates of Chandbagh on April 9, there is a mist of teardrops in the air. This year though, it is the campus that seems to be shedding the most tears. For the first time in my school life, not only is the exiting batch bidding farewell to Chandbagh, but also receiving a tear-jerking goodbye from it. To accept that goodbye, one must acknowledge that a supposed “microcosm of India” will change as the country does.

The fabric that holds School together is the relationships forged within its four walls. Every single year, some strands of that fabric comes loose for the exiting batch to hold onto. The essence of Chandbagh is what makes this fabric hold strong for each new batch. However, this fabric certainly leaves us with a few loose ends this time, a few questions left unanswered, or unheard. To get answers, however, we can only compare our current reality to an alternate one, which would be, quite ironically, a ‘normal’ one. It is up to the what ifs and the if onlys to steer the course of this institution’s tomorrow. There are increasing murmurs of an asterisk being put next to the phrase “the new normal”; we are all the changemakers, and this got us as close as possible to normalcy, but miscalculated the costs of doing that. Luckily, the asterisk will not define the impact School has had on us or vice-versa, but will definitely define the effort that went into creating an impact. A task that is truly commendable for a culture-driven School that had to forcefully redefine itself over the past two years. In a recent conversation with a batchmate, I was told that as a School, we are obsessed with what it means to be a Dosco, rather than just being one. That spoke volumes to me. The timelessness that we associate with the label of a Dosco is one that is well-documented by the reunions, gatherings, or any other kinds of event. However, to agree with that last statement would be to admit that we are most like Doscos when with other Doscos. While that may be true in a social context, we are also a School that aims towards accepting individuality and perhaps, thinking of each exiting batch as individuals would help contextualize their impact on the School.

I started thinking about writing this piece while searching for my yearbook quote and while that might not be everyone’s idea of nostalgia, it is certainly an exercise that makes you come to terms with the fact that things are coming to an end. With each Dosco of the Batch of 2022, searching for 20 words or less to capture their School lives, I hope what we find is the acceptance of the same old, its non-existence, and most of all, hope.
Scribbles

What doesn’t kill you makes you stronger
- Nietzsche (666-H)

Zindagi Yakeen Hai,
Aur Yaaroon!
- Krishna (661-H)

Khoji Raya Tune Kya,
Ab Tu Kahe Giinti Kare
- Nagares (641-H)

It wasn’t just school to me, it was the chapter I never wanted to end. The post explains how I felt here, but the future is up to me - and I have to live life at full throttle.
- (600-H)

If I’ve learned one thing from Doon (and finding home), it’s that no matter what life throws at you... just keep swimming.
- (Ex. 178-H)

Do we still rear?
- Affirmative

School is cool.
That’s why it systemized.
- Nisheet Bhardwaj (672-H)

Perfection’s a myth, you can choose to believe in it.
- (Ex. 694-H)

Jai Maa Di
- Namaste (Ex. 676-H)

Perfection’s a myth, you can choose to believe in it.
- (Ex. 641-H)

High school to went I,
School high to went you
(Read it backwards)
- (Ex. 654-H)

Shouldn’t burned this place down when I had the chance.
- (Ex. 691-H)

How lucky am I to be part of something so special that makes staying positive so easy?
- (Ex. 641-H)

For there is always a light,
If only we are brave enough to see it.
- (Ex. 226-T)

R.P. (Rajpesh Treatment Singh Ex. 241-H)
It takes a minute to say hello and forever to say goodbye.

- Sheiina Kaur

There were no fun.

Friend, you hate them?

Then you need to be them. Enough lies, people, it gets so you depend on them.

P.S.

- Iman Adhami

On the other hand, I can never say goodbye.

- Vihantha Vaishnav.

An unbreakable bond is made

6 years of life feels like 6 months yesterday

Now that I am about to leave

I would want to say

A final goodbye.

- Vijnitha Vaishnav.

Hum aise kha na jaise,

Door tumse ho jaise.

Paas naa, Gale se legi,

Bata hato den aur 65 jao.

- Shankar.

Don’t cut the lights

Just take it slow

We’re moving fast,

we’ve lost control

But, I feel safe with you.

Ultimately, Life may get messy

But, Inshallah, Siawwak.

- Rajveer.

A smooth sea never made a skilled sailor

- Archit Oberoi

Dear Doin,

As the wheel of time completes yet another cycle, I reminisce the

bag of experiences, joy, and tears you

brought about, for it was unlike anything I ever imagined. This 6 year

journey has etched a special place in my heart.

- Aditya Jain.

EVERYTHING is (fall)
"Ex-211-T"

The past beats inside me

like a second heart: who

controls the past controls the

future, who controls the

present controls the past.

Hence, down, the best 6 years

anyone could’ve hoped for!

- Aditya S."
LOOK MOM I CAN FLY

- Sujay Kapoor (657-0)

Acted like a God
thought like the Devil
- Veer Gill (297-0)

Forbidding was Forbiden

- Kishore (249-0)

Inshallah a Journey gone we'll

Namam - Namam Dtain (687-0)

You can't be everyone's cup
of tea, otherwise you'd be a
mug, so be who you are and
say what you feel

- Arun (301-0)

I hope someday we'll sit down
together & laugh with each other
about these days, these days....

- Avi Sotl (708-0)

Your Body is Your Greatest
Instrument of Expression
(That's what s...)

- Adwin Sotl (630-0)

I am thankful to all those
who said No to me. It's
because of them I did
it myself.

- Inam Manso (706-0)

I couldn't wait for success
so I went ahead without it.

- Raveen (692-0)

If you keep the small rules,
you can break the big ones :)

- Jit (682-0)

Whatever you do in life,
it better make you
happy!

- Lez (654-0)

To Do With All This
Future?

- Karmanya Raj (639-0)
"Believe you me"
Batch of 2021
You were great
- Aryan
Goyal
677-K

"We don't even have to try,
It's always a good time!"
- Samuel
644-K

Goodbyes are only for
Those who love with
Their eyes. Because soon
Those who love with
Their whole hearts, there
Is no such thing as a
Separation.
- Rumi
(1202-1282)

No one ever told me,
These things happen
too.
- FIRAS
KHALEER
686-K

This is not a goodbye,
But a thank you
- Bhai Kabir
254-K

We don't need no education
We don't need no thought control...
- Ronin
653-K

No dark sorrow in the classroom
Teachers, leave them kids alone...
- Aتنالا تاود
660-K

Hey! teacher, leave them kids alone
All in all it's just another brick in the wall
All in all YOU'RE just another brick in the wall
- Kabir
Cusk

"Everything I went through, you
were standing there by my side
and now you gon' be with me
till my last ride!"
- Virendra (Cockey)
2916-K

"It's even before you know it.
Cherish it!"
- Vikram
Ex-655K

"I'd hate to
write this twice."
- Aryan
Ex-681-K
The Week
Gone By
Shreyan Mittal

The past week was designated as ‘Activity Week’, in order to provide much-needed break at the end of a very demanding Promotional Trials. However, it proved to be anything but stress-free. The three days of activity week saw the S Formers putting their all into securing a spot in the prefectorial body, while the two School Captain nominees used all the tricks up their sleeves in a last-ditch attempt to gather votes. The Nizams also split up and migrated during this period, making way for the S Formers that had to quarantine in the House.

The appointments assembly on Thursday was certainly one filled with nostalgia, excitement and heartbeat. Seeing the whole School assembled at full strength, singing as one harmonious voice after such a long time, brought back memories of pre-COVID times. It was also a bittersweet moment for the Sc-Leavers as it marked the end of their time in School, though it also meant the start of a new journey for our Sc-formers as freshly appointed prefects were seen being congratulated while those with crestfallen faces were being consoled.

The week also marks the start of a new term in School, a term that finally brings with it the much-missed Inter-House competitions. As meetings outside the CDH increase in number, a sign of the coming activities this term holds, it won’t be long before Chandbagh is taken over by late-night drama and band practices. The action was also seen on the courts this week as the Inter-House basketball competition began. Despite teams being marred with injuries and players in quarantine, each house put up a stunning display of skill, particularly the Gentlemen and the Warriors who emerged as clear favourites for the House Cup. The Swans managed to pick up a surprise victory, a rare feat that only comes once in a blue moon.

Quite a few ties and blazers were also handed out this week, most likely in preparation for the Prize Giving ceremony this evening. So, as you let the soothing harmony of Auld Lang Syne wash over you, do keep in mind that today is a special occasion for these boys. It is a day that they will look back on years later, for it is the day they graduate from Doon. As their time at Chandbagh comes to an end, we must recognise their contribution to School, and join them in their celebrations this afternoon to make it an unforgettable experience for them.

Sudoku

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