



Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

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

Saturday, July 19, 2025 | Issue No. 2743



In loving memory of



Arya Das (Ex 222-J)

December 13, 2006 - July 17, 2025

*A Beloved Daughter, a Caring Friend and a Dosco
till the end...*

It is with deep regret that we mourn the passing of Arya Das, aged eighteen, on July 17, 2025. We dedicate this issue of the Weekly to her fond memory, with obituaries from her friends, well-wishers and the School Community.

Arya has been the epitome of courage, truth, determination, resilience, and love. My family has been truly blessed to have been with her through her incredible journey at Chandbagh. At Doon, we have always treasured our students who, by the time they graduate, become our sons and daughters. Arya has touched our hearts and souls. God has written a script for everyone. As she goes back to the stars, I can say with immense pride that she led a life of dignity, character and honour.

From her birth, we have fondly called her *Brishti* (translating to rain in Bengali), for she was the rain drop for everyone of us. During my time, she exemplified what sincerity is, whether it be in the hallowed corridors of Doon, in her candid smiles or her hours in AST Sir's classroom: all of it will always remain etched in our hearts. Despite all the pain that she was going through, she was always teaching all of us the value of life, relationship and company. When all of us felt low, she kept us cheerful and reiterated the message of courage to fight against all odds, and to stand even when the going was tough. Arya, even towards the end, you left a mark in the School with your impeccable discipline, love for discourse, reading and writing.

A scholar par excellence, a topper, a fighter: you have left a part of your being with us. In Doon, we love our activities and sports; and here was Arya, known for her exceptional organisational skills, sense of aesthetics, love for art, her excellence in dance, and she did it all with laughter and kindness. All of us are going to be with you at some point. Within this invisibility and silence, you are with us, my dear daughter. I bow to the almighty to have given us the opportunity to have met you, seen you, lived with you and fondly loved you. All of us, we celebrate your journey, as our prayer says: with nobility, with courage and with truth. Be at peace now, for you need to sleep. We all love you.

-ANC

It is often said that some people are like stars, burning away on the inside, yet they still light the way for all those around them, illuminating lives with their brilliance. Arya to me is all that and infinitely more. She has not only been a Batchmate to me, but also someone whose childhood was deeply intertwined with mine, so much so that we practically grew up together as siblings. In all my years of having known Arya, she has exhibited nothing but assiduity, discipline and an unbreakable work ethic in all aspects of her person, whether that be dance in her younger days or art all through School: everything she did had the unmistakable stamp of perfection about it.

Arya's perfect academic record made her the ideal student for teachers, and, once again, having been lucky enough to have been her classmate, I got to witness firsthand what true dedication, hard work and resilience looks like. All through School, she suffered from a rare bone marrow disorder, which came with a plethora of complications that made every day feel like a struggle, and yet, her spirit remained unbroken, her academic excellence more evident than ever before, her participation in every aspect of School life as zealous as possible. This was all very visible in her award-winning essays, her unending efforts in organising many events – from Founders' Day exhibitions to literary fests, and most of all, her consistent academic brilliance, which unsurprisingly, culminated in her being the IBDP Batch Topper this year.

Apart from all of this, Arya has also been a role model to the entire School Community as every day in her life was a lesson in perseverance and emotional steadfastness despite repeated hospitalisations and intense medical procedures. Even whilst being in such pain and distress herself, her characteristic cheek-to-cheek smiles never left her face, and was always cheering up sleepy peers during First Schools. Ever ready to help and guide anyone should they need it; I was one of the many regulars for that during my time doing the IB.

Arya will always be that one friend that anchors you and gives you constant, unwavering support through the worst, stormiest days of your life. I want to thank her for all this and so much more, and honour her memory as the girl who never gave up. So, it's never going to be "Goodbye, Arya" for she will always live among us as we celebrate her time with us through the numerous memories and anecdotes of her exceptional courage, good cheer and commitment to excellence in all that she did.

-Neelotpai (Ex 448-J, 2025)

The heartbreaking news of Arya's passing has devastated every Dosco, leaving behind a hollow void in each and every one of our hearts. Her cheerful conversations and comforting presence continues to bring a smile on the faces of everyone who had the fortune to know her. Even though I could not interact frequently with Arya myself, her actions and achievements speak volumes of her kind and remarkable personality.

Arya stands as a shining light in School through her passion and commitment to all her endeavours, especially her academic brilliance. An inspiration and role model for all of us, she exemplified resilience and

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from Page 2)

determination through grace and through her actions. Her positive impact and her presence continue to inspire everyone in the School. She has left a lasting legacy, one that shall never be forgotten.

-Pranay Gupta

For those of you who have never had the pleasure of being in Arya's company, imagine a wise, old tree. The kind you see in the movies. Quiet, grounded, steady. One who seems to know everything without saying much. That was Arya. She was calm and intelligent. She carried answers to things you didn't even know you were thinking about. I've known Arya since nursery: same School, same class, from the very beginning. Then we went to Welham together, and then came here. One after the other, the years went by. From gossiping while sitting on the bench outside the Art School, to stress eating at her house over exams, we always ended up side by side. The thing is, Arya was sick, but she never made it obvious. Where anyone else might have thrown their hands up and said, "I can't," Arya just kept going. No complaints. While most of us were busy worrying about irrelevant things, Arya knew exactly what she wanted in life. She loved geography. She wanted to become a researcher. She had her path laid out like she'd already seen where it led, and honestly, I know she would've made a brilliant one. It hurts more than I can put into words, knowing she's not here anymore. But, if you ever met Arya, if you ever sat with her even for five minutes, you'd know. She wasn't the kind of person you forget. And now, she'll always be here in the quiet moments and inspire the kind of person I try to become. I am glad I was lucky enough to know her.

-Prakriti Pankaj (Ex-351-K, 2025)

I watched you grow
not just taller, older,
But an earnest scholar.
You had a warrior's heart,
But you never lost your wholeness.

A warrior's heart in compassionate hands,
You endured with fortitude few understand.
Your voice — a balm, your pen — a drive,
Breathing strength into others and making hope come alive

A quiet force, a thoughtful face.
Not loud in voice, but valiant in spirit
You walked with steady pace,
And taught us all how not to fear it.

I carry memories of your smile each time we crossed paths in the corridor,
A gentle greeting, a moment of warmth I'll always hold.
You were not in my classroom,
But your presence in my heart will always resume.

I'm overwhelmed as I write this now —
but it's the only way to reach for you somehow
So I scribble down my broken thoughts, my love,
my quiet prayer beneath the bough.

Made
by
Prakriti
Pankaj

-HTA

हृदि तव पावनं स्मृतिं विन्दामि । अयं मृत्युः परमं सत्यं, यतो न पुनः आवोचामि ।

- भगवद् गीता

Arya Das was a beacon of talent, kindness, and discipline. Recently, she graduated as the top scorer in the IB examinations, impressing everyone with her intellect and humility. Her gentle spirit, well-behaved demeanour, and genuine warmth made her a beloved student and a cherished friend to many. Losing such a young soul filled with promise is an immense sorrow. Her family's grief is heartbreaking, and our deepest

(Continued overleaf)

(Continued from previous page)

Arya's innocence and vitality will always be remembered and treasured by those fortunate enough to have known her. As her Housemaster, I am reminded of the eternal truth in the Bhagavad Gita — death is merely a transition in the endless cycle of life. Though she has left this earthly plane, her radiant spirit will continue to inspire us. May her soul attain peace, and may her loved ones find strength in loving memories and divine grace. Arya Das, you will forever be missed and fondly remembered.

-PTV

Arya was one of the kindest and gentlest people I've had the joy of knowing; thoughtful, genuine, and full of quiet warmth. She was one of my first true friends at Doon, and I'll always be grateful for the many small, meaningful moments we shared. One memory I often come back to is from English class. We had gone to get feedback on our writing, and ended up in a fit of laughter over an imaginative zoo description someone had written. It became an inside joke; one of those things that kept resurfacing and never stopped being funny. I will miss her deeply. I believe that the best way we can honour those we have lost is by celebrating their lives, the joy they brought us, the light they carried, rather than just mourning their absence. Arya's life was a light, and I will carry that light with me, always.

-Armaan Kapoor (Ex 223-T, 2024)

We are all deeply moved by the passing of Arya Das. Arya always ensured that anyone interacting with her left with a smile, and that she herself maintained a positive outlook against all odds. Our time spent revolved largely around English class, and the genuine effort Arya put into every last bit of research is difficult to imitate. She always wanted to learn more, go beyond the syllabus, and we'd see her constantly finding ways to demonstrate this interest in Literature and Creative Writing. The same level of sincerity was without a doubt on display in all aspects of her life at school, and has been one of her most inspirational qualities. She truly loved everything she worked on, and poured her heart and soul into it.

One of Arya's most admirable qualities are that she was courageous and made sure to stick with the truth and not change her opinion based on others' comments. She was also selfless and compassionate, and while bravely facing medical challenges, she still worried about the impact her condition was having on her loved ones. Arya never wished bad upon anyone, and found it difficult to accept how her ailment was a cause of worry for her family and those around her. We must recognise this as a community and do our best to stand with her family in every way possible, just as Arya would have. She will truly be missed.

-Kabir Takhtar (Ex 450-O, 2025)

Time is what gives meaning to our existence and in that time of 18 years of her life, Arya Das happened to be an individual who always impacted me in a positive manner, who constantly reminded me to never forget who I am and inspired me to be the best version of myself at all times. Besides her numerous accolades and accomplishments, Brishti was truly alive during the 18 years of her life where she earned her intrinsic right of existence as she happened to give immense moral and emotional support to the people around her, not just to her peers but also to the elders and grown ups around her which is why *Brishti* shall continue to be an inspiration for all of us. Mere words cannot justify the life she lives but on behalf of me and my family, my heart goes out to Mr. Samik Das and Ms. Rituparna Das and their extended family. May her soul rest in peace and I wish her the best of luck on her next journey.

-Anushtup Giri (Ex 274-J, 2024)

"Hello miss please smile!"

And there she was. With the most vibrant smile and positive attitude. There was Arya. It's heartbreaking to come to terms with the fact that she is no longer with us. I would like to offer my condolences to Mr Samik Das and Ms Rituparna Das who are enduring this inconsolable loss with such patience.

I've known Arya for over 15 years, a lifetime, really. And in that time, I've gotten to witness something rare: a girl who carried herself with quiet courage, endless patience, and a kind of strength that you don't often find in people at such an age.

From helping me through rough patches at any point in time to the support she gave me post A form boards, she meant the world to me. Although there were times when our frustrations got the better of us with the chaos of 'buntings' during Founders, or her explaining any maths or economics concept to me with so much patience, it only makes one realise every minute with her was the most precious thing ever.... And I guess all we all are asking for is five more minutes.

Her never-die spirit till the last moments is a significant lesson for all of us to realise that the length of time spent on this planet matters very little compared to the way one lives their life, full of honour, gratitude, and dignity. Through my time with her, first as a junior and then as a batchmate, her sense of calmness and respectfulness has truly been immensely inspiring. Despite her weakness, she made bold and honest efforts to

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from Page 4)

achieve her life goals with passion, rigour and dedication seen in very few.
She will remain a source of strength for her batchmates, especially for the girls who spent a little more time with her. A proud Dosco who never gave up on life despite insurmountable odds... for you a thousand times over.

-Saumah Ali (Ex 437-T, 2025)

Balancing Parasites

A reprint of Arya’s article previously published in last year’s Founder’s Issue of the Altruist. A gifted writer, this piece stands testament to her maturity as a person.

The fault line in me runs deep. I don’t know where to sew from. It is difficult to put in words to something that feels so abstract. Yet, this is something that gives structure to me. Maybe this is why my being itself feels so lucid.

I was feeling like a patient, and it hit me less than an hour before my admission. When I looked at myself — shaved head, unsure eyes and hospital clothes — I stopped recognising myself in the mirror. I did not know when I would be sure that the person who stares back, was me. I knew what was going on... that I was getting sicker by the minute, that I could no longer dance or play, that getting up in the morning was difficult, that my blood counts were low, that my mother had started to pray, that I was sleeping longer, that climbing up the stairs was hard...yet, until that very moment, I did not feel it.

On a sudden day, when I was twelve, I went to school after dinner to say bye to my friends. I remember calling them out to the corridor. I remember the chill of the breeze there. I remember being confused. The next day I reached Chennai, the day after I got anaesthesia, the next moment I was pacing outside the doctors chamber while my parents were inside. The stillness was the first of many. When I re-entered the room, my parents looked like they were five years older. One thing became conclusive that day: the biopsy reports indicated bone marrow failure and I would need a transplant.

Eventually, life went on. Nothing really changed drastically. The news did not feel dramatic. If it had, I would say that this was the moment the crack started. In reality, it probably wasn’t. Life was fast: I was a child, the world fit in a grasp. The words were lighter. Until? Maybe until Haemoglobin 5.6. My first blood transfusion happened a few days before the most important exam until then, Pre-Boards, which during Covid translated into my School Assessed Grades. This is what I recall to be my first experience with the cycle. The next time when we met with the doctor, this time in Kolkata, he said “we’ll plan

for a transplant.” Transplant! It feels unreal to talk about. Maybe it has all been a dream. They cleared out an organ — took parts of somebody else whom I don’t even know and — put it in me?

These few years have been long, a slow whirlwind. There is some comfort in being philosophical when you’re ill. It allows you to look for answers. How come I was the one beaten down when everyone else is standing? Doesn’t everyone have to deal with things that are hard? I remember thinking about questions. I remember realising that there were no answers. The moments that come to mind now, whenever I stop to think... I can’t categorise them as the hardest or the saddest or even happier ones. It is just when the day goes sleeping, the nights go drowsy, and the beetles stuck in your brain just won’t go away, details escape you. I simply didn’t know. I didn’t know if I had the humanity to see whether my mother had tears in her eyes. I didn’t know whether I had perceived my father’s voice wavering through the phone. I didn’t know if I was angry or indifferent when my friends contacted me infrequently when their final year in school started without me.

I think I knew then, but there was so much to remember, that it was so easy to forget. When someone asks, it’s a simple answer “I’m fine,” and it’s not a dishonest answer — but, is it incomplete? I don’t know. With a faded past, the reality feels like a performance. All ideas describing anything are absurd now. Futility has taken over my consciousness. Abstraction is the bitter comfort I have created for myself. Life has become brittle. Ordinary life has gained such superiority that the ordinary life is lost quickly. When I would describe it, it probably would not strike you as a problem, it might come to you in the cloak of humility. You’d say it’s great to have such maturity when you’re so young. But it’s exhausting. I am only seventeen. I don’t know anything. It’s not pitiful, it’s not prideful. It just is. The wind in my hair is so dear to me. I have become an ensemble of metaphors.



Arya was a shining light in the lives of all who had the privilege of knowing her. Her journey on this earth was one marked by love, compassion and resilience. Her passing has left a void in the hearts of her family, friends and the entire community she called 'home.'

To Arya - The Epitome of Strength, A Champion of Life, and forever in our hearts. You will be missed.

Online Edition: www.doonschool.com/co-curricular/clubs-societies/publications/past-weeklies/ weekly@doonschool.com



©IPSS: All rights reserved. **Printed by:** The English Book Depot, 15 Rajpur Road, Dehradun, Uttarakhand-248001, India. **Published by:** Kamal Ahuja, The Doon School, Dehradun.

Editor-in-Chief: Krish Agrawal **Editor:** Ganadhipati Aryan **Senior Editors:** Kanishk Bammi, Krishiv Jaiswal **Hindi Editor:** Madhav Mehra **Associate Editors:** Ayaan Mittal, Hrishikesh Aiyer, Rafay Habibullah, Rehman Chadha **Special Correspondents:** Aashman Agarwal, Sumer Gill, Uday Thakran **Correspondents:** Agastya Mehrotra, Daksh Singh, Kahaan Vadodaria **Cartoonists:** Reyansh Agarwal **Webmaster:** Communications Manager **Faculty Advisors:** Rageshree Dasgupta, Sabyasachi Ghosh, Satya Sharma, Sameer Chopra, Stuti Kuthiala