

Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

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

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VERBA VOLANT, SCRIPTA MANENT

Farewell letters to our beloved Masters.

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IN PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE

A report on the school trip to ISSC 2025, held in Hong Kong.

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THE WEEK GONE BY

Everything, Everywhere, All at Once.

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END OF AN ERA

With immense gratitude for their years of service, the *Weekly* would like to bid farewell to Mr Piyush Malaviya, Ms Purnima Dutta, and Mr Ambikesh Shukla. Your absence will be felt.

The *Weekly*, on behalf of the School Community, wishes you the best for the future!

35 YEARS OF SERVICE



PMV

Mr Malaviya served in various capacities during his time at Doon. These included Housemaster of Martyn House, Master-in-Charge of the Historical and Political Society, and playing a crucial role in the social service initiatives the School undertook. He was a Master of political science and history.

Ms Purnima Dutta was the Master-in-Charge of the *Weekly* while also being one of the founding Masters of the *Yearbook*. She served as the Housemaster of Oberoi House and the Master-in-Charge of the *Circle*. Ms Dutta was a Master of history. She will be especially remembered for her impactful involvement with the *Weekly* and Midterms.

30 YEARS OF SERVICE



PDT

25 YEARS OF SERVICE



AKS

Mr Shukla was a Master of computer science and an integral part of the Round Square Social Projects that took place all over the world. He served as the Head of Department of Computer Science, and also served as the Director of Activities. He is fondly remembered for his impact as a Foot House Tutor on generations of Doscors.

MR PIYUSH MALAVIYA

Remembering the good old days with PMV Sir always brings a smile to my face. Him relaxing on the first-floor balcony of Oberoi House in the evening, to his attempts to transform boring history chapters into engaging discussions in his class made him always fun to be around. Seeing him run across the Main Field with surprising agility during Games, enjoying treks with us during Midterms, and going out for a Night Out with him in A Form to his friend's farmhouse are some of the interactions that made my time with him all the more memorable.

PMV was strict when it mattered. However, behind the discipline was someone who deeply cared. He was constantly working to make our lives easier. He was always available as a guide and mentor. Spending thirty-five years at The Doon School is a testament to his love, affection, commitment, and dedication towards the School, the students, and the School Community at large.

Thank you Sir, for all the memories, the lessons, and the unwavering support during my time at School. Wishing you good health and happiness always!

-Sandeep Singh (Ex 638-OB, 1995)

It's hard to capture all that Piyush Malaviya — PMV to most of us — has meant to The Doon School Community over the past thirty-five years. An *Allahabadi* to the core with a mysterious smile, a disarming wit, and a cosmopolitan grace, Piyush has been equal parts scholar, raconteur, mentor, and friend.

Whether it was hosting impromptu gatherings with Sonali and their daughters Nalini and Malini, quietly guiding students through Midterms, organising stargazing sessions, or holding forth on the secrets of flora and fauna, PMV has always led with quiet generosity and unfussy charm. His passions — Indian classical music, *desi* food, *desi* medicine, art history, and the constellations were often shared in subtle, illuminating ways.

As a teacher of history and later political science, he fostered not just academic rigour but warmth and curiosity. My sons Adnan and Naved were both fortunate to be taught by him — Adnan even nudged toward the Social Sciences thanks to early encouragement from PMV and the late Ajai Banerji. He brought sensitivity to his role of Housemastership and an uncanny skill for capturing student reports with truth and empathy. He was, anecdotally, a Doon institution — embodying the best of its traditions while staying resolutely himself.

As I think of PMV in the company of dear friends like Purnima Dutta and Ashad Qezilbash, I'm reminded of the verse:

गर्दिश फ़लक की चैन लेने देती है किसे,
गनीमत है कि हमसूरत दो चार बैठे हैं।

(“*When has the turbulence of fate ever let one rest? Yet what a blessing it is to have a few like-minded souls to share this journey.*”)

Thank you, Piyush, for being one of those rare souls. You'll be missed — quietly, deeply, and with enduring affection.

-MHF

When I first joined School, Piyush was the Housemaster of Martyn House. He played a big role in helping me feel comfortable and get settled into School. I was enamored by his gentle and calm nature which made the transition so much easier. Piyush has always carried himself with quiet dignity and genuine warmth — qualities that have stayed consistent over the years and have touched the lives of so many.

I have been witness to the dedication and selflessness with which he looked after his father — a reflection of the great son he is. His sense of care naturally extended to the larger School Community. Piyush has always been among the first to support families on campus whenever they needed help, guidance, or just a reassuring presence.

His deep interest in history and food has always made for interesting and memorable conversations, adding to the richness of campus life. Without ever seeking the spotlight, he was able to deliver an impact on each and everyone he spent time with.

Piyush leaves behind a legacy of kindness, steadiness, and community spirit. Wishing him happiness and fulfillment in the new chapter ahead!

-MMR

The School is made not just by its boys, but by the Masters who shape them. Mr Piyush Malaviya, PMV to us, was one of those who quietly and persistently helped define what the School stood for. He came from a boarding school himself, and he just got it. He always maintained a balance between letting boys 'be boys' and knowing exactly when to step in with a well-directed thunderclap.

He was not the sort of Housemaster who hovered. I saw this twice; first in Martyn House during our D Form in 2003, and later in Tata House, which he took over during our A Form in 2006. He let the House Captains and Prefects run the show, which, in retrospect, was the perfect way to let a House function, even if that occasionally turned it into a circus. However, when the stakes were high or our behaviour unacceptable, he dropped the hammer. I may or may not have been underneath it a few times.

One moment stands out. On our last day in Martyn House, the building was set to be demolished to make way for a new one. A bunch of us twelve-year-olds, high on Golden Night energy and butter chicken, went on a chaotic and destructive rampage. PMV let it happen but then came the talk. No yelling. Just quiet disappointment. He reminded us what that building meant: our first home at Doon. That lesson about respect, gratitude, and the spirit of place, has stayed with each of us.

Through it all, the slumber-inducing history classes, the 'shake-it-and-don't-be-late' warnings, the quiet advice, that unreadable poker face, he instilled something timeless: values. Integrity. Restraint. Perspective.

Thank you, PMV, for everything. And to Ms Malaviya too, for being the heart of Martyn House when we needed it most; for her warmth, her kindness, and her compassion for homesick twelve-year-olds. We wouldn't have made it without you.

-Praman Narain (Ex 141-T, 2009)

Be it his finesse in shuffling through Houses, his overwhelming sense of pride in Indian street food, or his ability to guilt-trip an entire Batch in a matter of seconds with a few painfully-sarcastic remarks, PMV Sir has had a lasting impact on multiple generations of DoscOs. From making us run multiple rounds of the Tata House field for being just a minute late for Teye, or forcing us to eat *Parathas* with a fork and knife, PMV Sir, although strict with the rules, was kind-hearted and caring. He also carried this care forward to the plants behind Martyn House, which we would water during our Tutorial Meetings. The meetings were always memorable, learning about historical events and the reasons why we did not reach our desired marks. On our first treat, we learned that PMV Sir was a dedicated patriot, so we never got the pizzas and burgers. Instead, we got mango treats and food challenges. It's not surprising that PMV Sir spent more than 30 years in this school. Well, nothing less can be expected from a Master of history!

- Shrey Gulati



As an alumnus of our School, it is an honour to pay tribute to one of the most influential teachers I have ever had — Mr Piyush Malaviya. For generations of students, including myself, he has been more than just a Master. He has been a mentor, a guide, and a source of endless inspiration.

I first sat in Mr Malaviya's class at the age of 14, learning Global Perspectives — a subject that, under his guidance, felt less like a burden and more like a window to the world. His ability to make us think critically, ask better questions, and see beyond the obvious laid the foundation for my academic journey. When I later studied Political Science under him, it wasn't just a subject anymore — it was a calling. I went on to pursue it in college, and I owe that path to the passion he instilled in me.

Mr Malaviya's legacy is not only in his lessons, but also in the way he taught us to think, to challenge, and to care. He brought dignity, humour, and deep intellect into every classroom he entered. As he now moves on from School, he leaves behind generations of students forever shaped by his presence. Thank you Sir!

-Aryan Mahajan (Ex 632-J, 2021)

MS PURNIMA DUTTA

When I came into School as a new C former, I doubt there were many others more out of their depth than I was. Having stumbled upon the chaos of an entire boarding house preparing for Midterms, my only solace was that PDT Ma'am (who was my Tutor) seemed like someone who could ensure that I wouldn't die. From that moment on, I believe I became something of a chronic presence in Ma'am's life, always naively trying to gain her favour. I would be at her door every Friday

night to deliver a copy of the *Weekly*, with two thoughts in my mind: either that she would take some pity on me and feed me, or that she would be impressed by my consistency and reward me later down the line.

PDT Ma'am has been a shaping force for me and many others, and I am extremely grateful and lucky to have had the opportunity to work closely with her in almost every aspect of my life at Doon. Her absence will be a real loss for the School Community, and especially to the Board. That being said, congratulations Ma'am for finally completing your journey at Doon.

-Ahan Jayakumar (Ex 340-O, 2023)

February 1, 2004 marked my first working day at The Doon School. The first Master I met after School that day, for the Photography STA, was Ms Purnima Dutta, fondly known as PDT Ma'am. Back then, the activity was conducted in a dark room near the Bookstore, and it was on that day I saw the initiative Ma'am took and it helped me see why this school has always been revered for its exceptional Masters. PDT Ma'am embodies that legacy. Her mentorship across academics, publications, and Midterms has impacted generations of DoscOs and Masters alike.

What has always stood out is her quiet strength: her deep knowledge, relentless curiosity, and unwavering dedication to the School. In a world where everyone wants to speak, she taught the power of listening and the profound value of silence. A true mentor, she is a quintessential public-school master: always present, always giving and will be remembered as a tutor, by all the boys she ever spoke to.

As she retires, her absence will leave an irreplaceable void in this institution. Alongside her, we also bid farewell to her family Amitava Basu Sarkar (Gautamda), Bipasha (Bhutu), and Neelotpal (Goju), each of whom have contributed richly to our lives at Doon. My family holds dear the countless fond memories we have shared with them.

To PDT Ma'am - I wish restful days ahead, filled with the reading, gardening, and cooking; things you so dearly love. May this next chapter be as fulfilling as the time she spent here. Thank you, Ma'am, for everything.

-ANC

I had the privilege of being PDT's student early on in my School life. As a newly-joined C former I would sit rather unwittingly in her history class as she enlightened us with tales of the Crusades and European Renaissance. I also had the privilege of working with her as an Editor-in-Chief of the *Weekly* and was perhaps more unwitting in my ways (sensibilities of a 17-year-old) but also more curious, something I likely picked up from my C Form history class. I often look back on Doon as an institution where one is pushed to seek knowledge and wisdom, build ever-lasting relationships and memories. To me, and to those who have come before and after me, PDT is a custodian of that institution. I am incredibly grateful for all PDT has given to this School, and wish her all the best!

-Ansh Raj (Ex 230-J, 2020)

History has been a subject I've always loved and felt passionate about, and PDT Ma'am was one of the few teachers that greatly helped me in sharpening and polishing my sword of knowledge. From "grilling" me about my hand-writing, to "censuring" me in terms of the amount of extra content I always used to write, to finally convincing me to take up history as a prospective career path, Ma'am made the effort of ensuring each one of her students shared the passion she did. PDT Ma'am has truly been one of those pillars of support that has helped me get to where I am academically, and helping me score decently in the Board Examinations. Thank you Ma'am, for all that you did!

-Barun Borgoyari

In the cold, opening months of 2019, PDT's home was overrun with strays. First came a litter of three kittens: their mother roamed Chandbagh freely but had a soft spot for the *Khud* behind PDT's house. The cat wanted warmth and care for her newborns, so she deposited her litter with PDT and her family. For some months thereafter, Bipasha, Goju, Gautam, and PDT raised the little beasts, even as the mischievous triplets rampaged about their home. For a time, an injured bird also took up residence in that house, occupying a shoebox apartment until she found the strength to fly away.

The bird and three kittens were joined by three or so wayward seventeen-year-olds who were already permanent fixtures in the house, often absconding CDH dinners to glutton on every variety of sweet or savoury treat around PDT's dinner table. To the soundtrack of classic Bollywood music and the tinkling of wind chimes, this coterie of cheeky history students and their teacher chatted away many an evening.

With PDT, we debated national politics, learned the hubris of sipping neat *bhoot jolokia*, lamented love lost, toasted wins both little and large, studied the constellations wheeling overhead, and enjoyed every shade of humanity in between. When I cast my mind to those days, I know that PDT's passion for teaching, empowered by her vast knowledge and enabled by her distinct kindness, makes her one of the most prolific educators I've had the privilege of knowing. Inside the classroom, she taught us the facts of history and gave us the tools to grapple with the myriad complexities of our past. Outside the classroom, she taught us about life and gave us the tools to be decent people in the face of whatever maladies and triumphs come our way.

Purnima Dutta is among the best the School has ever seen. Countless students like myself are forever brighter for the light she shared with us. Ma'am, I have an infinity of things to thank you for, but the *Weekly* is tight on real estate. As a start, I'll say how grateful I remain for your "Mulberry Life Hacks."

-Kushagra Kar (Ex 489-K, 2019)

PDT Ma'am's endless compassion, care, and kindness have been one of the most formative experiences of my education. Her home and family were always welcome to all, her classes filled with much mirth and laughter, and her ever-sincere energies were always directed towards helping and protecting her students. I know that my interactions with her, form my fondest memories from School as I am sure they do for countless others who have passed through her tutelage at Chandbagh. My deepest gratitude to you Ma'am!

-Ranvijay Singh (Ex 536-K, 2019)

It is a privilege for me to be writing this note. I remember the first association I had with PDT Ma'am was in B Form, when she became my History teacher. The subject, daunting at first, eventually transformed into one in which I would excel at, all thanks to Ma'am. Her passion for teaching made me not only understand the subject but also love it. As an Oberoi House Tutor, my Form and I were lucky enough to be mentored by her. She inspired us beyond the classroom, encouraging us to strive for excellence in our respective pursuits in School. Her belief in my potential was motivating. Her house became like a second home for most of us. We always knew that food would be assured at PDT Ma'am's house, and that she was always there, looking out for us, irrespective of being our Tutor.

The impact she has made isn't solely mine to claim. She has inspired generations of Doscors with her compassion, dedication, and ever-helpful nature. Over the past few decades in School, PDT Ma'am has shaped not just minds but the characters of so many. Her lessons have been the driving force behind the success of a number of Doscors, and hopefully mine as well.

It will be hard to imagine Doon without you in your classroom, teaching children about Castro. As you leave behind Chandbagh, you leave behind not only a legacy, but an indelible mark on the students and alumni of the School that will be cherished for years to come. Thank you for everything that you have done for this School, and I hope to see you again very soon.

-Samarveer Bisen (Ex 458-O, 2025)



MR AMBIKESH SHUKLA

When I joined The Doon School twenty-five years ago, Mr Ambikesh Shukla — fondly known to us all as AKS — was six months senior to me. From the very beginning, we've shared the journey side by side, witnessing the School's evolution and growing together as colleagues and friends. At that time, it genuinely felt like stepping into *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* — not just because the film had captured popular

imagination then, but because the Masters I had the privilege to work with seemed larger than life. Through their excellence, commitment, and character, AKS was, without question, one of those gentlemen.

What always struck me about AKS was his dedication to social service. While most of us looked forward to the usual comforts of a Term break, AKS could be found on service camps, Round Square projects, and humanitarian missions — whether it was helping tsunami victims or providing aid in flood-affected regions. His love for the outdoors and adventure added another dimension to his personality. His passion for mountaineering saw him complete the Basic Course at the Nehru Institute of Mountaineering (NIM).

Above all, what defined him was his humility and his quiet willingness to help anyone in need. His impact as a Tutor of Foot House was profound, offering calm guidance and reassurance to countless young DoscOs in their formative months.

Now, as he leaves Doon after serving deep into the third decade here, it's hard to imagine the place without him. His wisdom, kindness, and dedication have shaped the lives of over two thousand DoscOs and he has left a lasting imprint on the culture of the School. AKS is, and always will be, a part of The Doon School's DNA. Though his presence will be missed, his legacy will continue to inspire, and he will undoubtedly carry forward the spirit of Doon as a true ambassador wherever he goes.

We wish him nothing but the very best in this next chapter — may it be filled with happiness, good health, and continued purpose.

-VSM

We all know of a person who brings a smile to our faces just through their presence. AKS sir was that person for so many of us. A quintessential Doon School Master, Sir exuded exuberance and positivity wherever he went. He felt less like a distant teacher and more like someone who was always in our corner, ready with a smile, a joke, or that much-needed word of encouragement when things got overwhelming.

We shall fondly remember AKS Sir for his storytelling sessions during random Double-School computer science classes and his ability to maintain the perfect balance between work and enjoyment during lessons. I'll always remember how easy it was to walk up to him with a question, knowing I'd be met not just with an answer, but with genuine patience and care.

Thank you, sir, for being the calm in our chaos — for the laughs, the learning, and the unwavering support. You will always be remembered — not just as a teacher, but as someone who truly made a difference.

As he turns this page, we wish him thrilling adventures, immense success, enriching relationships, and extraordinary new experiences.

-Aryavardhan Agarwal (Ex 431-O, 2025) and Anant Jain (Ex 440-T, 2025)

Mr Ambikesh Shukla leaving us, marks the end of an era in the evolution of computer science at The Doon School. I wish him the best of luck as he embarks on a new journey as one of the first teachers of an upcoming international school.

From developing the School's first-ever software, to simultaneously creating and coordinating its inaugural ERP system, Sir was deeply invested into the progress of the whole department. Further, he was an inspiration in navigating multiple curricula with exceptional results. The Doon School Technology Conclave (DSTC) was his brain-child as the first inter-school technology conference.

He excelled at each role with unwavering dedication. The Department will deeply miss his guidance, his suggestions, and, above all, his remarkable sense of humour.

-HGT

समय की गति निरंतर चलायमान है, पर कुछ व्यक्तित्व ऐसे होते हैं जो समय के पार जाकर भी स्मृति में जीवंत बने रहते हैं। अंबिकेश जी न केवल एक समर्पित शिक्षक रहे हैं, अपितु सामाजिक चेतना, मानवीय मूल्यों और प्रकृति के प्रति उनकी संवेदनशीलता उन्हें एक विशेष स्थान प्रदान करती है। उन्होंने शिक्षा को केवल विषयों की जानकारी तक सीमित न रखते हुए उसे जीवन-संस्कारों से जोड़ा, और इस प्रकार विद्यार्थियों में सोचने, समझने और आगे बढ़ने की प्रेरणा जाग्रत की।

समाज-सेवा उनके व्यक्तित्व का एक और उजला पक्ष है। राउंड स्कावायर जैसे वैश्विक मंच पर उन्होंने भारत की सामाजिक चेतना का प्रतिनिधित्व करते हुए अनेक रचनात्मक कार्य किए, जिनका प्रभाव न केवल स्थानीय स्तर पर बल्कि अंतरराष्ट्रीय समुदाय में भी अनुभव किया गया।

प्रकृति के प्रति उनका प्रेम भी उल्लेखनीय रहा है। जब भी किसी मिड-टर्म भ्रमण का अवसर आया, वे न केवल स्थल की भौगोलिक सुंदरता में रम गए, बल्कि उस स्थान की आत्मा को आत्मसात करते रहे। पर्वत, झरने, वन, नदी और आकाश – सभी उनसे संवाद करते जान पड़ते।

उनकी सहजता, मृदुभाषिता, आत्मीयता और सहयोगी स्वभाव ने उन्हें मित्रों की एक समृद्ध मण्डली से जोड़ रखा है। वे सदा अपनी उपस्थिति से वातावरण को सकारात्मक ऊर्जा से भर देते हैं। उनके साथ समय बिताना एक ऐसे संवाद की तरह होता है, जहाँ शब्दों से अधिक भाव बोलते हैं।

अंबिकेश जी के आगामी जीवन के लिए मेरी हार्दिक शुभकामनाएँ हैं। मुझे विश्वास है कि भारतीय शिक्षा के निरंतर परिवर्तित परिदृश्य में उनका योगदान सदैव मौलिक, मार्गदर्शक और प्रभावशाली रहेगा।

अशेष शुभकामनाओं के साथ...

-मनोज पाण्डेय(MNP)

AKS Sir was not only my Tutor in Foot House, he was more than that. To me, he was a father figure, the person who had my back at times I needed it the most. During the toughest period of my School life, when everything felt like it was getting too much, Sir was the one who held me strong. His presence made me feel cared for and supported.

Sir was always kind, patient, and caring. He had a solution to all of our problems, whether they were School-related or personal. He was the kind of Master who left a quiet but lasting impact, and for many of us, that made all the difference.

As he walks out of The Doon School, we are not simply waving goodbye to a teacher, but to a man whose presence added value to the Community. His absence will be felt, and his name will be mentioned in our shared legacy for years to come.



Thank you, Sir, for everything. You will always hold a special place in our hearts.

-Reyansh Sekhani

As a D Former entering the gates of Chandbagh, in a world that struck me as intimidating and unfamiliar, AKS Sir was someone who provided me with the comfort and the attention I needed. With his humility and kind words, he guided me through the first few months of my School life with affection. To me, AKS Sir was not just a Tutor — he was someone I could confide in. I will always cherish the memories we made as a Tutorial group — from having our monthly treats at Sir's house to our Tutorial meetings, in which he always pushed us to be the best versions of ourselves.

Even as we moved into our respective Main-Houses, AKS Sir was a constant source of strength and support. Whether it was a casual conversation in the corridor, a serious discussion about academics, or a moment of personal struggle, he always found a way to be there.

AKS Sir was more than a Master for so many of us. He was the backbone of Foot House, a figure approachable by anyone and everyone, his home always open to his Tutees. He will be remembered by generations of Doscors for everything he has done for the School and its Community.

-Siddhant Fatehpuria

This Week in History

1789 CE: Storming of the Bastille in Paris. This event escalates widespread discontent into the French Revolution.

1790 CE: President George Washington signs the Residence Act, selecting a new permanent site along the Potomac River for the capital of the United States, which later became Washington, D.C.

1925 CE: Adolf Hitler publishes *Mein Kampf*.

1930 CE: The inaugural FIFA World Cup begins in Uruguay.

STEADY ON THE TRIGGER

A team comprising Arinjay Begani, Ranbir Randhawa and Ekaraj Makkar won the **Team Gold Medal** at the Under-17 IPSC Shooting Championships.

Kudos!

WORKING UP A STORM

Sumer Singh has been appointed as the Boy-in-Charge of the Student Engagement Centre.

Congratulations!

RECEPERINT TERGUM

Mr. Ajit Bajaj (ABJ) has rejoined the School as a Master in the ACE department for an interim period.

We wish him a fruitful tenure!

“

You can be the ripest, juiciest peach in the world, and there’s still going to be somebody who hates peaches.

—
Dita Von Teese

READER’S CHECKLIST

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

Jawad Khan: *Sapiens* by Yuval Harari

Shivam Kedia: *The Psychology of Money* by Morgan Housel

Yashvardhan Maskara: *The Da Vinci Code* by Dan Brown

Ishwar Sandhu: *V for Vendetta* by Alan Moore

LISTENER’S CHECKLIST

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

Tegh Patwalia: *2000 Excursion* by Travis Scott

Avyan Gupta: *Wavy* by Karan Aujla

Arhan Tankha: *White Ferrari* by Frank Ocean

Ayaan Adeeb: *(Love Is) The Tender Trap* by Frank Sinatra

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

All those who are absent, raise your hands.

AKM, omnipresent.

My mom is an old boy.

Avirat Jain, wasn’t that cancelled?

Do the work judicially.

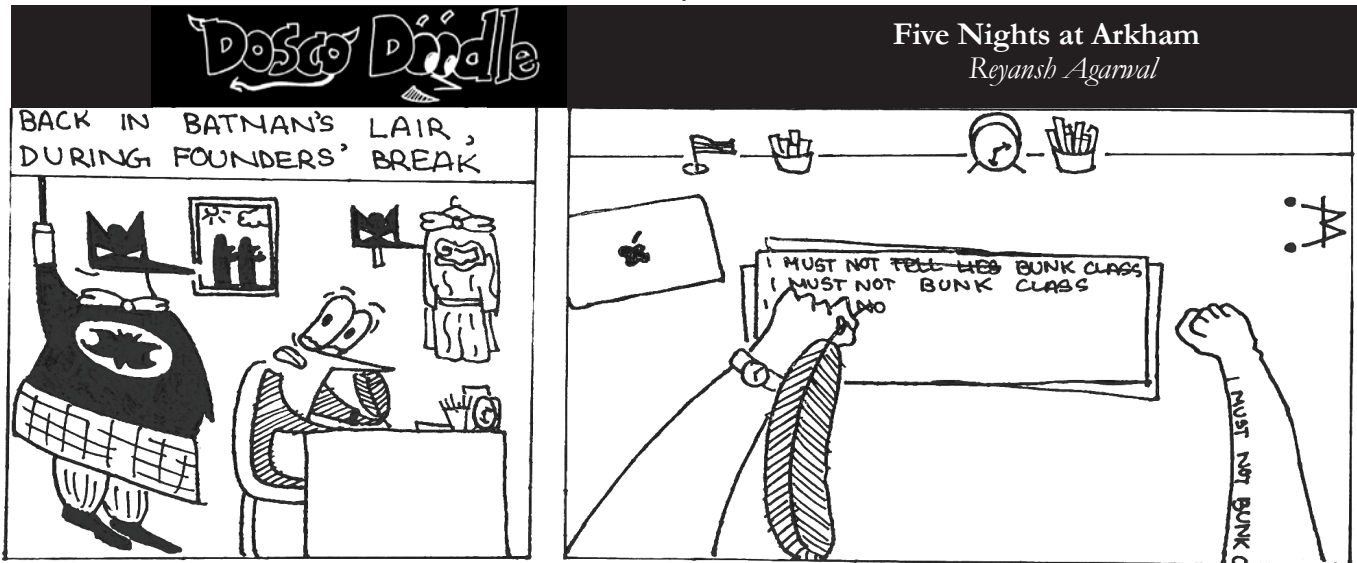
Aditya Koradia, IPS in training.

Why can’t you remove your legs?

ACJ, first day on the job.

Around the World in 80 Words

Former Black Sabbath member and hard rock musician Ozzy Osbourne passed away. A Bangladeshi Air Force fighter jet crashed into a school building in Dhaka. Columbia University issued various punishments against students involved in Anti-Israel protests. The process to remove Justice Yashwant Varma from his office was set in motion. The Vice President of India, Jagdeep Dhankhar stepped down from his post due to health reasons. England beat Italy 2-1 to reach the finals of the Women’s European Championship Final.



युद्ध की परछाई में बीती एक रात

‘युद्ध की विभीषिका’ पर महेक कुमार के विचार

रात का समय था, वातावरण में शान्ति की एक असाधारण लहर महसूस हो रही थी। मेरे दिल के भीतर एक तूफान चल रहा था। अचानक मैंने खुद को किसी अनजाने शहर की एक तंग गली में पाया, जहाँ हर तरफ अफरा-तफरी मची थी। दूर कहीं से गोलियों की आवाज़ें आ रही थीं, आसमान में धुएँ के बादल बिखरे थे, और लोग हड़बड़ी में इधर-उधर भाग रहे थे। मैं उस भीड़ में किसी अपने को ढूँढ़ने की कोशिश कर रहा था, लेकिन वहाँ कोई अपना चेहरा नहीं था। सब डर में डूबे अजनबी लोग ही थे। अचानक, एक धमाका हुआ और हर तरफ़ सन्नाटा छा गया। मैं चिल्लाना चाहता था, लेकिन आवाज़ ही नहीं निकली।

आँख खुली तो पसीने से भीगा हुआ था। कमरे में सब कुछ सामान्य था, खिड़की से आती सुबह की हल्की रौशनी, पास रखी किताबें, और दूर से आती कुछ चिड़ियों की आवाज़। लेकिन मन में उस धमाके की आवाज़ अब भी गूँज रही थी। वह बस एक कल्पना नहीं, वह उस दर्द की एक झलक थी, जिसे हम ‘युद्ध’ कहते हैं। उस सपने ने मेरे मन में एक डर जगा दिया था, कि अगर ऐसा कुछ सच में हो जाए तो क्या हम तैयार हैं? क्या हम समझते हैं कि युद्ध केवल सीमाओं पर ही प्रभाव नहीं डालता, बल्कि हर दिल में घाव छोड़ जाता है?

इतिहास गवाह है कि युद्ध ने न केवल देशों को, बल्कि पीढ़ियों को भी बदल दिया है। बीसवीं सदी में हुए दो विश्व युद्धों ने लाखों जीवन छीन लिये। भारत ने भी 1947, 1962, 1965, 1971 और 1999 के युद्धों में गहरे ज़ख्म झेले हैं। उन युद्धों में सैनिकों ने अपने प्राणों की आहुति दी, पर युद्ध का असर उन लोगों पर भी पड़ा जो कभी बंदूक के करीब भी नहीं गए। बच्चों का बचपन छिन गया, माँओं ने बेटे खोए, और कई परिवार विस्थापित हो गए। एक देश जीत सकता है,

लेकिन इंसानियत हर बार हारती है।

आज भी जब हम दुनिया के किसी भी देश के अन्दर या देशों के बीच चल रहे संघर्ष की खबर सुनते हैं, तो वह केवल “दूसरों की या उनकी लड़ाई” नहीं होती, वह पूरी मानवता की लड़ाई बन जाती है। वो हमें शांति की नाजुकता और युद्ध की क्रूरता के बीच छुपी सच्चाई दिखाती है। टीवी स्क्रीन पर नज़र आती जली हुई इमारतें और खंडहर बनते भवन और रोते हुए बच्चे सिर्फ आँकड़े नहीं होते, वो किसी का घर और किसी की दुनिया होते हैं, जो जंग के कारण मलबे में बदल जाती है। तकनीक और तरक्की के इस दौर में भी हम क्यों संवाद और सहमति को बमों और बारूद से ज़्यादा ताक़तवर नहीं समझ पाए?

युद्ध केवल सैनिकों की हार-जीत का नाम नहीं है, यह मानवता की परीक्षा है। हर गोली, जो चलती है, बम और मिसाइलें जो गिरती हैं, वे केवल इंसान और इमारतें नहीं गिरातीं, बल्कि इंसानियत को गिराती हुई विश्वास, संस्कृति और भविष्य की नींव को भी हिला देती हैं। जो धुएँ में खो जाता है, वह केवल शहर नहीं होता, बल्कि वह हर कहानी होती है जो अब कभी सुनाई नहीं जाएगी। आज दुनिया जिस मोड़ पर खड़ी है, वहाँ केवल एक ज़रूरत है, कि हम सिर्फ ताक़त नहीं, समझदारी भी दिखाएँ। युद्ध की परछाइयाँ बहुत लंबी होती हैं, वो पीढ़ियों तक, बरसों तक आपका पीछा नहीं छोड़तीं। इसलिए शान्ति केवल आदर्श नहीं, आज की सबसे व्यावहारिक ज़रूरत है। अगर हमने समय रहते यह नहीं समझा, तो कल इतिहास हमसे वही सवाल पूछेगा जो हम आज दूसरों से पूछ रहे हैं, “क्यों नहीं रोका गया यह विनाश?”

The Pursuit of Knowledge

Jansher Grewal reports on his experiences during the recent school trip to ISSC, Hong Kong.

At the start of the month of July, two teams from the Doon School could've been spotted at the Starbucks of the Indira Gandhi International Airport in Delhi, sitting in anticipation of their flight to Hong Kong for the International Student Science Conference (ISSC). This event in hindsight, could be summed up as part academic bootcamp, part cultural exchange, and part socials for the S-Form (finally).

Though organised for the month of July, in typical Doon School fashion, our preparations for the conference began bright and early in the month of April, where we were presented with the question of “*kya research karni hai?*” by PKR Sir, the mentor for the physics group (where I found myself for three months). After a gruelling month of research and experimentation with drop mechanisms and light proof boxes to see miniscule flashes of light from crushed sugar, we found ourselves with a responsibility: to present our research in front of an international audience (a smart one at that). Although not before the countless rehearsals with AKM Sir and his insightful improvements.

Based at the Chinese University of Hong Kong, the week unfolded through a steady stream of lectures, lab tours, hands-on workshops, and numerous moments that made us feel like extras in a futuristic science documentary. From speech recognition and drone programming to genome sequencing and climate simulations, the kind of science that doesn't sit quietly

in textbooks — it builds robots, edits soybeans, and occasionally throws you into VR microsurgery.

No science conference would've been complete without the obligatory existential spiral into astrophysics, and true to form, ours came courtesy of Professor Kenneth Young — a man who somehow made the early universe feel both intellectually dense and alarmingly digestible.

Cultural Night arrived, as all good things do — loudly, colourfully, and slightly behind schedule. Our *Kho-Kho* demonstration got more applause than anticipated, though it's unclear whether it was for the game or for the sheer novelty of watching it played in formal shoes. But what lingered most wasn't any one moment, but the atmosphere itself — this strange and brilliant mix of students who could switch from discussing cosmic radiation to the cafeteria's mystery meat without missing a beat. Sitting with a dozen of new friends every breakfast (following the Headmaster's advice), walking with a new school during the city tour every day, it soon became clear that the real substance of the week wasn't just scientific. It was in the not-so quiet and unexpected connections — the shared curiosity, the late-night games of mafia in the hostel lobby, and the collective sense of “we're figuring this out as we go.”

In the end, ISSC gave us more than a presentation slot or a shiny certificate. It gave us a lens to look into how science travels — across borders, across cultures, and through languages.

The Week Gone By

Krishiv Jaiswal

Every time I try to construct a riveting *Week Gone By*, I end up writing about the past two weeks gone by, so here we go again.

Every day starts off with me remembering Arthur Foot's legacy, yet I still stand in the "flag-off" phase. I wake up with all five of Foot's ideas in mind, but it's already second School by then, so I give up the idea of being a Dosco altogether, and accept the fact that Diwali in Doon might not be the worst alternatives, as the coping mechanism involuntarily activates.

The Inter-House Band saw the Gentlemen clinch their first major title this year, while the Warriors caught yet another stray. Meanwhile, the debaters found themselves amidst heavy rain on

their way to, well, debate, yet could only find themselves debating whether to go to *Coco Osteria*.

However, this rain was much to the delight of the people back on campus, as the "very unexpected" rain holiday *came in clutch*, adding up to a total of two decisions for our Prefectorial Body: Socials and holidays. What this rain did not affect, nonetheless, was the School Council meeting, which after a long time extended for an hour and a half, and the Council really seemed to be taking an active part in the discussions (no friendly-fire).

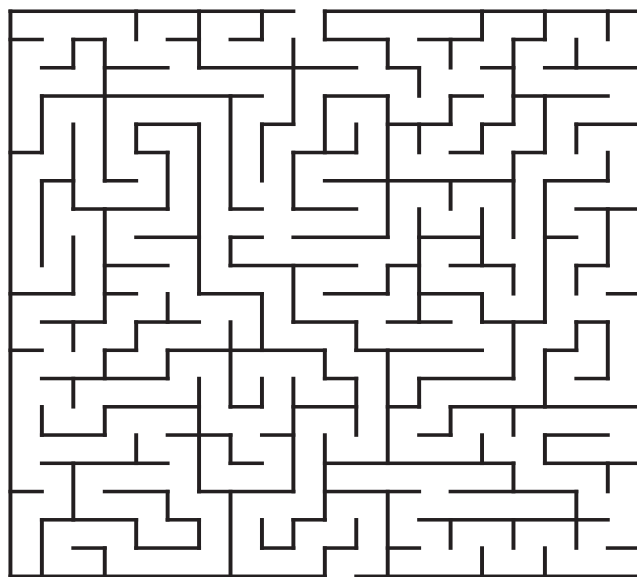
As the amalgamation of DSMUN and YEC approaches, so does the presence of nocturnal SCs (all suffering from the great 1st School absent glitch on Veracross). As for me, I'm stuck in this rut too, as I observed the "stroke week" from the balcony, which has been rewarding. Playing football has never been more stressful with 957 college essays, resume updates every two seconds, UC PIQs (read

it as you want), and multiple IAs and projects looming over your head, all with the regret of not being able to send July Assessments to colleges.

I would comment on Morning PT if I ever showed up, but I figured Coach Carter's better off without us. Although reports suggest that the new "do what you want" system during PT has granted leeway for S Formers to achieve those twenty odd minutes of ephemeral sleep ("Morning Toye" did the charm for us).

On a serious note, this five-month term might just be a blessing in disguise for us Sc Formers. Spending that extra minute on the Main Field or keeping that phone for an extra day are surely things I will miss back home, as I'm well within reach of the "unc status" tag. Unusually, there's nothing to fear for the next couple of days, as the route looks clear. Go with the flow, but remember, whenever things start going your way, it's a sign of unskippable imminent danger. Soon.

Maze



We wish all Masters the very best for their future beyond Chandbagh!

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