

Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

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

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FAREWELL...

The School Community bids farewell to some of its most beloved Masters.

Pages 2-6

मंच सजा था, पर परदे के पीछे धड़कनें तेज़ थीं...

हाल ही में संपन्न दो दिवसीय अंतर-आवासीय हिन्दी एकांकी प्रतियोगिता, 2025 की रिपोर्ट

Page 7

WEEK GONE BY

A humorous account of the events that have taken place this week.

Page 8

Au Revoir

The Weekly would like to bid farewell, with immense gratitude for their years of service, to Ms Moulee Goswami, Mr Anubhab Bhattacharjee, Mr Hari Bhaskar G and Mr Pratap Chandran GR. Your absence will be felt. The Weekly, on behalf of the School community, wishes you the best for the future!



ABE



HBG



MGI



PCG

Goodbye, Anubhab.

A master doesn't just impart knowledge; he shapes the very direction of life. After six years of devoted service, The Doon School bids a heartfelt farewell to Mr. Anubhab Bhattacharjee, whose unwavering commitment and passion have left a lasting mark on both the students and the Department. Anubhab was not only an excellent chemistry teacher but also an inspiring mentor who consistently went the extra mile to support and challenge his students. His leadership in events like the ISSC 2024, NEST-SEDS Debate, the National Science Olympiads, and Science Exhibitions offered students platforms to excel beyond the textbook. One of his most impactful contributions was the Research Drive initiative, which cultivated a culture of research and critical thinking in students. This legacy will continue to influence the department and the school community for years to come. As he embarks on a new chapter in his professional journey, we wholeheartedly wish Anubhab success and fulfilment. Thank you, Anubhab, for everything. The Doon School will always remember your contribution with gratitude and pride.



-AKM

I often find myself at a loss for words when trying to describe the time I spent with ABE Sir. If you've ever watched Brooklyn Nine-Nine, you'll understand when I say that he was the spitting image of Captain Raymond Holt — a stern, composed presence with a deeply compassionate core. Like Holt, ABE Sir left a lasting impact on everyone who had the privilege of knowing him.

But beneath that stoic exterior was a man who told the lamest dad jokes with the straightest face, often leaving us unsure whether to laugh or groan. I'll always cherish the many cups of coffee I had at his house — conversations that began with academic advice and ended with stories, laughter, and unexpected wisdom. It was an honor to spend my senior years under his guidance. His support and quiet strength helped me navigate some of the most challenging moments in both my academic journey and personal life.

-Siddhant Srivastava (Ex 264-K, 2024)

When I first glanced at the requested word count for this farewell message, I wondered how I would stick to the limit, not because I'd have too little to write, but because I could write an entire letter to Sir.

I have a myriad of memories with ABE Sir, having visited his house multiple times in Sc Form to talk over coffee. The one that I remember most fondly is when he burst into my study towards the end of Sc Form and gave me a very heavy, albeit necessary, scolding about getting my act together for Boards. I will always be grateful for that, not just because it made me study, but because it showed me how much Sir cared for his students. Sir has been an excellent teacher and insightful mentor to me, but more importantly, he's been a wonderful friend. He has always pushed me to be the best version of myself and supported me whenever I needed it. Thank you for everything you have done for the School; thank you for all the guidance you have given me. I hope to see you soon.

-Advay Sapra (Ex 630-O, 2022)

In 2019, as a naive D Former, I had no idea that Mr Anubhab Bhattacharjee, or as we all know him, ABE — had just joined School. Despite this, he turned out to be one of, if not the most influential teachers of my School journey. Even before he became part of Oberoi House in my Sc Form, I would often find myself at ABE Sir's residence or catching him outside class for long conversations. Whether it was advice about schoolwork, a dilemma I was facing, or just a casual chat, he always listened — sometimes silently, sometimes with a wry remark, but always with sincerity.

To most, Sir was a strict teacher — meticulous in his planning, disciplined in his expectations, and unapologetically direct. But to those who spent more time with him, it quickly became clear that his sternness came from a deep care for his students and an unshakeable commitment to their growth. Behind the serious expression was a mind always working, and a heart that always had space for students, even if he'd never admit it outright. Over time, I began to truly enjoy every aspect of being in his class. Even though Chemistry HL was by far my hardest subject,

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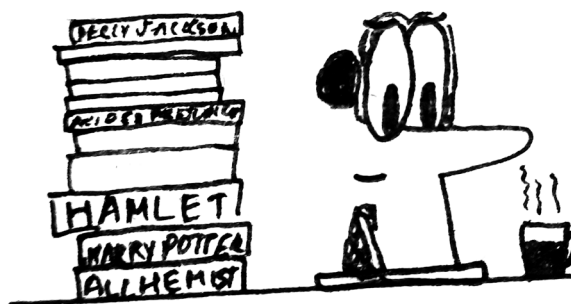
having Sir as a teacher made it far more enjoyable, whether it was through his sly humour, his no-nonsense attitude, or just the energy he brought into every lesson. His advice — academic or otherwise — is something I'll carry with me far beyond School.

As we say goodbye, I know I'll miss the classes, the jokes, the advice, and most of all, the many conversations we've had. ABE Sir, thank you for everything. Chandbagh won't be the same without you.

-Pranav Almal (Ex 398-0, 2025)

The earliest memories of our neighbour at Jaipur House, ABE Sir, involve him telling us off for missing meals and for entering our dorm (or just giving us a glare from the door) which was reminder enough that we, the computer-screen-generation, need to sit up straight. Whether it be the amazing coffee that I could count on Sir for, or the midnight advice session between bouts of hide-and-seek with formmates, or just the series of lame jokes that we would roll our eyes over, despite never being our Tutor, ABE Sir remained a mentor and friend to our entire form. It is hard to imagine our time at Doon without remembering some Masters that made a lasting impression on us... ABE Sir was one such Master. I am sure his presence will truly be missed and that he will remain Chandbagh's ABE.

-Aditya Saraff (Ex 635-J, 2022)



MGI Ma'am has been more than a teacher to me — her guidance, patience, and constant encouragement have shaped my School life in ways I'll always be grateful for. There's truly nothing that can substitute what I've learnt from being in MGI Ma'am's class for two years and working alongside her in the Film Society.

From her smallest gestures, to the way she never failed to appreciate even my most minute achievements, she made me realise what a truly wonderful person she is.

Her support and motivation have guided me along the right path towards the greatest achievements I have had in the very final years of my school life.

I don't think I'll ever be able to fully express my gratitude for the values and confidence she instilled in me, for the faith she showed, and for always being the mentor I could count on. Thank you so much, Ma'am. I truly wouldn't have reached where I am without you.

-Krtin Goel (Ex 374-K, 2025)

We all have that one adult who serves as a constant source of positive influence in School and helps us get through the rollercoaster ride of being a Dosco, I think for me it was undoubtedly MGI Ma'am. She is someone who has lived up to being a Master and not just a teacher; classes with her have been much more than just about English and post-lunch conversations with her in the Main Building have been a thing to look forward to.

Around a month ago, when I was made aware that she was leaving, it came as extremely difficult to accept, which speaks volumes about the impact she has had on each of her students. Probably, the best thing about MGI Ma'am is that, unfailingly each time, she has continued to amaze with her commitment to making the best out of a bunch of lackadaisical, indifferent teenagers; her unwavering dedication towards anything and everything that she does is the reason she is favourite to many including me.

Thank you so much for believing in your students and investing in them. You shall be missed dearly.

-Mohd. Omar Malik

Since I had joined School, I had heard the stories of how well MGI ma'am taught and how passionately she engrained a love for not only English literature but critical thinking in her students. In my B-Form, I got to witness this for myself. In my experience, MGI ma'am has always gone the extra mile for her students, whether it be in preparing studying material, creative exercises or simply being there to push to the limits and care for the academic well-being of her students, no matter the reciprocation she received.

All the advice, beration and encouragement from our talks snowballed into making me a better person. Ma'am always considered her greatest achievement in middle school education was to be able to forge good people, and

(Continued on Page 4)

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on this front, she has broken ground with many people across Chandbagh. Her name will remain etched among the finest educators, rather educationists, that School has ever had the good fortune to nurture. Thank you, Ma'am, for believing in me and your students when we failed ourselves. We hope that in times of distress, you smile back on the memories you've made with us and the impact you've left on our lives, and remember that you are capable of amazing things.

-Rehhan Chadha

English at The Doon School has always had a storied legacy — one shaped by Masters who have poured their heart and soul into the Department. Among the many stalwarts, Moulee Goswami (MGI) stands tall as a quintessential Doon School Master.

From her very first day, MGI exemplified what it means to be an educator of excellence. She brought with her a profound love of knowledge, a deep understanding of her students, and a mastery of teaching pedagogies that was both contemporary and compassionate. Her patience was endless, her curiosity insatiable. Whether it was literature, movies, music, or co-curricular pursuits, she possessed an eye for detail and a thirst for learning that inspired everyone around her.

The Doon School has thrived on the strength of its exceptional masters, and Moulee's presence was undeniably one of those pillars. Her departure leaves a void — one that will be deeply felt in the classrooms, corridors, and every space where her influence resonated.

I have had the pleasure and privilege of working with her in multiple capacities. What always stood out to me was her integrity, her unflinching principles, her unwavering devotion to her craft, and the calm poise with which she carried herself. I have immense respect for her candidness, her courage to question when needed, and above all, her deep love for her students. She always found time for them — listening, guiding, nurturing.

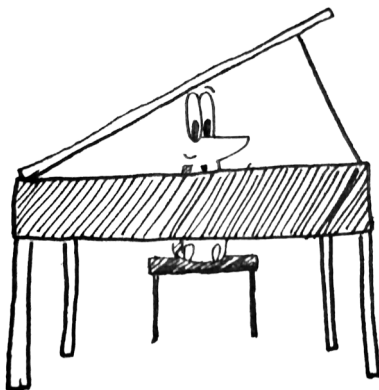
MGI, you have taught us all the value of pushing our boundaries and discovering who we truly are. The show will indeed go on, but your absence will echo in the spaces you enriched so effortlessly.

I also wish to acknowledge Avin, who, in his quiet and dignified way, has been a steadfast part of this community. Thank you for walking this journey with her and with us.

As life takes you to the next destination, MGI, there is no doubt you will continue to make a meaningful difference as you invest in people and you value relationships.

Wishing you a future filled with purpose, learning, joy, and endless discovery. You will be missed in Chandbagh.

-ANC



A gifted musician and a wonderful friend, always caring and supportive — it has been a privilege to work closely with Hari. I've learned so much from his talent, humility, and dedication. His compositions, blending Carnatic and Western classical styles, are both unique and inspiring. His deep understanding of music and other spheres of life added a new dimension to the lives of both department members and students. Beyond the music, we'll truly miss his quick one-liners and the delicious meals he shared with love and passion. We, at the Music department, wish him all the best ahead.

-ARK

HBG Sir was more than just a piano teacher to me. He was a mentor, and someone who I could trust with anything, whether it related to music or not. He always made us laugh during our vaunted night practices, keeping our spirits as high as they could go at 3 AM (his Brownies certainly helped as well). His advice always stuck with me, whether it be that I practice my scales everyday, or I listen to recordings of the pieces that I was learning to help me. He always wanted the best for us, and that showed with his work. I will forever remember him, grateful that I got to share a part of my school life with him.

-Vignesh Dodla (Ex 427-O, 2025)

I found myself the old, and almost antique baby grand piano as a D Former who wanted to distract his mind, when I bumped into a man. The same man who would mentor me, help me, and make me into who I am today. HBG Sir has made a world of difference to my journey, and as I assess the possibilities of what could have happened on that first day in my D Form, I see everything going wrong. But for some reason, it didn't. Sir sparked a fire in me that might never go out, he showed me the beauty in imperfection. He taught me the true meaning of patience through those long and, I have to admit, painful hours of practice. It is, simply put, a sad occasion. Sir's judgy and humorous persona still brightens my day, and I find it hard to imagine myself coming

to the Music School and not finding HBG's wry smile waiting for me in the dull piano room. Throughout all those late-night practices, last-minute changes during events, I find it hard to describe everything in a few words; it's just incomplete. Sir, thank you for everything you have done for me, and though I'll stay in touch, I'll still miss you.

-Daksh Singh

Mr. Hari Baskar is a gifted music composer, a passionate musician, and a remarkable educator whose dedication to music and teaching stands out in every way. His deep sense of care, empathy, and unwavering support for students—both in their musical journey and personal growth—reflects his gentle and thoughtful nature. He has an extraordinary ability to connect with young minds, nurturing their creativity while guiding them with patience and kindness.

His enthusiasm for music extends beyond the classroom. With a genuine curiosity and eagerness to learn, Hari constantly explores new genres and innovations in music, making him a true lifelong learner. His dynamic teaching style brings vibrancy to the classroom, where he fosters a culture of inclusivity and equality. By creating a safe, respectful, and inspiring learning environment, he forms strong, meaningful bonds with his students, encouraging them to express themselves freely and grow confidently.

Alongside his profound knowledge of Western music, he is equally skilled in Carnatic music. Our jam sessions, blending the Piano and Santoor, have created truly special moments that will always hold a cherished place in my heart.

Beyond music, Hari and I have shared a wonderful camaraderie rooted in our common love for cooking, discovering diverse cuisines, and gardening. These shared interests have deepened our friendship and added a special dimension to our collaboration in School.

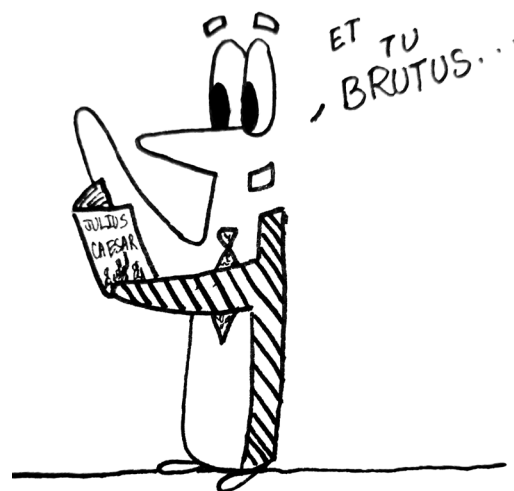
I am truly grateful for all that Hari has contributed to the Music department — the dedication, the creativity, and the countless musical memories we've created together. His journey is an inspiration, and I wholeheartedly wish him continued success and fulfilment in all his musical and personal endeavours. His presence will always be cherished and remembered fondly.

-PRY

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I have always found a friend and a caring Master in Pratap rather than just a department colleague. Perhaps this is the spirit of Chandbagh which allows one to see beyond the formal relations where the professional horizons are blurred and give way to a more innate feeling of shared beliefs. I have known Pratap as a loving mentor to junior colleagues, an invaluable member to our team in the English Department and most importantly, a wonderful, cheerful person who everybody wants to be friends with, boys and Masters alike. His passion for teaching the subject coupled with his intuitive wisdom in a variety of matters and professional engagements in many forums at School made evident his profound sentiment for every speck and fabric of this community and he will always be fondly remembered.

In that faith, goodbye, my friend, and wishing you the most fulfilling career ahead!

-SPB



The first time I met PCG Sir was when he was a tutor for the B-Form students in Tata House. Every morning, his warm greetings and the way he ended up cracking jokes with the boys created such a special bond—it was truly heartwarming to witness. He quickly became one of the most loved masters in Tata House. The boys admired him for his gentle nature, kind soul, and the genuine way he connected with each of them.

I had the privilege of working closely with Sir as the Master-in-Charge of Drama. That's where our bond deepened, as we came to understand each other's passion and worked together as a team. He was incredibly talented — not just in management, but especially with makeup and bringing out the best in every production. We ran the society with mutual respect and understanding, growing together alongside the boys.

There were moments when I broke down under stress, overwhelmed and uncertain, telling him I couldn't go on. But he stood by me like a pillar of strength. He constantly encouraged me and helped me recognize my own strengths. I honestly can't thank him enough.

Sir, thank you for allowing me to be myself, for handling my stress with such grace, and for being a constant

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source of support. Your absence will be deeply felt.
I wish you all the very best — good luck, great success, and abundant happiness on your journey ahead.

-RKR

Two years ago on a certain break time, I first happened to meet Pratap in the MCR. He had come for a demo class and was wearing a grand smile, indicative of the exercise going well. We got talking and in that brief duration I realised that the affable person would make a great addition to our English Department and the jolly atmosphere of Chandbagh. Well, two years have passed since that day and, today being sort of gloomy, I write his farewell message with a lightness on the verge of calm resignation. Adjectives used to describe Pratap’s cheerful nature, sensitive demeanour, and empathetic disposition would be inadequate, for within his genial personality lies all of those and many more qualities that stand out as examples of a great human being. His equation with the pupils is a great example of teacher-student relationship; being much liked by them, he has set a great example for his peers to emulate. Pratap is setting out on a new adventure, which I am happy for. Earnestly, I wish him all the best, despite the fact that I will miss his congenial presence, which distributes happiness to all, just as a cloud sheds rain...

-SBG

When I was told I was getting a new English teacher, I hoped and prayed it would be someone with a genuine affection for each student. I then met PCG Sir. He was ready to drop whatever he was occupied with to assist any one of us with the smallest doubts, be it on a typical working day or the night before the exam. He took time out to have meaningful discussions with me about the subject matter, while also tolerating my incessant philosophical rants.
Over time, I realised that his impact extended well beyond my academic performance. He instilled in me a greater confidence in my voice and my writing, and showed me the path to making each and every word meaningful. Each one of us was exposed to new ways of thinking and a potential we could have never foreseen with English. Sir knew each strength, each weakness and each insecurity anyone ever had, and ensured we were working to better ourselves everyday.
Thank you very much for pushing us when we begged for free-schools. Thank you for showing us what it means to be invested in one’s work. Thank you for having an unrelenting trust in each one of us. And finally, thank you for never losing your belief in us.

-Hrishikesh Aiyer

This Week in History

1814: Napoleon arrives at Portoferraio on the island of Elba, beginning his exile.
1959: The first Annual Grammy Awards are held.
1962: Marvel Comics publish the first issue of The Incredible Hulk.
2023: The World Health Organization declares the end of the COVID-19 pandemic as a global health emergency.

LISTENER’S CHECKLIST

What members of the School community have been listening to this week:
Rishaan Veer Singh: *My Eyes* by Travis Scott
Agastya Khanna: *Case* by Diljit Dosanjh
Aadvik Agarwal: *Admirin’ You* by Karan Aujla
Madhav Sehgal: *Take it Easy* by Ikky
Tejas Bharadwaj: *White Ferrari* by Frank Ocean
Avirat Jain: *Clash* by Dave

READER’S CHECKLIST

What members of the School community have been reading this week:
Zafir Naqvi: *The Boy who Harnessed the Wind* by William Kamkwamba
KBT: *The Man Eaters of Tsavo* by James Patterson
Arhan Tankha: *Murder on the Orient Express* by Agatha Christie
DKM: *Why Nations Fail* by Daron Acemoglu and James Robinson

Around the World in 80 Words

The Trump Administration said that they will pay one thousand US Dollars for immigrants to leave the United States of America. Merz won on the second ballot to become the Chancellor of Germany after he made history when he failed to gain the first ballot, which has never happened since the Second World War. Indo-Pak tensions escalate as both sides attempt scale up military action. Harry Kane broke the ‘runner-up curse’ as Bayern Munich finally became the Bundesliga Champions.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

The following are the results of The Inter-House One Act Play Competition:

1st: Jaipur
2nd: Oberoi
3rd: Kashmir
4th: Hyderabad
5th: Tata

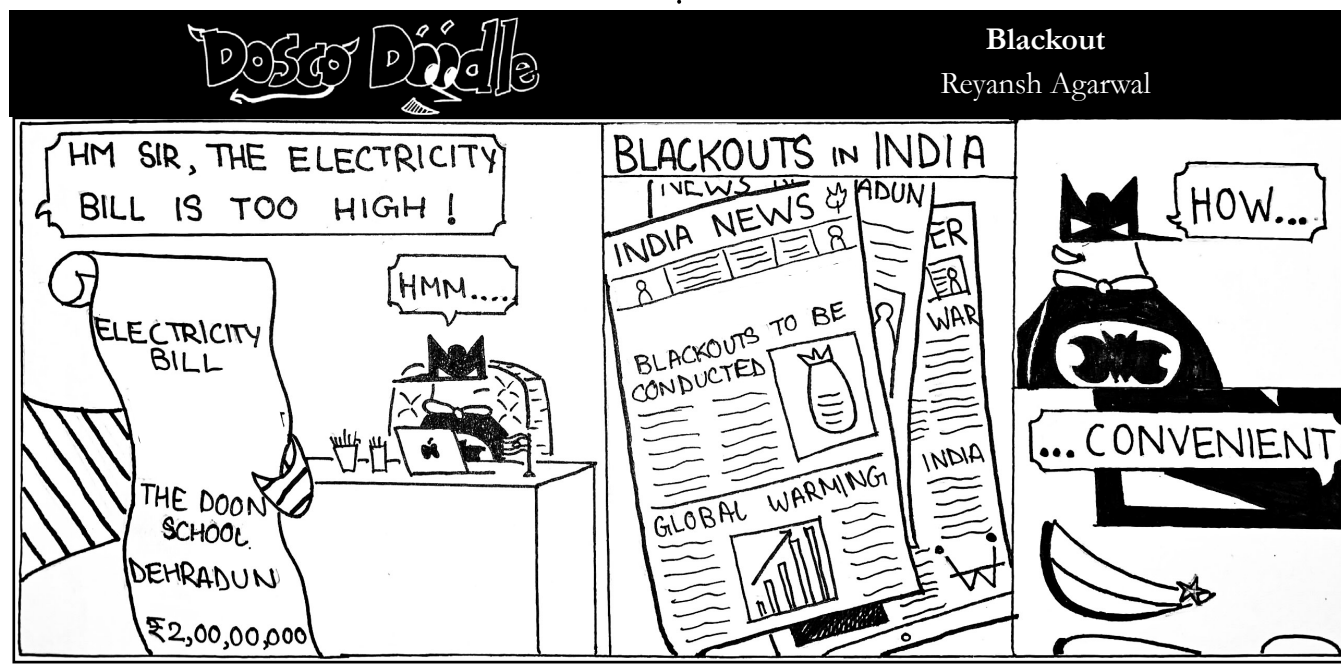
Well Done!

SMOOTH OPERATORS

The following are the results of the Dance category of The Inter-House Music Competition:

1st: Hyderabad
2nd: Tata
3rd: Oberoi
4th: Kashmir
5th: Jaipur

Congratulations!

**‘रंगोत्सव’**

हेमंत खंडेलवाल और एकराज मक्कड़

मंच सजा था, लेकिन यह सिर्फ अभिनय का मंच नहीं था — यह था सपनों, भावनाओं और आत्मा की अभिव्यक्ति का स्थान। साउंड चेक की हड़बड़ी, डायलॉग भूलने का डर, और मंच के पीछे चलती फुसफुसाहटें — 5 और 6 मई की शामें बस यूँ ही नहीं बीतीं। ये दो दिन सिर्फ एक प्रतियोगिता नहीं थे, ये वो पल थे जहाँ हर आवास ने अपनी हज़ारों घंटों की मेहनत, कुछ घबराहटें और बहुत-सी उम्मीदें मंच पर उतार दीं। कुछ के चेहरे पर आत्मविश्वास था, कुछ के माथे पर पसीना। किसी ने पहली बार मंच पर कदम रखा, तो कोई पहले से ही अभिनय का दीवाना था। पर जब रोशनी पड़ी, और पहला संवाद गूँजा — तो पूरा सभागार मानो साँसें रोक कर देख रहा था। हर प्रस्तुति ने अपने साथ एक संसार रचा — कुछ ने हँसाया, कुछ ने डराया, और कुछ ने भीतर तक सवाल छोड़े। लेकिन सबसे सुंदर बात यह रही कि हर आवास ने सिर्फ एक नाटक नहीं, बल्कि अपनी सोच, मेहनत और रचनात्मकता को मंच पर जिया।

पहला दिन – 5 मई

टाटा आवास ने मन्नू भंडारी द्वारा रचित उपन्यास ‘महाभोज’ के नाट्य मंचन के साथ कार्यक्रम की शुरुआत की। नाटक में एक युवा दलित की हत्या के बाद भूख, भ्रष्टाचार, शोषण, राजनीतिक अवसरवाद और उस पर समाज की चुप्पी जैसे गम्भीर विषयों को सामने लाया गया। कलाकारों का प्रदर्शन गंभीर और प्रभावशाली था, जिससे दर्शक एक पल को भी नजरें नहीं हटा सके। इसके बाद जयपुर आवास ने ‘कथा एक कंस की’ प्रस्तुत की। यह नाटक पौराणिक चरित्र कंस की कहानी को एक नए दृष्टिकोण से दिखाता है। संवादों में बल था, और मंच पर हर पल ने अपनी भूमिका को पूरी ईमानदारी से निभाया। फिर आया कश्मीर आवास, जिनकी प्रस्तुति थी व्यंग्य लेखक शरद जोशी द्वारा रचित ‘एक था गधा उर्फ अलादाद खॉं’। नाटक हास्य से भरा हुआ था, लेकिन इसके भीतर समाज पर किया गया व्यंग्य छिपा था। दर्शकों ने खूब ठहाके लगाए, लेकिन

अंत में हर किसी को यह सोचने पर मजबूर कर दिया कि हम किस तरह सिर्फ प्रशंसा और दिखावे के पीछे भागते हैं।

दूसरा दिन – 6 मई

ओबेरॉय आवास की प्रस्तुति ‘राशोमन’ (जापानी से हिन्दी में अनूदित रचना) रहस्य और शांति से भरी थी। एक ही घटना को तीन दृष्टिकोण से प्रस्तुत किया गया, और हर बार कहानी बदलती रही। कलाकारों की आँखों और हाव-भाव ने शब्दों से ज़्यादा असर छोड़ा, और दर्शक पूरी तरह उस वातावरण में डूब गए। अंत में हैदराबाद आवास ने संजय सहाय द्वारा रचित नाटक ‘जाँच-पड़ताल’ प्रस्तुत किया, जो व्यवस्था, भ्रष्टाचार और आम आदमी की स्थिति पर तीखे सवाल खड़ा करता है। कलाकारों ने सधे हुए अभिनय और धारदार संवादों के माध्यम से एक ऐसा माहौल रचा, जहाँ हर दृश्य सच्चाई और भ्रम के बीच झूलता दिखा।

पाँच नाटक, पाँच अलग-अलग रंग और हर एक में कुछ ऐसा जो मन में रह जाए। इन दो दिनों ने यह साबित कर दिया कि मंच केवल अभिनय का स्थान नहीं — यह सोचने, समझने और महसूस करने की जगह भी है। हर प्रस्तुति ने यह दिखाया कि जब विचार, भावना और मेहनत एक साथ मंच पर उतरते हैं, तो सिर्फ नाटक नहीं होता — एक अनुभव बनता है, जो दर्शकों के दिलों में लंबे समय तक गूँजता रहता है। इस प्रतियोगिता ने न केवल प्रतिभागियों को मंच दिया, बल्कि हमें यह भी याद दिलाया कि कहानियाँ केवल सुनने के लिए नहीं होतीं — वे हमें भीतर से बदलने की ताकत रखती हैं।

“निर्देशक की कुर्सी सिर्फ एक जगह नहीं, बल्कि एक सफ़र है” - एक ऐसा सफ़र जिसने हमें कहानियों को आकार देना, कलाकारों-अभिनेताओं का मार्गदर्शन करना और दर्शकों का दिल छूना सिखाया।

The Week Gone By

Krishiv Jaiswal

Another day, another morning without waking up to the sound of the piercing bell for call-over, foolishly twenty minutes before first School. As the tensions reign high on the border, one can only shut oneself out to all noise around, only narrowing in on the sound of those sirens. On this not-so-joyous occasion, firstly, let me begin with the famous reel anthem which perfectly encapsulates the week: “thank you for sunshine, thank you rain, thank you for joy” – and thank you Headmaster for letting us go home.

This week started on a high, as everyone saw off the PT Inter-House with renewed vigour. Experts attribute it to the blissful forty minutes of extra sleep, but

you never know. The Nizams seem to be enjoying their moment in the sun, and on god, reminded me of Shaq’s “I owe you an apology; I wasn’t familiar with your game.” It comically seems like the perfect blend of patriotism, sympathy, and *diversity*, doesn’t it? However, don’t let *The Story of a Kansa* distract you from the fact that the Eagles’ *Incredible Sauce* has become an incredible loss as their PR slowly fades after multiple ‘fifths’ and fumbles. Really, there is no in-between, 1st or 5th. While the hate-watch has been insane throughout, I am not the best ‘gentleman’ to be laughing as *delulu* has truly become the *solulu*.

Meanwhile, the anxiety and stress among the ever-so busy IB boys writing their final exams is so palpable as they turn up for every Inter-House Competition and meal on time in Adidas flip-flops. On the sports front, the Inter-House hockey seemed to have been *push passed* away by the rain, much to *Craig Fulton’s disappointment*. On the

parallel however, the basketball team managed to clinch the coveted *Afzals* three-peat, under the guidance of Phil Jackson, who seems to have been relieved of his ‘in-person rising-bell duties’ and is able to put in more hours on the court. The efforts of the S-Form, in creating an *electrifying* cheering squad were also duly noted by the 21 Guns (also note 21 Guns, I couldn’t hear the cheering in Kashmir House).

As the campus empties out, given tensions on the border, the May assessment counting for 25% of the predicted also is out of the window. So, to the noble few who studied, pray it doesn’t go to waste, and to the rest, hope that you studied satisfactorily in March. On a serious note, the efforts along the border are ramping up, so let’s keep our hopes up and wish that this time will pass – until then, stay safe and I’ll see you next term.

Sudoku

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

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

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