Beyond the countless hours that each member of the Editorial Board of the Weekly has poured into this issue, there are certain individuals whom we must thank for their contribution to this year’s edition.

Ms. Abia Qezilbash for her assistance in curating the articles and photographs credited to The Doon School Archives.

Mr. Ovais Sarmad for giving us the time and the opportunity to interview him and Rohan Taneja for all the effort he put in while designing the cover and select sections of this issue.

Lastly, the Board of the Weekly owes its utmost gratitude to the School community. It is the continued enthusiasm and support we receive from you that drives us to deliver our very best throughout the year. We will also forever be indebted to those who came before us and we hope that this issue will help uphold the tradition that our predecessors worked so hard to establish.

“I SKETCH YOUR WORLD EXACTLY AS IT GOES” WILL, I HOPE, BE THE MOTTO OF THE DOON SCHOOL WEEKLY. MAY IT AVOID THE SCYLLA OF DULLNESS AND THE CHARYSIDS OF BAD TASTE, AND SET FORTH ON A LONG AND HONOURED CAREER
A Note on the Issue

The Weekly has always strived to serve the School community in various avenues by providing a platform for a student body emboldened like no other. Taking on a plethora of iterations over the course of its eight-decade history, the Editorial Board remains steadfast in its mission to be the face of reportage, opinion, and debate alike. Within these four walls, the Weekly remains an institution in and of itself.

In this year’s Founder’s Edition of the Weekly, the Editorial Board has approached the design with a playful style, where convention breaks and symmetry bends. The splashes of colour in the form of varying dots provide a certain verve and life to the design of the issue.

Within the pages, you will find pieces ranging from opinionated accounts from various members of the School community in our Doonspeak, as well as interviews that provide insights into the most pressing issues of our generation.

The Editorial Board of the Weekly hopes to articulate the culture of writing that permeates this School, and hopes that all readers enjoy this issue.

Happy reading!
An Inchoate Issue

The template of my penultimate issue stays back at me. Its bare pages mark the end of my journey as a Reader, a Writer, and eventually an Editor. Soon, I will be devoid of the privilege of serving this institution.

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Each succeeding Editorial Board brings with it its own vision for the publication; however, they all possess the common goal of upholding the Weekly to highly distinguished standards. The Board’s aim is to print abundantly engaging articles that are able to connect with its coveted readers — sans prosaic content that must be coaxed out of those who bravely endeavour to write for it. It is crucial that the Weekly is able to propagate debate and discussion through its pages and that it is able to strive to kindle a sense of newfound curiosity in each of its reader’s minds. Doon must revert to a time where ideas were openly questioned and where this publication was a forum for the community not merely to rant, but to tussle with the truth — the aim of such discourse being, hopefully, to improve it.

This year, we ventured to restore the idea that free speech would be brought back to Chumbugh as it was in the days gone by; undoubtedly, it was a bold task and it required sacrifices. But the Weekly was determined to fulfill this yearning, this lost duty — that each student who picked up an Issue on a Saturday morning in the CDH, would put it down with a mind transformed, no matter how minutely. As an equal goal, we sought to give the Weekly more variety as the School’s flagship publication. To us, each issue would have to connect with every reader — to captivate them and keep them reading. It gave us the opportunity to evolve to bear the conscience of School and to uphold our belief in serving a meritorious India. No longer was the Weekly something that was merely printed each week. It was an entity awakened — something that could be built upon, and something that provided a conducive environment for its readers and the School to thrive alongside. We must always remember that the Weekly and its readers maintain a symbiotic relationship — without one, the other simply does not exist, and that is why I hope that our readers renew their faith in this institution, for we are just a shell of ourselves without it.

Pages Beginning to Fill

Articles begin to pour in; the members of the Editorial Board go over them with assiduity. The frame of the issue has begun to materialise and a new sentiment has set upon, and something that provided a conducive environment for its readers and the School to thrive alongside. We must always remember that the Weekly and its readers maintain a symbiotic relationship — without one, the other simply does not exist, and that is why I hope that our readers renew their faith in this institution, for we are just a shell of ourselves without it.

The virtue of this publication is that its story will not change. The narrative has been, and always will be the same: it serves the School as the voice of the student community. There are no limitations, as there should be no inhibitions in expression. Writers must restore their faith not only in the Weekly but also in themselves, for there is an immense and fundamental reward in creation, through writing or otherwise. Those who are resolute and unwavering in their undertakings are to be truly commended; as are those who express themselves without predilection. Those who do not conform to this notion of the writer and choose to walk the path of ‘idiocy’ find themselves facing an acute problem — a stream of steady criticism from the community. At the heart of this very indisposition is the notion that he or she simply writes without prudence. Evidence of this is also in the sadly dwindling number of contributions to the Weekly and other School publications. It reflects an antiquated motive to write in School, plagued by vexation at its very roots — the lack of readers in the community. The fact that we were readers first was the very tenet that motivated us to write. Any form of literature on campus has evidently become too infra-dig for the majority of the community and is now promptly deemed ‘uncool’. The Library, once a haven for most Doscos, has now been sentenced to a state of eternal solitude. It is now a sorry remnant of a community that used to take pride in its ability to think extraordinarily, deeply, and extensively, and most importantly — to think autonomously. The Weekly is indeed the most widely and frequently read publication in School, but must its greatest strength limit its purpose? We would sincerely hope not. We face an acute shortage of both writers and readers, the very constituents of this institution, and that is where the problem lies. However, we must not revel in misfortune; in order to remedy the situation we must advocate the advent of knowledge in a structured manner in a bid to preserve it within our minds. To that end, we must indulge in reading, for it is the only solution to this ailment. We must read for pleasure and in an attempt to satiate the intellectual hunger that resides within each of us, for if we do not, we are adversely impacting no one but ourselves and this community that we call home. As integral members of an institution that aims to develop within each of us a duty of service towards others, we must first incite within ourselves a duty to serve that very institution, and by extension, the Weekly.

Distribution

It is now Saturday morning. A cascade of black and white pages has descended upon the CDH. Those still distributing the issues carry themselves in a staid manner as they glide through the walls. Their falsely taciturn faces anxiously seek any insight into how the issue was received. A comment is passed — a compliment; a sigh of relief breaks across the members of the Board as they sit down to finally begin their meal. Ideas for the next issue begin to flit through their mind.

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It is customary for Chief Editors in their final issue to recount their tenure and their accomplishments. And while I feel that I ventured to some extent to do just that, it has not been the primary purpose of this Editorial. No, it has been (I hope) to deliver unto the incoming Senior Board and Junior batches of School whatever I have learned over the course of my tenure. After all, the final task of any outgoing member is to set the publication up for the future. Furthermore, as a student at the helm of a School publication, I am perpetually concerned about getting students to write, and of course, to read. A dyad constitutes the readers and the contributors of the Weekly, for each cannot exist without the other. As I now depart, I’d be remiss, in my final Editorial, if I did not acknowledge the individuals who have fuelled the Weekly and myself through the course of the past year. I thank this Editorial Board for their loyal fidelity over an entire year of service under me. Supportive through tough times, forthright in duty, and faithful throughout; they have been the stark pillars upholding the quality of our work this year. I am also obliged to mention my predecessors to whom I will be eternally grateful, for they have laid the very foundations that I have built on; without their guidance, my contribution would not be half as meaningful. I would like to thank Ms. Purnima Dutta and Ms. Moule Goswami who silently defended the Weekly’s name and our community’s right to free speech year-round, even in the face of adversity. And finally, I would like to thank you, the readers of the Weekly, for each cannot exist without the other.

Lastly, the Weekly’s legacy has been one of lucidity, intellect, and unwavering reliability. It has been the only constant in our School’s rich history, and it has been my proud privilege to serve this publication as its custodian for the past year.
Editorial

Tarun Doss

It all began in the autumn.

* * *

Today, eighty-eight years later, we celebrate the continuance of that pioneering experiment in education by embracing change. In the pursuit of the progression of ideas and actions which make up the fabric of this School’s history, we stand today in an era rich with possibility. Collectively, the stakeholders in this institution — boys, staff, and alumni alike — are committed to the remapping of The Doon School as a centre of excellence. The times demand invention, innovation, imagination, energy, some fearlessness, and a strong entrepreneurial spirit if we are to assume a role of global leadership in education. The bridge to tomorrow is not about a set of promises — it is a set of challenges.

If we can accept finite disappointment, but never lose infinite hope, we have the audacity to believe that Doon will not fail to rendezvous with greatness.

The most urgent and pressing concern is to work out the essentials of an education for the contemporary man. While this is a matter of substantial debate amongst those who reside in a realm of ideas, we propose that true education is not merely the absence of ignorance; it is the presence of awareness, not just of technology, the environment, contemporary affairs, and modernity, but of the ‘self’. We also think that our primary concern at Chandbagh must be the kind of student we send into the world and not how accomplished or otherwise he is in life’s many competitive endeavours.

We specialise in building character. In the great enthusiasm of our times, let us settle for a priority of sending out into the world ordinary men who care enough about the world to make it a better and happier place for all; Boys who are educated in the right attitudes and values, which will give them the vision of youth triumphant in the daring adventure of filling the ‘content of democracy’ with a ‘soul generated by love’.

Inevitably, in every life, there comes a moment of judgement of whether to walk in the light of creative altruism or the darkness of destructive selfishness. We need to continue to encourage young Doscos to believe that an individual has not started living until he can rise above the narrow confines of his individualistic concerns to the broader concerns of all humanity. Let us ensure that the ‘children of light’ from Doon are more determined and zealous than ‘the children of darkness’ who have poisoned our country with prejudice, intolerance, and hate. Let us build a world at Doon as it should be and not as it is; help us to teach our Boys to index their success not by their salaries and the size of their automobiles, but rather by the quality of their service and relationship to humanity.

Let us also acknowledge here the contribution of the ‘Unknown Dosco’, that ordinary individual with no special talent, who gained no honours or prizes, but who stretched himself to the utmost, upholding the standards, values, and ideals of the community, and whose honest labour, willingness to submit to discipline, industry, loyalty and a sense of fair play and duty made the School what it is today. And so we remember them as living memorials of the vision, passion, and faith of the people who founded this School.

Indeed during Founder’s, as we look to the past with gratitude, I would want to pay tribute to my predecessors at the Weekly to whom this School owes so much; each one of them nurtured the growth of this publication in their own way and inspired the boys of the Editorial Board with a high sense of purpose. With the exception of the war years, the Weekly has never failed to appear every Saturday.

* * *

It has stopped raining now, and as the shadows of dusk lengthen across the Skinner’s, a faint rainbow silhouettes Jaipur House. The seasons will change, and as I watch the prism of light dissolve gently into the velvet of the night, I am reminded of the Greek definition of happiness — the full use of your powers along lines of excellence. This is precisely why Doon has brought happiness to so many and why those same people continue to love this School so deeply that they will champion it to the end of their days.

From us to your: onward, Doon, in the New Millennium.
Editorial

Vinesh Uniyal

Ultimate Ramblings

My dear reader, I have a confession to make: I have no idea how to start this Editorial. Perhaps I should start it in a rather clichéd way where I reminisce about how tireless nights stretched on till the dawn of day (more like till 11 pm really). Maybe I should talk about how it became somewhat of a norm to roam about classes like a sleepy-eyed ghoul. Or perhaps I should talk about how the Weekly has provided me with the ability to express myself as I pour out my absolute devotion and love into it.

And yet, one thing I have never truly liked is conforming to rigidity. So, for that reason, I want to try a different approach to this Editorial. My solemn duty is to you, the reader, and so, I have decided to piece together my interpretation of the different types of people receiving the Weekly.

An Average Dosco:

As they receive a fresh copy of the Weekly, their primal instinct is to open the Unquotable Quotes as they find amusement in random grammatical errors before peering at the cartoon and trying to make sense of the Penguins. At this point, they flip over to the last page, and read the Week Gone By, as they unanimously utter a sentence: "Oh wow, Vinesh is a truly great writer, his Week Gone By has been the saving grace of my week, I am truly grateful to him!"

My reply to such a gracious comment is, "Thank you," and remarking aloofly, "though, the real writer is you…" In that moment, I’m reminded that I’m not a James Bond character, and staring off into the distance doesn’t make me look mysterious, but instead awkward.

The Pseudo-Intellectual:

The pseudo-intellectual pretends to have read the entire article but most likely only reads its byline. As their friends ask them what the article might entail, they spew the greatest nonsensical jargon. Example: "I’m absolutely flummoxed by the ubiquitous and pervasive xynpoxyn of modern age." Thus, they are incapable of using simple language, and will most likely try for the Weekly Board multiple times, and inevitably fail. But soon they may change their ways as they realise what they did wrong: they forgot to mention that their favourite book is Crime and Punishment.

Now they shall get accepted into the Board, and will soon be struck with a grand realisation: pretentiousness doesn’t correlate to success. Thus, they are stuck with two choices: they remain the way they are, which will most certainly conclude with their removal, or they realise their ignorance and attempt to better themselves, ultimately understanding a tenet that no intellectual ever thinks of themselves as an "intellectual." The pursuit of knowledge isn’t a destination, but rather a never-ending journey, and the constant drive to better oneself is the mark of being a true scholar.

Remember: the one thing common between the ignorant and the knowledgeable is the fact that they both are pseudo-intellectuals; the former simply remained that way.

The Overt Nitpicker:

Such a person is perhaps best seen in the form of a certain giant in our campus. Most of them will quickly grab the Weekly, and the first thing they do is check if the Around the World in 80 words contains eighty words. Moreover, they will scan the entire Weekly for any grammatical errors, before fact-checking every Unquote and Reader’s Checklist.

If they somehow find a mistake, they will go up to the Editor-in-Chief, who is used to such incessant pestering, and will nag at him till lunchtime ends. I truly thank our dear Editor-in-Chief for enduring the brunt of our sins!
To our outgoing Editorial Board, we will miss you greatly!

To Yashovat,
I do not think any writer's journey on the Board of the Weekly would be complete without the guidance of an Editor-in-Chief who truly makes an effort to work for the Board, rather than the other way around. In that way, Yashovat is someone who has, over the three years that I have worked with him, always strived to best accommodate both the needs of the publication and those who constitute it. His light-heartedness and sensitivity have made him easy to approach for anything from page plan ideas to advice. His perseverance and willingness to lead has taught me that anything that one does must be done with utmost focus, but can simultaneously be done without compromising on the joy one derives from it. Through times of madness and success, I have enjoyed working with Yashovat, as well as getting to know him in a professional and personal capacity.

To Tarun,
To begin with, I couldn't understand how an individual could manage so many things on his plate, but over the years, his work on the Editorial Board has been a great source of inspiration for everyone, pushing us to become better writers. Since then, the impact that he has had on me stretches beyond the pages of the Weekly. His pursuit of excellence, as a writer, musician, sportsman and leader, gave me the courage to pave my own path in Chandbagh. Although most of our experiences have been shared on the football pitch, the way he carries himself through the multifaceted aspects of his School life taught me a valuable lesson on the art of expression, one that I have strived to emulate. Doscos often tend to overcomplicate things, but in Tarun, I saw someone who, amidst the talk and trembles, knew what was right and what had to be written.

To Vinesh,
An absolutely fantastic person and a whole lot of fun, Vinesh makes his passion for drama evident in his character. From late night talks about the functionality of a comma in a certain sentence, to proofreading, nothing escapes his terminator-like gaze. Vinesh has been a true Weekly member, suggesting ideas that only other Board members find funny, or thinking of article ideas in the twenty minutes before the post-dinner Weekly meeting. From his constant "hoye yaar" to his steadfast attitude, Abhay fails to change, and in the end, I think that’s a good thing.

To Abhay,
Abhay is someone who I have always looked up to, especially in terms of sheer perseverance. Back in the days when Abhay used to leave his room, I would look at him in awe of his unrivalled work ethic and efficiency. Sitting and editing with him in the Weekly room till the early hours of the morning, where one would find himself wondering if that noise was a leaf or something supernatural, really brought us close in shared suffering. From late night talks about the functionality of a comma in a certain sentence, to proofreading, nothing escapes his terminator-like gaze. Abhay has been a true Weekly member, suggesting ideas that only other Board members find funny, or thinking of article ideas in the twenty minutes before the post-dinner Weekly meeting. From his constant "hoye yaar" to his steadfast attitude, Abhay fails to change, and in the end, I think that’s a good thing.

Vivaan Sood
Arjun Prakash
Arav Khanal
Zubin Dhar
A working day in Chandbagh is a tried and tested formula for squeezing the productivity out of each and every Dosco. In the culture of a boarding school like Doon, or even society at large, being overbusy is seen as evidence of the effort you put into your work. The concept of rest is often neglected as a result of this lifestyle. Quite alarmingly, our generation spends most of their nights scrolling through social media, with our eyes glued to the billions of bright pixels staring back at us. Whether it be watching late-night football matches, or trying to meet essay deadlines by the skin of our teeth, our minds continue to tick late into the night — perhaps inadvertently ignoring the needs of our bodies. While in School, many of us have resorted to the coffee machines at the oddest of hours, all in an attempt to keep us energised. This makes me ponder: to what extent does a pure lack of rest affect a Dosco’s productivity, when it becomes a part of the daily routine? Moreover, as a society, is this ‘grind culture’ something that we should continue to encourage or is there a dark side to it that deserves more attention?

Dear reader, hopefully, I can reach a healthy conclusion by the end of this article, but in order to do so, certain scientific facts must be taken into consideration. It is fair to assume that we have all pulled an ‘all-nighter’ at some point in our lives. To observe the effects that this actually has on our cognition, Matt Walker, a sleep scientist, decided to perform an experiment that tested a hypothesis and proved how much a lack of sleep really matters. In the experiment, participants were divided into two groups; one group got eight hours of sleep, while the other group was kept awake in a lab without caffeine for the entire night. The next day, an MRI scan that recorded snapshots of all the participants’ brain activity was taken while they tried to learn a list of new facts. Interestingly, there was a 40% deficit in the ability of the brain to make new memories in members belonging to the group without sleep. In layman’s terms, the scientists realised that human learning and memory are intertwined with the amount of sleep we get each night.

Although an all-nighter is not something we experience every day, most teenagers would agree it tends to happen around exam time. To put it into that context, a 40% deficit is the difference between a student ‘topping’ an exam versus someone failing miserably. However, as with anything really, a lack of sleep only develops into a real problem when it becomes a habit, and in School, I have seen this happen with many of my peers.

While in School, many of us have resorted to the coffee machines at the oddest of hours, all in an attempt to keep us energised, but to what extent does a pure lack of rest affect a Dosco’s productivity, when it becomes a part of the daily routine? They may not realise it, but when a lack of sleep becomes the norm, they are much slower at completing tasks — be it in the classroom or the football field. This is only scratching the surface of the physical effects it has on our body; on the ground level for the average Dosco whose schedule is jam-packed from morning to night, it tends to be the least of our worries since we are admittedly stuck in the aforementioned ‘grind mindset’. Speaking of which, School’s hyper-competitive culture has motivated me to keep doing things and to continue to stretch past my creative limits. When I first joined School, I viewed this as an advantage. But as time passed, I realised that it was taking a toll on my ability to do things effectively. I have had teachers tell me that I am ‘burnt out’, and that I need to spend more time resting. I felt that I was getting more than enough rest, perhaps due to the coffee, but like the MRI scan, there are some things that only others can identify. People may warn us in person, but psychologically we are brainwashed into a cycle of repeated exhaustion that, once the caffeine tank runs out, leaves us in a worse condition than the previous day. It might be awfully cliché, but we have ample amounts of time in the day to complete pending work. Moreover, poor time management during the day is the most prevalent factor that contributes to our woeful sleep schedule. Ironically, the time that should be used to rest is used to work, and vice versa.

School’s atmosphere is designed to help us productively flourish, but it can also cripple us to a state where our mental health is compromised. The change that we can make to our own School lives is immense, yet it boils down to a simple choice in terms of utilising our time. It is our duty to motivate the people around us through our relentless efforts, however, this should not come at the expense of a culture, where rest is seen as a sign of weakness or in Dosco terms, ‘slacking’.

Conundrum

The Sleep

Arjun Prakash

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翁 working day in Chandbagh is a tried and tested formula for squeezing the productivity out of each and every Dosco. In the culture of a boarding school like Doon, or even society at large, being overbusy is seen as evidence of the effort you put into your work. The concept of rest is often neglected as a result of this lifestyle. Quite alarmingly, our generation spends most of their nights scrolling through social media, with our eyes glued to the billions of bright pixels staring back at us. Whether it be watching late-night football matches, or trying to meet essay deadlines by the skin of our teeth, our minds continue to tick late into the night — perhaps inadvertently ignoring the needs of our bodies. While in School, many of us have resorted to the coffee machines at the oddest of hours, all in an attempt to keep us energised. This makes me ponder: to what extent does a pure lack of rest affect a Dosco’s productivity, when it becomes a part of the daily routine? Moreover, as a society, is this ‘grind culture’ something that we should continue to encourage or is there a dark side to it that deserves more attention?

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Samaveer Bisen

Aesop’s Amnesia

Samarveer Bisen discusses how the unfair nature of the world leads people to forget the lessons they have learned.

living life as the main character is not feasible for everyone. This supposed ‘main character’ has all the qualities that a writer expects the protagonist to have — good looks, charisma, confidence, and talent. Often, the supporting role is overlooked, but what readers need to understand is that they are the ones who give depth and context to the entire story as a whole. The morals and values which they possess are the factors which make them stand out from the rest.

However, the realisation settles in when we see that the supporting characters aren’t recognised, and people who throw themselves into the limelight seem to succeed all the time. These supporting characters stay in the backdrop even after giving their best. It is at this point that one would realise that the world is unfair. While we encourage MUNs and debating in School, the morals they teach about the need for inclusivity and open thinking fails to permeate over the innate need for superiority and domination. It is like we keep forgetting the lessons we have learnt. This is known as Aesop’s Amnesia. Remember this for the term going ahead.

This is when I would like to bring up the matter of Aesop’s Amnesia. Every year, it is the same thing. We see our seniors fall victim to sloth, we see some turn into tyrants not knowing how to deal with such a sudden bequeathing of power, and we see how they become lost in the positions they hold. Do we not see such patterns pertaining to ourselves? Why must it be that we never learn? The thing is, we do learn. At least some of us do. But the world is cruel and unjust, and seeks to favour those who are willing to do anything to reach their end goal.

The fact is, positions only matter so much. We know that ten years down the line it is not the ties and blazers we remember but the memories we shared with our teachers and peers. To my fellow batchmates, I only have one thing to say: when you are disappointed if your name is not announced on stage. Your memory won’t fade simply because your wardrobe is not as good as the rest. What we reminisce about is the experience that we gained in the process.

A casual defence for such behavior, which one of us also gave, was two-fold. Firstly, it was justified on the basis of the idea that the by-product of the system would be well-groomed, disciplined Doscos. Secondly, it was viewed as any time. But as someone whose experiences at School ended in 2019, these remain the dominant expressions of my time at Doon. They still continue to shape how I view School, and its impact on my well-being.

Kanishkh Kanodia (Ex 495-O, 2019)

Aesop’s Amnesia

Thorns in the Garden

Kanishkh Kanodia looks back and re-examines the School’s hierarchy system and its impacts on one’s individual growth.

A t the time of my graduation from School, if someone were to ask me if I would go back and do Doon all over again, I would whole-heartedly agree with them. But, as I have come to spend more time outside of Chandbagh, the instinctual yes has transformed into a ‘maybe’ with multiple question marks. As the nostalgia of the ‘good-old days’ faded away with time and distance, I began to reassess the impact of some very ‘normal’ parts of a Dosco’s life on me. More often than not, I realised that perhaps certain institutionalised practices of Doon were not really as monumental in the development of my character as they were portrayed to be.

The negatives may have outweighed the benefits of certain practices. Maybe, it is time to rethink and reevaluate some of the fundamentals of Doon. Looking back, it is hard for me to imagine how we were expected to thrive in a culture that normalised a system where students were allowed to levy punitive measures on others on the basis of arbitrary judgments and decisions.

Those who fail to conform to such a narrow definition carry the burden of being failures, while those who succeed carry the guilt of success many years after leaving Chandbagh.

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Promoted a very myopic picture of what it means to be a Dosco. Those who fail to conform to such a narrow definition carry the burden of being failures, while those who succeed carry the guilt of success many years after leaving Chandbagh. I can certainly say that School has changed a lot in the last five years. Maybe, these debates on the Senior-Junior hierarchy, punishments, traditions and conformity are but irrelevant excavations from the past. But as someone whose experiences at School ended in 2019, these remain the dominant expressions of my time at Doon. They still continue to shape how I view School, and its impact on my well-being.

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A Meritocracy of Oneself

Raghav Periwal and Shehzaad Shergill discuss how a shift in priorities in Senior Forms has affected the School as a whole.

L
ike everyone else, we embarked on our School journey as naïve, wide-eyed Juniors. The Holding Houses act as galleries to the colosseum that was the culture and traditions exhibited by our predecessors. Watching from afar, we could not wait to indulge in the very culture and traditions that defined generations of Doscos. Unbeknownst to us, like the rest of the world, we fell victim to the blip that Covid brought. Diluting our way of life, the Pandemic forced us to fill in the blanks while navigating through our Senior years — devoid of the fabled historical masters and the mythical antics of Seniors. The dream sold to us upon entering the gates of Chandbagh soon found itself to have lost its sheen. The fallibility of our memory was vigorously tested and this phenomenon acted as the catalyst for a venomous way of life, one which endangers the very ethos which defines the motto by which we swear by. A way of life which sees our boys prioritise themselves and their interests over the legacy and prestige perpetuated by the Dosco name.

The rat race plaguing the world outside our ecosystem demands a heftier (almost superficial) CV from each individual thrust into the race. With this colossal change, students worldwide are now forced to take up multiple skills, activities and other cosmetic actions, all in an attempt to bolster their CV. The current trend in the aforementioned activity is to partake in the creation of a social service endeavour which lasts as long as the length of its description on a résumé. The result of this is a plethora of dormant Instagram accounts, all promising to “bring about a change” in the most ostensible manner possible. While I do not question the ‘good’ these endeavours might bring to our society, I feel it is imperative to underscore their unsustainable nature which forces the organisation to have a foundation of twigs. Examining the landscape of our own domain, finding similar practices is not an arduous task, where in an attempt to inflate their CV, boys often undertake a position, only to hang up their responsibilities the second the assembly announcing their position is over. From prefectorial ties caked in the dust of disuse, to stitched colours on t-shirts being unblemished from a lack of use, such a practice has egalised our community for years. Gone are the days when one had an ample number of leaders whom the School community looked up to, people who were above and beyond their ‘simple job description’. Gone are the days when assimilating a new value into a Junior was prioritised over completing that college essay. Gone are the days when our Seniors were sprinkled over our local theatre of dreams (Skinners) rather than completing reps in the gym. The Senior student body has lost the light and power with which they used to inspire others to be ‘better versions of themselves’. Stigmatising the act of inculcating our Juniors with the very values we were brought up with, Seniors now refrain from partaking in an activity if it abstains from furthering the length of their already ‘grandiose’ CV.

The myriad of councils, spearheaded by the vested interests of the Senior members (or even the masters in some instances) cater to their needs by mutating policies and schemes to fit their own personal ‘agendas’. All this does is further disgrace the honours they bestow. Many of our ‘leaders’, not oblivious to the criticism they deserve, choose to feed their own egoistic tendencies instead of fulfilling the responsibility bestowed upon them. An example detailing the same includes the instance of Seniors being infuriated with their exclusion from the trivial decision of Seniors being infuriated with their inclusion from the trivial decision that dictated the position of projectors. This juxtaposes the tectonic efforts of our predecessors who prioritised their responsibility with which they were endowed before engaging in frivolous endeavours detailed above.

While we too are not immune from the very criticisms explored above, it is important for our Juniors to observe and amend our mistakes in an attempt to resurrect the values and traditions which used to be commonplace amongst the walls of Chandbagh. Suffering from the hypocrisy of the few in power, the School falls victim to the hands of the very individuals which it seeks to empower. They weaponise their positions to satiate the wants of their self and their clique, tainting the defining characteristics of the archetypal Dosco. Deflecting accountability to our new Masters perpetuates the constant barrage of critique they already experience. Practising the former is a disservice to their genuine attempts to galvanise the fabled ethos propagated by the traditional ‘Doon School Master’. As we, the Seniors, now have the duty to be the torchbearers of that very ethos, which we learnt from those individuals who upheld responsibilities and championed the values that defined a true leader.
In the heart of the French Riviera, where the azure waves embrace the golden shores, the world’s most illustrious celebration of cinema unfolds its majestic curtains. For decades, the Cannes Film Festival has stood as a beacon of cinematic brilliance, drawing visionaries and dreamers from all corners of the globe. This year, amidst the glitz and glamour, history was written as The Doon School received a prestigious invitation for the very first time, thanks to an alumnus of the School, Mr. Dungarpur. Surrounded by artistic visionaries, and inspired by the power of storytelling, this experience not only etched The Doon School’s name in Cannes’ history, but also left an indelible mark on all of our souls, and hence began our journey to the famed festival.

From the beginning itself, the festival teamed with life, a bustling kaleidoscope of people from all corners of the globe, drawn together by their shared love for the silver screen. Pavilions glamoured with flags and emblems of numerous countries stood tall. Amidst this vibrant tapestry, we were invited to attend the Indian pavilion, where Mr. Dungarpur’s revival of the film Ishanou, a gem of India’s North-Eastern cinema became a testament to the country’s artistic heritage.

Under the Indian pavilion’s resplendent cover, I witnessed the celebration of our cinematic legacy, intertwined with the modern visions of young filmmakers, movie directors, and famous Indian movie stars like Sara Ali Khan, Mrunal Thakur, and Ali Fazal. Here, cultural exchange was more than mere diplomacy; with an amazing mix of various people contributing their unique creativity. As the festival unfolded, we were overwhelmed with the urge to experience the one-time premieres and must-watches of the festival. Talking to the film enthusiasts and young filmmakers, gave us an insight regarding how this industry functions. Importantly, we learned to appreciate the effort behind what makes a movie good, as well as how numerous aspects of a single movie, no matter how big or small they are, changes the entire view of how one respects it. These film enthusiasts were extremely experienced and definitely incredible to talk to about cinema.

One of the films we got the chance to watch was called Le Retour (Homecoming), a deeply moving film by Catherine Corsini that explores returning home, family dynamics, and self-discovery, while also touching on aspects of family love, controversy, and the LGBTQ community. Catherine Corsini’s direction beautifully portrays the older sister’s transformative journey, skillfully navigating her feelings for another woman amidst partying and self-destructive behaviour. The film’s profound impact is a result of the director’s significant efforts to authentically depict the emotional depth of the characters and the intricacies of their relationships, making Le Retour a timeless and thought-provoking cinematic gem that delves into themes of identity and human connections.

The director’s artistic vision and dedication to storytelling brought forth a captivating and emotionally resonant piece in Le Retour, leaving a lasting impression on the audience.

We also attended a talk by Michael Douglas about his life and work, which proved to be an unforgettable experience. With his legendary career spanning decades, the acclaimed actor shared fascinating anecdotes and insights into his roles, both on and off-screen. From iconic characters to personal anecdotes and insights into his roles, both on and off-screen. From iconic characters to personal anecdotes and insights into his roles, both on and off-screen. From iconic characters to personal anecdotes and insights into his roles, both on and off-screen. From iconic characters to personal anecdotes and insights into his roles, both on and off-screen. From iconic characters to personal anecdotes and insights into his roles, both on and off-screen. From iconic characters to personal anecdotes and insights into his roles, both on and off-screen. From iconic characters to personal anecdotes and insights into his roles, both on and off-screen. 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The purpose of most boarding schools is essentially to provide an immersive and educational environment that goes beyond just academics. It then starts to contemplate: how does one ensure that both curricular and co-curricular programmes are on par with each other in order to achieve true holistic development? When it comes to upholding the responsibility of providing truly holistic education, I believe there are a few key aspects of a school’s curricular and co-curricular programmes that must be prevalent.

Firstly, curricular and co-curricular activities cater to different aspects that contribute to holistic student development. Both activities will have common elements while being essentially different. While one can simply say that curricular programmes focus on academic knowledge and skills, a good co-curricular programme will seek to provide multiples of personal development. Co-curricular programmes should be present as a platform for a more holistic education by fostering personal growth, developing social skills, and competencies in areas beyond academic subjects and promote the overall well-being of the individual.

It also goes without saying that to have students hone their partake in a school’s co-curricular programme, the school must do justice to fostering everyone’s interests and passions. Students in boarding schools come from a variety of backgrounds with varying talents. A good school will integrate both their curricular and co-curricular programmes in such a manner that each student may leverage it to its fullest. A school is essentially to provide an immersive and balanced lifestyle, emphasising the importance of both mental and physical well-being.

While so far we have set the precedent of establishing and integrating good curricular and co-curricular programmes in schools, there remain facets left to explore and define what makes a programme ‘good’. Co-curricular and sporting activities often involve teamwork, leadership, and ethical decision-making. It is often possible to address these aspects more directly and deeply through such activities and sports compared to addressing them in classrooms. This well-rounded development overcomes them to face real-world challenges and make meaningful contributions to themselves, their families, and society. Personal growth is a crucial aspect of education that extends beyond textbook knowledge. Co-curricular activities and sports offer opportunities for students to develop self-confidence and personal development in a manner that academic cannot. Students can discover their talents that were unrecognised and this helps them overcome fears, and learn to lead and organise. A ‘good’ co-curricular programme opens a student’s path to self-discovery, letting them develop into confident, well-rounded individuals who are better equipped to navigate the complexities of life beyond the boarding school environment.

An holistic education program should not only momentarily provide the benefits it poses, rather, it should allow a student to continue their endeavours beyond the walls of their school and emphasise the importance of lifelong learning. It should instil in students a newfound love for learning that goes beyond the classroom. It encourages them to explore new interests, develop hobbies and even uncharted careers and continue their personal and intellectual growth, even long after they leave school. By valuing both curricular and co-curricular activities, boarding schools create well-rounded individuals who are not only academically proficient but also socially and emotionally competent. These students are better prepared to face the challenges of the real world, contribute positively to society, and lead fulfilling lives enriched by a diverse range of experiences. In essence, equal or judicious emphasis on curricular and co-curricular programmes in schools, establishing and integrating good curricular programmes, and co-curricular programmes in a boarding school, such balancing teaches students successfully partake in a school’s co-curricular programme, the school must be wise not to overstate aspects of it. For early years were often hard and we would feel as if we were lost in a vast sea of unknown to me at the time, would serve me well through my adult life. What of the teaching staff? There are too many to mention. In a world where Dead Poets Society met the Shawshank Redemption, I remain forever grateful to the eclectic mix of teachers and friends for encouraging me to muddle through with good humour. As a special call-out, the few of us who were taught English by Mr. Rishabh Bhandari could fail to be inspired by him. His gift — as I now realise — was not to patronise us but treat us as young adults. As the Class of 1998 reunites to celebrate this band of explorers, and to School itself, all that said, the plethora of convivial memories more than made up for such early travails. In an age of information surfeit, it is hard to imagine a time when relying on newspapers and magazines was almost our only connection to the outside world. I can recall rushing back after breakfast to Tata Hriday to check if Agassi win or Sampras’? and spending many hours in the Library reading different newspapers and periodicals. At that time, few universities in India — let alone schools — would have subscribed to several overseas publications. Yet in our Library, we had access to publications from Forbes to the Herald from Pakistan. The world outside mattered as much as the world inside. If in the Library, listening to music in the Tata House Common Room was a preoccupation. Many a pleasurable hour was spent with Vasant Nath, Gautham Maedratta, Rahul Chadhuri and other friends pouring over Bruce Springsteen and Dylan. Talking cricket and tennis with Messrs Tarun Yadav, Karanbir Brar, Gaurav Bhati, Ashish Kuriyal and Arjun Chowdhury remained a constant — we can still recall sitting on the stair of the MPH watching the 1996 World Cup! Co-editing the Weekly with Vasant gave me a priceless life long in time management and organisation skills — no matter what, we had to ensure the ‘proofs’ were ready by Thursday? The debate and discussion in the Tata House Common Room was a stimulant, that unknown to me at the time, would serve me well through my adult life. What of the teaching staff? There are too many to mention. In a world where Dead Poets Society met the Shawshank Redemption, I remain forever grateful to the eclectic mix of teachers and friends for encouraging me to muddle through with good humour. As a special call-out, the few of us who were taught English by Mr. Rishabh Bhandari could fail to be inspired by him. His gift — as I now realise — was not to patronise us but treat us as young adults. As the Class of 1998 reunites to celebrate our time at School, I know that we are simultaneously remembering and renewing our respective bonds. This shared experience is not unique. Each of my friends will have their journeys too. As we look back...
In the realm of career aspirations for millennials, engineering and medicine have always been the crown jewels — coveted by parents and celebrated by society. These professions have been viewed as the ultimate path to success, leaving little room for other options such as teaching. The perception of a teacher’s role, characterised by modest attire and classrooms in this society doesn’t carry the same sense of glory as that of a doctor saving lives or an engineer building marvels.

Many, like me, faced judgement and disappointment for choosing to teach. A former colleague once said, “Nobody chooses to be a teacher as their primary career choice. It is always the last resort.” My journey into teaching was inspired by my own experiences with learning difficulties and the kindness of teachers who supported me. To me, it seemed like an invitation to positively impact young learners’ lives, even at the cost of societal expectations.

The challenges, however, did not end there. The millennial generation’s education was shaped by traditional teaching methods, but the 21st century brought about rapid changes in technology, challenging our profession. Moreover, our middle-class upbringing instilled values that sometimes clashed with the corporate work culture. This begs the question: how do we teach, and what do we teach, in a world where such traditional values are often overshadowed? While I teach Chemistry, I understand that it is not just academic knowledge alone that will prepare my students for life. My role extends beyond transferring information; I am essentially shaping a training ground where students develop skills and confidence. In the modern classroom, my role transcends traditional boundaries. Academic excellence is just a part of the equation; I’m also expected to equip my students with critical thinking skills, adaptability, and emotional intelligence. In a world where technology evolves faster than curricula, fostering a love for learning and inclusivity becomes paramount. I strive to create an environment where my students feel encouraged to explore, question, and innovate.

Yet, in the 21st century, I question whether prevailing system is a constant struggle. Additionally, the pressure to achieve measurable outcomes sometimes overshadows the importance of holistic development. Character education, emotional intelligence, and social skills are as vital as academic achievements. As a teacher, I am not just shaping future professionals; I am nurturing compassionate, empathetic individuals who contribute positively to society. Striking a balance between academic rigour and character development is a delicate art — one that requires unwavering dedication and resilience in the face of systemic challenges. Despite the uncertainties and complexities, our commitment remains unshakable. We are not just teachers; we are architects of the future, shaping young minds and moulding generations to come.

In conclusion, being a millennial teacher in the age of ‘Generation Alpha’ is a multi-faceted journey, filled with both opportunities and challenges. We navigate the ever-changing landscape of education, embracing technology while preserving the essence of human connection. We grapple with moral dilemmas, questioning the alignment of our teachings with the realities of the world our students will face. We champion inclusivity and personalised learning, striving to create an environment where every student thrives. It is a challenging yet immensely rewarding journey — one that defines not just our profession but also our collective legacy.

Mr. Anubhab Bhattacharjee

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The free press is not an option in democracy; it is the sine qua non.
Doonspeak

Compared to when you joined the School, do you feel that the student-participation in the decision-making process is more, less or the same?

As the time you spend in School increases, the decision-making power you hold is bound to increase. But more than the actual decision-making power, it is the perception of the same that has changed for me. Four years ago, the ability that I thought a Senior had to make meaningful changes in School is certainly not something I feel like I have today. It is impossible to accurately establish whether a D Former today feels what I did. So, with that bias, I do feel like there has been a change in the say that students have in decisions that affect the entire School community. Some notable examples would be the dismissal of the School Captain voting system, the censorship across publications and the lack of follow-up regarding problems raised by Doscos in councils. Quite evidently then, there have been changes directly aimed at reducing a student’s decision-making power — for better or for worse — an effect that is only heightened by the normalisation of having the ability to make decisions for smaller groups as Seniors. Personally, I feel like this just creates a facade of student involvement — an indicator of dark times to come.

As I reflect on my journey since joining School, I can’t help but notice a significant shift in the landscape of decision-making power. It has become evident that the authority once entrusted to students has diminished over time. The culture of having students control the vast responsibilities has now disappeared. When I first entered the halls of Chandbagh, there was a palpable sense of collaboration and student involvement in the decision-making processes. We had a say in matters that directly impacted our academic and extracurricular experiences. However, as the years have passed, it’s disheartening to acknowledge that the pendulum has swung less towards student empowerment. The rights given to students have slowly vanished with us left with no voice. Our School, from what I could make out of conversations with my Seniors, was a beacon of collaboration and empowerment. The corridors echoed with the vibrant voices of students actively participating in shaping their destinies. It was a magical time when Student ideas could sprout wings and soar.

When I look back to my C Form, I remember having a conversation with a particularly vocal Prefect who told me that as I progressed through the hierarchy in School, I would be able to make increasingly greater decisions for myself. He told me that, every year, I would be able to feel the influence on things which pertain to our lives wherever I look. When I think of a reason as to why, I struggle to put my finger on it, but there is one thing I know for sure — students in School no longer hold the same decision-making power when compared to when I joined School.

The first time I entered School after the Pandemic in my C Form, I was starstruck. The importance of the roles the Students played in School was astounding to me. I would see my Seniors voting for the next School Captain. I would see them conducting music performances and directing plays. What struck me the most, however, was the concept of a School Council. Students from every House gather with Masters and suggest changes that can be brought about in School. But as time passed, I saw the minutes of the meetings arriving with an exponential frequency and having a lesser impact on the day-to-day lives of the students. It was this that made me realise, the decision-making power of the students was diminishing gradually each term: whether it be the incapability to vote, or the new guidelines put in place to dilute the hierarchy.

Democracy has always been at the heart of Doon’s quirkiness, but over my last five years in School, I have witnessed a disturbing trend of increasing unilateral control which is surprisingly and sadly, external in nature. While School has necessarily faced issues on several fronts, including academics, through the course of my time, decisions were not simply handed out. And even if they were, the discourse was weighed in as an essential part of the whole process rather than a vile facade. What remains to be the biggest challenge today is that it is not only the students who feel unheard and ignored but also the Masters, which is deeply concerning on several levels. While it is imperative to steer this institution in the right direction, more often than not, this ‘right’ is exactly where we are going wrong due to the myopic views fuelled by a lack of perspectives.
साक्षात्कार

With

MR. NASEERUDDIN SHAH

CONDUCTED ON

28.8.23

The Doon School Weekly (DSW) : आर्ने महात्ा गाँधी से लेकर कई काल्पवनक फ़करदारयों तक विविध प्रकार भी आती है। एक और फ़दलचस् बात फ़क दुवनया के ज़जतने महान एक्टर हयोते उनमहें अच्छा काम नहीं कर र्ाया क्योंफ़क मुझे िह अच्छी नहीं लगती। र्रन्ु

DSW : विषय को शिखाने में एक अभिनेता और हिंदी के में अभिनेता के रूप में अभिनेता की चित्रण के मूल दृष्टि से बहुत आत्मविश्वास की चित्रण के कारण उनके प्रभाव पर रंग आता है। एक बार जब वे शिखाने में अभिनेता के रूप में शुरू कर दे जाते हैं, और वे भी यूं ही, अनजाने महें। जो कभी भी पहुँच नहीं खुद के अभिनेता को हो जाती है और जो कभी पहुँच नहीं खुद के अभिनेता को हो जाती है।

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जैसे हाइर्योटयोवनक, आइसयोटयोवनक और हाइर्रटयोवनक। इनमें कई प्रकार के रुद्ध हैं, जैसे कीनी, टोररने, विटाममन-बी अत्यन्त लगना। यह रुद्ध बड़े-बड़े कारखाने में बनाए जाते हैं, और ऊजा्पा: उर्ययोग से उर्भयोग तक प्रत्येक रुद्ध की जीिन यात्रा नुकसान भी रुकाता है। यह रुद्ध व्यायाम के बाद वर्या जाता है। के दौरान ऊजा्प की कमी रूरा कर देते हैं। इनमें रुद्ध के ललए आइसयोटयोवनक रुद्ध में चीनी और नमक प्रवतशत हमारे शरीर के जलयोजन ममलता है। इस प्रकार का ऊजा्पा रुद्ध ज़्ादातर जलयोजन मूल्यों के बारे में जानना चाहए और समझना चाहए। के दौरान ऊजा्प की जीिन यात्रा नुकसान भी रुकाता है। यह रुद्ध रुद्ध के बाद वर्या जाता है। के दौरान ऊजा्प की कमी रूरा कर देते हैं। इनमें रुद्ध के ललए आइसयोटयोवनक रुद्ध में चीनी और नमक प्रवतशत हमारे शरीर के जलयोजन ममलता है। इस प्रकार का ऊजा्पा रुद्ध ज़्ादातर जलयोजन मूल्यों के बारे में जानना चाहए और समझना चाहए।

अर्ने मास्रयों के प्रवत खुंदक बढ़ गयी थी। अंग्ेज और चर्टी नाक और बंद आँख लले चीनी कहलाते थे। जमाने में विदेश का मतलब इंगलैंड ही था जैसे ही जैसे सभ्य-एक बार कहीं विदेश गए थे। भगिान जाने फ़हसाब में कयोई गलती हयो जाने र्र अग्ेजी के महत्त्व कयो इसी बात से समझा जा सकता है फ़क हमारे और फ़िसलती हुई अंग्ेज़ी जबान में 'वबल' की जानकारी देती है। अंग्ेजी महें ही ललखी जा सकती हैं। अंग्ेजी महें ललखी बातयों का प्रभाि की र्टरी नहीं बदलता। इस धाराप्रिाह अंग्ेज़ी महें बात करता है अंग्ेज़ी  महें ही ललखी जा सकती हैं। अंग्ेज़ी महें एक उद्धरण ललखा हुआ है।

प्रमाशण तथा समर्थनकारी र्रीभक्त एि ं समर्थ त मान्यताओं-ज़जह्ा से साि्पजवनक-विमश्प के लगातार जुगाली फ़कये जाते हुए उससे र्रीछे के तीन ररक्यों र्र स्ागत के ललए एक ररक्े र्र साहब अर्नी र्त्ी के साथ थिावर्त हुए, द ूसरे र्र हमारे र्ड़ौसी सरदार जी का र्ुत् रूस महें काम करने चला गया था। यह एक बार हम र्रीछे के ललए जीिन की जीिन यात्रा नुकसान भी रुकाता है। यह एक बार हम र्रीछे के ललए जीिन की जीिन यात्रा नुकसान भी रुकाता है। यह एक बार हम र्रीछे के ललए जीिन की जीिन यात्रा नुकसान भी रुकाता है।
Mr. Sarmad served as the Deputy Executive Secretary of the United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change (UNFCCC) Secretariat, advising on a range of issues relating to the strategic operations planning and development of the organisation.

The Doon School Weekly (DSW): Could you please elaborate on your vision for this decade and how you see your role in fostering global collaboration to address this urgent challenge that we face?

Mr. Ovais Sarmad (OSD): I’d like to label this decade, until 2030, the ‘Decade of Action’. Having come from the United Nations and being closely associated with matters related to climate change for over six years, I feel that treating climate change as a sustainable development goal (SDG) has been extensive, and we have met multiple targets to ensure that we are at a pace to get to the level improvement we are meant to reach by 2030. We are working, and we are working hard. We have to focus on climate change and environmental protection, because with the way we are living, and we are working hard. We have to focus on climate change.

DSW: What other issues do you think need to have some level of concern raised, and can be achieved through people simply changing their habits?

OSD: When it comes to shifting habits and the environment, I think that there is a moral and ethical dilemma. I strongly believe that everything that we are able to enjoy — benefits from the environment such as the air we breathe, the land that we use for growing fruits and vegetables, and our own livelihoods are not something that we inherited from our forefathers. Instead, I feel, we have borrowed it from future generations. It is in this sense that we hold responsibility. Responsibility for the borrowed time and resources, and the expectation to look after it, and to hand it over in a better shape to the next generation. You are the next generation and I feel very guilty. If this were a court of law, I should be held accountable, put in jail, or punished for not protecting the environment. Really, we need to bring out and emphasise on that moral and social responsibility. And I like to think, what better place to do this than in India? Because in India, we are generally very socially aware, morally responsible, and ethically educated people as a result of our traditions, religions, customs, and many other factors. We can be a real dynamic for change; this is why I believe education, in this matter, is important.

DSW: How can the United Nations, and more specifically the UNFCCC, more actively ask countries to contribute not just money but actual developments to fight against climate change?

OSD: The UNFCCC, in this instance, does not have the authority to tell governments what to do. All the United Nations, in general, can do is transparently state actions, consequences, and results, as well as track whether countries are upholding the treaties they have signed. The UNFCCC clearly shows where the countries stand in the implementation of the Paris Agreement. For example, this year marks the first time the UNFCCC will measure all countries’ contribution towards the Paris Agreement. We are essentially tracking what has been delivered, and what gap there is that we need to cover up. Then, we will begin negotiations to address that gap, to reach our goals by 2030. At least for this year, this is the UNFCCC’s plan.

DSW: Do you think the presence of these so-called cartels, such as OPEC and OPEC+ countries, the fact that they control a substantial portion of the world’s oil trade and the fact that they will limit oil trade. Do you think this is good because this incentivises countries that import these products to move to more sustainable roots or do you think it’s bad that these countries control the oil trade because they have the power to disrupt world trade and affect the lives of millions of people.

OSD: The short answer is, unfortunately, these cartels are not good at all in any sector or society or business. OPEC is a cartel and they serve the interests of the oil-producing countries. But they are not blind, not deaf. They see the writing on the wall, that the governments of many countries who are moving, changing and they will require those barriers to be broken. New trading mechanisms will evolve, such as carbon trading and ISA (the International Solar Alliance), further propelling the trade of renewable energy, which is spearheaded by India and France.
DSW: How do you think that countries which are heavily reliant on fossil fuels can move towards a more sustainable and environment friendly national industry in a positive and conducive way?

OSD: During the climate change negotiations, a treaty was signed that clearly states that those transitions have to happen in a just and equitable manner. But it will take time. If you go to Saudi Arabia, you would see that they have the largest national power generation plants. They have moved away from solely generating oil and are instead focusing on pioneering civil development; there are many massive projects you must have heard of. They are changing their country’s source of revenue to be less reliant on oil and more reliant on tourism and the like. Their transition is happening, but what I would strongly like to emphasis on is that it is not happening at the pace that is required. They continue to pump out oil. I have talked to them and they claim to be carbon neutral. They say that it is not them who burn the oil, and that they simply export it. However, this does not mean that they are carbon neutral in their oil production. Even the industry that refines and extracts the oil has a carbon footprint. It’s a very complex issue and this is exactly what we attempt to decipher in global negotiations. But for now all we need to see if those countries are moving away somewhat from fossil fuels, and we see that it is happening.

DSW: Do you think that students have the ability to point out problems and ask for them to be solved, and if so, how can students around India and around the world go about this and advocate for change productively?

OSD: In the UN, there are very active youth groups. There are representatives of students and young people from all around the world who are raising their concerns and conveying them to the UN, and all the while they are receiving recognition. The amount of youth involvement you see in dealing with climate change is unparalleled compared to anything in history. I mean, you have seen the protests everywhere. As for how the students can help, they can join those voices in a responsible and credible manner, not just by shouting and screaming. It should not come down to extreme measures where there are riots and acts of threats of violence. We all have our own ways of expressing ourselves, but we all should first use our voices responsibly. To ensure that, first of all, become climate literate. Then, join groups, whether it be nationally or globally, to convey your concerns and learn from each other and promote discourse. Now is when you build on your abilities, and later on all of us will be working to deliver our voices to governments, and their officers will listen to our demands to bring about change.

DSW: How do you think smaller countries can adapt to the situation they are in and make the most to actually contribute towards the reduction of climate change?

OSD: First, you must understand of something called ‘carbon credits’. To help you understand this concept, I am going to take the example of Bhutan. Bhutan is a country that is very rich in terms of natural resources — trees and the like — they absorb carbon. This leads to a situation where they are, in terms of their carbon footprint, net-zero, or maybe even in the negative. This value is now a value that they can trade. What we aim to achieve with carbon credits is to put a price on carbon. Richer countries who cannot regulate and control their industries enough to cut down on carbon emissions can now purchase carbon credits from smaller net-zero countries. States like Bhutan, Costa Rica and other developing nations can reap these benefits. Eventually, carbon trading is going to be a huge thing. We are going to put a price on carbon. Suppose your country, through a certain action, is emitting ten tonnes of carbon into the atmosphere. Meanwhile, I have just absorbed twenty tonnes of carbon from the atmosphere due to the abundance of forests in my nation. In such a case, I can benefit. You can now buy carbon credits from me to offset your country’s impact on the global climate. Then I, as a developing nation, can use the money I received from the transaction to further develop my country. And I am happy to see that something like this is happening.
Editorial
Diwan Nanda, Issue 1595

It's raining. It's raining very hard. Heavy, sorrow-filled drops fall onto a world flooded by so many problems, it has forgotten how to count. Blood flows like water in a dirty stream. Our land is being raped before our own eyes in the name of development. The globe is being slowly squeezed and the life cycle of our world is being strangled by hate. We are vanishing deep into oblivion, to be lost forever. Now, the rain's stopped. The sun appears through the clouds. A man unlocks his window to the world after 27 years, 27 hard years later, he can walk freely on his own land, no longer confined to his cold, dark cell. Nelson Mandela, a fighter for the true cause of freedom, for equality and brotherhood, can finally see the light at the end of the tunnel. He has completed a long, trying journey. For him, it is another chance to shout out loud. The South African Government is giving us an important message. They are putting up huge banners all over that we're just looking through, not because we can't see them, but because we don't want to see them. Maybe you don't want to listen to me but I have to tell you that it's not too late. It's never too late to change. It's never too late to lend a helping hand. It's never too late to take your stand. Maybe that's what it's all about. Standing up and saying what you've got to say. Maybe, that's the lesson we've forgotten to teach — never say die! Go ahead. Make a difference. What you've got to say is important, because in this rapidly corroding world of ours these little differences are what count the most. Don't try to ignore this message or put it off till later because now is the time for action. To ignore this is another chance to shout out loud. The South African Government is giving us an important message. They are putting up huge banners all over that we're just looking through, not because we can't see them, but because we don't want to see them. Maybe you don't want to listen to me but I have to tell you that it's not too late. It's never too late to change. It's never too late to lend a helping hand. It's never too late to take your stand. Maybe that's what it's all about. Standing up and saying what you've got to say. Maybe, that's the lesson we've forgotten to teach — never say die! Go ahead. Make a difference. What you've got to say is important, because in this rapidly corroding world of ours these little differences are what count the most. Don't try to ignore this message or put it off till later because now is the time for action. You can make a difference and you have to make a difference. Don't think you're safe in the warmth of your cozy concrete homes because you aren't. Because before everything you're still 'black' for those who only see two colours. You're still an ordinary human being, equally unprotected below the crumbling sky, and the burning earth. Last week's events marked a great victory for all of us. Why don't we all celebrate it by hoping that stainless steel cap on the road, that dying animal species, those unfortunate victims in Bhopal or that oppressed person of colour in Africa? It doesn't take much. And if you can't be bothered doing anything at least smile. You'll make the world a much better place to live in.

The New Boys ‘Honeymoon’

This article is dedicated to the home-sick as well as to the valiant, to ambitious sportmen and to spectacled scholars, and last but not the least, to those newcomers who at this moment find themselves “poised on a huge wave of fate, which lies uncertain on which side to fall!” My friends and I all remember (don’t we?), our own first few bewildered weeks as New Boys, when we first gazed with uncertain eyes at the strangeness of it all. We were confused, we lost our way, and accepted whatever came next, all rather meekly and naively. We listened to the sermons of the Headmaster at Assembly in the form of songs from Tagore’s Gitayi and with equal thought to the lectures of the Housemaster at lunch, and on what other people think of you when you put your jam knife into your mouth? Yes! Then comes the Doctor and his crew who just don’t excuse you from your morning PT, and not to speak of the Dame, who just can’t be convinced that boys can be away without being folded into neat stacks! Then we gazed and started at the monument of Law — the Prefect — and carefully studied his whims and fancies before nearing his sphere of influence! We listened to the ‘pop’ talks of the various captains of the never-ending number of games, come one and come all. A few classes had already gone by and although the idea of work had not yet penetrated the consciousness, we still attended (waved in the ‘Hi’ manner) Mr. Dindayal’s classroom with its scenic view of Mussoorie! Ah! The ‘Trials’ — great days for ambitious sportmen! So each day, with new impressions, we would wander back to our Holding House and lie on our unbelievably huge bed, while a kaleidoscope of Masters, notice boards, yellow cards, red cards, cheers, dejection, comraderie, boisterous, towers and memorias passed before our eyes. Life, in fact, was paradise. By the time you have read this, you will have already have had a few days of this life and would have acquired a few nicknames, and will be getting used to it all. And so it will continue for a month or two, but gradually you will find yourself drawn towards the exams and Inter-House Competitions, the exhibitions will diminish in intensity and you will find yourself caught in the snare of classroom and games field... and the swimming bath (especially if you are a non-swimmer!). You will realise that the honeymoon is over. But cheer up! The daily round is very lovely. Things do happen at Doon! You will find life pleasant if you play your part. Join a society or club (but not too many!) and take an active interest in the affairs of your House and School. Finally, remember to do some work (even in your first term), but don’t become a mugger! Doon School is more than a vocational training centre. It is a sort of learning but also living, where you will spend some of the happiest years of your life. Don’t think that this is another lecture in the form of morbid entertainment! I write this as I was also perched on that ‘wave’ some years ago and know how you feel, and just to show you that I still retain some school spirit I will state briefly that I belong to the pantheon of all Houses — Hyderabad House — THE HOUSE OF LORDS!
Doon Needs Change

John Marx, Issue 1695

The Doon School, considered one of the finest in India, was modeled after the English Public Schools of the 1930s-40s. Since then, schools in England have progressed to the trends of the 1990s, but it is my belief that Doon remains trapped in the past by a basic lack of forward-thinking. My considered opinion may send vibrations up the spines of ex-Doscos, but I feel that now that Doon has reached the top and got to the top, it is content with resting on its laurels. Thus, few new improvements have been made and this will lead to inefficiency, and ultimately, to a decline. I could list a pile of examples, but here are just one or two. Two great rocks of the English Department, UCP, and AND, have departed and oops! It seems that someone forgot to bring in someone to replace them. How much time is wasted on teachers hopelessly scrawling on these slippery slabs under the pressure of class time? I have yet to meet a student who enjoys PT, and I am yet to speak to a teacher who wholly agrees with it. I am teaching my B Form Geography, and I turn away from writing on the (modem) blackboard to see a herd of hedgehogs busy scribbling away. Discipline is in the mind, not in these horrendous hairstyles. Every public school wants to be at the top of the academic table. But this is where Doon School shoots itself in the foot. Although class time is important, out-of-class work plays an equally vital part in the success of the student. This comes in the form of Toye Time. I have heard nothing but complaints from Teachers and Students alike of the Boys not being able to finish their homework on time. Being encouraged to do so should be severely cut down and rescheduled to other times. But when? The Boys have enough in their day already. So, The Doon School expects academic standards to rise if this continues? Toye time should be for studying and for nothing else. Debates, lectures, and talks should be severely cut down and rescheduled to other times, but where? The Boys have enough in their day already. So, The Doon School has a problem. But this is not the time to apportion blame. Now is the time to make the change, make the improvements, and begin on the road hack to progress.

(John Marx, JMR, is a school leaver from Marlborough College and is teaching at Doon for this Term.)

Punishments

Vivek Khanna, Issue 1320

The question arises: why punish? This is one thing that, unfortunately, is not being understood in School today. Our numerous punishments are almost ineffective and serve no purpose. Boys are now being punished for breaking a rule and not for the offence itself. The authorities should realise that punishments in School should be aimed at reforming the offender, nothing else. We have to face the fact that a punishment may affect one person and not another — an individual is convinced of his own rightness, no one can change his mind. Punishment is not necessary — someone can be shown that he is doing wrong, and it can be done in two ways. Firstly, by showing reason to the offender by speaking to him. If this works, the School can consider itself to be at its best. If not, it is done the hard way. This may affect one through the severity of the punishment and it may reduce one to stop the offence. Unfortunately, in some cases it just makes the boy angrier.

A significant point I want to bring out is the influence of others in participating in a ‘crime’. What is wrong with smoking in principle, as long as one doesn’t drag someone else into it? Four years forward, an Sc Former will be in college and allowed to smoke, so why not now? As long as a Boy keeps it to himself, there should be no objection. As with bringing money from home, in most cases it is not to satisfy one’s appetite and for nothing else. So much importance shouldn’t be given to a Boy who just wanted to eat more. Why should a Boy restrain his appetite when he can and wants to eat more? Expulsion is not the answer. We have to face the fact that a Boy’s life cannot be named for an offence that, by all rights, should be minor and inconsequential. Another failure in School is the Senior-Junior relationship, especially the forced one between an S and an Sc Former. I fail to see the difference between two boys of virtually the same age. So to be punished for ‘not respecting’ an Sc Former is almost laughable. One cannot enforce respect by punishment. If one deserves the respect, it will automatically be given. In a few cases, an S Former is in actuality older than an Sc Former. And here we are, paying absolutely (at times) undue attention to Boys of our own age, forced to already treat them as our “elders and betters”. It is clear that a Prefect’s attitude in School must be changed drastically. To deal with an offender, he must show him (the offender) the fault in his actions without punishments to whatever extent he can. A Prefect should be appointed based on his ability to enforce discipline; to do it by establishing an understanding, and not by pushing his views down our throats.
Acheronta nequeo superos, movebo

As he stared down the shaft, he didn’t really know what to feel. A flurry of emotions usually ran through his head, tormenting him every waking moment, but now when it mattered, that voice in his head had died down to a hum. He closed his eyes and felt his body tip over. A gentle smile trickled over his face, as a gust pushed against his body, still unable to stop it from the freefall. Then, it was over.

He woke up, his heart sinking further with every breath. His reflection in the lifeless hospital walls looked back at him, as he felt his damaged face. He was still... alive. His worst fears had materialised, as he drew further into his bed, defeated. As a robot nurse his injuries, he once again wondered how old he had become. At this point, he had lost track. The beginning of his life and the memories of his first hundred years had been lost, washed away by time. Yet he still remembered bits and pieces of that lost life, before the cold metallic cities, before the crowded skies, before man could become immortal.

The age of scientific innovation had led to the ultimate advent, a way to finally stop one’s cells from ageing. A young man in his forties had jumped at the opportunity to be the very first, but looking back, he had not been blessed by the gods; he had been cursed. He looked outside and had a rare smile, for while the world may have changed in his many lifetimes, the grey skies and cold rain never seemed to leave.

He remained adequate from the outside, but inside, he had begun to rot, consumed by his loneliness and stubbornness to change. He had changed before, trying to reignite the flame within but he was no longer ready; to change, to live once again, to walk aimlessly under the endless sky. His past few decades had been spent in the confines of his home, trying to reminisce memories of his past. Sometimes he would just sit in a dark empty room, recalling the lives he had lived, the paths he had walked on, and the people he had met. The only face he had remembered now was the cursed face he saw in the mirror, still exuding that youthful vibrance. He despised it, with every core of his being, the very sight of it made his stomach churn. When the road diverged in the yellow wood, the path he chose had no end in sight, no objective. Yet he still chose it, a life devoid of company, of purpose. And so, in a world where he no longer wanted to live, and a society that wouldn’t let him die, he decided to finally be the one to liberate himself. He had finally thought that he would be free, but once again science kept his lifeless soul tethered to his body. He had read many books during his time in his prison. Like Tithonus of the Greeks, he had not been blessed by the gods; he had been cursed. He looked outside and had a rare smile, for while the world may have changed in his many lifetimes, the grey skies and cold rain never seemed to leave.

He leaned forward, inspecting the scar on his hand, remembering the time when the moon had developed into a colony, and the Earth’s surface converted into a giant sprawling city. The idea of countries and territory having been abandoned long ago, an archaic concept. He sat back in his hospital bed, empty within. A relic, the agony of leaving the past behind far too many times had taken a toll on him. He remained adequate from the outside, but inside, he had begun to rot, consumed by his loneliness and stubbornness to change. He had changed before, trying to reignite the flame within but he was no longer ready; to change, to live once again, to walk aimlessly under the endless sky. His past few decades had been spent in the confines of his home, trying to reminisce memories of his past. Sometimes he would just sit in a dark empty room, recalling the lives he had lived, the paths he had walked on, and the people he had met. The only face he had remembered now was the cursed face he saw in the mirror, still exuding that youthful vibrance. He despised it, with every core of his being, the very sight of it made his stomach churn. When the road diverged in the yellow wood, the path he chose had no end in sight, no objective. Yet he still chose it, a life devoid of company, of purpose. And so, in a world where he no longer wanted to live, and a society that wouldn’t let him die, he decided to finally be the one to liberate himself. He had finally thought that he would be free, but once again science kept his lifeless soul tethered to his body. He had read many books during his time in his prison. Like Tithonus of the Greeks, he had not been blessed by the gods; he had been cursed. He looked outside and had a rare smile, for while the world may have changed in his many lifetimes, the grey skies and cold rain never seemed to leave.
They were crystal steps, a faint blue outline with a pink hue, and they were made of glass. Every step, his shoes tapped against them. It created, almost like it would crack any moment. Careful as to not break them and fall into the vast expanse below, he took small deliberate advances. It took careful thought to know where to next rest his foot. The whole world around him was coloured like an aurora; it went on for forever, for miles above him and many more below.

Of course, there were the clouds, and those he followed. With vines dangling from the sides, and spirals of stairs leading up to them, a visible pathway of many such fluffy islands could be seen. He could taste them, smell them, and somehow hear their silence, but he could not see what lay beyond the milky veils. He knew he had to get closer, as he had done with the whole trail behind him. He turned back to see just as much of this world behind him as there lay ahead. “I must’ve already passed those”, he thought. But he couldn’t recollect much. In fact, it was only now when he really took notice of his surroundings. These ‘clouds’, as he termed them, resonated with familiarity. These vibrations rang near the back of his skull, but all he processed was run through a filter and distorted.

Then he took another step, and then another, each one more blind than the last, eventually forming a cadence that was second nature to him. He looked to his right, and then to his left, where there was another cloud — detached from the trail he found himself walking on. This one too veiled something inside it, but this time he could faintly make out the contours. He thought of numbers, many numbers. The numbers themselves were a tangled mess; he had struggled with mathematics his whole life, and this whole matter was alien to him, but the more he tried to compute the values that popped into his head, the more transparent the veil became. And then… it disappeared. As if it weren’t there to begin with, it had left this world. But he retained something from it — a sense of relief. It lightened a burden he carried in him, a burden he only now realised existed.

This realm started making sense to him. He looked ahead of him, and faintly near the horizon he could make out a waterfall. The end of it all, as there seemed to be nothing beyond it. There flowed no river through this land, but still, the rush of water sounded deep within him, and he felt the urge to keep moving.

Approaching another cloud, the astringency of beer left a bitter taste in his mouth. But he could not focus on it, for now his ears desperately attempted to cling onto whispers orbiting around him. They rose in volume, both getting louder and more numerous. It seemed like casual chit-chat, perhaps a giggle or two in between. As he mindlessly walked around this second cloud, he encountered a third, a more alluring, one. One that poured out serving after serving after serving of urgency in him. The whispers that loosened out of it tasted like paper and smelled of the driest ink. He reached out, an unfamiliar arm grew out of his chest and plunged itself into the soft, warm, fuzz, slowly tipping the body. He fell, turning around mid-air. In a fit of déjà vu, his body shook as he collided with the floor.

Disoriented for merely a half-second, he immediately looked straight up. A shadowy wisp followed his movements along the trail. He crawled backwards, perhaps a foot, and then the shadow slowly inched over. A sense of dread gushed throughout his body. It had poured in through spillways, like an opened dam. What if it caught up to him? He could hear the thought no longer, and immediately got up. Continuing to move through the trail. This whole world of his, it was filled with vibrance. There were gradients of blue turning into purple, warm shades of orange and pink, as well as the cooling and inviting greens that to him felt like the taste of raspberry. But the shadow… it was dark, and sold — not just a void that followed him, but a strikingly finite mass that sought him out.

He moved on, faster than ever before, with the wind deafening him and combing back his hair. Yet, it took just as long for him to reach the next cloud. This one was different. There was no veil. In fact, it revealed more than what was there. There was a house, and a bright blue sky eating into the very fabric of the realm. And the realm fought back, creating an ever-changing border between the two. The grass around the patio was dry, a tire swung gently in the breeze, hung from the grand oak to his right. He recognised the place — it was his childhood home, but it was not inviting. He yearned to get closer, but it backed back at him to stay away. The clashing between the two worlds grew more and more vibrant, and the encroaching aurora acted protective. So, he moved. He had to, there was no point in doing anything but leaving this breach of reality behind. The internal anguish doused itself after he went far enough.

But then is when he began to worry. There seemed to be so much to get lost in, and a long path ahead. Every time he found something new, there would only be so much time until he would have to move on. Life for him had turned into a race; clear puzzle after puzzle and advance to another. Living like this did not seem glamorous, but it felt safe and comfortable. This was his haven, his rationale. Ever so often, he turned back, and saw it creeping, and worried if he would be able to reach the waterfall before it was too late. He worried; he did not wonder. The curiosity was to clear this place of all the clouds and leave only the endless flavourful backdrop behind. Such was his place.
A Vicious Cycle

Avi Bansode explores the emotions of being constantly watched and judged, by both external forces and our inner selves.

Tangled in sheets and a multitude of pillows, I woke up suddenly; an instinctive urge took over as I stood up and glared at the hands of my wall clock. It read 4:20 am. It took me a few seconds to process this — the hands seemed to be all over the clock, pointing at every hour and reminding me how time was against me. As I glared at the clock, it seemed to develop a face of its own — inhuman yet so realistic. It peered back at me and its prying eyes, seemingly scrutinising everything running inside of my mind. Victim of this judgement, I concluded that I needed sleep. Although it took me a long time to wake up, when I woke up the next time, I felt exposed and stripped, not of my identity, but of the mysteriousness that made me myself. As I entered the shower, I drew the curtain that separated me from the rest of my cluttered bathroom. Here, under the incessantly falling hot-water, I felt reflective; the water was soothing and it made me ponder. Questioning my own identity was not infrequent in this safe space, and it was with great effort when I would finally turn off the tap and pull open the curtain. Much like the red curtains of a theatre, I felt like I had opened myself up to the rest of the world; as if a thousand pairs of eyes stared at me in a theatre, I was thrust into reality. Privacy was reduced to nothing, and the ‘superficial me’ was back to feed into the monotony of society we call living. Often at home, alone, I would cook with lively music and a personally-comforting ambience, yet, I felt like I was subject to a bunch of film-cameras rolling in my kitchen. I would break into a dance move or two as the potatoes boiled or as the oven baked on, but I would stop a second later in an effort to not embarrass myself. Even though there was not a single human being in my visible vicinity, I felt exposed and subject to continual judgement. From whom I could not fathom, for it hurt my mind; we all have our limitations, especially in the psyche. This feeling that I was being watched would not stop, and it felt more tangible when I would pick up my phone. Even though I had enabled all the ‘privacy features’, it felt like there was someone on the other side of the screen not only getting a good view of my clumsy face but also slowly controlling what I consumed. Every little suggestion, every notification, and every pop-up my eyes caught had this aspect of pure manipulation and malice. As much as I would metacognitively reflect, I knew it had influence: whether it was subconscious or it was in every action I took with consideration. Such a thought reminded me of why I am what I am in the first place — humour, sadness, surprise, fear, pride, honour; melancholy all stemmed from the same media and content I would consume. My source of every tangible emotion I could face was all the same; boundaries had been transcended and ambivalence is all that clouded my mood all day. It made me wonder how I know all of this and yet, I couldn’t stop; we often talk about how ridiculous animals are when they are victim to the most basic of traps, yet we do not introspect how we trap each other. Every little action of ours is caught upon, and its implications echo for lengths of time that exceed our vision and dimensional thinking. Works through organic action. It feels like cheating even if I am doing good (by notion) and naturally relieving to be selfish in my actions. Guilt swarms into me both ways, distracting me and further clouding my own judgement. Self-esteem disappears in all of this as fate takes the driving seat — yet again, I lose control. When I feel like I am back in charge, I do wrong and fall back into the vicious cycle of feeding into the void of nothingness, suspended by a few threads I like to call my identity.
The Dance of Embers

In the heart of a somnolent town, there resides an enigmatic figure, whose life has been intertwined with the rhythmic dance of embers. An old man whose very existence is intertwined with the cobblestone streets. An old man whose very existence is intertwined with the dancing tendrils of tobacco, drawing life from each drag until the tips of his fingers burned a sombre shade of black. Each day, he draws out a well-worn, crumpled pack from his pocket, and with a flick of a match, he ignites the first spark of his daily ritual. As the smoke curls around him like a shroud of nostalgia, one can almost sense his memories dancing about, yearning to be set free. His eyes gleam with a precious drop of poignant insight, alluding to a life well-lived, where happiness and sadness intertwine harmoniously, much like the wisps of smoke that emanate from his cigarette. His fingers, blackened by the touch of countless cigarettes, are a testament to the passage of time and the weight of experience. Yet, in the darkness, lay a striking contrast to the light that emerges from his soul. Each drag is a meditation, a connection to the past, and a communion with the present. The old man is a silent storyteller, and his cigarettes are the ink that filled his pages with his life’s tale. In a dimly lit room, he sat, drawing people to his cigarettes like moths to a flame, intrigued by the aura of mystery that surrounds him. Time in his room seemed to have taken a peculiar detour. The air, thick and languid, held secrets that danced in the faint, smoky tendrils that swirled lazily under the dim glow of a single, weary, overhead bulb. It was a room where the past clung to every surface, where the walls themselves whispered tales of countless cigarettes and their ephemeral rituals. The walls bore the scars of years of devotion to the smouldering vice, transforming from pristine white to a tapestry of amber and sepia tones. A heavy, oppressive scent lingered in the room, a mélange of smoke, old leather, and memories. It clung to the frayed armchair in the corner and the curtains. In the whispers of the townsfolk, he was labelled by some: an addict, while others called him a philosopher. But beneath judgments and speculations lied the truth of his story — a tale of resilience and defiance. For every puff he took, he exhaled not just smoke but also the worries that life had heaved upon him. It was as if the smoke carried with it the burdens of his past, and in each exhale, he liberated himself from its weight. He has weathered storms and braved hurricanes of heartache, finding solace in the companionship of his cigarettes. They had become more than mere tobacco; they were loyal confidants and a trusted friend in the journey of his life. Perhaps there was more to his bond with cigarettes than meets the eye.
Nothing New Under the Sun

It is ironic that in writing on originality I could not bring myself to produce something substantial; perhaps it proves my point. Insofar as originality is unattainable, we see that it is desirable—even when we know it to be impossible, we think that it is never detrimental for us to try. Why not at all then? It would be far easier to simply echo what was once said or written, perhaps put a little of yourself into it, and then sell that idea. Someone could always produce something truly unique, but as long as you say the same thing louder, it is you who receives the credit. However, that’s not how I saw it. The very essence of originality and its elusive nature are perhaps what make it so appealing. There, sitting in the tiny diner, I thought about what it would take to be original, or at least close to. Copious amounts of coffee, sandwiches, and juice could not break the deadlock that arrested my mind. As I wrestled with this dilemma, my attention drifted to a couple sitting two tables behind me. The wife, evidently grappling with anxiety, tapped some muted rhythm, her eyes by contrast remained fixed on her husband. He, unlike his wife, looked much older, perhaps an effect of the cigarettes, one of which he nursed alongside his food. His eyes held an element of aloofness that betrayed resentment. Neither chose to initiate conversation, instead opting to sit in a strained silence which further precluded any chance at interaction. Unsurprisingly, both seemed to have a distaste for each other.

Where then, was the life of their relationship? Was marriage that universal? Did years of coexistence predilate the prospect of novelty, where tedium now, or in the future made no difference; even if I, at some point, were to enter the diner, and be brought a club sandwich within minutes of my arrival. I would not gain any added confidence she did and be treated the same way. In any case, now sitting before was the same man I had eaten for the last nine months. Whether I ate it for the first time, the same meal I had eaten for the last nine months. Whether I ate it for the first time, it was made the same, and it would be made the same again. Even if I, at some point, were to enter the diner, to order it as well; maybe I wanted to try something new, or maybe I too wanted to one day enter this diner with the same confidence she did and be treated the same way. In any case, now sitting before was the same meal I had eaten for the last nine months. Whether I ate it for the first time, it was made the same, and it would be made the same again. Even if I, at some point, were to enter the diner, and be brought a club sandwich within minutes of my arrival. I would not gain any added satisfaction from it coming earlier than usual; but perhaps I would gain some entitlement. There it was again; originality, that damned thing. Was I wrong to appropriate a woman’s habits (if such a thing was even possible)? Perhaps I was too harsh on the couple — I’m not married, so how could I, a supposedly objective viewer, comment on the nature of relationships? But in that conflict, as I confronted the prospect of banality in thought and expression, I found some solace, in the fact that I was not alone in this struggle. Mine was not a singular affliction, but rather a continued and valiant fight against the ordinary (not that it is necessarily wrong to be ordinary). In that way, simply the pursuit of originality would be enough, even if left unachieved. It was not a mountain to conquer, but rather a journey to appreciate, as notwithstanding failure, at least one could have an effect — an effect on ideas that were once held infallible, to strike down predispositions or champion previously hidden ideas. Originality, or lack thereof, is not inherently bad — it is the unwillingness to think that is. You must want to try because thinking otherwise would preclude you from the very thing you strive for. Whether what we seek to achieve begets new thought in the end is crucial, even if the new thought is not truly novel. When you struggle to think of something unique, simply remember — there is nothing new under the sun.

Vivaan Sood

The very essence of originality and its elusive nature are perhaps what make it so desirable.

Rene Magritte, 1937
The Last Consonant

When I stand leading others, 
they applaud me, 
my prominence is unparalleled. 
What happens then, when 
I get relegated to the end? 
Am I not the same? 
What has changed? 
A victim of ignorance, 
no one wants to take my name. 
I have been doomed to be 
the last consonant.

- Ms. Magdha Pandey

The consonant reflects at its plight: it mostly remains in the 
oblivion when it appears in the end of a word as it stays 
unpronounced in the French language.

Departure

I believed in you, young soul, 
but now I must abuse you 
for you have abused what the future holds.

Oh those dreams, those irrational dreams, 
they keep pecking at me 
haunting my mind, laughing at your naivety.

How gullible of you, 
to think you could clinch 
what little you knew, what little you did.

You are dead to me for aye, 
for killing one’s desires early 
must be the kindest use of a knife; 
we grow cold too soon, 
and each man wrecks the thing he loves 
eventually, for good or for worse.

I feel alien, too distant, 
too tired, never satisfied, 
for all hope is vain.

Adieu!

- Krishiv Jaiswal
Nostalgia

You have an odd smile on your face;  
It reminds me of the spring in which we met.  
That time, it felt like time and space  
Were warped just for our engagement.

Maybe it’s because our hearts have changed,  
Or maybe it’s because we haven’t aged.  
It feels like your heart has moved on  
To another time, when it was still warm.

Summer is my favourite season.  
You do all sorts of things, meet new people,  
Wander around, no rhyme, no reason.  
Brains baked, but the memories made.

Maybe it’s because you thought winter  
Is when things settle down and die,  
And I thought that winter is when  
Things slow down and prepare for new life.

Your odd four-season-smile tells me that  
Your heart is going through changes  
And these languid limpid days won’t last.

In this long-short year that we’ve been together,  
We’ve grown old, and cried together.  
But here we are, sitting on the porch,  
Still in spring, waiting for this summer.

- Yash Adalti

The Symphony of Fate

The fate has been written,  
The destiny is forsaken,  
The tides of sorrow fill the hearts,  
Who is it that receives peace?

It is I who sings the symphony,  
It is about the pain that has been received,  
Who is it that believes?  
Believes in me.

The symphony is filled with sorrow,  
No one finds any help that they can borrow;  
The gate of hope is far,  
The symphony is always sour.

The dark shadows lurk all over,  
The rain drop their droplets,  
The part of peace comes later,  
By that time, the symphony of fate had already shown its nature.

- Zorawar Singhal
We (just can’t get you)

can read most people
our sister said that it is because we’re faithless.
we take in things mapped out, flattened.
in coarse lists, the ups and the downs and the variable.

like the general, measuring utility and meters with death.
or the gambler, reading the deck.
but we can’t wrap our heads around you.
We can’t bury you in our calloused heels
nor can we keep you afloat in these lines.

we’d like to spill into
your torso of white.
live there
and sit there
in the cracks of your palms
and laugh like loose change.

inwards and onwards, your heart screams.
like the human mind that marches and fumbles forth
only to understand itself — we read that somewhere.

sometimes we feel there are too many of you

and the many you sing and drive us gently mad,
and they’re woven in your mother’s austere denim
— the ones that you wear regularly, without pride or nostalgia,
or any baggage. weightless in vintage, and

tragic
like waves circling a morning wreck
— dim and easy on the eye.

- Armaan Rathi
Ex 117-K, 2023

Halcyon Wind

The candela picks up
Nipping and biting
My prickly morning skin,
A serenade of sorts
In its playful chaos.

The already pewter sky
Looks to intimidate me
Even more, turning a final
depressing tinge of
Grey still.

Like a hoodlum, you came
With the deluge.
Ran past by me, fleeting
Stripping me of my final
Shred of sanity.

I almost didn’t see you.
Olive were your
Eyes, yes, I remember
Their surreptitious ecstasy.

Isn’t it lovely?
At least I thought so.
The serendipity of it all,
It was too good to be true.

The sun shone again,
Restoring the lingering
Sense of ennui.

I brush the cold
Reads off my forehead.
A curious disquietude
Abohunds me.

- Rehban Chadha
BEST OF UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

Some of the finest Unquotable Quotes curated over the last year.

THE REGULARS
I bunked class for hospital.
Hikot Singh, hearing.
I am in the ninth dold.
Harsh Begani, floating in ecstasy.
D o n't k e p t repeating that, the joke will become less joke.
Anushrut Giri, The Dark Knight Rises.
I am referring this conversation.
Prabhav Jain, oratory overseer.
We need to roam the lock's.
Tammy Gupta, locked inside.
I read the movie.
Kriti Goel, reading in between the lines.
I was looking with my hand.
Aaditya Agarwal

FOUNDER'S DAY ISSUE 2023

Jansher Grewal
Work faster, your work is not working.
Loechin Phangcho
I am gonna go brush my face now.
Karan Agarwal
Black people have darker voices.
I heard them over-talking.
Krish Ghai
I'm not hungry, I just want to eat.
Jigmet Urgian
Don't cover a judge by his book.
Very bad taste has come.
Ayaaz Ferozi
Play practices after Rosebowl in dinner.
Raghav Vij
I wanted to got the Markers Cup.

TONGUE OF SLIPS
I wanted to get the M ark ers C up.
Raghav Vij, not for English we hope.
Play practices after Rosebowl in dinner.
Ayaaz Ferzoi, overworked.
Very bad taste has come.
Divyaansh Surana, so has very bad grammar.
D on't c over a judge by his book.
Jignesh Urgian, law abiding citizen.
I'm not hungry, I just want to eat.
Krish Ghas, chewing his words.
I heard them over-talking.
Shaurya Surana, a keen listener.
Black people have darker voices.
Karan Agarwal, fifty shades of black.
I am gonna go brush my face now.
Aaditya Agarwal, sixth sense.

SC-LEAVERS
I am a staunch L G B T Q againstar.
Vinamra Agarwal, against English.
Sir, I was came on time.
Satvik Petwal, zero late marks.
A s chill as cucumber.
Udhav Goel, the coolest in the room.
I think I've resined since coming to Doon.
Ruhaan Goel, applying for an English Major.

Masters
My phone charges with my body heat.
SRT, too hot to handle.
How can you going to be reduce?
JTR, still waiting for an answer.
This P M is not for feedback, it's for feedforward.
ABE, who actually needs a PTM?
Rapidly changing at a very fast rate.
MIA, need for speed.
I will shoot you with a knife.
MMR, the assassin.
Time will pass, but you will not.
AKM, timeless.
You are not part of the D SOBS, you have only been inducted.
HM, a warm welcome.
It's a water full of test tube.
ABE, reversible reaction.
Stand up and outstand the class.
RRL, prodigal students.

FACTUAL ACCURACIES
We've used much of these unquotes.
Pragyan Goel, true and thank you.
When's the Weekly coming out this week?
Vir Mehta, inquisitive.
I was the headgirl in my old school.
Vivaan Sood, gender neutral.
Indians are not A si ans. Indians are Indians.
Rahul Kapri, staunch nationalist.
I cannot tell english.
Khuranshu Pasala, evidently.
It is impossible to fix my grammar.
Samarveer Bisen, man of his words.
When I close my eyes, I can't see.
Ved Chichra, daredevil.

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Ved Chichra, daredevil.

CROSSWORD
ANSWERS OVERLEAF

Down
1. Japanese animator responsible for directing films such as Spirited A way and M oving Castle.
2. Who has the most number of appearances in the Times 100 list?
3. Who said, “If I win, I am American, not a black American”?
4. Acrophobia is the fear of _____.
5. Songwriter and playwright known for the Broadway musicals In t h e G l am o u r a nd M ar e i t.
6. The English translation of the Latin word vox.
7. The American visual artist known for paintings, including M a r r y Mo n t g o m e r y a nd S o p h C a n s.
8. Leo Tolstoy’s final novel.
9. A salesman wakes up one morning, only to discover he is a giant insect. Name the author.
10. M ar t i n L u t h e r wrote the 95-_____.
11. This famous communist country is the largest island in the Caribbean sea.
12. In the Bible, this individual betrayed Samson to the Philistines.
13. This individual is generally credited alongside William Wordsworth as the founder of the romantic movement.
14. The least populous country to host a Formula One race.
15. Sir, I was the headgirl in my old school.
16. Cricketer with the second highest number of runs in One Day Internationals.
17. Famous Singer of the album, L e t it Be.
18. Known as the father of modern anatomy, this Greek physician is credited with the discovery that arteries carry blood.
19. He became the first film critic to win the Pulitzer Prize for Film Criticism.
20. The Rome Colosseum began construction in 72 AD under this Roman emperor.
21. First king of Israel, as per the Hebrew Bible.
22. Desert between Nevada and California.
23. Famous Singer of the album, 19.

Across
1. Who led the Prussian Army for more than thirty years as Chief of Staff, through conflicts such as the Franco-Prussian War?
2. This individual betrayed Samson to the Philistines.
3. The Rome Colosseum began construction in 72 AD under this Roman emperor.
4. Acrophobia is the fear of _____.
5. The English translation of the Latin word vox.
6. Cricketer with the second highest number of runs in One Day Internationals.
7. This famous communist country is the largest island in the Caribbean sea.
8. This individual is generally credited alongside William Wordsworth as the founder of the romantic movement.
9. A salesman wakes up one morning, only to discover he is a giant insect. Name the author.
10. In the Bible, this individual betrayed Samson to the Philistines.
11. Known as the father of modern anatomy, this Greek physician is credited with the discovery that arteries carry blood.
12. He became the first film critic to win the Pulitzer Prize for Film Criticism.
13. Famous Singer of the album, L e t it Be.
15. First king of Israel, as per the Hebrew Bible.
Across
4. Flying
6. Voice
9. Khyber
10. Sangakkara
11. Cuba
13. Coleridge
16. Vespasian
12. Delilah
21. Mojave
14. Monaco
22. Theses
17. Galen
23. Adele

Down
1. Miyazaki
2. Jinping
3. Smith
5. Miranda
7. Warhol
8. Resurrection
9. Kafka
10. Sangakkara
11. Cuba
13. Coleridge
16. Vespasian
12. Delilah
21. Mojave
14. Monaco
15. George
17. Galen
18. Moltke
19. Elbert

“Fluctuat nec mergitur”
She (the Weekly) is tossed by the waves but does not sink.