

Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

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

May 3, 2025 | Issue No. 2739



SENTINELS OF CHANDBAGH

The people who keep School running – day and night, through thick and thin.

Page 3-5

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Turning our minds towards discipline.

Page 7

The 'Trap'

Ganadhipati Aryan *reflects on navigating hardships and overcoming challenges.*

"Why have you come for a night out?" he asked, amused.

"PTM, sir," I replied.

"Oh, we didn't have those during our time. Parents were far away and happy just receiving our marksheet. Parental involvement was minimal."

"Really?"

A recent conversation over dinner brought up how much things have changed in schools over the years. Back then, parental involvement was minimal — report cards were sent home, and that was usually the end of it. Discipline was strict, and teachers had a kind of authority that's almost unimaginable now. Anecdotes surfaced about housemasters who ruled with an iron hand, sometimes even resorting to shocking disciplinary methods, and yet, complaints were rare, if they happened at all. That kind of environment, rigid and hierarchical, shaped a very different student experience. Today, the dynamics have shifted. There's more oversight, more communication, and arguably, more leniency. Some who've seen both worlds find the change jarring, even disheartening.

Yes, times have changed, and in many ways, rightly so.

Education today carries a greater awareness of emotional well-being, personal dignity, and respect. Students are listened to more carefully and structures have been established to ensure safety, fairness, and much more accountability. These are important

evolutions that reflect broader changes in society. The old ways may have built resilience in some, but they are no longer acceptable or legal. And while someone who studied at School years ago might feel he emerged stronger from that system, many others may not have been so fortunate. That's the nuance we must not ignore. Yet somewhere along this journey, we must be careful not to lose sight of what made places like ours special in the first place: resilience and the ability to grow through adversity.

Amidst all this progress, addressing a quieter shift is important: not in the system, but in student behaviour.

There's been a growing tendency to escalate problems unnecessarily, sometimes even bypassing the very support systems designed to help. Instead of approaching a tutor after a tiff with a senior, some students email their parents, sparking a chain of interventions that may not always be helpful. Conflict, discomfort, and even occasional unfairness are all part of growing up. Handling them independently, or with guidance from trusted adults within the school, is how resilience is built.

In a boarding school, the absence of immediate parental rescue is not a flaw, the point. You're meant to grow, stumble, figure things out, lean on each other, your Seniors and Masters — not just on someone a phone call away. Students must learn to

solve problems themselves, handle setbacks, and navigate the nuances of growing up without constant supervision. Every difficult day in School, be it rising for at ungodly hours, running changes under the afternoon sun, or dealing with sanctions builds something invaluable; grit and character.

Indeed, students might sometimes reach out to their parents, narrating tales of hardship, perceived injustices, or lost privileges. Some of it might even be true, but one must realise that life here is not always fair, because life outside isn't either. But that is precisely why boys who endure these challenges go on to become gentlemen and leaders. They don't just learn academics; they learn life. We must remind ourselves that legacy schools aren't called legacy schools by accident. For ninety years, this institution has produced exceptional individuals, by pushing them beyond their comfort zones. It has done so because generations of parents and students put unwavering faith in the system, in the values, and in the people who shaped their sons into men.

Increasingly, some students seem less able to handle discomfort or confrontation, preferring instead to escalate issues externally or avoid them altogether. This reflects a broader generational trend: studies suggest that Gen Alpha, though more emotionally aware, often struggles with resilience,

(Continued on Page 3)

This Week in History

1770: British explorer James Cook makes his first landing in Australia, at Botany Bay.

1789: George Washington is inaugurated as the first president of the United States.

1840: Created by Sir Rowland Hill, the world's first postage stamp — the penny black — is released in England.

1897: English physicist JJ Thomson announces his discovery of the electron, for which he is later awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics.

1945: German dictator Adolf Hitler and his wife, Eva Braun, commit suicide in a bunker in Berlin.

1954: Comedian Jerry Seinfeld, whose television show Seinfeld was a landmark of American pop culture in the late 20th century, is born in Brooklyn, New York.

1981: Xerox PARC debuts as the first personal computer mouse.

1986: A devastating environmental catastrophe occurs when an explosion and fire at the Chernobyl nuclear power plant in Ukraine releases large amounts of radioactive material into the atmosphere.

2011: Osama bin Laden — founder of the militant Islamist organization Al-Qaeda and mastermind of numerous terrorist attacks, notably the September 11, 2001 Attacks — is killed by US forces in Abbottabad, Pakistan.

2018: The animated TV series The Simpsons airs its 636th episode, surpassing Gunsmoke to become the longest-running scripted prime-time show in the US

“

You can fool all of the people some of the time,
and some of the people all of the time, but you
can't fool all of the people all of the time.

—
Abraham Lincoln

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

How does gravity look like?

ADN, 9.8 m/s^2 .

I am not a Chupacabra.

Aarav Amit, identity crisis.

Write your name in capital numbers.

NAS, A true public school boy co-ordinator.

Myself one couple.

Aditya Koradia, livin' it up at the Hotel California.

Caesar died today in my class.

Shiven Singh, *Et tu*, ICSE?

Is Led Zeppelin an American brand?

Shaurya Jalan, and the Beatles are insects.

READER'S CHECKLIST

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

Aayansh Pandey: *My fault* by Mercedes Ron

Aaradhya Didwania: *Brisings* by Christopher Paolini

Vedang Shah: *Airman* by Eoin Colfer

LISTENER'S CHECKLIST

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

Vishruth Sareen: *Save Your Tears* by The Weeknd

Amarnath Sahu: *Party in the USA* by Miley Cyrus

Osman Kareem Huq: *Back in Black* by ACDC

Emile Lulla: *Here Comes the Sun* by The Beatles

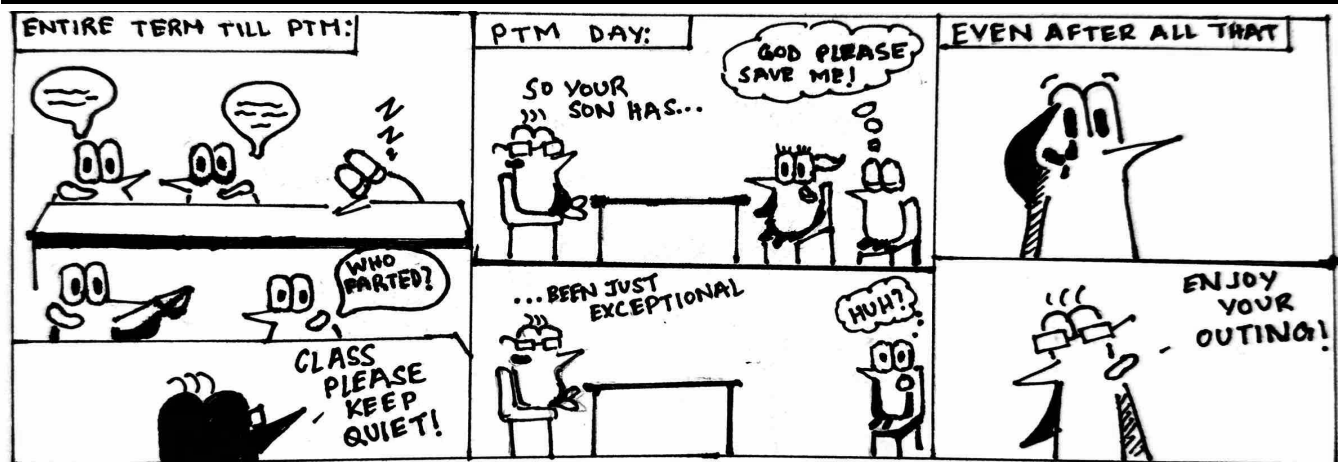
Around the World in 80 Words

At least 28 people were killed in a suspected chemical blast at Iran's Bandar Abbas Port. IndusInd Bank CEO, Sumant Kathpalia, resigned after the bank incurred a 1,960cr rupees loss. India and France signed a ₹63,000 Crore deal for 26 Rafale-M Jets for the Indian Navy. Mark Carney came into power as the Canadian Prime Minister. Liverpool beat Tottenham to win their 2nd ever Premier League. Vaibhav Suryavanshi became the youngest player ever to score a century in IPL history. I

Dosco Doodle

PTM-blues

Aashman Agarwal



(Continued from Page 1)

accountability, and adapting to structured environments.

This doesn't mean we yearn for the "good old days" of unchecked authority and harsh punishments. Those were different times, and the School has rightly left many of those practices behind. Today's discipline is rooted in empathy, mentorship, and fairness. Respect is mutual. But the truth still stands: comfort alone will never teach you to be strong. So, to students who sometimes feel the urge to

tell home their side of the story — pause. Ask yourself: did I try everything I could here first? Did I approach the Masters and Seniors around me who are here to help? Did I face the challenge, or try to escape it?

Because life won't always give you someone to call. And when that moment comes, you'll thank yourself for learning how to stand tall when it is hard. This institution has shaped remarkable individuals not by shielding them from adversity, but by guiding them

through it. That's possible only when both students and parents trust the process.

So today, whether it's PTM or just another regular day — don't rush to externalise your problems. Lean into the systems here. Speak to the people within this beautiful campus we call Chandbagh. Sort it out like the young adults we all are here to become.

The world needs more grounded, self-assured adults. You're in the right place to become one. Just trust the process.

Sentinels of Chandbagh

On the occasion of May Day, the Weekly wishes to acknowledge the relentless efforts of the School staff whose hard work keeps School going.

Our mornings appear to begin exceedingly earlier, and our days seem to become all the more stretched. But as we step onto the freshly manicured fields, leaving behind our recently-swept Houses, demanding a fresh blue shirt or those last-minute medium shorts, do we take a moment to look the *linen room Bhaiya* in the eye and enunciate a sincere "Thank you?"

As we move towards breakfast, every table is lined with the same uniformity as the adjacent one, yet receiving little appreciation, while a B Former expects a high level of credit for the odd 'CDH Duty,' a tedious operation overseen daily by a dedicated CDH *Bhaiya*. However, despite priding ourselves on furthering an illustrious legacy, one grounded in service, we forget that there are people on Campus whose contribution to School's legacy has been immense, with decades of work, without chasing the recognition or gratitude. Through this special piece, the *Weekly* acknowledges and appreciates the silent toils and experiences of those who work silently behind the scenes across School irrespective of the designation they may hold, doing their best to ensure that School runs smoothly. They undoubtedly form the backbone of our institution while working in the background, meticulously ensuring each building block is in place for us to reap the benefits.

The *Weekly* sees it as a duty to make the voices of our *Bhaiyas* heard, with each of them having decades of stories to tell, stemming from shared experiences with generations of DoscOs. What follows is a series of interviews conducted with various individuals across School aimed at deepening the bond and interconnectedness in School.

To start, Ram Balak Ji has been in School since 1985, being a crucial part of the Games Department. He used to passionately play cricket, always participating

in the annual School Team vs Staff matches across the year. However, after being struck on the nose by a ball, he was forced to stop playing. He eagerly awaits the reintroduction of the staff matches against the School team, and would love to play in them. Having seen generations of DoscOs graduate from School, he has witnessed the change in the culture of sport and attitude towards sport. Yet, he says all this with a warm wide grin on his face while falling back on the routine of packing the hockey kit post Games Time, every day.

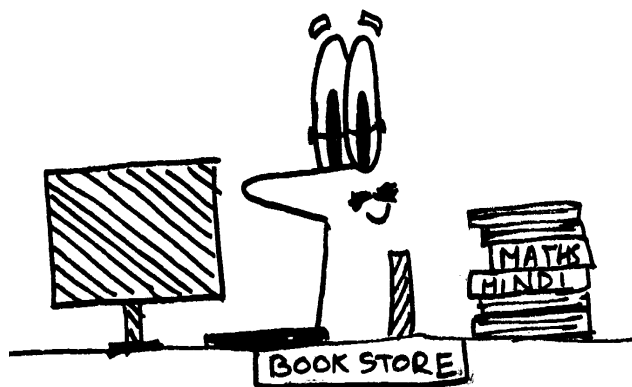


Moving to the bookstore, Yusuf Khan Ji had worked at the School for over forty years, and ended his career managing the bookstore. It's rather easy for a Prefect to announce for a Batch to "go visit the

(Continued on Page 4)

(Continued from Page 3)

Bookstore after lunch,” but the logistics, management, and organisation of all books within School, including those distributed to students went through Yusuf Ji. Each niche book of each subject was managed by him, while he entertained each and every ‘change in subject’ with a kind smile and welcoming personality. He retired earlier this year, and it is worth reflecting disheartening that despite his long service to School, we failed to recognise him as a community.



Talking about the Pastoral team, Sunil Bhaiya has spent 23 years working within School in different capacities in Kashmir House. He still remembers and has managed to keep in touch with many Old Boys from Kashmir House. He believes that DoscOs constantly teach him new things. Sunil Ji also aims to mirror the values inculcated in Doon, within his children, with whom he enjoys spending time. The *Weekly* interviewed him about his thoughts about his career here. Interestingly, Sunil Bhaiya was already aware of the nature of the interview when our correspondent approached him and remarked, “Haan, Weekly to ye har dusre saal hi karta hai.”

The Doon School Weekly: How do you feel seeing so many generations of students come and go?
Sunil Bhaiya (Kashmir House, Linen Room): Of course, I have loved all of them for the five years that I have known them. But it’s sad to see them leave. But, when I get to know about the wonderful colleges they get into, the sadness turns into pride, and seeing them go becomes slightly less miserable. On top of that, when they come back all grown up as Old Boys, they always ask the boys in the House, ‘Sunil bhaiya kahaan hai?’ and come to see me. Seeing them again makes me so happy.

Near the Main Gate, in the School Chemistry and Physics laboratories, there exist individuals who operate silently, dealing with not only beakers and ammeters but also the aspirations and futures of entire generations of DoscOs, from managing IAs to the Practical Finals. Rajan Ji from the Chemistry lab and Birendar Ji from the Physics lab proudly report that they’ve seen forty-something Batches graduate, with their involvement being crucial for each Batch. To provide you with an understanding of how

extensive their career here has been, Rajan Ji, quite literally, grew up with the School and has seen forty Batches pass out under him. From his grandfather down, each member of his family has been involved in some capacity or another with the School. One of his most memorable experiences was when he was able to provide timely help to former Chemistry Master DN Verma when he spilled concentrated hydrochloric acid on his hands. He loves facilitating practicals in the laboratory, and recalls the time when it was compulsory for science students to attend practicals post dinner. Biren Ji, on the other hand, has worked for the Physics department for the last four decades. Having been witness to the implementation of computed physics experiments for the very first time, he has seen the progression science made over the years. Despite knowing every experiment in the book like the back of his hand, he still sees the excitement in every reading, every fluctuation, and every piece of new or changing information that takes place.



At the library, you cannot miss Subhash Ji, who has spent over 42 years in School.

The Doon School Weekly: How did you start working at School, and for how long have you been working here?
Subhash Masand Ji (Library Assistant): My father also used to work here at Doon, so I was brought up here on the campus, making me a second-generation worker. Even my son works in the Communications Department, as a photographer, a third generation! I started working in 1983 at the Doon School workshop. I then operated the swimming pool during the summer and the solar power plant during the winter until 1995, when there was a vacancy at the library, where I have been working since.

DSW: What is your favourite memory from your time working at the School, and what are some things you love to do outside of work?

SMD: In 2012, the Bloodbank of Uttarakhand hosted a donation camp in the School and I am extremely proud

that I was the first donor that day. Then in 2002, Dr APJ Abdul Kalam came to our School and addressed the students on the Main Field, and I personally sent him a letter from my side, and I am the only person who was acknowledged for it, getting a reply from his office. I was overjoyed! Answering the second question, I have to handle the family's responsibilities at home, so I don't get much fun or alone time. However, I consider my work life very important. Even when my wife was giving birth, I took her to the hospital, completed my entire Sunday duty, and then went back to tend to her.

In other corners of School, another official can be seen tending to the audio-visual setups and stage maintenance, speaker volumes, and occasionally, air-conditioning in the AMC. Appearing to be an individual of serious demeanour, those who know him are aware that he's always up for a friendly conversation. Parvez ji works in the capacity of an AV technician in School and manages all the events in the AMC and the Auditorium. One thing he really likes is how capable the students are and how responsibly they manage numerous events along with their studies. He says that this is something he has not seen anywhere else, and it is truly special to The Doon School. His favorite memory is how once, when he fell sick and

had some requirements he had to meet for an event, the boys had already completed everything and were ready to host this event. He also appreciates how the Senior boys teach the Juniors to handle the machines and different instruments concerning AV and, when they are ready, give them the opportunity to show that they too can handle events efficiently.

On an ending note, the *Weekly* would encourage the School Community to recognise the efforts of those around us, those who thanklessly work for our well-being, those who are our purest well-wishers. A simple 'thank you', with a look of reciprocation of the unyielding care and affection given to us can go a long way in making their day better. While we were unable to capture the stories of all the people who make living in Chadbagh possible, the *Weekly* would like to convey a heartfelt message: we are truly indebted to them.

DSW: What was your experience like during the COVID-19 pandemic?

Nursing Assistant (Ms. Rabia Bano): It was a scary time — a time everyone had to follow strict precautions, where lives were on the line. But oddly enough, within all the chaos, we felt a kind of freedom in our work. Nobody stopped us from doing what we had to do; in fact, for the first time, people appreciated us. That sense of being valued really mattered. We felt special, not just as staff, but as people doing something important.

DSW: What do you enjoy the most about your job?

Nursing Assistant: I enjoy interacting with the boys the most. Sometimes they come with complaints — academic stress, personal issues, or just small things—and they really open up. Some kids are clever, even sly, making excuses to get out of classes. We laugh at their little dramas sometimes, but we also care deeply. Like a mother, I scold them when I have to, but it's always out of love.

DSW: What's been the most challenging part of your job?

Nursing Assistant: When a whole group of boys shows up together, saying they're sick, it becomes very hard to tell who's actually unwell. I worry a lot about accidentally sending away someone who needs rest. The hardest part is balancing care with caution — making sure we don't fall for excuses but also don't miss out on someone who genuinely needs help.



The Silhouettes of My Life

A creative by Ayaan Mittal

12 May, 2009 (7 pm)

I wake up. I am distorted. My head aches. I can't feel my body. I see men standing over my body. My white gown is stained with a raging red. It is my blood. I am not scared of blood. I have bathed in a river of blood. I have drowned people in a river of blood. I am scared of death. There is something about death. It is inevitable but you just can't accept it. I don't know how they felt. What is that I feel? Is that fear? I hear one of the white coats say "Keep him asleep," I fall asleep.

13 May, 2009 (1 am)

I wake up. I am distorted. My head aches. I can't feel my body. This time, there is no one around me, just darkness. My white gown is clean. My bed is nice and soft. I try to get up. I can't. I feel tired. I cannot sleep. I start thinking. I see someone – a woman. She is my mother. I feel warmth. Behind her, I see a man. I shudder. I feel anger. I lose control. My ears ring "Run, Adam! Run!" I fall asleep.

13 May, 2009 (2 pm)

I wake up. I am distorted. My head aches. I can't feel my body. The walls are dripping red paint. Now, there is a woman standing by my bed. I think I have seen her before. I can't put my finger on it. She is considerably tall for a woman. She has delicate gossamer hair that cascade down to her shoulders, neither long nor short. Her skin is petal-soft pink, her cheeks a rosy sun-kissed blush of dawn. Her eyes, her eyes are glazed pools of molten amber, with a due of glassy sunlit haze. Her nose is like a softly sculpted button, it compliments her prominent cheekbones beautifully. The red paint is drying up. I smile. Why did I smile? I have not smiled in a long time. I know I have seen her before. I can't put my finger on it. I just can't right now. I fall asleep.

15 May, 2009 (7 am)

I wake up. I feel better. My head still aches. I can feel my body. I have all of my body. A relief. The white coats aren't there. I see blue uniforms. "Is this him? His face is all messed up," I hear. A voice comes from afar "Better safe than sorry". It is a very familiar voice. I hear a pistol being loaded up. It now rests between my eyes. The man's index finger gradually presses the trigger back. The door flings open. The blue uniform quickly puts the gun away. The white coat asks "What are you people doing here?" I fall asleep.

17 May, 2009 (4 am)

I wake up. The headache is gone. I can move my hand. I move my hand across my face. All I feel is a deformed face. I can't explain. It feels all mushed together, soggy and saggy. I have had many faces. It is time to get a new one. I move my hands across my

eyes. They are fine. I have my mother's eyes. I can not lose them. I remember the blue uniforms. I am not safe. Anything can happen anytime. I have to get out of here. I can't get out of here.

17 May 2009 (7 am)

I wake up. This time, I feel good. I can move my hands. I can move my legs. I can see clearly. I have a couple broken ribs, and vertebrae and deformed limbs. I caress my arm for a queer, burning mark on its backside. I see an amorphous silhouette standing in the dark corner, I like the way it smiles at me. Its juttled teeth gleam, soaked in saliva. Its eyes tell no tales. It shuffles through the void of darkness, his face distorting as he moves, as if hurtling reality.

18 May 2009 (8 am)

I wake up. My incessant headache finally eludes me. I try to touch my legs to the calloused, cold Italian marble. I feel around for my sandals, and spot a bit of blood at the corner of my tunic. I decide not to worry about it. Sunlight streams in from the portières, and I sense an uninviting, metallic taste in my mouth. The taste of scalpels and ornate-looking medical equipment forced up one's throat. Beads of sweat start to accumulate, as the sun now properly throws pools of light across the room. I stick my tongue out to feel the nipping frigid wind.

21st May 2009 (5 pm)

The sun has receded. My fragility has subsided. I've got to move now. It's not safe to stay here. I plan to head farther from the camp this time, closer to the woods near the safe house. I can lay down low for a couple days there. There are a lot of people looking for me. Powerful people. I can't let them know I'm around these parts again. In the distance, I can see snowy peaks; clawing toward the sky like a fluffy meringue. There's a lake near the foothills, with a faintly discernible sheet of ice floating on its surface. Large oak trees stand sentinel around the lake. Snow chaotically phases in the sky, going where the wind goes and so shall I.



Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

To begin, I would like to compliment the House that won the Inter-House Dance competition this Thursday. It was a well-deserved victory achieved in the true spirit of competition. I write this letter to draw the community's attention towards the need of a fine line to be drawn between celebration and a loss of decorum. After Thursday's victory, a large majority of the winning House rushed to the stage as a whole which included members who were not part of the dance evident by their white *Kurta Pyjamas*. There have been instances in the past where Houses have done 'appalle ki appalle' on the stage, but this has been subtly done after the Captains or a small segment of the participating group had formally received the prize from the Headmaster and all external guests have departed.

The decision to abandon long standing tradition and have the entire House claim the stage was not in line with the schools expectation of discipline from the boys. It also led to the stage overflowing, the ceremony being delayed and a rather abrupt and chaotic ending to an otherwise enjoyable evening.

The decision to abandon long standing tradition and have the entire House claim the stage was not in line with the School's expectation of discipline from the boys. It also led to the stage overcrowding, the ceremony being delayed and a rather abrupt and chaotic ending to an otherwise enjoyable evening. We must understand that the established practice of having the activity Captains receive the trophy on behalf of their House from the Headmaster exists for a reason — it upholds dignity, order, and decorum. Departing from this norm created confusion and chaos. It also risked the school's reputation in a setting where guests, staff, and external adjudicators were present.

The main purpose of my writing is to establish the incident as an example for how we as a community

tend to get carried away due to sentiment ignoring the effect it may have on the reputation of the school in a formal setting. Disregarding these practices, even in moments of excitement, risks setting a precedent where emotional spontaneity overrides institutional order. We follow a range of traditions with respect to formality, such as not crossing the Main Field in floaters or slippers in order to maintain its sanctity. Something similar should apply here, where we must respect the way in which an award is presented by the Headmaster in a formal setting.

We follow a range of traditions with respect to formality, such as not crossing the Main Field in floaters or slippers in order to maintain its sanctity. Something similar applies here, where we must respect the way in which an award is presented...

Achievements at a House level deserve to be celebrated as they build House spirit and reward effort. Furthermore, celebrating achievements forms a significant part of the Dosco identity, but we should know when and how to celebrate. Therefore, it is imperative for us to recollect the time, place, and manner in which these celebrations would ideally take place. I hope the message is clear and slip ups like this do not become a repeated occurrence. As the old saying goes, first impressions last. So, from next time, let the memory of the evening's proceedings last, not the imperfect conclusion.

Regards,

Aditya Shashank Agrawal

The Week Gone By

Kanishk Bammi

A wild penguin stumbles amorphously around the campus, its heavy eyelids weighing down its fragile body, its feathers in a ruffled disarray, as it attempts to drag itself through the bajri trying not to trip over its floaters. One tired waddle after another, but its icy(burning) burrow doesn't seem to be coming any closer.

As I sit here waiting in traffic in my car writing this *Week Gone By* on my Notes app, I find myself caught between two worlds – the calm one around me, and the one being relayed to me in increasingly chaotic updates – voice notes, blurry photos, panicked texts – from my fellow penguins who are still trapped within the raging red walls of Doon, as the annual Inter-House mania kicks off!

From what I gather, sleep is a theoretical concept in School now. Between the rehearsals, the run-throughs, the line-ups, and the occasional academic lesson, we seem to be fueled by coffee, the fragments of shut-eye time that we're able to catch somehow exclusively during class hours, and of course, *josh*.

Amidst all the madness, our School Teams have been making sure that we can hold our heads up high, as the Basketball Team won the Golden Jubilee Tournament and the Hockey Team held their own too. Even in this hot weather it seems, Penguins are still able to get the better of the Elephants.

The Inter-House Dance Competition also took place a few days ago, and though I wasn't there to see it myself – videos and Instagram stories certainly show that there were some exemplary performances – the Nizams finally ended their long co-curricular

drought by clinching the cup. In other news, we also have a PTM this Saturday for our youngest batches. Surprisingly, not a lot of people know this but the PTM is a chance to genuinely get some feedback to work upon and to become a better student. PTMs are not just a way to take a night out, but an extremely important part of our academic calendar. (I do hope my teachers are reading this). To the little penguins, however, I hope that you have been attentive in class this term because – and I say this from experience – after some unpleasant feedback, you don't really get to enjoy your outing that much!

Anyways, moving on now, amidst the cheers, the chaos, and the crescendo of competitions, the dreaded but forgotten May Test Week creeps in, discreetly. But we don't need to worry about that, do we?

Wordsearch | Haircut styles

- 1. A short, uniform hairstyle where the hair is cut very close to the scalp.
- 2. Hair that is trimmed close to the head; slightly longer at the front and top.
- 3. Hair characterised by having straight fringes or bangs in the front and the rest cut uniformly, resembling the shape of a kitchen container (a School barber favourite).
- 4. A haircut style where the hair on the sides and the back of the head gradually tapers down, creating a transition from the short hair near the scalp to longer hair at the top.
- 5. A short to medium length feminine hairstyle, usually cut straight around the head, and no longer than shoulder length.
- 6. A short feminine haircut, known for shorter hair on the sides and back, often with rather short bangs.
- 7. A layered hairstyle that creates volume and movement, inspired by the appearance of butterfly wings.

I O R G X Z Y C H C C Z A S O C Z N U G
F A X F D R N X E A T T O D C V D Y I C
C V A D V K E E U E J Y C F F H S J N I
F O Z C X A S C W D N S C S A F F A F O
M R X E W Y T W U Q Z D B F D W O W B C
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N B Z H Q P J I G B O B O W L L W G F O
G D S A G L Q O Z P Q H D M F R L J Q B
A P Q H N O I O H O O P T U P R L D A N

Answers
1. Buzz 3. Bowl 5. Bob 7. Butterfly
2. Crew 4. Pixie 6. Fade

Source: <https://www.theteacherscorner.net/make-your-own/wordsearch/>

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