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The views expressed in this letter are solely those of the authors and are not intended to defame or constitute a personal attack. The authors strongly support the ideation of such speeches.

Dear Editor,

As members of the School Community who “have got very little time left” and value the idea of free speech, we feel compelled to raise several concerns **solely** on the content of the recent Assembly Talk delivered on Friday, the 22nd of August. *Before it’s too late* to say it, we do appreciate the passionate and rhetorically impressive nature of the speech, and agree with the sad reality that titles carried less weight and positions were questioned more than they were respected, and that onus lies on us to resolve some of the apparent issues in School which we so often rant about. We would also like to commend the speaker on a delivery that was both impassioned and sincere, and on raising issues that are often brushed aside as casual complaints. By voicing them on such a platform, the speech succeeded in drawing attention to concerns that are real and pressing. The ability to capture the sentiments of many, while simultaneously challenging us to introspect, is not easy — and for that, the effort deserves appreciation.

However, in the spirit of true ‘dialogue’, we still feel that the speech ultimately risks alienating its intended audience and undermining the very purpose it

Letter to the Editor

seeks to serve.

Since its inception, public speaking has stood as a deliberate and effective mechanism to disseminate information across a range of domains, from addressing prevalent issues in School and the world to presenting intriguing topics and creativity. Yet, we feel there was a departure from these values, purely based on the speech’s stance and content. We shall evidence these claims by taking a close look at the speech and refuting a few claims.

Our first concern is with the tone of the speech and its ramifications. A school address of this nature should inspire students to rise to responsibility, not chastise them into silence. Yet, time and again, it deploys some accusatory generalisations, yielding very few concrete points and rather seeming to pander to the School community through sensationalism — “we do the bare minimum,” “commitment became cringe,” “we want the prestige of the blazer without the responsibility it carries.” These phrases do not invite reflection so much as they impose judgment, branding an entire student body as complacent or mocking without nuance. While the speaker concedes to personal flaws, this admission feels cursory. The result is a tone that borders on sermonising rather than motivating.

Moreover, the address lacked a concrete direction as to what

is expected of a Dosco. It insists repeatedly on the notion of “legacy” — mentioned over ten times, for instance in “we joke about tradition/treat legacy as a dusty relic” — with no substantiation as to what this legacy means. Throughout the speech, the “core values” of the School are never really defined. We as audience are left to wonder: what institution does this speech idealise? Now, for the sake of clarity, we will be defining it through the articles written by Arthur Foot titled “Fourteen”, “Sixteen”, “Seventeen”, and “Eighteen”. In essence, a Dosco should have competence through mastery over academics, sports, co-curriculars, thereby, developing judgement knowing when to act and critique. To us, legacy is not something handed down in bullet points, but something you stumble upon for yourself — in places like the Archives, where the weight of this institution suddenly overwhelms you. Sadly, that quiet discovery is something few in School today allow themselves to feel.

While the speech started with the idea of “speaking up before it is too late”, it instead digressed to the glorification of a pre-pandemic Doon, which no current student on campus has experienced, with a supposed “legacy.” This runs the risk of over-romanticisation, painting Doon as a near-sacred institution — its walls eternal,

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This Week in History

79 CE: Mount Vesuvius erupts, destroying Pompeii and Herculaneum.

1939 CE: Heinkel's He 178 makes the first jet flight.

1949 CE: NATO comes into force after its treaty is signed.

1949 CE: The Soviet Union tests its first atomic bomb, Joe-1.

1963 CE: Martin Luther King Jr. delivers his famous speech 'I have a dream' in Washington D.C.

1997 CE: Netflix is founded by Reed Hastings and Marc Randolph.

MESMERISING MASTERMINDS

The following are the results of the **Inter-House Art Competition 2025:**

Juniors:	Mediums:
1st: Jaipur	1st: Tata
2nd: Hyderabad	2nd: Hyderabad
3rd: Tata	3rd: Jaipur
4th: Oberoi	4th: Kashmir
5th: Kashmir	5th: Oberoi
Seniors:	House:
1st: Hyderabad	1st: Jaipur
2nd: Jaipur	2nd: Oberoi
3rd: Tata	3rd: Tata
4th: Kashmir	4th: Kashmir
5th: Oberoi	5th: Hyderabad

Kudos!

THE BEAUTIFUL GAME

The following are the results of the **Inter-House Football Competition 2025:**

Juniors:	Mediums:
1st: Jaipur	1st: Tata
2nd: Oberoi	2nd: Jaipur
3rd: Hyderabad	3rd: Kashmir
4th: Tata	4th: Oberoi
5th: Kashmir	5th: Hyderabad
Seniors:	House:
1st: Hyderabad	1st: Jaipur
2nd: Jaipur	2nd: Hyderabad
3rd: Tata	3rd: Tata
4th: Kashmir	4th: Kashmir
5th: Oberoi	5th: Oberoi

Congratulations!

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

I cannot ring bells.
Atiksh Kasana, no-bell laureate.

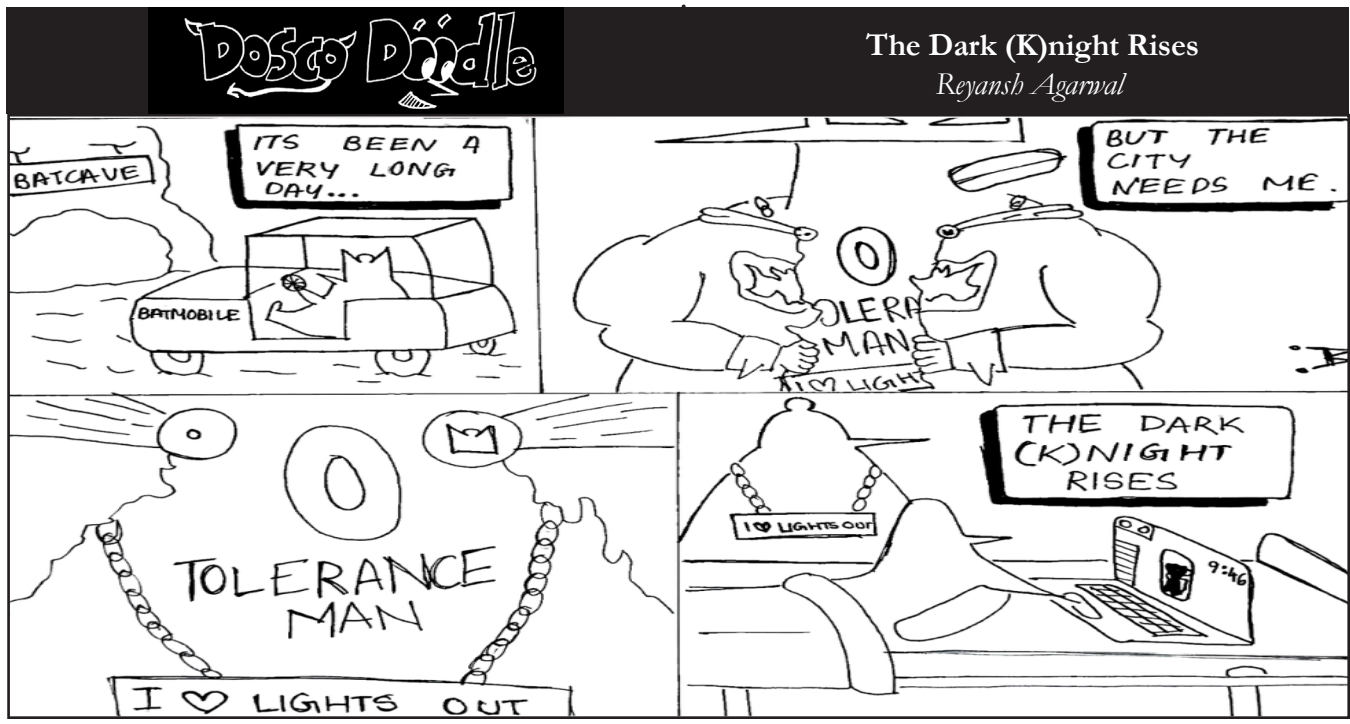
If tomatoes are a fruit, ketchup is just a smoothie.
Aryaman Sood, agree to disagree.

Around the World in 80 Words

The parents of a teenager in California filed a lawsuit against OpenAI, blaming ChatGPT for providing instructions leading to their son's suicide.

Two children were killed and seventeen were injured in a school shooting in Minneapolis. The Maharashtra government merged OBC categories in its reservation system. India released water from Kashmir dams, leading to flood alerts in Pakistan.

EFL League Two side Grimsby Town defeated Premier League giants Manchester United on penalties after a 2-2 draw in the Carabao Cup.



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its discipline flawless, its traditions unimpeachable. While pride in one's school is laudable, refusing to acknowledge genuine grievances risks conflating loyalty with blind reverence. In truth, "critique" can also be an honest and necessary impulse for reform. By rejecting all dissent as unserious, the speech threatens to silence important voices. Calling them the "loud ones" who "talk big, post bigger, and do the bare minimum," then becomes a highly accusatory claim.

The first step towards institutional change begins with questions. It is the same reason why we have mechanisms like the School Council and this very *Weekly* column. Without "loud" critique, and just the simple acceptance of a glorified "legacy", an institution can never adapt to the changing times. The speech also talks about "responsibility," and "upholding tradition," yet fails to translate these ideals into actionable steps. The audience is told what they are not doing, but are given no clear sense of what they should, practically, be doing differently — beyond a vague exhortation to "believe in this place." At best, this leaves the audience inspired in the moment but directionless afterwards; at worst, it leaves them frustrated at being scrutinised without guidance.

Lastly, the speech holds that "hierarchy has been diluted," which we **do not** regret. Coming from a time where we were scared to knock at the doors of Seniors, we now see more comfortable and happier Juniors, and more accountable and approachable

Seniors — both of whom are not bound by orthodox "hierarchy" as means to command unfettered. All this makes us realise that perhaps Chandbagh needed this change for the better, instead of holding onto legacy for the sake of it.

In essence, the only message that we could ultimately decipher from the piece was that we need to regain a culture, a culture which we too do not know of. Seeing only this trinket of thought conveyed over an eight-minute speech seemed to us that much of the piece was merely a sesquipedalian mask.

As mere listeners, we hope future speeches provide a better framework and set the context for their arguments and points of view, alongside equipping students with concrete solutions for the same. This would help establish a culture where Doscos feel motivated to drive change and work proactively towards any idea made evident in the speech, even after the conclusion of a random Friday Assembly.

However, again, we would like to emphasise the importance this speech holds in a community where eyebrows are not raised, questions are not asked, and discourse is either unappreciated or met with mockery. For, in a long while, we actually have a speech which gives a reason for this section to be revived.

"The most radical revolutionary will become a conservative the day after the revolution." - Hannah Arendt

Yours sincerely,

Arnav Tiwari and Krishiv Jaiswal

Kick-Off

Barun Borgoyari reports on the recently concluded Football Inter-House.

When the drums beat and the muddy boots struck the ground, Chandbagh knew football season had returned.

The Autumn Term opened with a thunderous start — the trudging of football boots, the reverberating thud of footballs being struck, and cheers echoing across the fields. What had been a campus left subdued last term due to unforeseen circumstances was suddenly rejuvenated, surging back to life with the spirit and rhythm of football fever. There is something about the game at Chandbagh that breathes energy into every corner of the campus, and this year was no exception.

Of course, the season was not without its challenges. Torrential rain tried to play spoilsport, waterlogging fields and pausing certain schedules. Yet, the Dosco spirit refused to bend. Players trained through the interruptions, soaked but never subdued. Their commitment to relentless drills and practice sessions proved that weather might delay them, but it could never defeat them.

Then came the moment everyone had been

waiting anxiously for, through all of their hardwork, and perseverance — the grand kickoff to the Inter-House Football Tournament. The beating of drums, cheers from the sidelines, and banners fluttering proudly in the breeze reinvigorated Chandbagh's historic tradition. The atmosphere became electric as the first whistle blew, marking the return of one of School's most awaited spectacles.

The Seniors delivered contests of grit and power. The Eagles and the Nizams locked horns in an extremely fierce rivalry. Every pass, tackle, and shot was cheered with thunder, and clashes leaving spectators on the toes throughout. The Warriors, though trailing behind slightly, showed remarkable determination in facing off against both these formidable Houses, while the Gentlemen and the Swans displayed admirable perseverance and spirit that spoke volumes of their House pride.

The Mediums, too, lit the fields ablaze, with matches where scorelines seemed to rewrite themselves daily. The Eagles and Warriors fought

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neck and neck, pushing boundaries and even threatening to surpass old School records. Yet, every House in this category played with unyielding resolve, making sure no contest was easily won. Meanwhile, the Juniors added their own charm to the tournament. Late goals that stunned opponents, dazzling dribbles through crowded defenses, and thunderous shots showcased a raw, untamed energy. Even the youngest D Formers earned hearty applause for performances far beyond their years.

The footballing spectacle concluded with the

Warriors clinching the Mediums trophy, the Nizams being awarded the hard-fought Seniors title, and the Eagles walking away with the Juniors Cup and the House Football shield, cementing themselves as the season's champions.

This year's Inter-House football has reminded us all that Chandbagh's legacy is not defined by scoreboards alone. It is about the unflagging determination, skill, and house spirit that unite us in moments of triumph and in moments of loss. Victories will be remembered — but it is this unyielding spirit that will echo across the playfields long after the final whistle is blown.

Prisoner of War

The Doon School Weekly interviewed Gp. Capt. Kambampati Nachiketa Rao (Retd.).

Group Captain Kambampati Nachiketa Rao, VM is a retired officer of the Indian Air Force. While carrying out an airstrike on Pakistani positions in Batalik sector during the Kargil War, his aircraft experienced an engine flameout. The Group Captain speaks about his experience from being a prisoner of war, to now, a national hero.

The Doon School Weekly (DSW): In your talk today, you spoke quite highly of the Pakistani officer who intervened during a capture. Did that moment change how you view the idea of an enemy in a war?

Group Captain Kambampati Nachiketa Rao (KNC): Yes, it did. Two countries go to war, which is based on political decisions depending on the situation on the ground. So we are not fighting a person at an individual or personal level. It is a conflict between two military forces. After the incident, when that officer ended up saving someone from his own soldiers, I realised this aspect in war: that personal issues are separate from professional or national ones.

DSW: Do you agree with the modern-day representation of war in Indian media, such as Bollywood movies?

KNC: Bollywood movies work on a different dimension called TRP (Target rating points), on scalability or revenue from sales. People watching actual warfare is an objective matter, which depends on the ground realities and political decisions. Second, most movies are made with a lot of research, keeping actual facts in mind. They come out in a very different way, which is often accurate. Some movies have a lot of glamour, and they are only made keeping viewership in mind, where it doesn't resemble what actually happens. So then the requirements are different. It depends on who the people making the movie are, what kind of research goes into it, and what the filmmakers are aiming to make.

DSW: Considering that the Kargil War happened over twenty-five years

ago now, do you believe that PoK should remain India's geopolitical focus in the present day?

KNC: The entire state of Kashmir will always be a part of our country. And there is no doubt that we should take back the part which has been taken over illegally by Pakistan or China. So I'm sure things will be aligned as far as the political leaders are concerned, and as a nation also. In due course it should happen. That is the first thing you would have realised: Operation Sindoor changed the way war is fought. And it showed exactly what we could do when we wanted.

DSW: How was the switch to civilian life after spending so many years in the army and going to the air force?

KNC: Flying in the military serves the nation and its sovereign interests. Flying privately serves a company and its purpose. The basics of flying differ according to the requirements of the organisation. Personally, I find all flying divine. As a pilot, being airborne in the skies is beautiful. Whether my role is bombing, air defence, or commercial requirements. The result is the same: that I am in the cockpit, and that is what matters. I served in the military because that was my obligation. All flying is beautiful.



Adieu

*The Doon School Weekly bids farewell to **Mr Sameer Chopra**. On this occasion, his friends, students, and colleagues share their thoughts on their time spent together.*



It's been a little more than a year since I have known Sameer and in that short span we have grown as close friends. Bound by shared academic pursuits and a common intellectual platform our intellectually stimulating discussions have deepened my understanding of contemporary society. Sameer's insight into topics ranging from the linguistic nuances of English to the complexities of Indian politics is remarkably clear. I have been deeply enriched by his erudition and the breadth of knowledge, which he imparts generously to his students. As a Master of English, his connect with the students is exceptional and worthy of emulating. Sameer's decision to pursue higher studies to enrich

his academic credentials is praiseworthy, a conscious step towards gaining expertise that will, in time, greatly benefit every student under his guidance. I wish his endeavour a grand success...

-SBG

An outstanding scholar, a teacher par excellence, a charming colleague and a fine gentleman, Mr. Sameer Chopra exhibits all the attributes of a Doon School Master who exemplified grace, dignity and poise. As I reflect on SRA's profound contributions to the Department of English, the cadence of his voice, the rhythm of his passion for literature and the poetic spark of his wisdom, still resonate in the confines of our English classrooms and will continue to echo through the ideas of many students he enlightened in his little-more-than-a-year stay at Chandbagh. As some of his students said, "SRA's deep understanding of the 'pulse of a classroom' made his lessons not just routine schools but an experience that sticks long after the session was over," truly, Sameer's amazing sense of responsibility, thoughtful guidance to his colleagues and an ever-peaceful attitude have made our journey the most memorable one. I wish Sameer all the success and fulfilment as he begins a new chapter in his career after Doon.

-SPB

SRA in his short span of time made a powerful connection with 'Footies' and Foot House. I can imagine the "skill transfer" he had to go through to change gears from college teaching to school and to top it all, land up as a Tutor of the youngest group in the School. Sameer, went through this transition with a smile, I guess often finding his footing along with his Tutorial group in School. His calm demeanor, love for nature and literature slowly percolated in the 'Footies' inspiring them to write better, treat each other and nature with respect. Thank you, Sameer, for noticing and acknowledging the small gestures of the boys that make big differences: an act of kindness, the picking up of plastic on the trekking trail, taking a moment to cherish the sunset. Foot House wishes you the very best of luck as you spring back to higher education and would love to welcome Dr Sameer soon... Until we meet again.

-RHS

Dear Sir, I was always told that all good experiences come to an end. And now, our time with you as a Tutor and a Master has come to an end. We will always keep your advice in mind. These beautiful experiences and good times will always remain in our hearts, I remember each time I talked to you about a problem I faced, you found the solution in a minute. The tutorial meets you held were like times when we could express anything and share our feelings with you. The fun activities you planned for us each tutorial meeting always caught us by surprise. Activities like 'pass the parcel' with a 'Kindness Month' twist, comic strip doodling and writing about our first ten days at School always made us feel warm and fuzzy inside, they lifted our hearts like they were as light as a feather, I remember when you arranged an 'Intra-Foot House Creative Writing Competition'. I won, but that is besides the point. What really matters is the love

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and care that you put into organising it. You were so intrigued by our stories of how we communicated using code names after lights out or how we played pranks on each other. Just being with you and expressing our thoughts and feelings were moments to remember. Although you are leaving the gates of Chandbagh, you will forever hold a special place in all of our hearts.

-Zorawar Rajan

जीवन की गहराई

अंतर-आवासीय संभाषण प्रतियोगिता से अभिनव कुमार द्वारा प्रस्तुत विचार

“ज़िंदगी तो वो नहीं, जो उम्र में नापी जाए,

असल तो वो है, जो दिल की गहराई में समा जाए।”

हम सभी ने कभी न कभी अपने बड़े-बुजुर्गों से सुना ही होगा कि “ज़िंदगी की लंबाई नहीं, परंतु गहराई मायने रखती है। “जो इस बात की गहराई समझ गया, वही सही मायने में ज़िंदगी को समझ पाया। आज हम सभी प्रतिभागी, क्रम से इस मंच पर आकर भाषण दे रहे हैं और ऐसा सिर्फ इसलिए नहीं कि हम विजयी बनना चाहते हैं, बल्कि ऐसा इसलिए भी है क्योंकि कहीं न कहीं हम सभी अपनी पहचान बनाना चाहते हैं, और वो पहचान आपके कर्मों, संस्कारों, शिष्टाचार से बनती है, न कि सिर्फ ज़िंदगी जीने से। ज़िंदगी एक अलग चीज़ है, ज़िंदा रहना अलग बात है। और जो ऐसा नहीं मानते, मैं उनकी विचारधारा बदलने आया हूँ।

बड़ा हुआ तो क्या हुआ, जैसे पेड़ खजूर,

पंथी को छाया नहीं, फल लागे अति दूर।”

आप सभी को लगता है कि आप खूब जियें, लम्बी उम्र जियें, और अपने चाहने वाले के लिए भी ऐसी ही कामना करते हैं। पर मैं आप सभी से पूछना चाहता हूँ कि क्या फर्क पड़ता है ज़िंदगी की लंबाई से, अगर उसकी गहराई में सच्चाई, प्रेम, समझ, उद्देश्य, लक्ष्य और एहसास न हो? अगर स्वतंत्रता सेनानी आरामदायक और लंबी ज़िंदगी जीने की सोचते तो क्या हम आज्ञाद हो पाते? अगर वे सिद्धांतों वाली, उसूलों वाली, स्वाधीनता के लिए संघर्ष से भरा जीवन नहीं जीते तो क्या हम उन्हें याद रखते? अगर राजा राम मोहन राय अपनी ज़िंदगी की लंबाई के बारे में ही सोचते तो क्या सती प्रथा रुक पाती? अगर वह ज़िंदगी की गहराई को न चुनते तो आज भी हमारी माताएँ और बहनें सती की आग में झुलसती रहतीं। हाँ, हम सब जानते हैं, दुनिया हमें सिखाती है कि लंबी उम्र जियो, सौ साल जियो! लेकिन मैं पूछता हूँ, क्या सिर्फ जीना ही काफ़ी है? क्या सिर्फ साँसों का चलना ही जीवन है? नहीं! मैं कहता हूँ, एक सौ साल की खाली, बे-मकसद ज़िंदगी से कहीं बेहतर है ज़िंदगी का वो एक पल, एक चिंगारी, एक दहकती आग, जो रोशनी दे, प्रेरणा दे, और मिटने के बाद भी दिलों में ज़िंदा रहे! आप याद कीजिये शहीद-ए-आज़म भगत सिंह को, क्या थी उनकी उम्र, केवल 23 साल; खुदीराम बोस, उम्र सिर्फ 18 साल; झांसी की रानी, उम्र सिर्फ 29 साल, ये सभी लोग बहुत कम समय के लिए जिए, पर ये वो चिंगारी थे जिसने स्वतंत्रता की आग जलाई। हमारे जीवन के हर पहलू में, चाहे वह हमारी सफलता हो, हमारे रिश्ते हों या फिर हमारे व्यक्तिगत अनुभव हों, गहराई हमें वास्तविकता का एहसास कराती है। मान लीजिए, एक व्यक्ति जो सिर्फ पैसों के पीछे भागता है, वह भले ही बहुत कुछ कमा ले, लेकिन वह कभी भी सच्चे सुख या संतुष्टि को महसूस नहीं करेगा। वहीं, वह व्यक्ति जो अपने रिश्तों में समय, प्यार और देखभाल डालता है, उसकी ज़िंदगी में गहराई और अर्थ होता है। रतन टाटा जी के सिद्धांत, उनकी उदारता हमें उनकी याद दिलाती है न कि उनका धन। हममें से कुछ दून स्कूल में 5 वर्ष बिताते हैं और कुछ 6 वर्ष, जिसमें आप कई विद्यार्थियों से मिलते हैं, लोगों से मिलते हैं, उनमें से कुछ आपसे छोटे होते हैं और कुछ आपसे बड़े, पर हम उन्हीं के लोगों को याद रखते हैं जिनके साथ आपका एक अनोखा रिश्ता बना हो। हम उनकी वही बातें याद रखते हैं जब उन्होंने हमारी मदद की हो या हमें कोई सलाह दी हो, हमारा मार्गदर्शन किया हो। मैं अपना उदाहरण लेना चाहूँगा कि मैं तीन आवासीय विद्यालयों में पढ़ चुका हूँ और

मैंने खुद यह महसूस किया है कि आज इस समय मुझे वही लोग याद हैं जिन्होंने मेरे व्यक्तित्व को उसका अस्तित्व, उसका स्वरूप दिया है। हमें लगता है कि हम इस विद्यालय में 6 साल बिताते हैं पर हम असलियत में 16 साल बिताते हैं, क्योंकि एक तरह से हम उनके साथ भी जीते हैं जो हमारे बाद आए हैं, पहले आए हैं या साथ आए हैं। और ये कहीं न कहीं यह साबित करता है कि समय की लंबाई नहीं, गहराई मायने रखती है। मुझे हृषिकेश मुखर्जी द्वारा निर्देशित फिल्म आनंद में राजेश खन्ना जी का बोला गया संवाद याद आ रहा है जिसमें उन्होंने कहा है, “बाबू मोशाय... ज़िंदगी बड़ी होनी चाहिए, लंबी नहीं।” जीवन को आप किस तरह जीते हैं वो मायने रखता है। एक जीना यह भी होता है कि आप इस स्कूल में आए, पढ़े और चले गए और एक होता है कि आपने इस विद्यालय से सीखा और लोगों को अपने आचरण से, अपनी सोच से प्रभावित किया। इस विद्यालय से कई लोग हुए हैं जिन्होंने न सिर्फ इस विद्यालय को बल्कि पूरे देश को अपने व्यक्तित्व से प्रभावित किया है, चाहे वो साहित्य में हो, राजनीति में हो, पत्रकारिता में हो, खेल कूद में हो सभी ने देश में अपना योगदान दिया है। हमारे पहले प्रधानाचार्य श्री ए. ई. फुट ने कहा था कि हमें हमेशा सोचना चाहिए कि हम समाज की कैसे मदद कर सकते हैं, हम समाज में कैसे योगदान दे सकते हैं, हम इस विद्यालय में कैसे योगदान दे सकते हैं और उनकी इस सोच ने ही हमारे इस विद्यालय की नींव रखी जो आज तक उतनी ही मज़बूत है। जब हम दसवीं कक्षा तक पहुँचते हैं, तो कभी-कभी लगता है कि हमने कुछ खास नहीं किया। लेकिन जैसे ही हम आत्मविश्वास के साथ खुद को पहचानने लगते हैं, एक नया जोश जगता है। फिर वह पल आता है जब हम अपनी सीमाओं को तोड़कर वो सब कर जाते हैं, जो कभी हमारी कल्पना से भी परे था। हम उस ऊँचाई तक पहुँचते हैं, जिसे कभी सपना भी नहीं समझा था!

वाद-विवाद प्रतियोगिता में अक्सर पहले वक्ता को बोलने के लिए दूसरे या तीसरे वक्ता से कम समय मिलता है पर कई बार वही पहला वक्ता वाद विवाद का सर्वश्रेष्ठ वक्ता बन जाता है और इसका कारण है कि यह मायने नहीं रखता कि आप आकर कितनी देर बोल रहे हैं, मायने यह रखता है कि आप क्या बोल रहे हैं, कैसे बोल रहे हैं।

हम सभी कभी न कभी किसी न किसी खेल में जरूर हिस्सा लेते हैं—चाहे वो जीवन कोई भी खेल हो। और हम सबने अनेक बार यह अनुभव किया है कि अगर हम अपना 100 प्रतिशत दें, तो खेल के आखिरी पलों में भी जीत हमारी हो सकती है। खेल का परिणाम बदलने की ताकत हमारे अंदर होती है, बस जरूरत है उस आखिरी पल में थोड़े से जोश और आत्मविश्वास की।

मैं एक आर्ट का विद्यार्थी भी हूँ और मैंने महसूस किया है कि कला और साहित्य में गहराई की महत्वपूर्ण भूमिका होती है। जब हम किसी पेंटिंग या कविता को देखते हैं, तो हम सिर्फ रंगों या शब्दों का सामना नहीं कर रहे होते, बल्कि उन रचनाओं में छिपी हुई सोच, भावना और अनुभवों की गहराई को महसूस करते हैं। यही गहराई किसी रचना को जीवित और सशक्त बनाती है, जो समय के साथ भी अपना असर बनाए रखती है।

हमारा समाज सिनेमा के माध्यम से कभी ठीक वैसा ही और कभी एक नए रूप में हमारे सामने आता है। 2001 में आई फिल्म ‘नायक’ का मेरे

(Continued on Page 7)

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दिल को छू जाने का कारण यही था कि उसके एक किरदार ने नायक के रूप में एक दिन में वो कर दिखाया जो बाकी नेता अपने इतने बड़े कार्यकाल में नहीं कर पाए। वो किरदार चाहता तो वो एक दिन सिर्फ ऐशो-आराम में बिता सकता था, पर उसने ऐसा किया नहीं, और इसका कारण था कि उसने समय की अवधि नहीं, अपना कर्तव्य देखा।

अंत में इसी बात से मुझे एक गाना याद आ रहा है, बोल कुछ इस प्रकार हैं -

“अपना हर दिन ऐसे जियो, जैसे कि आखिरी हो,
जियो तो इस पल ऐसे जियो, जैसी कि आखिरी हो!”

Nonsensical

Sumer Gill

Poem

The cat tried again to nap on its chair,
But the fly came back, as if it lived there.
This time, it wore shades and buzzed a happy tune.
Even the husky howled to the tune by noon!

The mouse wore boots, still craving some fame,
Indignantly claimed it invented the Atlas game.
Bob the pigeon blinked once, then twice:
Deciding that hats were way overpriced.

Piggie now boxed with a vacuum instead,
Declared it the champion, then tripped on the bread.
The rabbit returned, but now with two carrots,

Said it was training to out-hop parrots.

No one asked questions. No one took notes.
The duck swam by with a ship-full of goats.
A toad in a tux read dramatic haikus
While the fridge did a solo of Blue Suede Shoes.

You might ask again, “But what’s the moral, my friend?”
But I’ll spare you the bother: there’s no end to this trend.
We dance through the days, we pretend, we delay.
But mostly, we wobble and hop anyway.

The Train That Didn’t Stop

Advay Singla

Creative (Junior)

For Aarav, the daily routine was so ingrained that he hardly noticed any of the other travelers on the same train. People were quiet, some scrolling through their phones and others reading newspapers. It felt enlivening just to go through a day without worrying what will happen next. This lasted until one morning everything altered.

As the clock chimes at 7:25 AM the train is already fifteen minutes late. After reaching platform two, everyone is certain that it’s merely a matter of time till the next technical glitch. Trains would sometimes miss stations. Maybe the driver had missed the signal. Even the sudden silencing left heads scratching.

The speakers came on.
“We interrupted the train of thought.”
The voice was calm, almost too calm. Everyone stopped moving. The announcement continued.
“This journey is no longer going where you expected. But don’t be afraid. You are where you’re meant to be.”
Then silence again.

No one knew what to do. Phones had no signal. The emergency chain had failed. Even the guards were confused—or pretending to be. For a few moments, everyone just sat, staring at one another. Some tried forcing open the doors between coaches, but they wouldn’t budge. Aarav looked out the window.

The scenery had changed.
There were no roads anymore. Just thick trees, long stretches of green fields, and mist curling around the train. It looked like a place he had never seen before.
Then, from the corner, a small voice spoke.

“We’re not going to our schools or offices anymore,” said a little girl wearing a red hoodie. “This train is going somewhere different.”

Someone scoffed. Someone else laughed nervously. But deep down, many believed her.

An hour passed. Or maybe more. Time felt strange. Slower. Softer. Some people started talking — real conversations, not just small talk. A man shared fruit with a stranger. A teenager sketched the view outside. The woman next to Aarav, who hadn’t spoken in years, whispered, “It feels peaceful, doesn’t it?”

No one was in a hurry anymore.
And then, almost without warning, the train began to slow. There was no screeching. Just a gentle stop.
They had arrived.

The station had no name. No announcements. Just clean air, soft yellow lights, and a pathway lined with wildflowers. Nobody told them to get off. But one by one, they did. Calmly. As if something inside them knew it was time.

Aarav stepped off too.
He didn’t ask where they were. He didn’t care.
For the first time in years, he didn’t feel lost or late or trapped in routine.
He felt free.
And that was enough.
He looked ahead, where the path curved into the unknown.

No signboards. No maps. No directions.
Just a quiet feeling inside that whatever came next... it mattered. And for once, that was enough.

The Week Gone By

Krishiv Jaiswal

In between the Centres of Excellence, zero tolerance, and Arthur Foot’s ideals, I now stand at a juncture where it’s my last few pieces of writing in this section. Soon, there won’t be any attendance issues to write about, no profanities to dodge, and no more pretending to be funny. Maybe that’s the real heritage walk — realising the path you’re walking on is ‘running out of road.’

First things first, a first and last page under the same name? That can’t be. But I get it. The week had its fair share of co-curriculars, from Chuckerbutty Debates and Kamla Jeevan to JEDI (what’s the full form again?) and DS Quiz. From heated non-bilingual debates and quiz rounds which made you introspect your own knowledge to

certain schools now accustomed to the closing ceremony award procedure, Doon has reverberated with ideas and energy. This amalgamation has really got the School buzzing with life, much to the dismay of our dormant three hundred minutes of IB everyday.

The idea of having more boys in *kurtas* than visitors in the Headmaster’s Dinner really made sure that there are no leftovers whatsoever. Speaking of food, it’s been a week without the “chicken *parivaar*” and it feels like I’m losing my sanity.

Moreover, the facade of a breakfast masked under the name of “brunch,” got the DoscOs all hyped up, only to find *macaroni* being the best item on the menu. Can’t lie, they have gotten really good at this game.

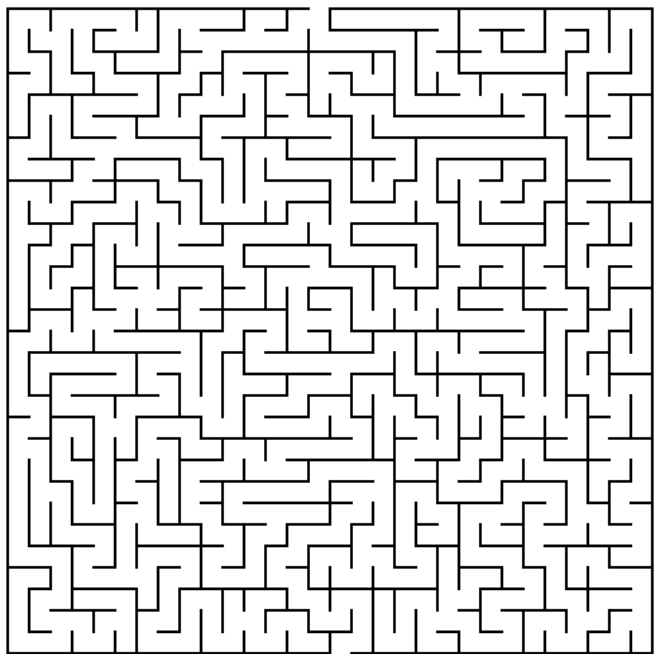
The week saw sports making the headlines, from football to shooting (my favourite cult). Hockey season has already seen shin removals, the forbidden H2 removal, and the revival of another Grandslam stint. Have I seen this before? Jaipur somehow

managed to sweep football, art and squash. In a bid to who will be the best side character to this story, the House of Steel have increased the number of practices, whereas the Swans seem to be content with their place, because second is as good as fifth.

With the scent of a couple Headmaster’s and School Captain’s holidays looming, it’s about time we start utilising these rest days to learn the art of negotiating a reduction in syllabus, using AI to draft your EE, and studying the first chapter of the book at least. For the School sports teams, this would also mean preparing a presentation to the DHM to escape the unattainable 75% or the 32/42 benchmark.

Now, as the ‘craziest’ of all seasons approaches, which makes some S Formttrrs start listening to Kishore Kumar, just remember “you may not control all the events that happen to you, but you can decide not to be reduced by them.” Godspeed!

Maze



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