

Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot
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Manning the Helm

The Doon School Weekly interviewed the newly-appointed School Captain, Arjun Prakash.

The Doon School Weekly (DSW): What is your vision for the Prefectorial Body this year?

School Captain (SC): My vision for the Prefectorial Body this year is based on three guiding principles: responsibility, legacy, and integrity. Firstly, as a body, we hold an immense responsibility to practise what we preach. It was not always what my Seniors said that had the most profound impact on me, but rather their actions — which didn't require much of an explanation. They were simply there for us when we needed them the most. Through this process of leading by example, we hope to imbibe the values of being accountable for oneself and the community around us. Once we hold ourselves to a certain standard, it becomes easier to grow from our mistakes rather than dwell on them and get lost in the process. This brings me to a key point — the system of sanctions in School is set for the purpose of reflection rather than retribution, and making students feel accountable for their faults goes a long way in building the foundation of integrity, which forms a strong moral code within a person. As for legacy, I do not mean to talk about your lineage, but rather your impact, and the desire to leave a mark behind. To strive toward this, I'd like our Prefectorial Body to go the extra mile in creating a culture of mentorship within the House. In recent years, I've noticed a worrying trend where cross-Form

interactions have become limited. This connection begins with a simple conversation between a Senior and a Junior, and the more of these we have, the better it will serve an inclusive community like ours.

DSW: What do you aim to achieve by the end of your tenure?

SC: By the end of this year, I hope to see five Houses full of characters and leaders, not just the twenty-one who get to wear the prefect's tie. Firstly, after spending almost five years in this institution, I've learned that our community only thrives when each stakeholder feels a certain level of connection and love for the School. At the end of the day, whether you are a Master or a student, our daily actions will inevitably be dictated by the amount we're willing to give to this institution, and positively impact the people around us. With that being said, I feel that sometimes we lose track of why we do what we do, particularly in our journey to obtain what we want. And in this process, we seem to neglect the idea of being a 'valuable' member of this community — before all the achievements and laurels. For example, your peers may not remember the time you went up to collect your trophy, but they certainly will remember all the times you picked them up when they were feeling down or mentored them through periods of difficulty. Similarly, you may not recollect the last time you were able to solve that math problem (hopefully this isn't

the case), but you will definitely cherish the moments shared with your Masters on the sports field, or the other side of the podium, where you were taught lessons for the life beyond. So, recognising the importance of those intangibles has always been Doon's *forte*, and through my vision, I truly hope that, amidst all the systemic change that has taken place in the past year, we can reinvigorate a culture that holds dear to our hearts.

DSW: What advice would you give to Juniors who are struggling to balance their time between activities, given that you have been able to do that in the past?

SC: Having a tight grasp on your time management is critical to survive in the world we live in. And with each responsibility we are handed as DoscOs, we grow to understand the importance of not wasting those precious hours. It probably goes without saying that the position of School Captain requires me to devote a lot more of my own time towards working alongside my fellow batchmates and Masters to provide School with a sense of direction, however, my role on the *Weekly* has always been aligned with things that, since B Form, have become a part of my daily routine. From editing articles during the darkest hours to writing a dozen 'Around the World in 80 Words', the *Weekly* has almost acted like a training ground for me to learn how to juggle all the activities I

(Continued on Page 3)

PICTURE PERFECT

The following are the **Yearbook** appointments for the year **2024-25**:

Editors-in-Chief: Daksh Arora and Vir Marwah
Chief of Production: Umaid Dhillon

We wish them a fruitful tenure!

TAKING THE REINS

The following are the appointments for the year **2024-25**:

Publications:

Circle:

Editor-in-Chief: Vignesh Dodla

Srijan Prayas:

Editor-in-Chief: Divyaansh Surana

Activities and STAs:

Hindi Dramatics: Shaarnjai Singh

Design and Technology: Saumah Ali

Quiz: Samarveer Bisen

Congratulations!

ACE UP THEIR SLEEVE

Vidit Verma was declared the winner of the **Sardar Mohammad Tennis Tournament 2023**.

Kudos!

“

To be yourself in a world that is constantly trying to make you something else is the greatest accomplishment.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

A LEGACY CONTINUES

The following are the **School Prefects** for the year **2024-25**:

School Captain: Arjun Prakash

Hyderabad House

House Captain: Jason Patel

Prefects: Arjun Mitra, Karma Kheni, Samyak Jain

Jaipur House

House Captain: Anuj Agarwal

Prefects: Aaryan Kayal, Jaisal Sahgal, Vir Marwah

Kashmir House

House Captain: Udathveer Pasricha

Prefects: Krtin Goel, Umaid Dhillon, Veer Babaycon

Oberoi House

House Captain: Rohan Jalan

Prefects: Aarush Agarwal, Arav Khanal, Aryavardhan Agarwal

Tata House

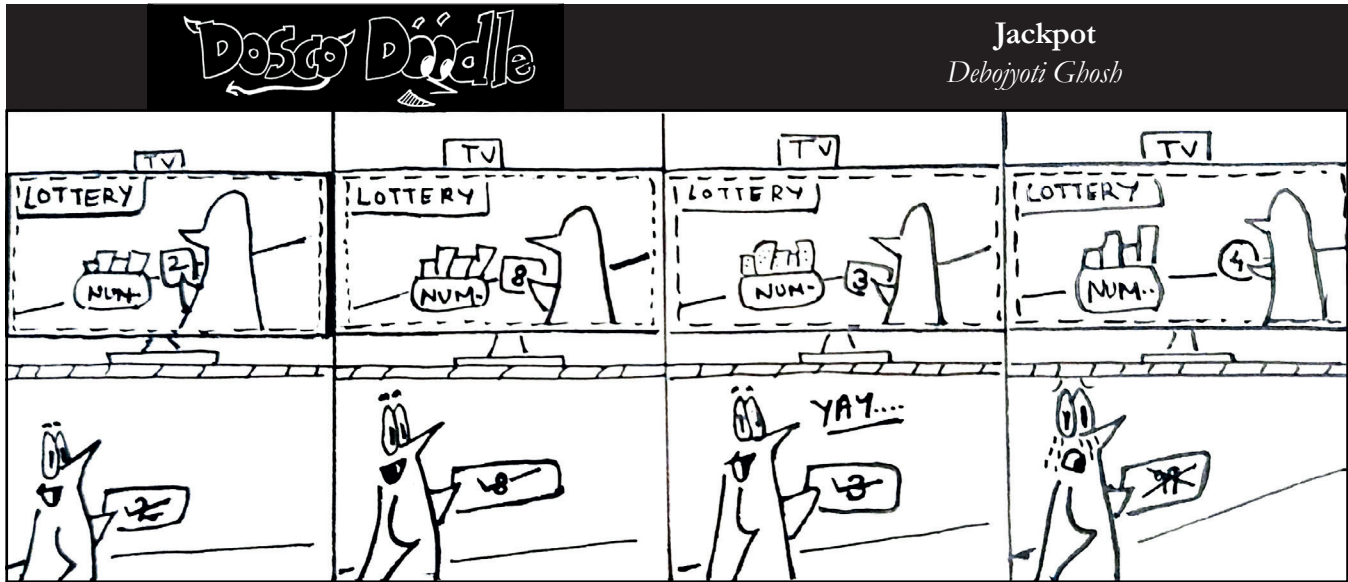
House Captain: Mridul Jain

Prefects: Anant Jain, Daksh Arora, Shashank Dhiman

We wish them a fruitful tenure!

Around the World in 80 Words

Russian and Syrian attacks in the Idlib and Aleppo countryside resulted in the death of 66 civilians and left more than 270 people injured. The Israeli army raided the al-Shifa hospital, the Gaza Strip’s largest, killing forty and holding almost two thousand people hostage. India defeated New Zealand in the semi-final of the ODI Cricket World Cup. More than 10 million Australians were cut off from the internet after a nationwide outage hit Optus, the country’s second-largest network operator.



(Continued from Page 1)

involve myself in. Adding onto that, from observing the Seniors that I look up to, I realised that it's not always about how many things you have on your plate, or how much time you have, but rather how well you use it and how much you love it. If you enjoy what you do, and appreciate the merit behind it, then the balancing act becomes more of a privilege than a duty.

DSW: We have seen a large shift in the priorities of School in the last year, with regards to focus on academics and learning outcomes. How do you think you can best serve the School in such times?

SC: Times change and expectations change, but to what extent does it

affect our culture and the things that make us different? Firstly, the School's continued effort towards improving the academic and learning outcomes of its students is something that should be greatly appreciated. The integration of technology in our classrooms has made for better classes and Masters are always prepared to offer assistance whenever needed. However, in the end, it is up to us as students to make the most of the resources that the School provides us with. And while School's priorities have changed with the academic expectations around college applications and whatnot, I still see the same people running around the Main Field at 6 PM every day, playing basketball till the lights are

off, and then studying in their Toyes after dinner. While yes, we must adapt to an age where institutions heavily focus on academic results and college applications, Doon has always stood for much more than that, and it will continue to do so for the course of my tenure, no matter which educational course or curriculum is being adopted. In our alumni network, you won't always see people who have gone to the most prestigious colleges, but you will see leaders who have made it count wherever they ended up. So as we refine our academic systems to keep up with the world outside, it is my responsibility to ensure that the age-old practices and character-building culture is not lost in the process.

On the Buzzer

Amarnath Sahu writes on the culture of quizzing in School following the conclusion of the Doon School Quiz.

Since the Foot vs. Martyn Quiz in my D Form, quizzing has become an integral part of my life. Quizzing is an extremely important skill and one can gain a lot of knowledge through participating in quizzes. It is an extremely fun way to attain knowledge, but sadly, in School, quizzing is not an activity which sees much participation. I have seen people either quizzing half-heartedly, or them being on the fence about whether they want to quiz or not. I remember asking my friends to come to a meeting, and I still remember them saying "We like watching quizzes, but we don't like to participate in them". We must change this mindset because if no one participates in quizzes and comes for meetings, then events like the Doon School Quiz, which restarted after a hiatus, will eventually be cancelled and the School will stop participating in quizzes, and this rich culture that we have of quizzing will eventually die out.

On the bright side, I have constantly observed quizzing in School grow, and its increasing popularity. We have progressed exponentially, and so much so that the Doon School Quiz, which was put to a stop in 2010 due to the School's plan to cut down on activities saw its revival 13 years later. The School is trying to continue its rich culture of quizzing, which was evident during the DS Quiz this year. It saw the participation of 13 schools with the Doon School Martyn and Foot teams taking 2nd and 5th position respectively. There were interesting rounds, from the astounding 'Rhyming

Round' to the 'Kangaroo and Joey' word answers. The thrilling comebacks and nail-biting last-minute wins were the things that made the Doon School Quiz an absolutely scintillating event, to say the least. The School also invited an extremely reputed quizmaster, Mr Ajay Poonia, someone fit for the high standard and reputation of the long-forgotten event. His *joie de vivre* and his manner of conducting the quiz immediately established themselves as one of the flagship events hosted in School.

The School needs to invest in the art of quizzing, as it is becoming a forgotten part of the School's ethos. Although we have come a long way and there is still a long way to go. We must now prepare ourselves for a season of quizzing, as the Doon School Quiz was just the start, with the Inter-House quiz and the Foot versus Martyn Quiz just around the corner. Let us hope and try that this enriched history of quizzing continues to live on, doesn't perish, and will continue to enlighten and keep people at the edge of their seats in the future as well.



Nestled within Hills

Adhyayan Rajgarhia | Winner of the Junior Fiction Contest, 2023

A bright, sunny morning in the monsoon is what everyone wants. It is also the perfect day for adventure enthusiasts to go out on expeditions. It is everyone's dream to go on treasure hunts, just like those portrayed in the movies. Jake, a renowned geologist, and Sarah, a curious botanist, loved going out on expeditions and seized an opportunity whenever they could.

Once, there was a land—a land far away from the bustling cities and from the chaos of modern life. This land was surrounded by the mythical *Sakura* Forest. The *Sakura* Forest was shrouded in myth and mystery, and its summits disappeared into the heavens. The mountains had their own tales, and the hollow valleys held secrets that were told a millennia ago. It was said that the hills spoke in the language of the wind, and the valleys whispered tales lost to time. There was a myth that on the diverging roads of the Whispering Peaks, there lay a tree. A tree below which, supposedly lay a treasure, a treasure that was lost centuries ago by the *Sakura* tribe. People feared to tread there because whoever went in; never came out.

Despite the ominous myth, Jake, a braveheart, became intrigued by the legend and decided to go in search of it. Sarah, always ready for an adventure, decided to join him. Equipped with a shovel, a compass, a rope, and a pocketknife with enough food for two days, they set off. They didn't want anyone to know about their expedition. Together, they hoped to uncover the secrets that the *Sakura* forest held and its long-lost treasure. Their journey began with crisp morning air and the soft crunch of leaves beneath their boots. The hills seemed to welcome them. As they climbed, an eerie feeling crept over them, as if someone were watching their every move, but they decided to ignore this intuition and continued their climb.

As they climbed higher, their bond grew stronger and stronger. They soon reached the hallowed spot where the treasure allegedly lay. Undeterred by the eerie surroundings, they started digging with hope in their hearts. However, strange sounds echoed around them, and they tried to convince themselves that it was just the wind. Hours passed, and they were about to give up when Sarah's curiosity got the better of her, and she decided to make one last attempt. As she landed a blow, a strange cracking sound reverberated from the ground below. Excited, they dug further and eventually uncovered a chest adorned with ancient carvings.

The two were in awe, wondering if they had found the long-lost treasure of the Sakuras. In that moment of wonder, Jake heard approaching

footsteps and whispered, "Sarah, no one should know about this." They swiftly picked up the chest and turned around, only to see a menacing man running towards them, wielding a dagger in his hand. Panic set in, and Jake shouted, "Sarah, hand me the shovel," but there was no reply. In the blink of an eye, Sarah had abandoned him, and disappeared into the bushes, leaving Jake on his own to confront the menacing man. With his quick thinking and a burst of adrenaline, Jake managed to knock down the man with his shovel, saving himself from harm. He realized the consequences of his actions, and fear coursed through his veins. Sarah eventually returned after seeing that the danger had passed.

They decided to go to the nearest police station and report the incident. At the police station, the officers started investigating the incident, asking what they were doing there. Jake and Sarah, frightened by the turn of events, decided not to tell anyone anything and kept their little escapade a secret. They feared the consequences of possessing such a valuable artefact. As they returned, they couldn't help but regret the decision not to inform the authorities. Their minds were torn between the thought of keeping the treasure for themselves and the burden of carrying this secret forever.

Not knowing what to do, they decided to seek advice from an old, wise man who told them that they should return the treasure to its rightful place, which is a cave located on the Whispering Mountains. In doing so, they would break the curse and restore prosperity to the *Sakura* tribe. So, they set off on an expedition to the caves to restore the treasure. They reached the cave and saw that it was adorned with cave paintings. The walls depicted the lives of the *Sakura* tribe. It showed the people's connection with flora and fauna. Jake, with his geological expertise, deciphered the paintings, revealing a tale of the end of the *Sakura* tribe and of the long-lost treasure. Sarah, being curious, picked up some mushrooms and algae growing from the walls and took them for analysis. They then picked up the chest and laid it back on the ground. The forest lit up with a magical light, and the curse was lifted. The villagers marvelled at the spectacular glory and beauty that returned to the forest.

Following these events, Jake and Sarah became local heroes and were celebrated for their bravery and selflessness. Their act of returning the treasure to its rightful place became a legend and the story was told for generations to come.

Junior Fiction

The Highland Girl

Shreansh Bansal

The sun sieved through the canopy of tall Deodar trees as 11-year-old Jhumki flitted across the bickering brook, through the olive green hedges spread across the ridge. She paused to take in the view - a flowing waterfall, singing birds, dancing plants and swaying trees, a true feast for the eyes. She picked up her pace and began to walk swiftly, as if she was wading through the river lost in contemplation, thinking that the village has not changed at all, even after all those years.

"What is the matter, Jhumki," the teacher asked, looking at her through foggy eyeglasses.

"My father said we would be moving to Gorang," replied Jhumki. "There will be no water in the valley, they are building a dam upstream". A stunned silence took over, as quiet as in a graveyard. Then the teacher turned away and began to shuffle through the book she was holding in her hand, almost as though nothing had happened.

Jhumki looked at the mountain peaks on her way back. She crossed the wooden bridge across the brook and as soon as she reached home, she found her father and many villagers gathered by the house, planning meticulously to stage a protest against the government for building the dam.

In the pin-drop silence, she felt a sense of timelessness and heard only the scratching of pencils and shuffling of feet.

The next day Jhumki woke up suddenly, and she realised that her father and the villagers had already left for the capital. Jhumki, lost in thought, got ready and went to school. It was her art class that day, and she loved to draw and paint. Her art teacher announced that a State-wide drawing competition was taking place, and urged Jhumki to participate. A wide smile flashed on Jhumki's face and she immediately agreed, her first query on what she could draw.

"Jhumki, it is a big competition. The winner will receive an award from the Chief Minister of the state. The winning drawing will be displayed in the state art gallery. I would like you to draw your very best".

"I want to draw my valley", she whispered shyly.

"A good idea, but it will require a great amount of effort and I think you have the potential to do it," the teacher reassured her, "Go ahead, all the best, I really hope you win."

Jhumki worked day and night for the competition, spending all her time sitting at the table with her colours and a sketchbook with just the thought of achieving something to be proud of. She felt obligated to draw the best of the valley, her home.

"I just hope I win the contest," Jhumki thought to herself while sketching. She remembered the last drawing contest she had participated in two years ago and made sure to leave no stone unturned this time around.

The day of the competition approached and Jhumki arrived at the State Art Gallery, with her father and teacher, Akriti. She felt so nervous that she clutched her father with one hand and her drawing box with another.

Akriti placed her hand on Jhumki's shoulder, pressed it slightly and said smilingly, "Jhumki, I know you will be alright."

Jhumki nodded her head and scampered into the hall. Under the massive high dome, Jhumki scurried to the desk with her name written on it and waited. They gave her a big sheet of paper and a new box of colours. Shortly after that, a loud bell rang and Jhumki leaned on the desk and began to draw. In the pin-drop silence, she felt a sense of timelessness and heard only the scratching of pencils and shuffling of feet. After an hour's toil, Jhumki raised her head from the desk with satisfaction. Soon, the bell rang to signal the end of the competition and the invigilator collected the sheets.

Amidst the roar of applause, Jhumki walked up to the podium and received the award from the Chief Minister. As she turned to the people, hundreds of cameras flashed, and the moment was captured forever.

A reporter asked her, "What inspired you to paint such a beautiful image of the Valley?"

"My home, my people and their pain", replied Jhumki, as tears welled up in her eyes.

The next day Jhumki became the poster girl of the Matcha Valley. Every newspaper, TV channel, and citizen of the state were talking about the Matcha Valley. Soon, it became an online revolution and people took to the streets in protest of the dam proposed to be built upstream. The issue echoed in the parliament which resulted in a commission enquiry into the matter and after three months, newspapers carried pictures of Jhumki with the headline - The Highland Girl who saved her valley.

The Week Gone By

Zubin Dhar
The snakes recede into the undergrowth, frightened by the phoenixes who are reborn and begin purpose anew, with vim and vigour for the coming year.

Well dear reader, what can I say? This children’s day, said children donned their costumes for the first time, beaming and uplifted, they became Men, ready to serve our community till they too are retired in favour of new models. I wish them a fruitful tenure and look forward to their coming endeavours.

On a lighter note, the choosing of the prefectorial appointments this year must be commended, as the WWE script writers who were hired to come up with this

year’s body really were worth the expense. With shock, awe, surprise and glee evident on many faces during the assembly, certain names went unsaid, other names in places unexpected, and all in all a (mostly) happy S Form. I know for sure that we as a batch are proud of those who now wear the yellow and grey tie.

In other news, for the past week, most of life has descended into a cricket-filled oblivion, as India has fought its way through match after match, not bowing down a single time. Dear reader, I urge you to cheer India on, because never before in history has India won every single match it has played in the World Cup. That is including both times we have won the Cricket World Cup, 1983 and 2011. Play on India!

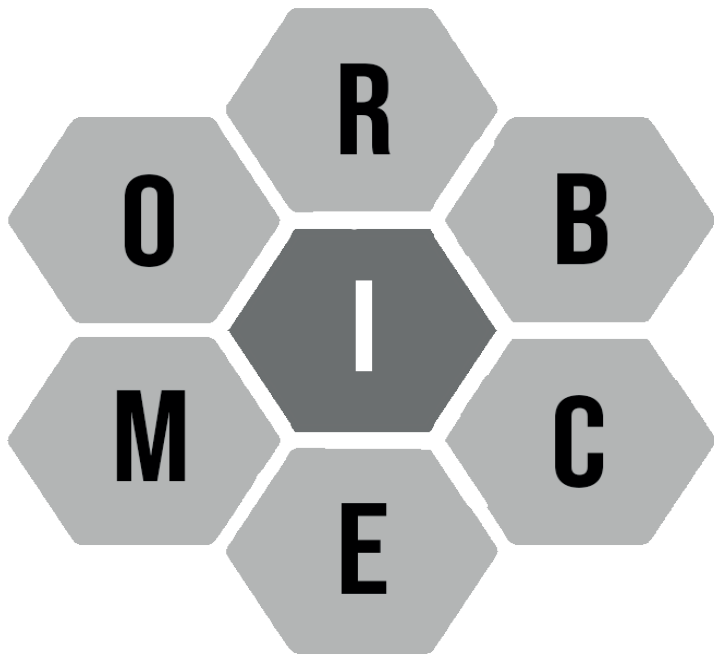
Meanwhile in the Main Building, exams have started in earnest for

our dear SC and A Form. I wish you all the best, as the more trying the times now, the more comfortable that the final exams will be, and so keep that in mind next time you’re cursing the gods of academia. To you, A Form, I will say this much; these exams mean a lot more than you might think, so please take a look at the history and learn a few lessons, because your success is our success.

Rounding off this week is our junior debating Inter-School, JEDI as it was so named by our loving Master-in-Charges, bringing in a flow of life anew through the gates of Chandbagh.

With the end of Inter-House Swimming, and the Inter-House Quiz coming up, along the last slew of announcements, I can only wish you, my dear readers, to hang in there, the light at the end of the tunnel is very much in sight.

Word It



1. Microbe 4. Rice
2. Crime 5. Brim
3. Mire

Some answers to this week's Word It



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