

Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot
March 22, 2025 | Issue No. 2733



THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

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Grating Silence

Creative

Uday Thakran

She knew the lines by heart. Years of discipline ensured it. Yet every time she stepped onto the stage, mask in hand, something tugged at her conscience. The weight of the lies grew after each performance, and her guise continued to fade. But the actors knew their job, and so they knew better than to deviate from the script. They continued to perform their perfect little roles, just the way the Director wanted them to. Night after night, she found herself dancing to the same rhythm, chanting the same words. For she knew he was watching in the shadows, waiting patiently for a single emotion to slip past her mask. Just a single unscripted expression—that was all he needed to make everything vanish.

It was in futility that the masses questioned the control. Rising above the fears, they called for change, only to be wrenched back down and for their collective voices to dissipate into the void. The playwrights stood with the people. Not in voice, for their ink had long since dried under his gaze, but in spirit. Their stories had once been the people's own, raw and untamed. The flame of their passion had burned bright, only to now turn to smoke, curling away into mere echoes of their former freedom. As the flaws within the theatre continued to grow, his control matched its every step. Heeling every advancement, his omnipresence grew heavy on their conscience. They made their

attempts, they spoke out against the infringement, the backwards nature of their existence — only for their ideas to be silenced. So, if they were to stick to the script, why not change the script all together?

The playwrights toiled, writing day and night in the hope that one day people's former selves shall be revived. The result was all the same. Pages upon pages burnt by the daylight, for the director deemed them unfit. And what is unfit for the director, by consequence, is rendered null to the public — or at least that is what everybody was made to believe. Cornered from all directions, they then turned to poetry, to prose, they became the stories they could no longer express. The prose and escaped onto the page, through their eyes, down their faces, destroying the material meant to hold them so gently. Streaming emotion in its purest form, their thoughts presented bare. All they ever wanted was for those cries to reach a stage where the truth need not hide behind a masquerade. But what little hope remained has all but crumbled.

A right, a passion, a duty. That is what the theatre meant to them, now a distant dream. Yet it is for that dream that they continue to struggle, no matter what chains suspend them. The fight against the director's 'vision'— a future cleansed of flaw? A lie in pretty clothing? The question was never theirs to ask. For the audience shall

cheer all the same, enjoying the show in blissful ignorance of the reality behind the drapes. They shall continue to congregate in whatever great numbers, and beg for seats. All to bask in the false glory of a hollow spectacle. After all, the audience only sees what he wants them to see.

Yet the show must go on. The stage set, and their act immortalised, is performed once more. They mould our voices around the same empty dialogue, telling the story they were never meant to tell. The drapes touch, and the audience erupts. Once again, they mistake artifice for art, bondage for loyalty. The people's screams are lost in the roar of the audience's applause, their shrieks curtailed from the outside world. People, however, still imprisoned by the director, stand as nothing but puppets orchestrated by the strings of his will. Yes—that is how they shall be remembered. The stripped pawns in his perfect, lifeless game.

If my penning has resonated within you, or at the very least struck doubt in your mind, then perhaps hope still lies among us. Understand in full that in every walk of life — not everything is what it seems, not everyone is who you think they are. What lies in front of you shall scarcely be what was meant to be there.

Free thinking and new perspectives by nature are shielded. And it is
(Continued on Page 3)

This Week in History

1963 CE: US authorities close down the infamous Alcatraz prison.

1968 CE: Around five hundred unarmed civilians are killed by US forces in the My Lai massacre.

1992 CE: South Africa votes in favour of the FW de Klerk reforms, effectively bringing an end to apartheid.

1995 CE: Japanese Buddhist sect AUM Shinrikyo release nerve gas into a Tokyo subway station, killing 13 people.

2003 CE: US President George Bush orders air strikes on Baghdad, starting the Iraq War.

2014 CE: In a referendum, Crimea votes to secede from Ukraine and join the Russian Federation.

THE WHO?

Who is Sean Combs?

Arjun Gondalia: A plumber
Tanay Lal: An F1 driver
Keshav Kumar: An athlete
Jawad Khan: An actor

Sean Combs, better known as **P Diddy**, or **Diddy**, is an American record producer, record executive, and rapper. Having produced records with artists such as *The Weeknd* and Justin Bieber, he is known for songs such as *I'll be Missing You*.

“

Believe it can be done. When you believe something can be done, really believe, your mind will find the ways to do it.

David Schwartz

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

Why is everyone singing cappuccino nowadays?
ABE, a skilled carpenter.

To prevent contamination we should dry water.
Anant Gupta, too much time in the chemistry lab.

I decided the Grammy's.
Debojyoti Ghosh, top 1% listener on Spotify.

I pour my mug into the coffee.
Amarnath Sahu, underpaid and overworked.

LISTENERS' CHECKLIST

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

Kai Kubo: *Faneto* by Chief Keef
Ayaan Goel: *Mood* by 24K Golden
Yash Baid: *Winning Speech* by Karan Aujla
Vedant Kapoor: *Nightcrawler* by Travis Scott
Neer Agarwal: *Hakuna Matata* by Gunna

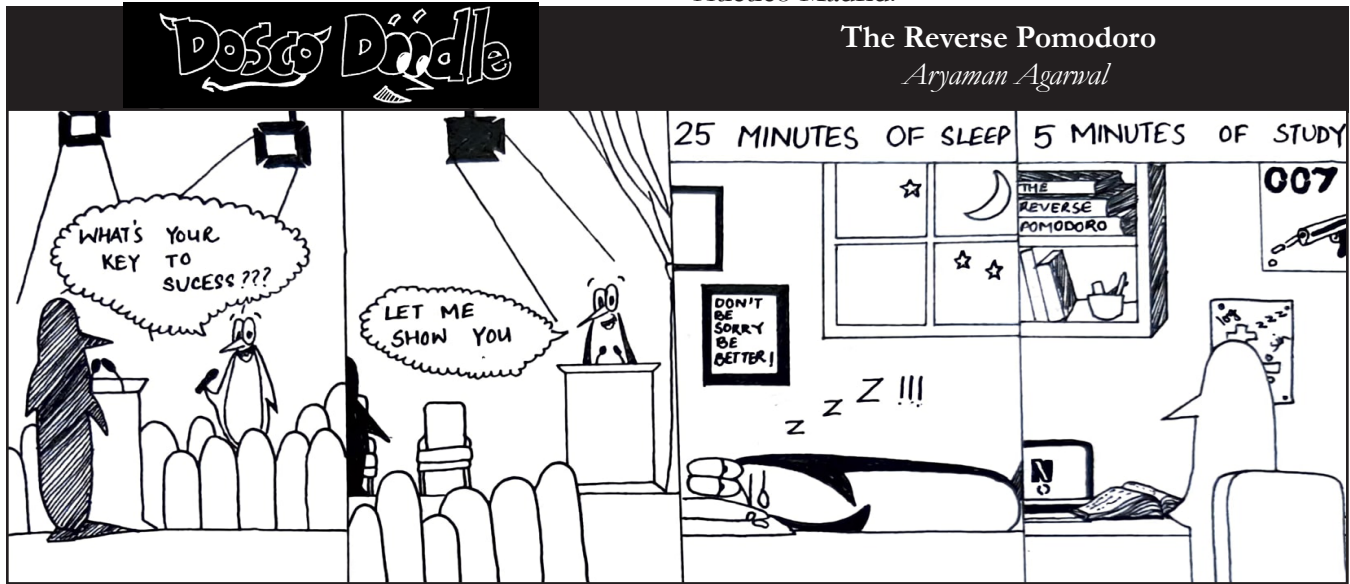
READERS' CHECKLIST

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

Saharsh Khetan: *The Godfather* by Mario Puzo
Aashman Agarwal: *Great Expectations* by Charles Dickens
Reyansh Agarwal: *The Alchemist* by Paulo Coelho
Vivaan Sood: *Catch 22* by Joseph Heller
Kahaan Vadodaria: *The Theory of Everything* by Stephen Hawking

Around the World in 80 Words

Ukraine attacked an airfield near Engel's strategic bomber base. Punjab witnessed a state-wide protest against the police for the forcible eviction of protesting farmers. Texas Senate passed its first Holi resolution, becoming the third-ever US state to recognise the festival. Sunita Williams and Butch Wilmore returned from space after completing their mission in the International Space Station. Zomato has changed its name to Eternal. In the La Liga title race, Barcelona scored a late comeback win against Atletico Madrid.



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often that shield that safeguards the director from what must be heard by the people. But you must break through, you must dig deeper, for all shall be in vain if not interpreted correctly. The struggle must go on, for liberty in all forms shall bear the fruit of labour.

Falling Bails

Ayaan Adeeb reports on the Inter-House Cricket Competition.

The School Community returned to campus almost two months ago now (slightly longer for our beloved A and Sc-Formers – just hang in there), greeted by the familiar sight of cricket pitches and boundary ropes adorning the Main Field. Fast forward fifty or so days, and the season has finally come to an end (technically, at least). We have witnessed some fierce competition on the Main Field, even fiercer on Upper Skinners (albeit with twice as many extras). Rain eagerly anticipated during those discipline-building 25 minutes between 6:35 and 7:00 unfortunately spilled over into the evenings, leading to some points being shared- to the delight of some, and the sorrow of others. However, it did little to dampen spirits, and the Cricket grind was well and truly on.

After just a couple of weeks of non-stop nets practise, it was time for all the teams to show their worth and put bat to ball. It was the Mediums and Juniors Cups which kickstarted the competition, as Seniors nervously watched from the sidelines, barking instructions and advice. The Juniors category was jam-packed with adrenaline, entertainment and drama. From teams crossing the 200-mark to matches being decided by a margin of a solitary run, every match promised to be a nail-biter decided right at the death. Finally, it is Kashmir who hold the upper hand over

Oberoi and the other competition as we head into the second leg of the Junior Competition.

The Mediums division saw it all – from hat-tricks to centuries, and scores ranging from 30 to 230 – and anything and everything in between. In the end, it was Jaipur House who clinched the title, following a title race that went right down to the wire. Oberoi House followed behind in close suit, with Tata closing off the podium places.

With the grand prize yet to be settled, it was, perhaps fittingly, the Seniors Cup which would decide the pecking order. As the Seniors Cup progressed, cricketing action resumed at a similar tempo – but there was just the slightest difference in the quality of cricket. The pacers bowled just a bit faster, the batsmen timed their shots just that little bit better, and the wides which had become routine on Skinners were an alien sight on the bigger grounds. Despite the title race taking more twists and turns than Arsenal before they inevitably end up bottling the league, it was Jaipur House who clinched a three-peat. Tata finished runners-up, following an intense title race. It must, however, be noted that the cricketing action is not over just yet. With the J2 and J3 matches yet to take place, it promises to be a spectacle filled with *cricket* cricketing brilliance.



The Week Gone by

Krishiv Jaiswal

I love March. It's one of the few months where you know what you imperatively need to do: get done with your IAs and projects to ensure that those 20 internal marks guarantee a commendation on Veracross. With nothing much to talk about rather than the walk from the House to the CDH seeming like a commute these days, I feel the School has started to look more serene and blissful than usual. The winter sun further illuminates the lamp of knowledge as class attendance was at a record high throughout February, with Housemasters sending the dreaded mail with the bland subject "Attendance". Truly, to counteract this, the rational SC Former has found an escape from the matrix: a technical glitch. Well, IT has always been catching strays since the beginning of time.

As the final strains of *Auld Lang Syne* still resonate around campus, teary-eyed juniors can be seen all around as a slurry of Sc-Ls depart these walls. What's more to bemoan is the fact that exam time brings with it a set of new problems: "a better sleep schedule, better timeliness to meals and better conduct". However, on a good note, the recently adopted Pomodoro technique has made my 25-minute breaks after a solid five minutes of studying feel more worthwhile and fulfilling.

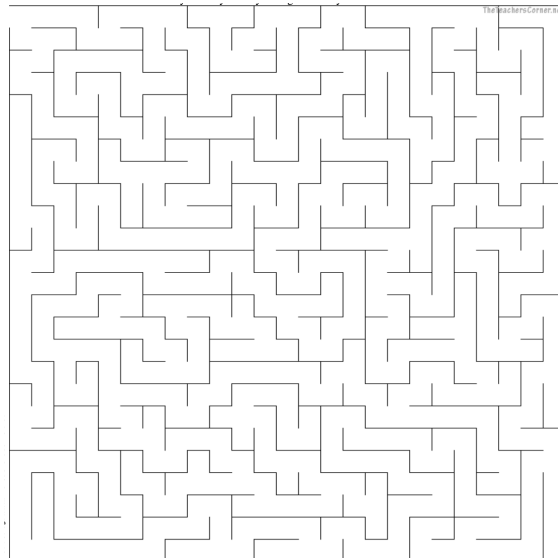
Even though the focus remains on an 90+7 academic comeback, it is hard to overlook the mini-vacations the C Formers are experiencing as they try to fit-in two hours of futsal between the first and second exam sessions. The policy of appeasement continues well into Trials as the looming threat of effort grades ruining your chances of a distinction haunt all Doscos as they cram मुहारे for their निबंध to their beloved friend who's had too much screen time. On a serious

note, the thought of the 25% predicted has helped all my batchmates transform from getting distracted by the minutest things to now simply giving favours to get everything done.

It seems like the hangover of *holi* has never left us as we continue to do the things we aren't supposed or expected to do such as celebrating the festival more in the Houses than in the generously allocated Main Field or even better — extending the celebrations for two more nights.

To be fair, this is all that I could make out of this rather uneventful week. As I bid adieu to this section yet another time, I'd just like to say this: once you find yourself on a pedestal, it simply gives you a higher ground to beat down those who have already fallen. So, if you get very lucky and have that power, use it well. The days ahead are as unpredictable as the day when *biryani* is served, but hey, what's Doon without a little chaos?

Maze



Source: <https://www.theteacherscorner.net>

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



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