

Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

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

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AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 WORDS

Tariff wars, film bans and a crushing defeat.

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Is free speech the most important principle to uphold to ensure a functional society?

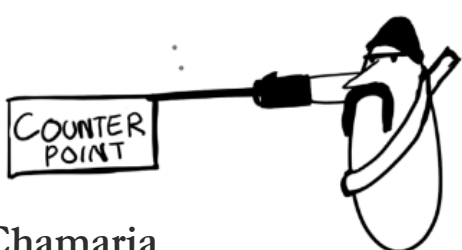


Vivaan Sood

It seems as of late that we are jeopardising our natural freedoms by daring to exercise them. On print, video, or any other media, people are testing the limits of such freedoms, and are subsequently bearing the ire of wider society for doing so. Speech is one battleground amongst many, and perhaps the one that is most intrinsic to our participation in democracy.

There are a number of reasons why societies may choose to restrict free speech. For instance, they may proclaim that a certain book ought to be banned because they believe that society should not hear its message. In acting in such a paternalistic manner, the institution disrespects its members; it presupposes what we can or cannot think or hear. Rather than treating us like individuals who have the ability to make up our own minds, it violates the relationship between the decision makers and the individual. As autonomous beings, we should have the ability to choose what we believe in, just as we have the ability to choose all other aspects of our lives, and such a restriction is simply incompatible with this ideal.

Now, there are circumstances where it would be justified to curb this freedom; for instance, imposing a noise curfew in a residential area. However, when the purpose of the establishment's restriction is the manipulation of viewpoints and communications, then free speech is directly



Agastya Chamaria

The ability to express one's thoughts freely has long been hailed as the cornerstone of a true democracy. Recent instances specifically directed at comedians and their jokes have brought this very principle into public view; freedom of speech has been violated. This kind of blatant suppression of thought, and jokes at that, gives rise to troubling speculation of what the future may hold. Although such suppression often incites opposition; such opposition is often based on misguided, if not false motivations.

True freedom of speech can never exist within a functioning establishment, not without grave repercussions. Look no further than the pandemic just five years ago. Free speech was exercised, but in spreading detrimental and dangerous misinformation. However keep in mind, while private social media firms are well within their rights to suppress or remove harmful or incorrect information, the line between hate speech and acceptable ideology is increasingly blurred. Moreover, even that privatised right has been contested as a violation of — you guessed it — free speech. Social media outlets were flooded with misinformation regarding the nature of the vaccines and the virus itself. This led to thousands of people delaying or refusing to take vaccines, resulting in preventable deaths and an overwhelming of the healthcare system. And

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This Week in History

1865 CE: Robert E. Lee surrenders the Confederate army to General Ulysses S. Grant
1917 CE: The United States of America enters World War I
1947 CE: The first interracial Freedom ride, ‘The Journey of Reconciliation’ begins.
1961 CE: The trial of Adolf Eichmann begins which attracts global attention to the Nazi War Crimes.
1970 CE: NASA launches Apollo 13 intending to land astronauts on the moon.

READER’S CHECKLIST

Nishant Hazarika: *Where the Red Fern Grows* by Wilson Rawls.
Amarnath Sahu: *Beyond Good and Evil: Prelude to a Philosophy of Future* by Friedrich Nietzsche.
Vivaan Kumbhat: *Unbarbaad* by Shobhit Nirwan.
Vihaan Bansal: *Percy Jackson: Heroes of Olympus* by Rick Riordan.
Anhad Sarin: *Murder of Roger Ackroyd* by Agatha Christie.

LISTENER’S CHECKLIST

Harsh Begani: *Vartaman* by Anirudh Varma Collective
Aarav Agarwal: *Blue Eyes* by Yo Yo Honey Singh
Rajveer Patodia: 2-2-3 by Shubh
Aashman Agarwal: *Maps* by Maroon 5
Vihaan Dewan: *Case* by Diljit Dosanjh
Avyen Garg: *Taste* by Sabrina Carpenter



The purpose of life is not to be happy. It is to be useful, to be honorable, to be compassionate, to have it make some difference that you have lived and lived well.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

Conjuring is based on a real movie.
Vedant Singh, cinephile
There is no washroom in the flush.
Agastya Munjal, flushed in his thoughts
My spoken English is better than Aarit’s.
Debojyoti Ghosh, IELTS 9.0
Myself is the diplomatic.
Aditya Koradia, statesman



If liberty means anything at all, it means the right to tell people what they do not want to hear.

George Orwell

O GRATUM ADVENTUM

The *Weekly* would like to extend a warm welcome to Ms Sunaina Sangal who will be joining as an SEN enabler in the Learning Centre.

We also welcome Ms Trishala Vardhan who has joined the School as a facilitator for the Centres of Excellence.

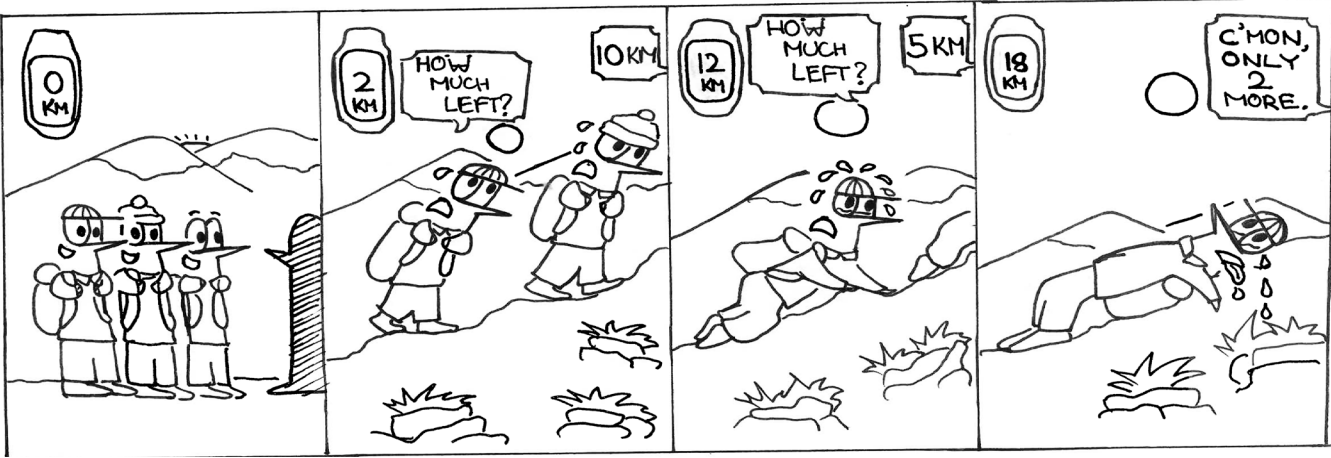
We wish them a fruitful tenure!

Around the World in 80 Words

The European Union put its counter-tariffs on hold after President Donald Trump announced a 90-day pause on his “reciprocal tariffs” on nearly 60 countries. China plans to reduce the number of American films shown in the country, as retaliation against Donald Trump’s heavy tariffs. Tahawwur Hussain Rana, the Canadian-American wanted for the 26/11 Mumbai terror attacks conspiracy was extradited by the United States. Barcelona defeated Dortmund 4-0 in the first leg of the quarter finals of the Champions league.



Just a little more
Reyansh Agarwal



(Continued from page 3)

violated. Moreover, take hate speech. Would we allow degrading or offensive comments towards certain groups or communities? No, because that would violate other rights, such as the equal dignity of all members. Free speech can still plausibly exist in a social context without harm to its members as long as we balance it with other rights and freedoms.

While many establishments seek to be neutral in their viewpoints, disliking the fact that others would hear these views, curbing free speech does not achieve this. Rather, we can only justify restrictions on speech when it is wrongful or harmful, and breaches the moral duty that the speaker owes to others.

We can see the implementation of this freedom in John Stuart Mill's 'Marketplace of Ideas,' where an open mixing of views would inevitably lead to the best one winning out. In such a scenario, it is not necessary that we acquire an absolute 'truth,' rather it is perhaps the best way for us to ascertain the truth as opposed to suppressing contradictory viewpoints.

Upholding the freedom of speech looks like many things. It looks like allowing the free dissemination of thought on any topic. Establishments must therefore neither show 'content neutrality' (banning the discussion of certain topics) or 'viewpoint neutrality' (banning the advocacy of particular views). Only in this system would members of society become informed listeners, and our autonomy grows as we learn what others have to say. In this way, an exposure to wider viewpoints can allow us to choose what goals we wish to pursue and how best to achieve them.

Establishments also cannot control where and when thought is propagated, as this also violates the autonomy argument.

If we narrow the definition of establishments to democratic ones, we find more reasons to support free speech. For one, without public discourse, any decisions made by a democracy lack legitimacy. Many in fact contend that voting is itself a commitment to open deliberation between the members of a democracy. So, as long as we respect the force of voting, why can't we do the same for free speech?

As citizens of a modern world, we must be mindful of what ideals we teach. As long as we remain committed to teaching democratic ideals of equality, freedom, and justice, then we have no reason to fear free speech. Furthermore, if we do convey such ideas, then it is crucial that we also practice them by allowing free speech.

yet, free speech is somehow this august value of infallible nature in a "healthy community".

Let's expand further on this mysterious line that divides hate speech from harmless opinion. At what point does an institution get to declare a statement 'offensive'. Does using a quote from a historical text which refers to slavery or misogyny constitute offence? In theory, it undermines people's faith and belief. Readers, I give you: a historical text = hate speech. Should discussions targetting any specific community be propagated? Well, what if curbing it offends those who are propagating it in the first place? Sure, perhaps the offence is unjustified, but it exists, and unjustified offence is just as powerful as righteous outrage.

Take for instance, our own School. Why can't School ask: does this publication in your hands right now have the right to actively oppose School? Keep in mind, it is School that funds, edits and enables the printing of the *Weekly*, desires the support of the students for their policies, and has no moral obligation to tolerate opposing sentiment from within itself. It logically follows, therefore, that School will not, and does not "have to" print trivial and surface-level criticism from students uninformed about the decision making process.

So complain all you want about how we went from Banana Republics to Pop Tarts and Raviolis, but remember that for every comedian and commentator out there, there is a propaganda machine for every totalitarian regime that is and has been; they're just two sides of the same Free Speech Coin.



How were your Midterms?

After a mind-numbing eight-hour drive, Sankri, our base for the trek to Har Ki Dun, welcomed us with warm *chai* and home-cooked meals that had us pumped for our final Midterm.

The trek followed a meandering river that wound through the valley, unspooling from the mountains. The alternating ascent and descent through the valley was incredibly tiring. The craggy trail blanketed in a thick film of dust added to our woes and ensured that we emerged weathered and sooty. We crossed babbling brooks, velvet meadows and bridges that eerily creaked with every step. That night we camped at a plateaued portion of the hill halfway through the trek.

On the third day, after a strenuous trek we reached the alpine meadows of Har Ki Dun. The view of glimmering snow-kissed peaks and clouds drifting lazily through the mountain-tops was a postcard view. In classic Dosco fashion, a snow fight erupted at the peak where childish callousness flared, bringing life to weary eyes.

On our final day, our trek down from our campsite in reckless haste proved to be an arduous task. We were running on fumes and mercy escaped us for we were forced to trek an additional two kilometers as our transport could not reach us due to recently-ravaged roads. By the end of it, our fatigued muscles and weary spirits felt as if they would crumble to dust.

As we sat for our final dinner in Sankri, gritty and our mouths tinged with the taste of the trail, we knew this trek had carved memories into our bones. In the end we learned that Midterms are about more than picturesque photos in an album or testaments to athletic ability, rather the memories made with each other and the sights seen along the way. Ghost stories and home-cooked *Maggi*, adrenaline and apathy. This was a Midterm we will never forget.

- Dinanjai Singh

As an exhausting exam session sapped away the already scarce energy and willpower to get up from bed, Midterms came in the Form of a saviour for DoscOs. This year, my Form and I embarked on our journey towards the magnificent Kush Kalyan Bugyal.

On the first day, we took refuge in a small homestay when we were introduced to *pahaadi* food. Though almost frozen by the breezy winds, we ended up moving on to the next day thanks to the feeling of warmth amongst nature and the locals. We managed to find ourselves a lonely water stream as we pushed through our way uphill, singing songs all along until we finally reached the base camp. We woke up to snow the next morning, rushing to fill our water bottles which soon ran out, leaving us thirsty for the following day. Despite the precarious nature of the trek, we found ourselves surrounded by the surreal beauty of our destination. Later, we hesitantly walked back down the entire route and reached the base camp, where we leisurely lit up a bonfire and had the usual 'horror story night'. The final day proved to be the easiest of them all as we completed our five hour trek in a mere three hours. After a long four days, with mixed emotions, we finally came back to School, realising the importance of being connected to nature and the hardships one faces living in the wilderness.

- Shiven Singh

Midterms have never really embraced their presumed role as the elixir that relieves DoscOs of their pent-up tiredness and anxiety post-exam season. Evidenced by how our Form was rudely awoken by the House bell at five sharp, we braced ourselves for yet another stomach-upsetting, back-breaking Midterm while loading our luggage and ourselves onto a *Chauban* tourist bus, still lolling in sleepy stupor.

As the bus curved around treacherous mountain meanders and waterfalls, we occasionally awoke to soak in the *Frooti* scenery. Over the course of what seemed like endless hours, we finally made it to the first of our unforgivingly frigid destinations — *Agora Hills* (like the song). There, we stowed our rucksacks in insulated rooms, whilst repeatedly encountering our eager alpine friends, unholy mountain spiders the size of our palms. The next morning, we departed for our campsite in Manjhi, our trek punctuated by steep climbs and dusty trails, which also happened to be the native site of the infamous *bicchu-booti*, since the mountain gods decided that we'd been too lucky with the *dal-chawal* dinner the first day.

Manjhi saw further trekking towards our destination, Doditaal, storybook bonfires and tents that braved the cliffside slope. Doditaal had the breathtaking view of the *taal* (home to the Himalayan trout), and a temple lakeside.

We trekked back to Agora the following day, and the night concluded with enthralling horror stories and the ravenous consumption of leftover *tuck* (as any good Midterm should). Overall, it's safe to say that this trip defied my initial skepticism, and turned out to be memorable after all.

-Rehhan Chadha

Who needs therapy when you've got blisters, no Wi-Fi, and a mountain to climb?

My Form, Kashmir House B-Form, was overjoyed when we heard that we were going for Midterms to Doditaal, a place above the clouds, with an altitude of 11,500 feet.

We left at 6:30 in the morning, not knowing that we had to bore through a nine hour drive on roads and through the crevices in the mountains. We met with the Hyderabad House S-Form during our lunch break, and then continued through the mountains at a terrifying pace, to make it to the campsite on time. When we finally arrived, we were a bit surprised and disappointed when we saw the campsite. The tents were shabby, and the bathrooms were just holes in the ground, with the flush being literal dirt, but we did not know what we had in store for us. The experience of living in tents with my friends was not what I expected. It turned out to be great and we all bonded over the late nights of *taash*, and *antaksbahi*. The next morning, we left for Manjhi, a place 12 km away from our campsite. You could expect what our reaction was when we heard that the trek was 12 km, and uphill, mind you! It was quite hard, since we had to trek with our rucksacks, and we were constantly screaming, "Break!", at our guides, but we pulled through. We finished the trek in around nine hours, enjoying the views and the scenery. We ate lunch next to a river, where we also met a dog named Bella, who stayed with us till the end of the trip. At Manjhi, we were greeted with the cold wind, and a nice, refreshing lemon tea made by the guides and staff. We sipped away while our Tutors briefed us about the next day's trek, and about how to manage our things in the tent. That night, a few of us that were up heard a wolf, which terrified us and for some reason convinced us to sleep, while we could. In the morning, we left for Doditaal, the lake which is believed to be the birthplace of Lord Ganesha. The trek was shorter and easier than the last, being only eight km without our rucksacks. A few of our Formmates stayed back due to medical issues, but the ones that did not, created memories for a lifetime. We trekked above the lake, and had a huge snowball fight with our Form and Tutors. It was really fun, and we were there for about an hour. Then we trekked up to the Darba Pass, which was a waterfall falling from the Darba Top. We trekked back to the camp and shared our experiences with the ones that didn't come along. That night, we had dinner and slept early. The following morning we trekked back down to Bebda, which was a nine kilometre trek, and stayed in a guest house. The rooms were questionable, but we had fun nonetheless. Finally, the last morning, we had a two hour trek to the original campsite in Agora where we took the bus back to Doon. Overall, I think I can confidently say that all of us had a great time during our Midterms, and we all hope that we have even more fun in the next one, hopefully with better toilets.

-Tegh Patwalia

Our Midterms to Chopta were action packed with snowball fights on route to Chandrashila and intense games of UNO within our rooms.

We woke up at three o'clock in the morning just to get in our bus for a nice ten hour drive, full of the most random songs ranging from *Anand Loke* to Metallica songs even though half the time was spent snoozing in the back of the bus. When we arrived, all of us were let down because of the lack of a field to play with promised by our Masters. But we fought through, playing one touch football on the roof, which abruptly ended with one of our friends getting a tetanus shot. So we spent the rest of our time playing Dobble and Uno which one of our friends luckily decided to bring along.

On the second day of our Midterms, we woke up to go for our first trek, the Deoria Tal trek, merely a warm-up next to the Chandrashila trek which we would be attempting the day after tomorrow. When we reached the lake one of our friends luckily forgot to remove his football from his day pack which led to a very fun football game near the lake.

On the third day we moved to our new rooms much closer to the Chandrashila trek which did not have any of the supposed "necessities" we needed. But the day was not wasted however with us playing paper ball cricket for the remainder of the day.

On the fourth and final day of the Midterms we attempted the twelve kilometre Chandrashila trek which some of us were dreading and the others anticipating. The first four kilometres going uphill were pretty boring, but, with the arrival of snow patches led to snow fights and a lot of sneezing. The way down went pretty much the same way but with a bit more energy dedicated to the snow fights. Once we reached the bottom and to our rooms we got the rest and relaxation we deserved. But the next day was a three o'clock wake up and another ten hour drive with the same song playlist.

What started as a simple Midterm break became a story of resilience, fun, and friendship. From rooftop football to snowball fights, every moment was a reminder that the best Midterms aren't about perfect plans or treks, they're about the people who turn mishaps into memories.

-Emile Lulla

The Week Gone By

Kanishk Bammi

As I was fidgeting with my keyboard, thinking about what to write in this *Week Gone By*, I realised rather quickly that the only thing that happened this week was Midterms, so that's all I should write about. After spending five days up in the mountains, you'd expect regular people, even DoscOs to take a breather for a couple of days and then slowly ease themselves back into their normal routines right? Well, not really. Following our return to School, there were already play practices in the night, followed by PT in the morning and hockey in the afternoon, not to forget classes in-

between. Oh, and obviously there's rumours of Socials happening yet again - typical Dosco behaviour. Speaking of quintessential Dosco things, let's not forget about the Midterms. From new D Formers trying out rock climbing to S and Sc Formers taking on challenging conditions to conquer peaks, it seems like everyone had a good time. Everyone, except the few of us who unfortunately had to go on 'Medical Leave', sadly spending our potentially exciting time on the mountains down with a 'fever' or a 'headache'. While most of my batch went on this Midterm thinking it was their last one, who knows, maybe some of us will take inspiration from the Old Boys and continue the tradition even after we leave School. (I'd say we go to Ibiza, but hey, nature works I guess). The Midterms also gave us an opportunity to get to know

our new Tutors a little better, as the Great Tutor Shuffle of 2025 will be remembered for years to come. Overall, I sure do hope that new bonds were made, and old ones strengthened, because as they say, it's not about the journey or the destination, but the company. Upon our return to School, the weather has also changed as sweaters and thick blankets have been put away and shorts are now in fashion. A welcome change for many, however for those who know of the impending mosquito infestations and fatigue after a hockey game, better keep your track pants on for a little while longer.

Sudoku

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

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

Answer Key:

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

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