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.

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 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

We came in as 17, going out as ONE

I came in as ONE, going out as 17
- Viha (Ex 239-0)

We laughed till we had to cry, we shouted loud down to our last goodbye.

Shabnam (Ex 265 on Abhiseth Gargy)

The years fly by
The months wear by
One day at a time
One song at a time.

HCD

Chat SPT didn’t have an answer for this one.
- Kanhaan
Ex 233-0

It’s hard to turn the page when you know that some characters won’t appear in the next chapter.

Legend (Ex 256 on)

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.

Rishik Chokhuney
Ex 249-0

I entered the gate in tears with an umbrella.
Near the umbrella’s long gone

Neeraj

“Hai aap ye dervane ki
Jahaan khor sawani dekh,
Ek raat vaah meri shaham ho.
Kaisi yaad kare jo yoonoan,
Maahti pe mar mat jaana,
Zikr mein shaamad meri naam ho.”

Signing off...

Visit Vema (262-1)
V-1

Starting from zero
got nothing to lose.
Maybe we’ll make something
myself, I get nothing to prove.

Kritick Roy
Ex 232-0

If I did all the things I should have done,
it wouldn’t have been me.
- Singh
Ex 233-0

Life is either a daring adventure or nothing.

Kanhaiya Modi
232-J

“I was born - said Lord -
purpose not below statement,
because second highest word among me.

Legend (Ex 239 on)

“Let’s take it from the top”

- Singh
(463-J)

A boy, signing it
- Parth Agrawal (228-P)
You didn’t make it till the end of my story, but the chapter you were in will still be one of my favorites.

- Fatma (Ex 383-0)

This isn’t the end; it’s only the beginning but it’s the end of the beginning.

- Abhishek (Ex 400-7)

This is your life and it’s ending one minute at a time.

- Pradeep (Ex 251-0)

From good highs to good-byes

- Vivek Malik
  Ex-281.5

Joined with 361,
leaving with 361

- Richard Hanney
  Vivek Chopra
  Ex-364-J

Darn, I used to collect these...

- Yashwant (Ex-364-01)

I was the king of the city, no more pawn, I ran this shit like a mayor, no John.

- Alp
  253-J

The end of a melody is not its goal;
but nonetheless, has the melody not reached its end
I would have not reached its goal either.

- Guru
  (243-J)

As the sun sets, and the night falls, I’m still dreaming. Now it’s time to wake up.

- Shaurya
  Ex-301-01
Welcome to the island of misfit toys.
- Tanuja
  (Ex: 359-K)

6 years of Uncanny.
A lifetime of wonder!
- [Ex. 236-K]

Life is beautiful. In unusual ways.
- Sree
  (Ex: 306-T)

Training shoulders cause I don’t have horns to lean on.
- Soham
  (Ex: 237-T)

And so it goes...
- Mungy

This part of my life... This little part... is called happiness.
- Sushman
  (Ex: 315-S)

Six years of rollercoaster (2018-2024) that prepared me well for life...
- Aditya
  (Ex: 312-H)

Life is a party and I’m the PINATA...
- Sree
  (Ex: 306-T)

MOVING ON IS A SIMPLE THING. WHAT IT LEAVES BEHIND IS HARD.
- Sree
  (Ex: 306-T)

"Of course it’s happening inside your head. How can it be otherwise?"
- Alan Watts

What? It’s over already?
Down... They weren’t lying.
- Asjad
  (Ex: 237-K)

Amidst the chaos and struggles, there’s still an undeniable beauty in goodbyes!
- Krishay
  (Ex: 231-S)

And in the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make.
- Nabin
  (Ex: 298-T)

DOON
/home/Abin

NOUN
6 years of fun, frolic, sadness, joy, surprise, anger, love, relationships and now Goodbyes.
- Abin
  (Ex: 308-H)
THE WORLD IS A BATTLEGROUND,
WHERE EVERYONE VIES FOR VICTORY.
TO WIN, ALL IT TAKES IS PARTICIPATION.
- ATHARVA JAIN 266-k (MATH)

At the end of it all, it is not about
what this place gave you,
but what it made you.
- SIGNING OFF

Thanks for all
the memories
- PRANAV SURI
(Ex 235-H)

Charkhala
- Shyam
Ex-236-T

School taught me to
appreciate beauty in
things, even in MATH
- SAMEER
Ex-236-H

Endings are always happy
but if you're not happy...
It's not the end...
- HANNAH ANNAN
(2nd yr)

Against all odds
(Always look on the bright side of things)
- Sid

ALSO WELL THAT ENDS WELL
- VIJYAA

Doon taught me
more about myself
than I could ever
fathom.
- SAURAV
Ex-295 K

The stories of laughter
and whispers of tears that
owe the heaviest.
- vishal

To be interested in the
changing seasons is
a hopper state of mind
than to be hopelessly
in love with spring.
- ABHAY JAIN
Ex-234-T

It's the echoes of laughter
and whispers of tears that
owe the heaviest.
- vishal

Penguins are endangered,
but they still hatch.
- MADHAVAN GUPTA
356-K

Kammatgani !!!!
Life is a never-ending lesson
and DOON is a never-ending life.
- Yashu Brij Singh Rathore
(V-V 318-K)

Not a rebel
without a cause
- Sameer (Ex 235-T)

Don't let the expectations of
what you could do hinder
the act of doing.
- HIMANSHU MANGLIK
(Ex 353-H)

To be interested in the
changing seasons is
a hopper state of mind
than to be hopelessly
in love with spring.
- ABHAY JAIN
Ex-234-T

Paddho! Wada! Bhakor hai!
Party karle, munda na hi!
- SAMEER
Ex 555-K

Saturday, March 2 | Issue No. 2699
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) Dosecos 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!