SCRIBBLES

A trip down memory lane for the passing out batch. .

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THE WEEK GONE BY

Exam fever, Inter-House mania, and a final goodbye.

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THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

If we could just wind the times back to the good old days...

lars of Salt

Rohan Taneja and Yashovat Nandan talk about the efforts required to uphold such a vast legacy.

Dear Chandbagh,

When we began thinking about this piece, we told ourselves time and time again, that we would, under no circumstances, write a generic and glorifying piece of sentiment because after all, two old Dosco critics can't quite help themselves. If that was all that you wanted, then we humbly seek your forgiveness, because you see, we just love this place too much. We question, we fight and we argue out of this sheer love for these walls that we now write to. We write, on behalf of the Batch of 2024, to firstly, thank you for all the magic you've brought in our lives and secondly, to leave with you small bits of advice to share with those after you that will one day call you their home.

You have changed a lot lately; it is hard to comment on the nature of the change itself, for change often takes time to take a definitive shape, but you have. We have felt it as a batch and it unsettles us slightly. We are leaving and we do not quite know what we might return to, but we hope you continue to remind the D and C formers of tomorrow, what you stand for. You don't need to nudge us to not follow the script, because there is no script at all. There is no singular Dosco story and no right way of living these six years (or five, trust us, we've been there), which is perhaps why each one of us leaves this School with knowledge that is hard to grasp anywhere else. Some leave knowing what they did right, while others leave is the magic at Doon that somehow teaches you a bit of both.

We are leaving and we do not quite know what we might return to, but we hope you continue to remind the D and C formers of tomorrow, what you stand for.

It's been a little less than six years since our batch first walked these roads (yes, we know, five in our case), but it is only now that we have come to see the little things that define your beauty. There is an inexplicable magic that defines this place; it's the magic one feels as the bajri rattles under their feet and the sonorous sounds of the bell echo through the Main Building's halls, it's the magic of letting the winter fog consume us and the deep silence of your love enfold us. But perhaps most importantly, it's the magic of seeing what we've built. What we've built together.

As we write this, we can't help but feel concerned, scared almost, for the people and the place we leave behind. Call us pessimistic or pretentious, but there is an overwhelming sense of regret that consumes us as we see that

knowing what they did wrong, and it people have stopped thinking. People have stopped questioning, and even if they do think and question, they have stopped speaking. It is the death of the thinker, the questioner and the writer that will cause, if it hasn't already, the death of the institution. As we inch ever so closer to our last days in Chandbagh, we realise that the reason you are different from any other institution in the world is that your identity is defined not by the temporary, ever changing management that controls you, but by the ethos and ideas that run deep within your walls. Ideas that were exchanged in classrooms and dormitories, ideas written on pages much like these, and ideas that moulded this place into what it is today. If Doon is built on ideas, then why do we stay silent? Why do we live in fear of offence? Why do we actively choose silence or ignorance when we are not satisfied with the way Doon is running? Every day that we choose silence over running the risk of offence, we go against every ideal of leadership, courage and service that Doon was forged on.

Maybe we are a bit pessimistic, but we think that is just the way this place has made us. It is a little-known fact that the both of us have spent countless hours reading old issues of the Weekly, and the most interesting thing is that every batch thought that they saw the worst of School. Every batch found reason to dislike the management, criticise policy and question the way things were, but then again, we would (Continued overleaf) 2 THE DOON SCHOOL WEEKLY

like to think that it is this incessant need we Doscos have to question that keeps the magic of this place alive. Think. Question. Write.

But enough despair, the temptation to write a sappy ode persists. As we write this, bathed in the golden sunlight of the Main Field and surrounded by the cheering of ongoing cricket matches, ominous weather predictions plague our and most of our batchmates' minds. Saying goodbye is never easy, but

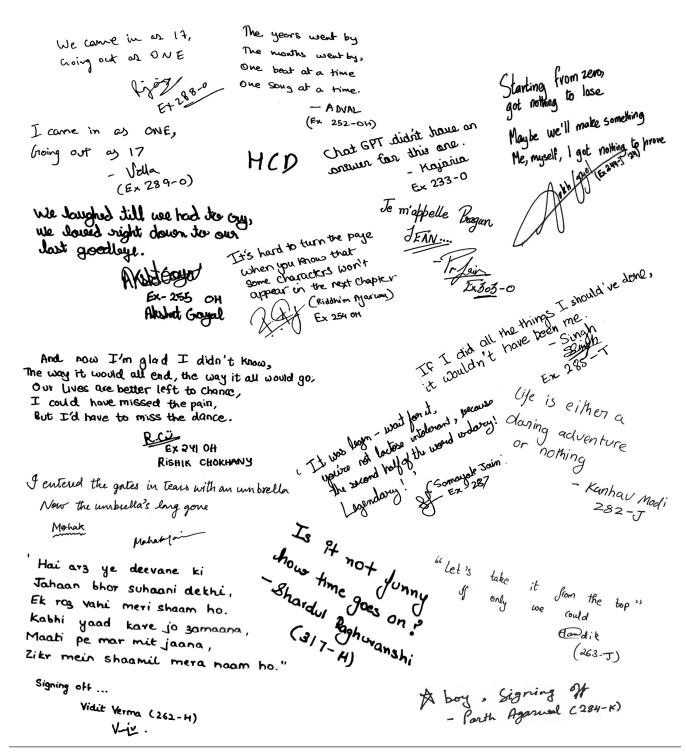
sitting on the steps of the Rosebowl and wallowing unitedly in our sadness makes it just a bit easier. But, whether the warmth of the Rosebowl engulfs you as you read this, or you are met by the less amiable embrace of the Auditorium, the memories we've etched into the stone steps of our journey will forever remain, waiting to be built upon by those who come after us. Finally, as our batch leaves, our only hope is that you remember each of us not for the work we did,

but for who we were. We won't tell our batchmates to not look back, because we know that they will. They will look back and we love them for that, because it is so human. They, like us, will turn into pillars of salt but perhaps that too is forgivable, because only crumbling pillars of salt could be cracked enough to write letters to the inanimate. So it goes.

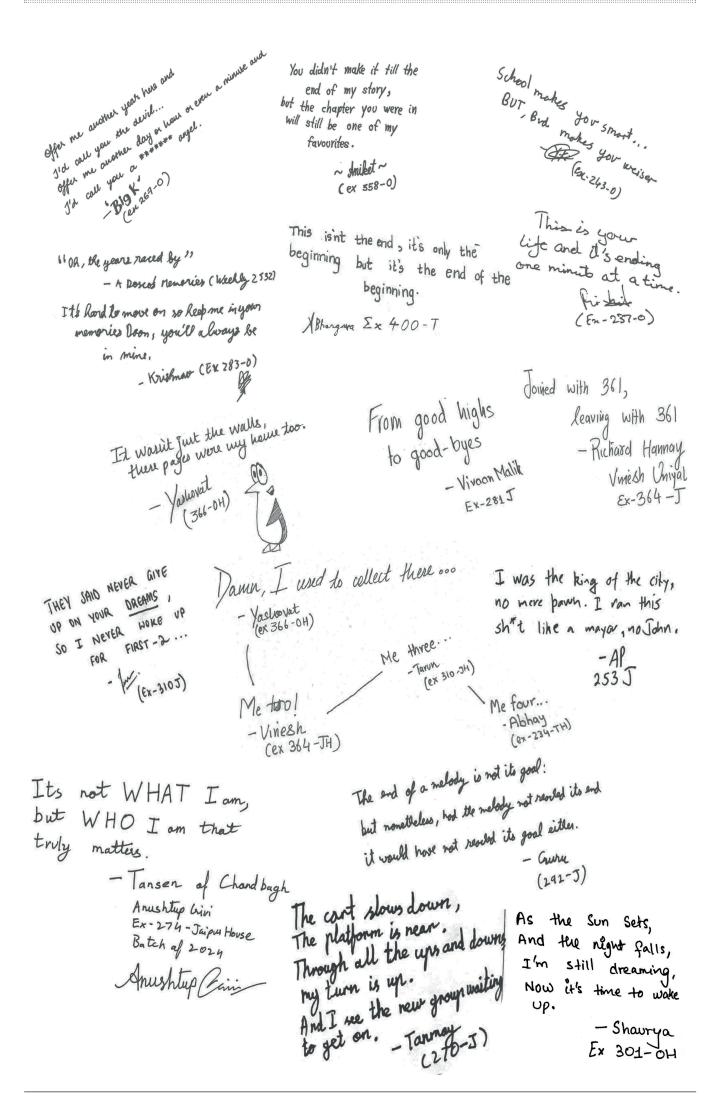
Much love, Yasho and Taneja

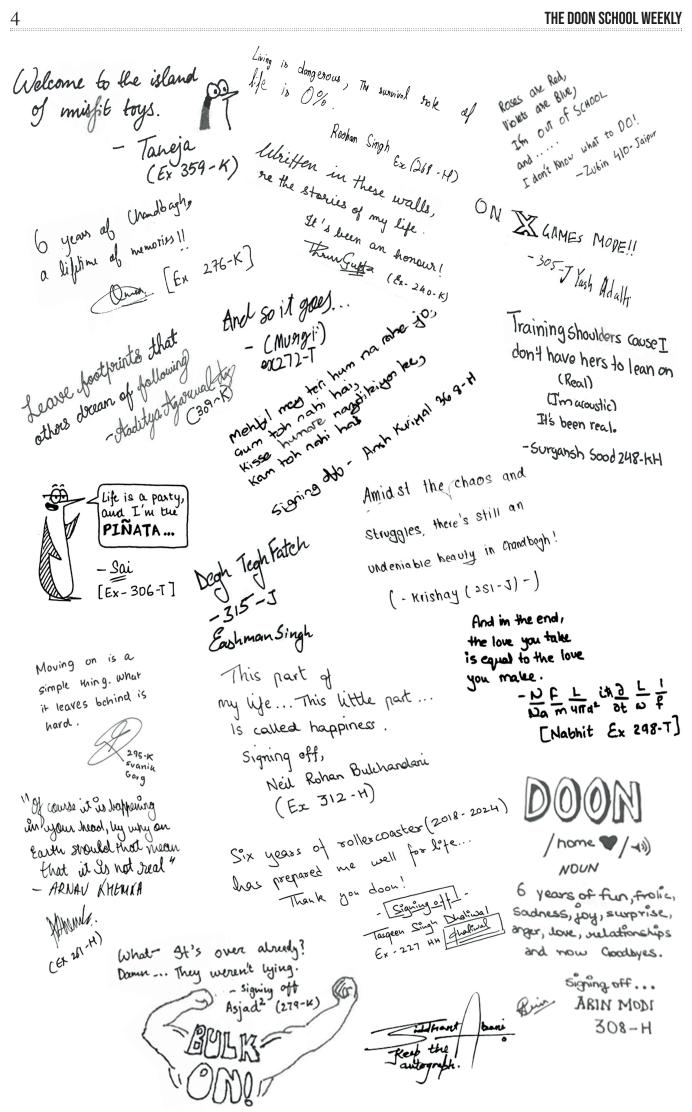
Scribbles

Batch of 2024



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At the end of it all, THE WORLD IS A BATTLE GROUND, WHERE EVERYONE WES FOR VICTORY; It is not about TO WIN, ALL IT TAKES IS PARTICIPATION what this place gave you, -ATHARVA JAIN 266-K (MATA) but what it made you. home, the place where I can go Signing off Bywen. to lake this off my shoulders Chardikala Asyanea (Ex 322-H) someone take the home -Shorgill Ek-256-T Borne back ceaselessly into the past. And so we beat on, boats against the current. - god speed Khakhar [280 H]
Anshul Khakhar Thanks for all Endured one always happy

Lindured one always happy

July but it not the end.

Horsh Agam

(27) the memories – Pranav Suri (Ex 235-H) School taught me to tenguirs are endangered but they still rock appeint the beauty in -Mardhavan Gupta, 356-k AGAINST ALL ODDS things, ever in MATH (TAKE A LOOK MY ME HOW) Khanmagani! - SID - Digning of Life is a never-ending lesson Ernith Habibullet Als well that and DOON is a never-ending life (Ex 236-H) ends well - Vin hars - Vishwa Vijoy Sirgh Rathore Don't let the expectations of (V.V. 318-K) vont you act of doing. Doon taught me more about myself than I could ever Not a Robel Himanshu manglik (Er 353-H) fathon. 275 K without a Comose - Shourya Harsh Varalhan -Samarth (En. 257) She asked nee for my Number, 4 Said 2937

- Raghinaay L. Collis
ex-293-7 It's the echoes of laughter and whispers of tears that weign the heaviest. Not the parting words , but the memories, urging us to hold on lo be interested in the Padhai Wadhai dhokka hai Changing seasons is a just a little longer. And Account A Party Karle, mauka har. happier state of mind Samartha Dingral (Ex555-K) than to be hopelessly in love with spring 1 - Abhay Jain ex-234-T

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The Week Gone By

Arav Khanal

And so we finally say goodbye to those that led before, left only to continue on the shoulders of giants.

There's a lot in store for us, as usual. Even the most boring of weeks ends up busy — but tonight is special, and even more so for our outgoing Batch of 2024. But well, before all the *senti-talk*, who wouldn't love to hear another edition of Chandbagh's gossip?

Eating away at hopes and dreams just the same as it did to the *Dosco's* daily routine, the Mediums Cricket Inter-House closed off this week, sparking a new flame among the A and S Forms to prepare well, lest they end up

dropping the catch. Better yet, the sporting spirit remains steadfast in the mornings as well, with the PT Department's new (and harmless) canine friend making sure all the frightened Juniors get their fair share of cardio. Or, as one would say, "the grind never stops".

While (most) Doscos have finally (well, somewhat) accustomed themselves to morning PT, with the coming of warmer days and an earlier sunrise, their restlessness only grows with the coming of the promotional Trials — something the ISC folk are battling already — to uphold a core tenet of our philosophy: sleep deprivation, ceaseless and maddening.

Meanwhile, with every Assembly, the School's list of zerotolerance policies is growing at an exponential rate, and all, sadly, for good reason. So, dear students, do walk the earth with care as the calendar might rewind itself forty years to 1984. The future weather is cloudy, with a low chance of brunch, and perhaps a stream of tears this evening. Hence, don your jackets and stay warm, it's a new month and it's a new leaf right at winter's end and the crack of spring.

Finally, for the dreaded words. Throughout the week, the Music School, the Trophy Squad, and the D&T lab remained steadfast in its preparations for this evening. To echo with many-a-voice in our School community, I would like to bid the current Sc Form farewell, who have added nothing but value to our lives. Your chapter at Chandbagh may close, but it has changed the stories of all that follow — and so let us raise a cup of kindness to those whom we hold so dear!



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