



Established in 1936

# The Doon School WEEKLY

"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot  
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## 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...

Page 6

# Pillars 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

knowing what they did wrong, and it 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  
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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

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)*

like to think that it is this incessant need we Doscors 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

We came in as 17,  
going out as ONE  
Rizvi  
Ex 288-0

The years went by  
The months went by,  
One beat at a time  
One song at a time.  
- ADVAL  
(Ex 252-04)

I came in as ONE,  
going out as 17  
- Vella  
(Ex 289-0)

Starting from zero  
got nothing to lose  
Maybe we'll make something  
Me, myself, I got nothing to prove  
- Anshu Goyal (Ex 244-5-24)

Chat GPT didn't have an  
answer for this one.  
- Kajaria  
Ex 233-0

Je m'appelle Pragn  
JEAN....  
- Pr. Jain  
Ex 303-0

We laughed till we had to cry,  
we slowed right down to our  
last goodbye.  
- Akshat Goyal  
Ex-255 OH  
Akshat Goyal

It's hard to turn the page  
when you know that  
some characters won't  
appear in the next chapter  
(Riddhim Agarwal)  
Ex 254 OH

And now I'm glad I didn't know,  
The way it would all end, the way it all would go,  
Our lives are better left to chance,  
I could have missed the pain,  
But I'd have to miss the dance.  
- R.C. J  
Ex 241 OH  
RISHIK CHOKHANY

If I did all the things I should've done,  
it wouldn't have been me.  
- Singh  
Ex 285-T

I entered the gates in tears with an umbrella  
Now the umbrella's long gone  
- Mohak  
Mohak Jain

Life is either a  
daring adventure  
or nothing  
- Kanhav Modi  
282-J

'Hai arz ye deevane ki  
Tahaan bhor suhaani dekhi,  
Ek roz vahi meri shaam ho.  
Kabhi yaad kare jo zamaana,  
Maati pe mar mit jaana,  
Zikr mein shaamil mera naam ho."  
Signing off ...  
Vidit Verma (262-H)  
V-iv.

It was begin - wait for it,  
you're not lactose intolerant, because  
the second half of the word is dairy!  
Legendary!  
- Somayak Jain  
Ex 287

Is it not funny  
how time goes on?  
- Shardul Raghuvanshi  
(317-H)

"Let's take it from the top"  
off only we could  
- Pandit  
(263-J)

☆ boy, Signing off  
- Parth Agarwal (284-K)

Offer me another year here and  
I'd call you the devil...  
Offer me another day or hour or even a minute and  
I'd call you a \*\*\*\*\* angel.  
- BIG K  
(ex 267-0)

You didn't make it till the  
end of my story,  
but the chapter you were in  
will still be one of my  
favourites.

~ Aniket ~  
(ex 358-0)

School makes you smart...  
BUT, B'd makes you wiser  
- ~~Pr~~  
(ex-243-0)

"Oh, the years raced by"

- A Doon's Memories (Weekly 2532)

It's hard to move on so keep me in your  
memories Doon, you'll always be  
in mine.

- Krishnar (EX 283-0)

This isn't the end, it's only the  
beginning but it's the end of the  
beginning.

X Bhargava Ex 400-T

This is your  
life and it's ending  
one minute at a time.  
- ~~Pr~~  
(EX-287-0)

It wasn't just the walls,  
these pages were my home too.

- Yashvat  
(366-04)



From good highs  
to good-byes

- Vivaan Malik  
EX-281-J

Joined with 361,

leaving with 361

- Richard Hannay  
Vinesh Uniyal  
EX-364-J

THEY SAID NEVER GIVE  
UP ON YOUR DREAMS,  
SO I NEVER Woke UP  
FOR FIRST-2...

- ~~Pr~~  
(EX-310-J)

Damn, I used to collect these...

- Yashvat  
(ex 366-04)

Me too!

- Vinesh  
(ex 364-JH)

Me three...

- Tarun  
(ex 310-JH)

Me four...

- Abhay  
(ex-234-JH)

I was the king of the city,  
no more pawn. I ran this  
sh\*t like a mayor, no John.

- AP  
253-J

It's not WHAT I am,  
but WHO I am that  
truly matters.

- Tansen of Chandbagh

Anushtup Gini  
EX-274-Jaipur House  
Batch of 2024

Anushtup Gini

The end of a melody is not its goal:  
but nonetheless, had the melody not reached its end  
it would have not reached its goal either.

- Gurur  
(292-J)

The cart slows down,  
The platform is near.  
Through all the ups and downs  
my turn is up.  
And I see the new group waiting  
to get on.  
- Tannay  
(276-J)

As the Sun sets,  
And the night falls,  
I'm still dreaming,  
Now it's time to wake  
up.

- Shaurya  
EX 301-04



Welcome to the island  
of misfit toys.



- Taneja  
(Ex 359-K)

6 years of Chandbagh,  
a lifetime of memories!!

Onam [Ex 276-K]

Leave footprints that  
others dream of following  
- Aditya Agarwal (309-K)



Life is a party,  
and I'm the  
PIÑATA...

- Sai  
[Ex-306-T]

Moving on is a  
simple thing. What  
it leaves behind is  
hard.

295-K  
Svanik  
Garg

"Of course it is happening  
in your head, but why on  
Earth should that mean  
that it is not real?"  
- ARNAV KHENKA

Arnav Kh.  
(Ex 261-H)

What? It's over already?  
Damn... They weren't lying.

- Signing off  
Asjad<sup>2</sup> (279-K)



Living is dangerous, The survival rate  
of life is 0%.

Rohan Singh Ex (268-H)

Written in these walls,  
are the stories of my life.  
It's been an honour!

Tham Gupta (Ex-240-K)

And so it goes...

- (Muggi)  
ex272-T

mehfil me teri hum na rahe jo  
gum toh nahi hai  
Kisse humare nazdikyon ke,  
kam toh nahi hai

Signing off - Ansh Kirpal 369-H

Dekh Tegh Fatch  
-315-J  
Eashman Singh

This part of  
my life... This little part...  
is called happiness.

Signing off,  
Neil Rohan Bulchandani  
(Ex 312-H)

Six years of rollercoaster (2018-2024)  
has prepared me well for life...  
Thank you doon!

- Signing off -  
Tarveen Singh Dhalwal  
Ex-227 HH

Adhant Bani  
Keep the  
autograph.

Roses are Red,  
Violets are Blue,  
I'm out of SCHOOL  
and ...  
I don't know what to DO!  
- Zubin 410-Jaiour

ON X GAMES MODE!!  
-305-J Yash Adalhi

Training shoulders cause I  
don't have hers to lean on  
(Real)  
(I'm acoustic)  
It's been real.  
-Suryansh Sood 248-KH

Amidst the chaos and  
struggles, there's still an  
undeniable beauty in Chandbagh!  
(- Krishay (251-J) -)

And in the end,  
the love you take  
is equal to the love  
you make.

- N F L it's L I  
Na m ura at ot w f  
[Nabhit Ex 298-T]

DOON

/home ♥ /  
NDUN

6 years of fun, frolic,  
sadness, joy, surprise,  
anger, love, relationships  
and now Goodbyes.

Signing off...  
ARIN MODI  
308-H

THE WORLD IS A BATTLEGROUND,  
WHERE EVERYONE VIES FOR VICTORY;  
TO WIN, ALL IT TAKES IS PARTICIPATION  
-ATHARVA JAIN 266-K (MATA)

home, the place where I can go  
to take this off my shoulders  
someone take me home  
- Baggu (323-H)

Chardikala  
- Shergill  
Ex-256-T

At the end of it all,  
It is not about  
what this place gave you,  
but what it made you.  
Signing off  
Anyaveer (Ex 322-H)

Thanks for all  
the memories

- Pranav Suri  
(Ex 235-H)

And so we beat on, boats against the current,  
borne back ceaselessly into the past.  
- god speed  
Anshul Khakhar [280-H]

Endings are always happy  
but if you're not happy  
it's not the end....  
Harsh Agarwal (270-K)

Penguins are endangered  
but they still rock  
- Madhavan Gupta, 356-K

School taught me to  
appreciate the beauty in  
things, even in MATH

- signing off  
Ernith Habibullah  
(Ex 236-H)

AGAINST ALL ODDS  
(TAKE A LOOK AT ME NOW)

- SID

Alls well that  
ends well  
- viraj

Khammagani!!

\*  
Life is a never-ending lesson  
and DOON is a never-ending life  
- Vishva Vijay Singh Rathore  
(V.V. 318-K)

Not a Rebel  
without a Cause  
- Samarth (Ex-257)

Don't let the expectations of  
what you could do hinder  
the act of doing.

Himanshu Manglik  
(Ex 353-H)

Doon taught me  
more about myself  
than I could ever  
fathom.  
- Shourya Harsh  
Vardhan 275-K

She asked me for my  
number, I said 293T  
- Raghuvir Singh  
ex-293-T

It's the echoes of laughter  
and whispers of tears that  
weigh the heaviest.  
Not the parting words, but the  
memories, urging us to hold on  
just a little longer.

- signing off,  
Anur Agarwal  
Ex 271-H

To be interested in the  
changing seasons is a  
happier state of mind  
than to be hopelessly  
in love with spring

- Abhay Jain  
ex-234-T

Padhai Wadhai dhokha hai  
Party Karle, mauka hai.  
- Samarth Singhal (Ex 555-K)

# 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 zero-tolerance 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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