

Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot
February 3, 2024 | Issue No. 2695



THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

Historical events that took place this week.

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WHAT RULES OVER US?

An excess of anything is bad, even so with opportunities.

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SUDOKU

Put your brain to the test with a Sudoku!

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All Your World's A Stage

Arav Khanal *comments on mortality and the feebleness of life.*

That couch has always been a desolate place. Positioned at the farthest corner of the room, too far from the mantle to be warmed; cold enough as is, it chills you to the core when your fingernail scratches against the tawny and streaked suede, lightly pressed by the weight of the ages. It was father's — he left it for me when he ran out of breath. Of course, I had shifted places by then. Had to make my way all over to the old lot and get it hauled back on Paul's pickup truck.

This borough always felt more homely, it called for me. I remember my nanny telling me about a great old oak that stood tall by the abandoned manor, they cut that thing down the moment the owners left. Bad omen they said, especially the attached tyre swing, injured many a child whose soft thud could barely peak over the rustling of the leaves.

I doubt it's true, but apparently, a fatality was the final straw. In the heat of summer dropped a child, with fall fell the ruby blades as the aristocracy left their lot, and then the oak itself was brought down by winter's end. It was a pity, maybe if it had remained, I would have had a better view out of my bedroom window. Instead, it's just a ramshackle remnant of the gothic era with rotting fences and shattered glass.

Now, I had half a mind to go and check the place out. Had. If

it is anything, the god-forsaken swarm of chirps at night tell me, it is that the grass is greener on my side, but there was a time when I was foolish enough to hop into their porch. That fool's long gone, and so is his bravery, left behind a coward, after what I saw. While the creaking of my floorboards never fails to send my heart racing, I know there is nowhere else to go.

You told me that fateful day, "Sit down by the shade. What is it you hear? The silence of the phantom? Or the rapid beating of your heart?"

But do you think a tree can feel? Even when its long dead? No. But you can.

I thought I had gone mad, it felt like a breach of reality. It took time to get used to you. Now I don't know what you are, nor do you remember. Sadly, it seems you have forgotten, but I know all of what you said. Words that refuse to leave me, words that refuse to let me leave.

Throughout our acquaintance, the questioning never stopped, and every answer brought about a revelation. These ideals were soon pushed onto me. Alas! You seem to have forgotten. Forgotten everything, including myself. The

very seed you had sown, watered, nurtured, unrecognisable as a flower. All I can do is display the imprints, which like scars remain.

Sometimes I made myself worry and always thought too much, and you knew that. That's why you asked me those thousand questions. "How is it that the might of a horse can be contained through just reins?", you'd say, or the likes. Now, I am no philosopher, but it was fun to think. A symbiosis between the rider and the horse is achieved through the malicious act of conditioning and control. But well, the animal never catches onto it. Intellect distinguishes the beast from the man. Yet I still thought—what about men amongst men? You simply said to me, "To a king, a knight's a pawn." The horse is fed, groomed, and well-treated, to serve being its privilege. However, in the end, they still shackle you to authority, to which there is a duty. All the while forgetting that the higher you stand, the greater the fall.

WHAT ARE YOU

(Continued on Page 3)

This Week in History

1946 CE: Norwegian politician and diplomat Trygve Lie was elected the first secretary-general of the United Nations.

1966 CE: The Soviets launched Luna 9, the first spacecraft to make a soft landing on the Moon.

1979 CE: The spacecraft Voyager 1 photographed Jupiter from a distance of 20.3 million miles.

2003 CE: The U.S. space shuttle Columbia broke over Texas, killing all seven crew members.

2020 CE: The United Kingdom formally left the European Union, more than three years after the country voted for “Brexit.”

READER’S CHECKLIST

What members of the School community have been reading this week:

Rayan Kapoor: *Shelter Me* by Juliette Fay

ABE: *Atomic Habits* by James Clear

Arnav Kharpude: *The Hobbit* by J.R.R. Tolkien

Mehul Garg: *Roses are Red* by James Patterson

Aakash Mishra: *The Art of Public Speaking* by Dale Carnegie

Akash Yanglem : *All But My Life* by Gerda Klein

Rudra Jalan: *Riding Free* by Imtiaz Anees

Nanda Karumudi: *The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy* by Douglas Adams

DYNAMIC DELEGATES

The School participated in the **IPSC Students’ Conclave** held in **Rajmata Krishna Kumari Girls’ Public School**.

The delegation, consisting of five students, met multiple great personalities and had an enriching experience.

Congratulations!

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It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood ... who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who neither know victory nor defeat.

Theodore Roosevelt

LISTENER’S CHECKLIST

What members of the School community have been listening this week:

Parth Agarwal: *O Mahbi* by Arijit Singh

Debojyoti Ghosh: *Redrum* by 21 Savage

Arkh Goyal: *Stacy’s Mom* by Fountains of Wayne

Udathveer Pasricha: *Love Story* by Taylor Swift

Ranveer Goyal: *Country Roads* by John Denver

Shiven Singh: *Stick Season* by Noah Kahan

Rishaan Mahaj: *What Was I Made For?* by Billie Eilish

Sriyash Tantia: *Slow Jamz* by Twista

Daibik Bharadwaj: *Sweater Weather* by The Neighbourhood

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

I batched my top in International Maths.

Aaron Fareed, all-time high.

Talk to him on breakfast.

Jason Patel, the Breakfast Club.

Pass the throw.

Kaif Khanji, basketball prodigy.

Don’t get overconscious in the bout.

Udayaditya Samanta, unconsciously.

OUTSTANDING ORATORS

The School participated in the **Mayo Model G20 Summit 2024**.

The delegation comprising five students, along with Mr Ankur Joshi, engaged with representatives from diverse G20 nations.

Kudos!

MARVELOUS MARATHONERS

Ms Debarati Ghosh and Mr Manu Mehrotra successfully completed the **Tata Mumbai Marathon 2024**, held on January 21, 2024.

Well Done!

Around the World in 80 Words

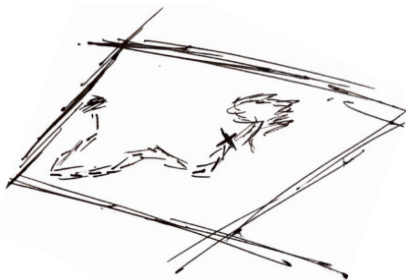
American forces carried out a strike against ten attack drones and one ground control station belonging to Houthi rebels in Yemen. Facebook marked its 20th anniversary. The United Nations rejected Ukraine’s ‘Terror case’ against Russia. Former Jharkhand CM, Hemant Soren, was arrested on money laundering charges. FM Nirmala Sitharaman released the interim 2024-25 budget. President Draupadi Murmu inaugurated ‘Udyan Utsav 2024’. Liverpool beat Chelsea 4-1 in the Premier League. Lewis Hamilton decided to leave Mercedes and join Ferrari in 2025.

(Continued from Page 1)

The oak never cared. To it, people passed, and people went — the tug of the tyre swing so common that it would forget its weight. Then one day the axes started hacking, and the oak felt it too late. It was only then, when it was a stump in the shadow of its former self that it realised how much lighter it had become, and that all that was, was now gone. But do you think a tree can feel? Even when long dead? No. But you can. When you look out the window, and the landscape is barren, you realise what it

might have been worth — and you look back at all it had done, even if your perception of it relied on mere tales.

I suppose, in the end, I have only one thing to ask in return: what do you make of all this? The answer will come by. Until then, you know where to find me.



What Rules Over Us?

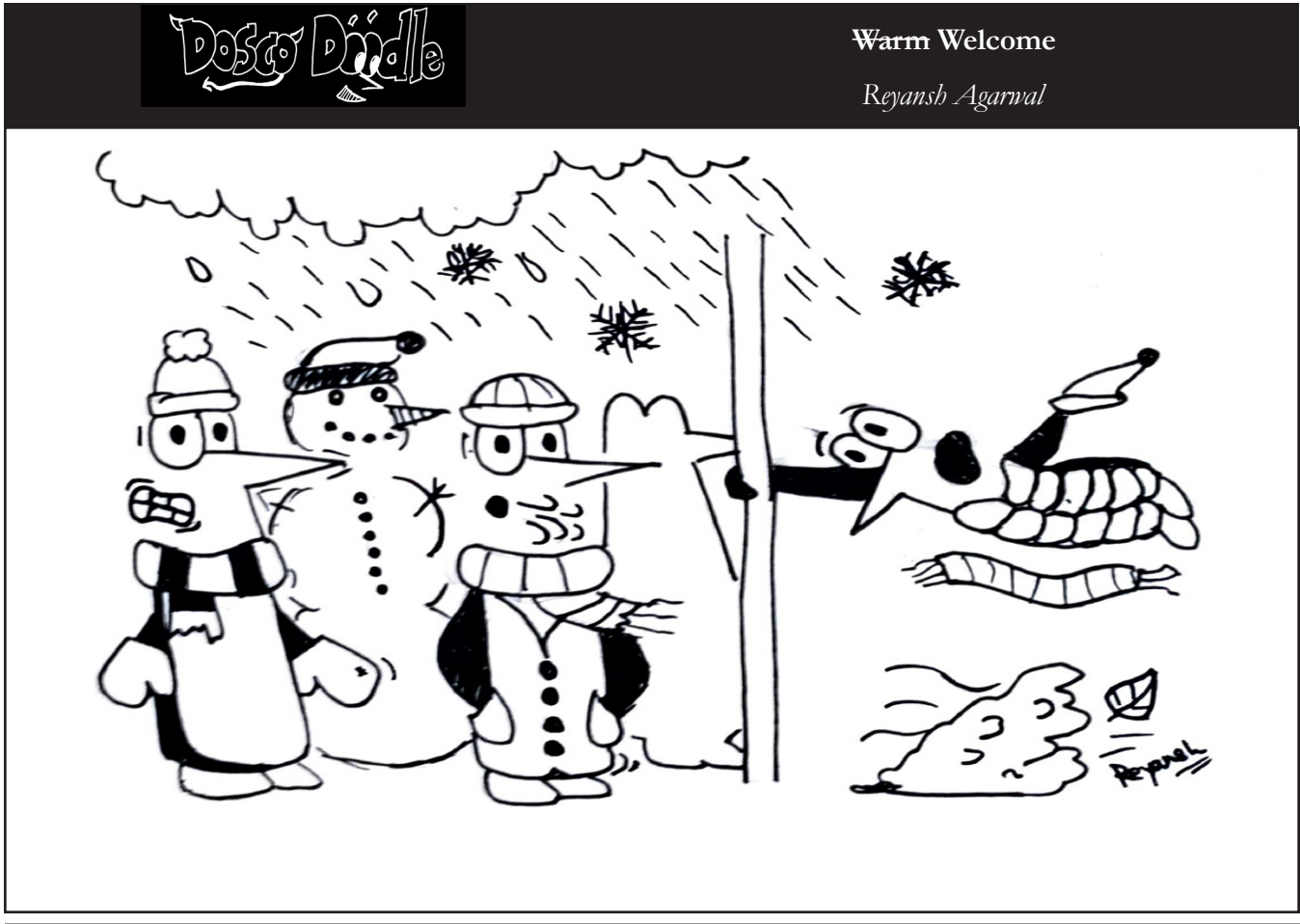
A reprint of an article by Sajal Bansal (Ex-151-K, 2015), discussing the confines of ambition.

Ambition has ruled our lives ever since we joined School. But what we fail to realise is that this utterly instinctive process is complemented by yet another important process; possibly the most important in our School lives: a sense of limited achievement. A Dosco invariably develops this quality; its innateness is indubitable. Stories of captaincies and colours echo through the corridors of all houses. It is impossible for one to turn a blind eye to them. Social convention enforces these stories on every member of society. He is institutionalised into thinking that his ultimate aim is to follow the engraved path. Not once is he told that these resonations are not the end. With these aims and goals, he works towards them in the hope that he will wear the same laurels and that one day somebody will resonate with his stories in the very corridors where he inherited them. However, in this very complex process, he fails to achieve what actually matters to him.

Over the years I have come to realise that this School is, in fact, a land of opportunities. However, the time-old rule applies undoubtedly: excess of everything is bad. Now, do not get me wrong. I am not saying that the number of opportunities in School have a negative impact on the students here. What I am trying to say is that we, as a society, limit ourselves to the very basic implications of these opportunities. We limit our sense of achievement to the very rudimentary. The exceedingly real possibility of a realm of achievement beyond Chandbagh escapes us. Never do we think that our capabilities extend beyond these walls. The very fact that an opinion

formed within these walls becomes immutable points out the need for dynamism and a change in our thought process. A change is required. Elements in our system are dynamic. Without considering the significance of 'change is the only constant in this world' we internalise it but do not use it when most needed. Pragmatism, a quality discussed at large, vanishes into thin air when it comes to facing failure.

This term has just started and I have heard only a few cases of depression till now. However, what escapes me is the definition and fine line between disappointment and depression. We enter Sc Form and inevitably face a few disappointments in the beginning. It is only natural since demand has always exceeded supply. Shouldn't we stop for a moment and consider the bigger goals in life? Once again, I do not mean to demean the position and authority of any position of authority in School. All I am trying to say is that as a society, we need to break the strings that attach us to these conceptions and limitations. In a world of constant changes, we are binding ourselves to these age-old traditions. If we limit ourselves to the monetary value of things life gives us, we will miss out on the greater motives and goals. I am not requesting my readers to be optimistic about everything; rather, to be pragmatic and realistic. We need to get over this sense of false achievement and move away from the very euphoria it generates, because in the end, as one of my friends puts it; "This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning."



Sudoku

	6			7	5		4	
			8				5	7
7	5	2		9				8
2		5			7			6
	9			2	8		1	
8			4				3	2
				1	2	5	9	
4	2	9	5		3			
5						8	2	

Key

3	2	8	9	4	6	1	7	5
1	7	9	3	8	5	6	2	4
4	9	5	2	1	7	3	8	6
2	3	7	6	5	4	9	1	8
5	1	4	8	2	9	7	6	3
9	8	9	7	3	1	5	4	2
8	9	1	4	6	3	2	5	7
7	5	2	1	9	8	4	3	6
6	4	9	5	7	2	8	9	1

Source: <https://www.theteacherscorner.net/make-your-own/sudoku/>

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

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