

Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

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

September 6, 2025 | Issue No. 2750



100 DOSCOS VS 1 GORILLA

The answer to a new-age
'philosophical' question.

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DON'T READ THE WEEKLY!

Nothing impressive fills these pages
anymore!

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IS DS 90 BEING CELEBRATED RIGHT?

A legacy to contend with and
priorities to deal with.

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Editorial

Senior Editorial Board

While 2750 may not seem like a prominent milestone to most, we have, for some arbitrary reason, chosen to celebrate it. However, this presents a great opportunity for us to reflect as an Editorial Board.

Sifting through the old pages of the *Weekly* in the Archives, my eyes came across one of the earlier issues that was published. As we sat down in the dusty corner of a disintegrating *Weekly* Room, we couldn't seem to look away from that Issue. It was produced using a typewriter in a time when the internet did not exist. Despite all of this, it had a better quality of pieces, better cartoons and more relevant content than what we have been able to produce with all that we have now. That Issue was almost sixty years old. As we sit here penning this down, we can't help but wonder whether we have evolved or devolved in those sixty years.

The *Weekly's* place within the School Community sits in a precarious position. Sure, we have the same mottos, the same mastheads, the same design and the same dusty room to work in, but, we all know it is not quite the same.

Most writers interested in contributing to the *Weekly* are much more invested in the placement of their articles rather than the articles themselves. While there are a few active contributors, as a group, the Board is forced to almost always approach writers to achieve our purpose. As Editor-in-Chief, contributions feel forced, and in the process, admittedly, we have begun to focus more on deadlines rather than quality itself. A few times a term, an ambitious C Former will send something in, and despite our best intentions, it never seems to find a place in the Issue. The problem here is two-fold: we're seeing more AI-assisted drafts, and we don't have the bandwidth to sit down with every aspiring writer. That is our failure.

In a more general sense, this is not an isolated issue that we deal with. We don't really reside in the idyllic scholarly version of School. It's time we stop pretending we do. Like MMR Sir's email earlier this

week read, "Go to the library. Not many schools in India can boast of a library like ours, and it is a pain to see its underutilization." The issuance of books has fallen to an all-time low, and while there is very little School can do about the Senior Forms, one can only hope that perhaps the issue is mitigated by the time Junior Forms fill in our shoes. Even though the contention of reading more has been addressed through multiple forums in School, including the *Weekly*. Observation reveals the same unsurprising results. The current standing the *Weekly* likes to assume in School has also been diminished due to the evident decline of quality discourse. Academic outlook, not in the sense of conventional subject matter, but discourse and public opinion, used to be an inspiring reality in School.

Along these lines, the court of public opinion within the School has become increasingly focused on perception and visibility. For the past few years, the only Weeklies taken seriously have been those with polarising, sweeping statements. This year, we tried experimenting with a variety of articles that we publish, focusing greatly on expanding creative, non-conventional writing and opinionated articles on world issues. The reception to this has been lacklustre, and while writing always has room to improve, at this point, feedback from the School Community is barely regarding the articles or their quality. It is as if all the Community wishes to indulge in is controversy, or well-packaged and easily readable material, which pertain to topics already in discussion among students. This is perfectly normal, however, no publication these days, including the *Weekly*, feels as safe a space to present views such as 'STOP BOOTING' (published in 2018) or questioning the School's decision to cut down trees in the *Khud*.

We have a dozen social media posts for the cornucopia of activities we have. We have the Centre of Excellence in Creative Writing yet contributions

(Continued on Page 3)

This Issue of *The Doon School Weekly* marks the 2750th Issue of the publication since its inaugural edition. The *Weekly* sincerely thanks the School Community for supporting it in its endeavours.

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

I am atheist person.

NLB, I don't believe in God.

I have no patience or character.

Aditya Koradia, *ab-expected*.

I lost my Nike coloured shoes.

Aaditya Agrawal, **FLEX**.

Does he have a humour sense?

Rehhan Chadha, 6th sense.

LISTENER'S CHECKLIST

Aarav Kathuria: 7 Years

by Lukas Graham

Sumer Gill: *Six Days* by

DJ Shadow

Samarth Agrawal: *Empire*

State of Mind by JAY-Z

Samrath Singh: *G.O.A.T.*

by Diljit Dosanjh

Arnav Agarwal: *Babu*

Samjho Ishare by Kishore

Kumar

Abhinav Kumar: *Take Me*

To Church by Hozier

Issue no.
2750

This Week in History

1666 CE: In London, England, the most destructive damage from the Great Fire occurs.

1875 CE: The first official game of polo is played in Argentina after being introduced by British ranchers.

1944 CE: Anne Frank and her family are placed on the last transport train from the Westerbork transit camp to the Auschwitz concentration camp, arriving three days later.

1977 CE: NASA launches the Voyager 1 spacecraft.

1985 CE: The wreck of the Titanic is discovered by an American-French expedition led by Robert Ballard and Jean-Louis Michel.

Around the World in 80 Words

A 6.0 magnitude earthquake near the Afghanistan-Pakistan border killed 800 and injured over 2,500. The Modi Government announced a GST revamp starting 22nd September. A newly discovered asteroid, roughly the size of a commercial jet, flew by Earth at more than 135,464 miles; NASA confirmed no risk. Inter Miami lost 0-3 in the Leagues Cup final, where Luis Suarez allegedly triggered a brawl. France crowned its first transgender WIM-titled women's chess champion. Liverpool beat Arsenal 1-0 in the Premier League.

MUSICAL MAESTROS

The following are the results of the **Inter-House Music and Dance Competition 2025**:

1st: Kashmir

2nd: Oberoi

3rd: Tata

4th: Jaipur

5th: Hyderabad

Congratulations!

“

Let us be clear: censorship is cowardice. ... It masks corruption.

It is a school of torture: it teaches, and accustoms one to the use of force against an idea, to submit thought to an alien “other.” But worst still, censorship destroys criticism, which is the essential ingredient of culture.

— **Pablo Antonio Cuadra**

(Continued from Page 1)

to any publication are at an all-time low. Boys are unwilling to join activities such as the AV Squad because it's *thankless*. Sure, the idea of ‘optics’ will always exist within any boarding school community, rather, anywhere competent individuals are in constant competition. However, at the point where we recognise everything with some pomp and fanfare, the things that are not, are missed.

School's social and commercial presence is at its zenith, and fresh paint and upgraded facilities are not inherently negative for development within the campus. But when this improvement is measured more by what is visible than what is felt, by how School looks rather than how students grow, something essential is lost. Chandbagh has the resources and the talent to go beyond being a showroom. Its strength lies not in flawless optics but in fostering an environment where truth and transparency are valued more than polished surfaces. The *Weekly* finds itself in the crosshairs of this. A large amount of the carefulness of our publication is partly due to the fact that we are no longer an internal publication but rather part of a larger ‘brand’ of the Doon School that has to be measured and perfect every time we are published online. In terms of public opinion, we are then forced to initiate conversations which actively swerve away from the core of the issue, but attempt to simply ‘come close.’ As close as they safely can, of course.

As a community, perhaps we need to slow down and internalise what we do. It's been said far too many times... but there's a reason for that.

As a Board, we work with the hope that each Issue of the *Weekly* is an attempt to pause and take stock of where we stand as a community. Around this lofty ambition, this Issue brings together an array of pieces: debates on whether the DS 90 is being celebrated properly, to candid student reflections on the most pressing issues in School, to a satire on a new-age ‘philosophical’ question and lighter pieces that remind us not to take ourselves too seriously. Our purpose has never been to be sensationalist, however we may have diverged from it from time to time. In that spirit, this Issue seeks not to redefine, but to refine, sharpening both the questions we ask and the way we choose to answer them. We hope you enjoy reading it.



Reprint: Thoughts On The *Weekly* | J.A.K. Martyn

IT MUST HAVE been early in 1936 that H.S. Bhai suggested to Mr Foot that he run a school newspaper. At first it was cyclostyled and the most popular feature was the cartoon on the cover by Mr Khastagir, illustrating some amusing event of the week. After a year or two, the *Weekly* became a Fortnightly, as it was doubted whether there would be enough material for a weekly.

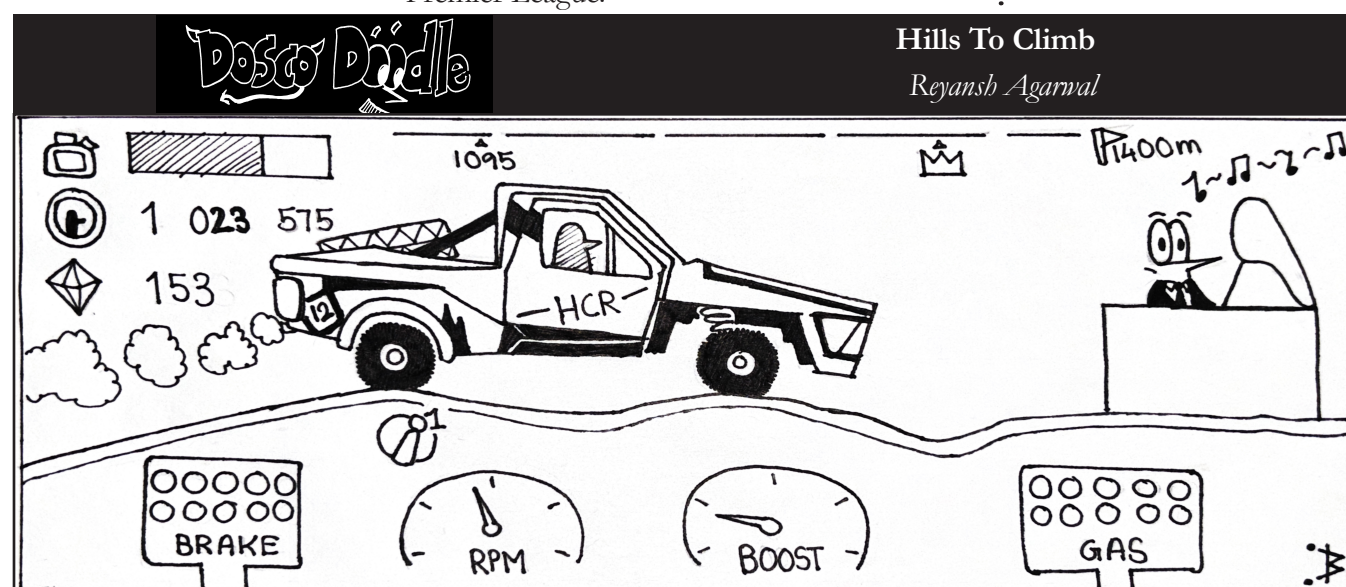
Several public schools now have newspapers of the same type as the *Weekly* (though I don't think any other has a weekly) and so I think that in this matter The Doon School was blazing a trail. We still think it is the most interesting school newspaper I have ever seen, but that I suppose was inevitable and does not prove anything.

I think that the *Weekly* has succeeded in fulfilling its main function of covering school news fairly adequately; it has in fact done it so adequately that the suggestion after the last war to restart the Annual Magazine, which appeared from 1936 to 1942, received very little support.

I have talked about the Masters who have been in charge of the *Weekly* as if they did all the work, but actually a lot has always depended on the Editors. Much of the credit for the success of the *Weekly* must go to the successive Editors, but there is no space, to mention them here; I do not think that many Editors would complain that they did not have enough freedom to publish what they wanted.

The *Weekly*, in my view, has always had a fairly informal character so that I felt that anything by a boy that was worth printing could appear in it I was always opposed to allowing any other paper to exist. Once, when I was away at a meeting, Deelip Surve got round ‘Holdie’ to let him publish The Echo, but there was only one issue. I vaguely remember some excitement about the 500th Issue; who was thinking that we might reach the 1000th. And what will the Doon School be like when we reach the 4000 Issue. Probably the subject of an essay competition.

(Issue no. 1000, Saturday 12th March, 1964)



Forged in Spirit | *Opinion*



Harshil Makin and Kanishk Bammi

"I could not persuade her that a place does not merely exist, that it has to be invented in one's imagination."

-Amitav Ghosh

If a place must be invented to get where we want to take ourselves, it might as well be a version of Doon we claim to love, because the spirit of Doon now, simply does not exist. What builds Doon, the very essence of it, is the brotherhood that this place gives you; the choices that we make to be there for one another and being in places where we can show our love for the School. Unfortunately, however, at the most recent mega-event, this couldn't be seen.

I know it might sound bitter coming from us, but what stung, and I think every team can agree with me on this, was not the result of one particular round. It was the silence before and after, the sense that the room forgot to be a room because the contents themselves were missing. We told ourselves that it is okay: people might be studying, or busy, and perhaps some were. Despite knowing the reality, and even if we do grant the A and Sc Forms the benefit of a Board year, the rest of School wasn't shackled to deadlines. D Form, usually the noisiest barometer of spirit, could have made the room a whole lot livelier by simply being there. C and B Formers don't even have laptops to hide behind. S Form had the golden opportunity to let their efforts of the past few months come to fruition and boost their pursuits. It wouldn't have counted for or against anything except for what actually mattered (at least for the Batches above us): the feeling that this is our place, our boys, our stage.

We witnessed something of a spectacle this time as well. In the quarter-finals of *Chucks*, we saw both the Doon teams facing off against each other in an elimination round. The stakes were high, and familiar faces were debating: six DoscOs, four Houses, but one School. Even if just three people from each House came in, not even for the School but for the people you know, we would have had a dozen people there. We imagined fifty, the entire AMC to be filled up, like the Doon Foot vs Martyn clash back in 2023, because this is something rare. Barring the SMC and the Masters-in-Charge, the staff rows stayed empty. Provided they are a lot busier than us and adulthood does come with its tolls, having a few Masters in there does make a lot of difference. Our debating coach's coming surely made the difference. Whispers of no support for the Doon teams were travelling quickly across our competitors.

Sure, we didn't have "Team India" debaters, but the people there were still amongst the finest in our School. But over that, there's a much simpler hook, the underdog arc of Team Martyn, the familiarity of seeing classmates where we usually see strangers, and simply the exciting yet thrilling nature of a home fixture. Instead, in the semifinals against EHIS, more of their students sat in our library than in ours. There's losing a debate, and then there's losing your debate in your room. After a speech, there was louder clapping for the Emerald Heights speakers than for ours.

We complain that compulsion kills joy; that when things are made mandatory, they become a chore. Perhaps. But the quieter truth is, when nothing is asked of us, we can forget to ask anything of ourselves. If you were given a three-day holiday, with frankly nothing to do, the minimum repayment was a couple of hours on a chair, clapping until your palms smarted, so that our boys felt supported. One easy explanation is that House spirit has cannibalised School spirit.

So what now? We could pretend last week didn't happen and let memory do its polite blurring. Or we could admit that communities are rebuilt the way they were built the first time: by making the right thing the easy thing. Maybe some moments should be non-negotiable: the semifinal at home, an inter-school final, a Foot-versus-Martyn clash.

We can also tell better stories about our own stages. A short video that explains a motion in plain language, a name-to-face post for the six boys who'll stand up, a line about why the round matters. People show up for people.

Ghosh's line keeps returning: a place has to be invented in the mind. So does its spirit. We cannot inherit it like a blazer; we have to create it like a cheer that gathers from the back row and rolls forward until it becomes weather. Last week, our weather was still. That's on all of us. We need to take responsibility for it. Here's the promise we can make without a circular, a penalty, or a poster: when DoscOs are on a stage, we fill the room. Not because we were told to. Because this is how School remembers what it is. The next time the bell rings for a big round, come and sit, even if only for a while. Let them feel the heat of your attention. Let the hall feel heavy again.

Silence may be easy. Showing up is easier. And it sounds better. All it takes to matter is a seat and a clap.

100 DoscOs vs 1 Gorilla

<---- Again

Warning: *This satirical piece has been written purely for entertainment purposes. Please do not take this to heart. Also, you are not to go and fight a Gorilla with the boys. Some of you have surprisingly bright futures. We don't want to ruin that.*

For those members of our School Community who have been living under a rock, here is some background: a question swept the internet this summer. Who would win in a fight — 100 unarmed humans, or 1 Gorilla?

While much of the internet debated this question — and many concluded that humans didn't stand a chance — here at Doon we like to think DoscOs are greater than men (I can't believe I just said that). So, to put that to the test, we've decided to tweak the question a little: who would win in a fight — 100 unarmed DoscOs, or one Gorilla?

Let's hypothesise for a moment: imagine Doon is the last place left on Earth, and a Gorilla is rampaging through the *Khud*. Who would we send to save Chandbagh? Naturally, our very own 'Student of the Year' — the School Captain — would be the first to step up. After all, leadership and whatnot, plus someone has to set the terms of the fight. But after **reluctantly** agreeing to pretty much everything the Gorilla demands, he'd likely be swatted away. **99 left.**

While orthodox tactics may suffice for defending their homeland, they seem far less effective in the *Khud*, where the 'brass' — despite valiant efforts with their sickles, tractors, and a novel range of obscenities — are wiped out with ease in a *battle of the primitive*. **90 remain.**

The School then decides to send in their heavyweight champions — and I'm not talking about the Boxing Team here. The DSMUN Secretariat tries to make an attempt to stop the Gorilla, but despite having eighteen meetings beforehand, it seems like the over-exertion from planning stopped them from giving their all on the battlefield (all while the YEC Secretariat was stuck at the back trying to 'prove their mettle' only for their dance with the Gorilla to get over just as quickly). **60 left.**

Quick, now, to the gym! Who else but the *gymbros* to finally put all that training to use? While most enthusiastically charged onto the battlefield, the Captain — fearful for his life — was spotted cheering his bros on from the sidelines (*online, of course*). Sadly, in their attempt to bench-press the Gorilla together, it

came crashing down on them, leaving them crushed beneath the weight of their own egos.

50 left.

A group of Prefects were found hiding in their usual spot under Batman's table, but they weren't spared this time, as they were sent in next. The Gorilla, by this point, used to the routine of knocking DoscOs down, decided to mix things up and '*cranked 90's double boxed and 360 no scoped*' (something to keep Gen-Alpha engaged) the gang. **35 remain.**

Seeing that physical aggression wasn't working, two gentlemen, the EiC and Secretary, were picked to go next, only for the Gorilla to censor them quicker than Robin. Two pseudo-intellectuals down. **33 left.** The three debaters walked in next, hoping to persuade the Gorilla to walk away, but unfortunately, with no one to watch, they couldn't perform. **30 left.** The Gorilla, now at 96 HP, is set to write the next *Week Gone By*.

Running out of options, a group of Foot and Martyn's finest was handed coffee to work them up and entrusted with defending their namesake's legacy. Filled with energy and as hyper as ever, the D Formers charged at the Gorilla, swarming it from all sides. For a moment, the Gorilla seemed confused, unsure of what to do. But eventually it shouted really loudly and they all got scared. **10 left.**

The students had one final idea. *To beat a Gorilla, you must become the Gorilla.* A reinforcement was called in. He shook the ground as he approached the battlefield, and the Gorilla, fatigued from dealing with the D Form, for the first time, had a look of worry on his face. Unfortunately, since the photography team had already been wiped out in parts earlier, there was no one there to document the incident, but all we know is that medical reasons meant our final hope could not prevail. **9 left.**

Looking at the dismal performance of their 'invisible' children, the Justice League decided to take matters into their own hands. Yet, despite threats of a YC, HC, 9th School, and even attempts to hold him captive over the Diwali holiday, the Gorilla refused to yield, even breaking protocol and tarnishing brand identity. He even went so far as to criticise DS 90. In the end, *Batman*, *Robin*, and their allies were defeated. *One final Sd/-*. The *Godfather* was left watching. None remained.

#JusticeforHarambe has finally been served. Flag off.

DO NOT READ IT!

You may get the BLUES

Soumik Agarwalla

Why I do not engage with the Weekly

Every Saturday I attempt a small workout: I lift the *Weekly*, sigh, and set it back down. It isn't heavy. Only weighted with *déjà vu*. I can usually predict the Issue before I turn the first page: a line up of immaculate headlines, courteous paragraphs, and the soft thump of anything inconvenient being escorted politely off the pages. The paper is always well behaved. It rarely feels alive.

The *Weekly* calls itself the voice of the School Community. However, I contend, it often sounds like a ventriloquist's dummy — jaw moving dutifully while an unseen hand selects the words. This is no slight to the Editors' competence. They work with care and skill. It is a reflection on the space within which the paper breathes. It has perfected its tone. Candour does not find its place within this tone.

It is generally known that what travels fastest is what flourishes most. The *Unquotes*, the *Dosco Doodle*, and the *Week Gone By* make their way onto breakfast table chit-chat. Reflective pieces, conversely, take the slower, scenic route and often never arrive. I am not against levity; a school without laughter would be very monotonous indeed. But when these amusements reliably overshadow reporting and argument, the paper quietly teaches us — week after week — that attention is identical to importance. It is not. And when the humour dips toward mild derision, we reduce real people to recurring characters.

Censorship, like safety rails, has its place. I accept the need to protect privacy, avoid libel, and uphold basic decency. Yet those safeguards more often than not become overreach. A piece that — written respectfully and with due reason — addresses a decision is usually trimmed, softened, or set aside. The result is prose that is impeccably polite and largely uninformative. Substance is skirted and readers are left without a clear sense of how decisions are actually experienced by the students who live with them. If the *Weekly* is to act as a true voice of the Community, it must treat principled disagreement as part of its purpose, not a flaw in its design.

A further discouraging factor is the tendency to infer motives. When one publishes a carefully argued piece, everyone will immediately assume that the author is "scoping" (aspiring for a School appointment).

The equation of argument with ambition does little justice to how ideas actually emerge. The timing of an article seldom reveals how the thought took shape. Some concerns surface only when events bring them

forward. It is wiser to judge the work by its evidence and clarity than to speculate about the author's intentions.

Our horizon has been further hindered by campus provincialism. Life beyond these four walls proceeds with unnerving speed — parliaments lurch, wars smoulder, markets convulse, workers strike, rivers run low — and yet, the *Weekly* often behaves as though the world were a distant elective. We are so consumed by our internal momentum — activities, Inter-House fixtures, and House points — that the outer world becomes set dressing. Articles that attempt to connect School life to public life are read politely and remembered briefly, if at all. This is why writing on such matters can feel like writing into the wind. The piece is earnest, the facts are sound, and the readership is elsewhere, chuckling at an *Unquote*. A school paper need not be a foreign desk, yet it ought to acknowledge that we live in a country before we live in a boarding house.

In reality, the community follows a blunt rule: if a piece is controversial or witty enough to sting, it is lifted, read, and discussed. If it speaks about world affairs or anything beyond our own routines, it is politely ignored. Like a thousand other articles, it slips into a quiet void and reaches a point of no return.

As for the motto — "*I sketch your world exactly as it goes*" — the promise turns on "*exactly*." At present, the sketch is neat but selective: it captures the polished corners and leaves much of the frame unattempted. An exact sketch would include proportion and shadow, dissent and consequence, and the view beyond the quadrangle that shapes our days more than we admit. Until that breadth is taken seriously, the motto overclaims. I know this may go the way of other unfashionable pieces, but I would still rather ask for the fuller sketch than settle for a flattering outline.

What I'm asking for is simple: trust disagreement, let the wider world onto the page, keep the humour, refuse the cheap laugh, stop guessing at writers' motives and begin to actually read what they wrote. Make the motto honest by drawing in depth and proportion. Place what is awkward alongside what is admirable. Address the country as well as the corridor. If this article is skimmed and forgotten, let it be recorded that one of us asked for a fuller sketch. Make the promise real, and I'll read every word. Leave it partial, and we'll go on mistaking *an echo for a voice*.

In your opinion, what are some of the issues that persist in School today?



In my opinion, the most prevalent issue in School right now is exhaustion. Over the past month, a flood of events has left everyone drained. We are familiar with the fact that the Autumn Term is long, tedious, and jam-packed with activities, but somehow, this time feels different. Is it because Hockey season is just around the corner? Or because this year marks the ninetieth Founder's? Whatever the reason may be, the effect of countless commitments and tasks is beginning to show and it doesn't look like it will ease anytime soon. With the September Trials ahead of us and less than three weeks to go, the pressure is only going to increase.

-Avyan Goyal

The *Dosco that used to be* has not sustained. Once 'rough and tough,' rugged and iron-nerved, the average *Dosco* has amalgamated to a more sensitive, fragile and "soft" child. Doon aims to prepare each student for the harsh world so that they do not get chewed up and spat out. Conversing with people who have seen and experienced the past few decades of School, culture has taken a turn towards comfort, ease and luxury. The Spartan life Doon aims to provide has been diluted. School can't be blindly orthodox and conservative. Change is inevitable. However this change should not come at the cost of resilience, discipline, and the traditions that build leaders.

-Reyansh Agarwal

Simply, restrictions. There are many forms of restrictions — external, internal, emotional, physical. For example, in School, a coping mechanism for homesickness is using the extremely busy schedule to distract ourselves. But, when we're too invested in thinking of our homes, we find ourselves unable to properly participate in our day-to-day engagements. That's what's happening in School today, but it's happening on a far larger scale. For whatever reason, we're getting distracted and overwhelmed by the mental boundaries and restrictions that we form. A mindset change is needed for us to collectively improve.

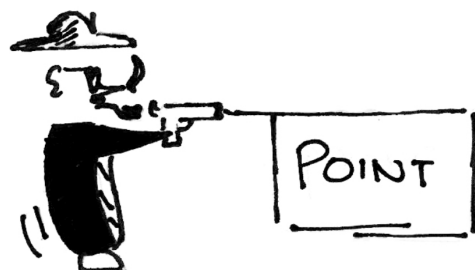
-Aurva Dwivedi

One of the most persistent yet least addressed problems in School is the bias in student selection for Inter-School events the School hosts. In School, co-curricular activities form a cornerstone of our lives. From debates like Chuckerbutty, JEDI and Kamla Jeevan to the DS Quiz, sports fixtures, and music competitions, we are encouraged to take part and represent School. More often than not the selections are just formalities. Not considering the fact these boys may be highly skilled and experienced, it can create a sense of difference and limit the opportunities for others who also have talent but lack exposure. Juniors often find it difficult to break into event teams because Boy and Masters-in-Charge tend to prefer proven performers, reducing the shot newer students have. This leads to reduced motivation and a fear of being sidelined within their Batch. In a school like ours that aims to nurture all-rounders, this inequality goes against the spirit of inclusivity.

-Aryaman Sood

IS DS 90 being celebrated the right way?

Mr Manu Mehrotra (MMR)



It is likely many will notice only your academic performance this year. It is also probable that it is the only thing some people will notice. But you are different. You will be part of a chapter of history this year. You celebrated, you struggled, you juggled, and you successfully learned. Some of you have rightly asked: why is so much importance being given to this year? Why exhibitions by every department? Why such long practices? Why so many events when academics are also demanding? These are thoughtful questions. We are glad you are asking them.

This is an opportunity that only a few Batches before you have had, and only a few after you will have — a grand-scale event that gives you the chance to organise, to immerse yourself in participation, and to discover what it means to belong to something much larger than your own classroom or Form.

Yes, we are all overwhelmed. But that is expected in preparation for such a large event. Yes, School could have skipped this milestone and chosen to celebrate only the centenary. But collectively, we would have lost this opportunity to showcase who we are today. The chance to stand at a turning point where some changes are already happening and some are under consideration. This year, School has been reflecting on which Boards to continue with, and on whether to become co-educational. These are not small questions, and the ninetieth year forms the backdrop to these reflections. That precisely is why it is important to pause and celebrate; to put on display not just academics, but the full life of School in its richness and variety.

We know the demands are real but this then becomes part of your learning too. Life will never hand you neatly divided schedules and commitments. You are constantly working towards better management, balance, prioritisation, all with the goal of contributing to the legacy of School. These lessons will stay with you much longer than the details of one exam paper.

At the same time, we want you to know: your voices are heard. We understand that students not only enjoy the work and participation, but also wish to voice their struggles and share what they are feeling in the middle of it all. That is natural, and it is wonderful that you are speaking up. Let us together, you and me, keep the atmosphere around Founder's Day positive, celebratory, and present it as a culmination of your efforts.

You are part of something truly special this year. I will say it again, many will only see the results on paper, but you will remember the full story: in this year of transition and possibility, you carried both academics and celebration with courage. Years later, you will look back with pride that you helped shape one of the most important milestones in the history of your school.

Circling back to the key point of contention, that is the general academic performance in light of this mega-event. The challenge, the lesson, and the ultimate exhilaration is in giving your best at everything and gaining satisfaction makes it all worth it. Remember, the point is to leverage all opportunities and to re-align priorities as and when necessary.



IS DS 90 being celebrated the right way?

Mohd. Omar Malik

I think it's very simple. We don't need the DS 90 as a reason to build infrastructure and for students to focus on the growth of School. As members of this community, every action we take throughout our time in School, from the moment we enter Chandbagh to the moment we leave and even after should be for the growth of School.

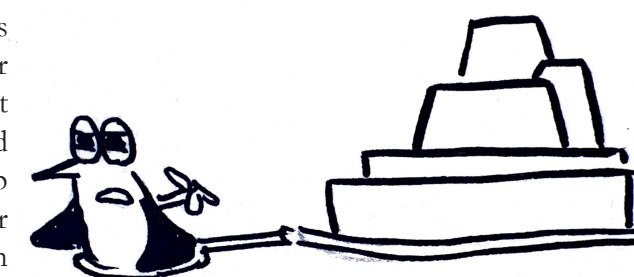
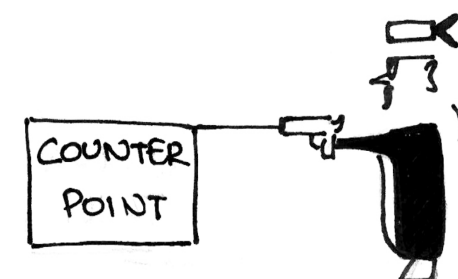
At a fundamental level, this extravagance has a very adverse impact on academic focus. As it is, a month before Founder's, the entire School redirects itself to gear up for the grand three-day programme. At the point at which it is an even bigger milestone this year, there are more conversations about Founder's than about the upcoming Test Week. More disappointingly though, the entire Prefectorial body for whom the September Test week constitutes the final fourth of their predicted score missed an entire school to deliberate on the Founder's schedule. That's 21 people out of ninety actively prioritising Founder's over September Assessment at a time that is supposed to be sacrosanctly meant for academics. So, for a month, I fear that wrong precedents will be set. The lights of the Toye will not turn on and books will continue collecting dust.

Somehow, all of us — Masters and students alike — seem to have forgotten the message communicated to all of us last year on how Sc and A Formers would be strictly scrutinised before being allowed to participate in Founder's in any capacity. Now, each Dosco is to be involved in at least one exhibition. If we make promises for the sake of the students' academic growth, it is also our moral responsibility to follow through.

Much more importantly though, because the DS 90 is being portrayed as the most important milestone event of the year and perhaps the decade, we risk pushing harmful narratives. After all, there might just be this one Sc Form student who would prefer to not be involved in the production of the DS 90, for whom the college application closing the week post-Founder's might take precedence and fairly so. Within status-quo then, the narrative that the DS 90 is such an important event actively acts as a disincentive for them to opt-out because they are afraid of the fact that they might be the odd one out in a Form where every other person is involved and every Master is talking about this great event. Therefore, when the importance of this event is pushed beyond an extent, it actively harms students by removing opt-out mechanisms. The problem, therefore, does not lie in the grandeur it lies in the fact that achieving this grandeur means sacrificing so much more and going against ideals that we have set for ourselves.

What makes everything worse is not only that the DS 90 is being celebrated with grandeur but the fact that it is ineffective grandeur. Grandeur, by its virtue, requires months of dedicated effort. However, when grandeur is expected to be achieved in an unrealistically short amount of time, that is when the problems extend towards feasibility. When it is expected from a group of teenagers to achieve literary and artistic grandeur in terms of scriptwriting, editing and acting in a span of time that usually falls short for only acting, School just expects students to 'rise to the occasion.' Not that DoscOs won't be able to achieve the required perfection, it's that if we ask for perfection from our students, then we also can't be asking them to adhere to lights out. We simply can't have it all.

Maybe the type of robust and rigorous growth that we need right now looks like ameliorating and reinforcing intangible systems and structures that have made Doon relevant in a constantly evolving educational landscape. Maybe we're not focusing on what we need to and maybe... just maybe, this might do more harm than good.



A Season of Argument

Jansher Grewal reports on the recently held debating and quiz events.

In the tail end of August, Chandbagh bore witness to an influx of more than two hundred debaters, quizzers, and *vaadb-vivaadb* enthusiasts, all converging to claim their piece of the 'Big 4' cake: the slices being the 68th Chuckerbutty Memorial Debates, the 36th Kamla Jeevan Debates, the 8th Junior English Debating Invitational, and the Doon School Quiz. For three days, the school shifted into a different register altogether, with corridors carrying wisps of arguments, classrooms turning into miniature parliaments, and every lunch table acting host to two simultaneous arguments — one about the previous round's results and the other about why chicken was mysteriously missing from the nationwide renowned Doon School CDH Menu.

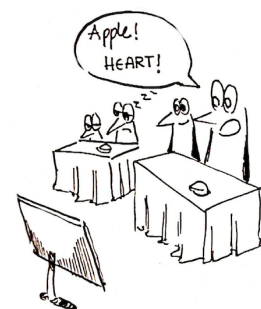
The first day ensured that all the events hit the ground running — whether that be the logistics team running around trying to figure out how delegates managed to lose their belongings already or the publications team running around distributing the Pre-Debate Issue to every Faculty Advisor and Judge in sight. The preliminaries rolled on in quick succession, leaving little time to breathe between speeches, and even less time to recover from the occasional rhetorical misstep. By evening, the first real slice of the cake was served: the Quiz finals. To say that it delivered on the sort of chaos that people hope for after a tiresome day of proposing and opposing everything under the sun would not do it justice. One could see buzzers slapped too early, answers muttered too late, and one or two heroic guesses that made the audience wish they'd been the ones holding the mic. Finally, it ended in that familiar mixture of applause and thinly veiled disappointment, with Vasant Valley lifting the trophy and the rest consoling themselves with the knowledge that they almost had it.

The second day made sure of being no less intimidating than the first, though. With preliminaries out of the way, the Big 4 3 moved into its heavier rounds — the quarters, semis, and in some cases, the finals themselves. For me (and a few other fortunate souls), the experience stretched beyond spectating. As part of the *Daily Saber* Editorial Board, I had the peculiar privilege of half-listening, half-scribbling in furious shorthand during the rounds, gathering raw material that would later metamorphose into polished prose. Mornings blurred into evenings as notes became articles, articles became InDesign layouts, and layouts became minor disasters when the printer decided to crease entire stacks of freshly inked pages. Yet, the team made it through the tempest of printer mood-swings to the light at the end of our arduous

tunnel: an articulate and (mostly) error free series of issues.

The JEDI brought Juniors to the fore, though "junior" is perhaps a misnomer when their speeches carried an eloquence that turned a myriad of heads. The Kamla Jeevan roared to life in Hindi, with its speakers making every effort to let the *mahodaya* know just how *shuddh* their language was. The rounds moved briskly, and before long, the stage was set for the Kamla Jeevan finals — a contest that ended with the Doon School Foot team securing the win, a bite of the cake that tasted particularly sweet to the home crowd. Simultaneously, the JEDI finals occupied the AMC, unfolding in front of a fuller-than-full house with a motion that confused more debaters than not. Across the gravel path, the Chuckerbutty debates pushed through their quarter and semi-finals with all the tight rebuttals and clipped timing that tradition demands. Watching these rounds was less about keeping score and more about marvelling at how steady-footed the debaters managed to remain on a slackline of volatile arguments, endangered by the looming threat of falling into a cavern of precarious persecution if they said anything awry. In a competition mirroring the voracious appetite of DoscOs, by the close of the evening, most of the cake was gone; only the largest, most ceremonious slice remained for the final day.

The last day brought with it the Chuckerbutty finals, and alongside them, the rude reminder that classes were not excused. So, while visitors glided straight from breakfast to the Auditorium, DoscOs found themselves toggling between Maclaurin Series and the ethical dilemma the Finals' motion presented (quite a walk in the park for the Psychology students, I imagine). Still, the finals carried the gravity expected of a competition in its 68th year — sharp arguments, careful rebuttals, and an audience alert enough to forget momentarily about the pile of homework waiting in their houses. When it was all over, the visitors departed, the corridors quietened, and life at Chandbagh slipped back into its ordinary rhythm. Only then did it strike us: the Big 4 had been eaten whole, and the last crumb of the cake was gone.



The Week Gone By

Ganadhipati Aryan

My Senior Editors have told me time and time again that I'm not the best at writing these things, and while I do agree with that, the busyness of life at Doon does tend to make my job easier. Between the rain, the chaos and people trying to get an upgrade to their Winter Outing uniforms before the term ends, there is quite a lot to go through.

Firstly, Inter-House Hockey finally kicked off as we saw a few muddy yet gripping days on the field. Hockey in September is unusual, but after seeing the sweat on my goalkeeper after the game for once, I'm now glad that we didn't have to play in the heat of May. Taking a step back, with the rain refusing to let up, hockey has been postponed so many times. *"We really got Hockey Season before GTA6"* may be the next trending meme. Every lunchtime brings the

same question: "Is hockey on?" And every evening brings the same answer: "No, but your shoes are still wet."

In other news, play practices (trilingual by the way) and music practices (*didn't they just finish the Inter-House?*) are now in full swing, in preparation for the glorious DS 90. On the topic of music, Inter-House Music took place this week, with the sounds of percussion, choir, orchestra, and the piano linking up with the dim lighting to create the perfect lullaby atmosphere for everyone who attended First School in the morning. The Gentlemen got their moment in the spotlight, and the rest of us got to pretend we knew the difference between a sharp and a *taal*. Win-Win.

Meanwhile, IPSC preparation has officially begun for athletics and tennis. People are running harder than ever on the Main Field tracks outside the School, with the willing support of Milkha Singh. The rain left our field athletes slipping and sliding all over the Lower Skinners with shot puts leaving their mark in one puddle after another. It's only

a matter of time before someone gets hurt, so take this as a warning.

Going back to the Founder's build-up, DS 90 preparations are now in full swing (*did we forget that there's a test week coming up?*). A brand new selfie point is under construction, because nothing honours ninety years of tradition like five hundred tagged Instagram posts. Honestly, the most intense competition for Founder's might not be on stage or field, but on who nails the best "heritage aesthetic."

So yes, the week was equal parts rain, chaos, musical highs, and blazer-hunting. As always, take everything I've written with a pinch of salt — ideally the same salt we've all been sprinkling on our beloved chicken, now joyfully back on our tables after its highly emotional hiatus. It's important to find humour in the mess, because if we don't, whatever is the point? I, Ganadhipati Aryan, am not funny. I have been forced to write this line as a result of making my Senior Editors do more work than they are supposed to, yet again.

Teachers' Day Special

HCY: Chasing the ISI

PKR: Trevor (from GTA)

MPT: *Gold's Gym* trainer

VSM: Leader of the Dark Web

AKM: Planning his retirement

SRT: Chief of Country

DKM: Managing portfolios of child actors

MMR: KLA

IDS: Timekeeper at IPSC Athletics

ARJ: Scoping for School Captain

MPY: Welham Girls' School Captain

PTV: Campaign Manager for ARJ

CSG: Life coach

Masters in 20 Years

ANC: Head of IB Math Examinations worldwide

ADN: *Baba*

SBG: Head of Public Outreach at *Harley Davidson*

AKH: Cameo on *Dancing with the Stars*

HGT: Trying to catch VSM

ARD: Insomnia specialist

RDG: Campaign Manager for a shady politician

NAS: Starting an IB World School

SPB: *Supreme Leader* of the English Department

STK: Miranda Priestly

HPR: Scrooge McDuck

VGA: MLV Jr.

The above list is fictional and for harmless entertainment only.

The *Weekly* would like to wish all Masters a very happy Teachers' Day!



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