

Established in 1936

# The Doon School WEEKLY

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

September 27, 2025 | Issue No. 2753



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# Unyielding Spirit

**Aarit Singhania** writes about Jaipur House's journey to winning the Grandslam.

Few people really know what the 'Grandslam' means; what it represents. For most, it is a relic of a forgotten age: when Houses used to dominate competition, when greatness was on display every time a House jersey was donned, be it on the Upper Skinners or the Main Field. For the hundred-odd inhabitants of Jaipur House, it was an ambition, a synecdoche of what our potential could one day attain if we put ourselves to it. Fast forward three painful, formative years, and Jaipur House has attained its very own nirvana.

The idea of a Grandslam was first presented to us in the spring of 2023, when, after convincingly winning the Cricket House Cup, we were told that our success was not absolute; it had the potential to build up to something much greater: the holy trinity of Cricket, Hockey, and Football. A Hockey victory put us one step away from glory. A couple of disappointing results saw a high-stakes competition finish in the form of a J1 match between Jaipur and Hyderabad. A 2-2 draw on a day when a win was needed felt like a lethal punch to the stomach.

When we won both Cricket and Hockey again against all odds, we felt nothing less than blessed, but gut-wrenching football washouts dampened our spirits, eventually leading to yet another year where we let it all slip away. Deep down we knew the onus was on us to

rewrite the ending.

Cricket was the first infinity stone we had to collect. We did so in dominating fashion, winning the Mediums Cup and having our Seniors go unbeaten. We did not celebrate emphatically, but it rejuvenated our morale and furthered our hunger to succeed in Hockey. When we were recalled before the end of the term, it proved to be a blessing in disguise.

Firstly, however, we would have to deal with what had been the thorn in our side for the past two years: Football. What was once widely known as a "Jaipur House sport" had to be reclaimed. An Inter-House which boiled down to the final day saw us repair the chink in our armour, finally claiming back our sport.

That same football *josh*, however, was not reflected in our early hockey results. Losing 58 out of our initial hundred points saw us ruled out as contenders. We could not just sit back and let the script unfold; we had to act before 2025 would be recorded as another year of disappointment.

A few matches of near-perfection led us to another final day where we remained the masters of our fate. Our H1 team would have to play two daunting matches against Tata and Hyderabad. Against the Nizams, the very House which had frustrated us the past two years, victory would mean more than just 15 points; it would be a

statement that Jaipur House was ready to fight, and a 4-0 win did just that, motivating the entire House. Hours later, when our L1 team failed to beat Tata, we felt condemned to follow the same script. But an incredibly hard-fought L2 win over the Warriors reset our mentality; it gave us a fighting chance. All eyes were on the Main Field, where our H1 had the opportunity we had been striving towards since the first over in the Cricket Cup: redemption.

With the entire School watching, Tata converted a perhaps title-winning goal. The sound of the backboard being struck evoked memories of past tears shed. We knew it could not just end like this. When we won a penalty stroke with less than a minute on the clock, we thought we had finally done it. When a loose ball found its way into the box, we knew that *Dungi* would be on the end of it, his stick cementing our place in the archives of The Doon School.

Our celebrations knew no bounds. Everyone, from D to Sc Form, and even our bearer *bhaiyas*, lifted the trophy. This win would not have been possible without the partnership of PTV and PKR, Dame Ma'am, and the rest of the Tutorial body steering us in the right direction. It was a culmination of the efforts of every D to Sc Former and the Batches above us, believing that we could actually do it.

LISTENER'S CHECKLIST

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

- AKM: *Lebra Do* by Arijit Singh
- Dev Sharma: *7 Years* by Lukas Graham
- Anay Agarwal: *For a Reason* by Karan Aujla
- Yagya Agarwal: *Brown Munde* by AP Dhillon
- RPC: *Mann Bawra* by Adarsh Rao

READER'S CHECKLIST

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

- Anhad Sarin: *The Godfather* by Mario Puzo
- Vedant Gupta: *Harry Potter and the Half Blood Prince* by JK Rowling
- Adirath Trehan: *Ikigai for Teens* by Héctor García
- Arsh Jain: *The Kite Runner* by Khaled Hosseini
- Ansh Sikaria: *And The Mountains Echoed* by Khaled Hosseini
- Aarav Singla: *Death On The Nile* by Agatha Christie

COGITO, ERGO SUM

Harshil Makin has been awarded the **Scholars' Blazer**.  
Congratulations!

This Week in History

- 1513 CE: Spanish explorer Vasco Núñez de Balboa becomes the first European to see the Pacific Ocean after crossing the Isthmus of Panama.
- 1789 CE: The U.S. Congress proposes the Bill of Rights, the first 10 amendments to the U.S. Constitution.
- 1792 CE: The French Legislative Assembly replaces the National Convention, forming the first republic.
- 1854 CE: The British and French Forces defeat the Russians at the Battle of Alma, leaving them vulnerable in the Crimean War.
- 1870 CE: The 'Siege of Paris' by the Prussian Forces begins.
- 1973 CE: Billie Jean King defeats Bobby Riggs in a public and famous 'Battle of the Sexes' tennis match.
- 1977 CE: The first Chicago Marathon is held, now one of the world's six major marathons.
- 1985 CE: An 8.0 magnitude earthquake strikes Mexico City.

Around the World in 80 Words

Nvidia announced that it is investing \$100 billion in OpenAI. Hamas offered to free half of the hostages held in exchange for a ceasefire. Typhoon Ragasa, the world's most powerful tropical cyclone this year, tore through Southeast Asia. The Indian rupee crashed to a record low amid U.S. tariffs and visa hikes. Former French President Nicolas Sarkozy was handed a 5-year jail term for criminal conspiracy. Ousmane Dembélé won the Ballon d'Or, having never been nominated for the award before.

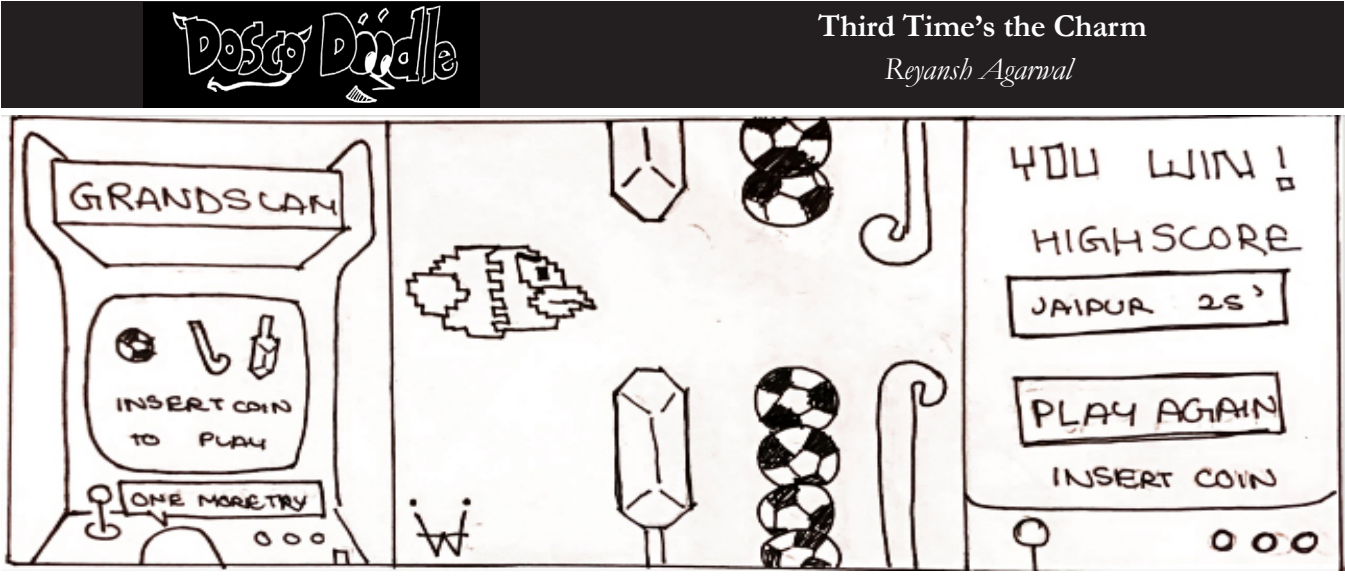
UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

- Chips me the pass.*
- Aarav Anand, needs fuel.
- I'm going to A Form Medium.*
- Daksh Singh, graduating early?
- I'm not ignoring you, I'm just on airplane mode.*
- Viraj Rastogi, do not disturb.
- I don't break records, I am the recorder.*
- Aditya Koradia, on the sidelines.
- At 10 past 8 I will take your window and throw it out the laptop.*
- SVR, a strict warning.
- He smells like a public school boy.*
- Kanishk Bammi, a public school description.
- You can just undismiss them.*
- Aryaman Shilswal, real advice.
- I brushed my mouth after callover.*
- Animaya Singh Deo, bacteriophobe

“

The grass is not always greener on the other side. It is about recognising what you do have and being grateful for what you do have.

Kasper Schmeichel





# The Final Riddle

Krishiv Jaiswal | Winner of the B.G. Pitre Science Fiction Short Story Contest, 2025 (Senior Category).

The city was bathed in a soothing light due to the argent moon's ethereal glow. In the core of this city, a covert rendezvous was scheduled, shrouded in a veil of mystery. A select group of people, donning immaculate suits, reluctantly gathered around a hologram table.

"Have we uncovered the solution?", a suave voice boomed through the gloomy hall. Everybody's gaze was drawn to the man seated at the head of the table as the place grew quiet. He exuded command with his chiselled face and penetrating eyes.

One of the men responded meticulously, "I think we're closing in. But the solutions to the riddles remain elusive." As the man at the head of the table leaned forward — curious — the room was charged with eagerness. "Acquaint me."

An aged lady approached, carrying a weathered notebook. She had an element of purpose and intrigue in her stare. She said, "We've solved the first puzzle: a reflection in the brain, where thoughts merge, and where illusions are brought to life, reveal the process which remains hidden." As the gathering pondered the perplexing words, murmurs could be heard across the room. The man seated at the head of the table thoughtfully rubbed his face. He kept whispering, "A reflection in the brain." Suddenly, he had an epiphany. "A setting where illusions appear? Maybe it's a form of virtual reality, then?"

"Exactly", the woman disclosed. "An advanced neural network that can project parallel realities into the mind bears the secret to finding the solution." There was a sense of accomplishment in the room as the group nodded in accord. They were now cognisant of the prospective effects of their mission—a scientific breakthrough that might change the course of history.

Leaning back, the man situated at the head of the table had now gained some sense of optimism. Another man approached, his voice steady yet saturated with mystery. "We've made some progress with the second riddle," he began. "Seek comfort in a world where secrets burn when time's hold loosens and trust begins to crumble." The group's heads were labouring over the vague conundrum as they exchanged baffled expressions. After an initial pause for thought, the silence was disrupted by a harsh voice. "This is rubbi—" "Not really. You see, it might represent the capacity of human imagination to transcend the confines of reality and uncover new ideas," interrupted the man at the head of the table. The gathering was whirling with ideas, attempting to unfold unknown riddles.

After a long pause, a bold, timid man walked up,

breaking the silence. "Oh, here's another riddle", his tone laced with scepticism. "For what it's worth: an enigma lurks in the shadowy corners of perception, cloaked in a trance. The weight of the words left the room in complete silence as they hung in the space like a shroud. The person at the head of the table stood with an unwavering look. "The depths of perception," he reflected. "It can be alluding to the subconscious world, where realities and illusions coexist." "Then, what does the trance mean?" a girl intervened. "Perhaps it indicates a condition of liminal consciousness? a dream?— a gateway to the world beyond our grasp?" The man at the head of the table retorted, brimming with joy.

**"Exactly", the woman disclosed. "An advanced neural network that can project parallel realities into the mind bears the secret to finding the solution." There was a sense of accomplishment...**

Upon hearing this, a sense of anxiety and suspense permeated the room. They were conscious that their search for knowledge could lead them on a quest that would irreversibly change the way they saw the world.

It was now four in the morning. The night grew shorter and the now pale moon began to fade away, but the gathering remained enveloped in mystery. The tenacious gathering was tantalisingly near gaining the answers, being left on the cusp of a paradigm-shifting discovery, with the mysteries growing more complex following each revelation.

However, they were clueless that their odyssey would take them to the brink of reality, where reality and illusion intertwined. *Clueless.*



# The Week Gone By

Ganadhipati Aryan

Exams have a strange way of making time move both too quickly and far too slowly. This week was a case in point. Just as the IPSC teams marched through the gates with their kitbags and confidence (with only two days left for the rest of us before assessment week), the rest of the School wondered whether our priorities had been hopelessly misaligned. Hockey had just wrapped up with a triumphant Grandslam, leaving players no time to bask in glory before swapping shin guards for pens and calculators.

Assessment week itself unfolded in the familiar blur of coffee-fuelled nights, long sighs in classrooms, and the occasional protest that one and a half hours is far too little to prove we've been learning anything

all term. The Sc Form, armed with the terrifying incentive of *predicted*s, could be seen pacing outside classrooms like lawyers before a big trial. Their strategy seemed simple enough: bribe themselves with coffee, cut corners wherever possible, and pray that "assessment rigour" was more of a suggestion than reality.

The A Form, poor souls, were ceremoniously put "through the washers," discovering that academic rigour is not a phrase but a lived experience. The entire School appeared to be running on collective sleep debt. Between exams, hockey hangovers, and Founder's preparations, trying (and failing) to squeeze themselves into the timetable, most were happy enough to collapse into bed and call that productivity. The SMC's gentle reminder that failure to study could result in not being allowed to go for Founder's leave was perhaps the most effective study strategy of all.

For the S Form, this week carried

a rude awakening. Academic expectations have suddenly tightened, and no one is being allowed to tiptoe their way through. And yet, amidst the stress, there was laughter — about rumours, about the madness of schedules, and about the irony of being kept "quiet" while not a soul was actually studying.

And now, as I sign off my final Week Gone By, it feels odd to admit how much I'll miss writing about all of this — the chaos, the humour, the half-hearted discipline, and the very Doon-like ability to juggle exhaustion with enthusiasm. If anything, this last week was proof of how our school lives in extremes: from Grandslams to exams, from coffee runs to sleep marathons, and from whispered rumours to shouted silences. It's been an honour chronicling these contradictions. I'll leave it here — simple, unspectacular, unhumorous but, hopefully, true to the rhythm of School life.

## Sudoku

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

Answer Key:

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

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