

Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

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

October 11, 2025 | Issue No. 2755



MICROFICTION

In a dystopic world, humans lose autonomy over their bodies.

Page 2

ROVING EYE

A deep-dive into the 'Scoping Season antics' of the Batch of 2027.

Page 5

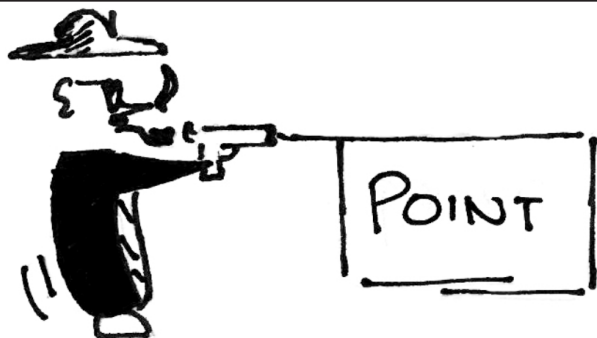
THE WEEK GONE BY

Founder's Day preparations in the backdrop of Inter-House Athletics.

Page 6

Should Major School Events Be Made Biennial?

Biennial: "Once in every two years."



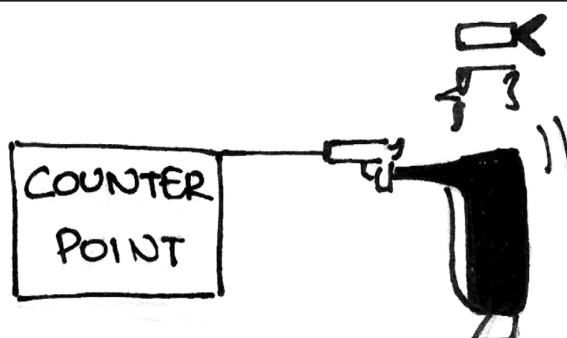
Shiven Singh

Every year, the School Calendar brims with excitement; DSMUN, YEC, *Chucks*, Kamla-Jeevan, and whatnot. These are events that transform Houses and classrooms into hubs buzzing with chatter and sheer anticipation. They showcase our talent and leadership, and give Boys an opportunity to prove their worth. But then, a question emerges: "Are we doing too much, too soon, too often?"

Over the past few years, academics have taken a major hit in School. These large-scale events demand immense preparation and endless hours to be devoted to them. Due to these endless practices, late-night O.C. meetings, and day-long preparations, class hours become less meaningful while exhaustion grows. The late-night 'perfecting every detail' culture leaves students drained, yawning, barely awake, and struggling to focus on what actually goes on in class, either thinking about how to meet their deadlines, or thinking about how great of a nap they are going to have once all this is over.

Making these major events biennial would not mean dimming the grandeur of these events. Instead, it just means that we are utilising even more time to make them better. With a two-year gap, each event would have more time for planning and creative inputs, which just makes them grander and better-organised spectacles. Everything can grow, because great things take time to be built.

Each Batch deserves the chance to lead these



Uday Thakran

The multitude of events that take place function as applied classrooms, where students practice speaking, writing, budgeting, and logistics under time limits. That is their value, not simply noise or spectacle.

Academics have slipped at times, and late meetings are a real problem. Moving to a two-year cycle, however, is a blunt fix that only creates new costs. Skill development depends on both cadence and feedback. But, long gaps are only going to reduce practice, break team continuity, and weaken handovers. O.C.s go stale, vendors and partner schools disengage, and each cohort spends time relearning basics rather than improving them.

Firstly, understand the value positions and student representation hold in our School. Annual cycles create two full rounds of leadership in a two-year window. A biennial plan halves the Captain, O.C. Head, Editor, and Chair roles, then compresses the selection fights. Inter-school events are not a substitute. They offer fewer total slots, weaker control over schedules, and less room for younger students to try and fail.

If the concern is pressure, fix pressure directly. Set a meeting curfew at 10 PM. Cap weekly rehearsal hours by Form. Assign Master-in-Charges on a schedule with clear authority to enforce limits. Track attendance and cut teams that ignore those caps.

Before we redraw the calendar, we should be honest about what these weeks do to our study time. It is easy

(Continued on Page 3)

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

Pass the rice and the chawal.

Vardhan Garg, bilingual.

Turn off your books.

AFQ, back to the future.

I do not leave any rooms for doubt.

AKM, occupied.

He's a sumb thucking guy.

RDG, got nood.

BLEED BLUE

Aarit Singhania, Arijit Sandhu, Arnav Agarwal, Harsh Begani, Lohitaksh Gupta, and Pranay Gupta have been awarded the **Games' Blazer**.

Congratulations!

DICTUM CONTENTIO

The following are the results of the **Inter-House English Debating Competition, 2025**:

Seniors Cup

1st: Oberoi

2nd: Tata

3rd: Kashmir

4th: Hyderabad

5th: Jaipur

House Cup:

1st: Oberoi

2nd: Tata

3rd: Kashmir

4th: Jaipur

5th: Hyderabad

MICROFICTION

I wake up, knowing that I can't do anything but walk through the horrid flames of this hellish world. As the day starts, I get up and leave my bed, just to get slurped into a tube which takes me to the 'live room.' Yeah, our lingo has changed with this wicked world; it has far more advanced technology than that of the disastrous 21st century CE, because, my friend, you are reading about a life in the 30th century CE. And so, I am in the live room where my Thrower-3000 throws me onto the sofa. It's made of fruits, as most animals are now endangered. Soon after, my Alarm-3g rings, and the Thrower-3000 throws me to the chair, where I sit by myself, completely alone. I eat breakfast made by my Auto-food Maker, and after I'm done, the Eating Sensor instructs my Thrower-3000 to fling me into my tube, which transports me to my room. In the room, I think of what it feels like to walk, for within this monstrosity of a generation, it is illegal to walk. If you are found walking... well, it's up to your fate then.

- Srivathsa Narayana

Around the World
in 80 Words

India and China agreed to resume direct flights after a five-year hiatus. Greta Thunberg was deported from Israel after the Gaza Flotilla attempt. Cristiano Ronaldo became the first footballer to become a billionaire. PM Modi inaugurated India's state-of-the-art Navi Mumbai International Airport, making Mumbai one of the few cities in the world to have multiple airports. RBI initiated a pilot programme to explore deposit tokenisation. FC Barcelona suffered its first loss of the season against PSG in the Champions League.

CLAD IN BLACK

Arnav Tiwari, Mohd Omar Malik, Pranay Gupta, Krish Agrawal, and Krishiv Jaiswal have been awarded the **Scholars' Blazer**.

Kudos!

SAPIENTIA COLLECTIO

Dinanjai Singh, Hrishikesh Aiyer, and Madhav Mehra have been awarded **Gold** in the **Reading Award Seniors Category**.

Congratulations!

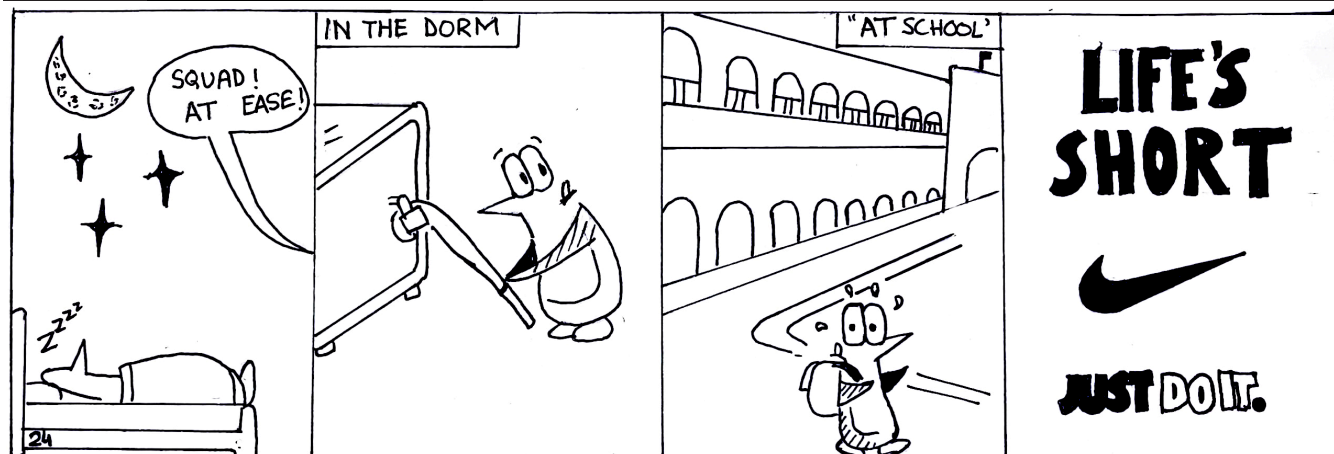
“

Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. The slogan 'Press On' has solved and always will solve the problems of the human race.

Calvin Coolidge

Do Sco Doodle

Just Do It
Aashman Agarwal



(Continued from Page 1)

events every year. And that's justified, but leadership and recognition aren't confined to just these events. Inter-schools, and even Inter-Houses for that matter, MUNs, and multiple other conferences already offer enough opportunities to display their skill. I simply support a trade-off: let go of making these events annual, and School's academic performance will increase exponentially.

In a time when students already juggle academics and high expectations, annual large-scale events only pile on the pressure. The perfectionism and constant hustle might look impressive on the outside, but, inside, they lead to severe burnout. A biennial schedule gives students some rare time to breathe. It ensures that excitement doesn't turn into exhaustion, and creativity isn't born out of compulsion.

So, maybe it's time to let the spotlight rest for a while, so that when it shines again, it shines brighter, bolder, and better than ever before.

to say that the DSMUN or *Chucks'* setup made us too busy to study, and I have used it as an excuse myself. But if you trace a normal day, a lot of minutes leak in quieter ways: long chats with Formmates, another *scroll* before prep, a meeting that starts late and drifts, or a practice that runs past the useful part. The events are visible; the leaks are not. When marks dip, we point to the poster on the notice board because it is an obvious culprit. The harder truth is that many of us treat events as a convenient excuse to go soft on everything else. That is not crowding; that is a choice.

A two-year cycle would remove some noise, but it would not rebuild habits. If we want better academics, we should fix how we use the hours we already have. Biennial hosting will not do that work for us.

Transcending Borders

Arjun Wadhvani, an exchange student from Hilton College, South Africa, recounts his experiences in India.

It has been about a month since the exchange came to an end, and as I look back, I want to share a few thoughts about the experience. The time spent at the Doon School was truly unforgettable, filled with learning, friendships, and countless memories. What began as a short exchange ended up becoming a meaningful chapter in my life, and it only feels right to express gratitude and reflections through this piece.

From the very first day, everyone welcomed me in and made me feel like I belonged. This exchange was special on so many levels. My family has a history with the Doon School: my uncle and his father both attended it, so in a way, it felt like following in their footsteps. After spending time here myself, it became clear as to why they chose Doon.

The journey took me to South Africa for school, and it had been about eleven years since my last visit to India. Even though I am Indian, growing up in South Africa meant not knowing much about the culture or the language here. This exchange gave me a chance to reconnect with my roots in a way that I never had before.

During the stay, there was also the chance to go sightseeing in Delhi and Agra, where so much history and culture were experienced. Seeing the Taj Mahal in person was breathtaking, one of those moments that leave you in awe, even if you've seen it a hundred times in pictures. There was also the joy of trying many new foods, and each meal added to the adventure. These experiences were not only fun but unforgettable, and they made the time there even more special.

Academically, the difference was noticed straight away. The work there is more challenging, especially in subjects like Math and Physics, but there is gratitude

for that. It pushed thinking and learning in new ways, and it is knowledge to carry back to South Africa. Another big difference was the food. With most meals being vegetarian, it was a bit of a shock at first since back home, I'm used to eating a lot more meat, but it gave me a whole new perspective.

One of the highlights was the Inter-House Football. Back home, we usually take Inter-House matches quite lightly, almost like a joke. But here, it was amazing how competitive, organised, and exciting it was. The matches were intense and full of energy, which made playing in them so enjoyable. Being part of that spirit was wonderful. It showed the pride and passion that students put into everything there.

Through it all, what stood out most was how welcoming everyone was. Whether it was classmates, teachers, or my exchange partners, people were always ready to include me, make me feel comfortable, and share their culture. That warmth and kindness is something to always remember.

Gratitude is owed to everyone who made this exchange possible, especially those who took time and effort out of their busy schedules to make it such a memorable experience. Special appreciation goes to my exchange partners, Jai, Zorawar, and Loechin for all the time and energy they put into making this journey so enjoyable.

The kindness, hospitality, laughter, and memories shared by everyone at The Doon School transformed this experience from a simple visit into something far more meaningful. What began as an exchange ended with the realisation that I had become part of the Dosco Community.

The Fallacy of Fraternity

Abhir Kohli reflects on whether ambition is warping the very ethos of Doon.

At what cost does “*the mind without fear and the head held high*” prevail, if perfection overshadows camaraderie and the pursuit of individual glory eclipses brotherhood?

Doon has always thrived on a delicate balance, where ambition and fraternity entwine, where Houses flourish collectively, and where mentorship paves the way for triumph. Yet, when Batches lose cohesion, the foundation weakens. A disconnect within a Form leads to fractured bonds, and eventually, a fissured Community. Relationships become motive-driven and seem like cloaked attempts to ‘connect,’ but are more often steered by self-interest, and through this, our cherished legacy begins to falter when such ulterior motives masquerade as fraternity.

The threads that once bound Batches across decades, woven through guidance, reverence for ideals, and a sense of timeless belonging, are now fraying. The Senior-Junior bond, once meant to embody continuity, risks becoming not only an instrument of dominance but also a mechanism for the satisfaction of personal interest. When these ties turn transactional, the very notion of unity is stunted. The pressing question then becomes: what exacerbates this growing breach?

The probable first fault lies in every Dosco’s pursuit of excellence, which, admirable as it is, often carries a shadow of self-interest. Ambition is natural, sometimes even necessary, but it corrodes fraternity when interactions with Seniors are leveraged for advantage rather than anchored in sincerity. A Junior may flatter a Senior, adopt their opinions, or display exaggerated deference, not because he believes in them, but because he hopes to secure favour. Approval is then chased rather than earned, optics valued over conviction, and the results are shallow bonds.

Originally, striving for excellence meant meritocracy and the ideal Dosco only aimed to be his truest self. Today, however, this narrative has been warped. House position aspirants, for example, may downplay their House’s genuine needs in order to echo Seniors’ preferences, securing support through conformity rather than conviction. Such compromises risk fairness in processes like determining the Prefectorial body and several other Captaincies.

Authenticity also falters when words are spoken to please rather than to reflect conviction. Dialogue becomes theatre; glorification masking absence. Juniors may seek advice from Seniors not out of

a hunger for growth, but to display a hunger that photographs well. The conversation becomes symbolic rather than substantive, performative rather than transformative.

As Doscos spend more time polishing their ideals and striving for perfection, they jeopardise the connections that really matter, the Form that holds you back at times but propels you further when you need that extra push. So, when such growing transactionality among Juniors and Seniors becomes evident, Batch solidarity thrives, and neither inter nor intra-Form relations hold any substantial depth.

Traditions, too, risk withering into empty rituals. A dinner conversation with a Senior — once meant to sharpen thought and character — too often dissolves into polite banalities designed to avoid offence. Interactions are stripped of risk, of honesty, and of truth. When “*words come out of the depth of truth*,” fraternity flourishes. But when words are manufactured for approval, fraternity withers into ritual, choked by toxic incentives.

The consequences of this ‘hollowing’ are profound. A culture that places appearance over substance inevitably weakens itself. Bonds start to spring from performance, desirability flows only when mutual benefit exists, and honesty yields to expediency. At its worst, respect and dialogue turn into commodities, traditions reduced to showpieces. Fear does not inspire character — it merely compels conformity.

This paradox forces us to ask: should the pursuit of perfection be allowed to threaten institutional brotherhood? Can ingratiation ever substitute for meritocracy?

If we wish to preserve our ethos, trust must be consciously rebuilt. Mentorship must return to sincerity rather than transaction. Juniors must value authenticity over presentation. Seniors must mentor without expectation of compliance. For fraternity is not built on image but on fairness and shared struggle.

Only then can we restore the brotherhood that defines Doon. If ambition is permitted to corrode the fraternity, then Doon risks losing not just its unity but the very ethos by which it has defined itself across generations. The choice is ours: to chase hollow perfection or to protect the spirit of fraternity that has always been our legacy.

The Week Gone By

Krishiv Jaiswal

Having finally submitted my UK application — after fifteen-hundred reviews — it’s time to return to writing something far more serious: the *Week Gone By*. I’m sure ten minutes to complete this Section won’t be that difficult, at least the Basketball Inter-House matches could do that.

This week surely has given a runway show, as several pseudo-intellectuals and countless ‘*athletes*’ walked the stage, while the others ‘joined their hands for applause.’ However, I do not want this to turn into an *Unquotes* section — the Founder’s *Weekly* Issue nights have already provided enough of that.

As the *Eagles*, who I must again commend for winning the Grand slam, received the coveted honour, even the reluctant gave them a standing ovation. We also saw Owen

Cooper’s stunt double on stage as part of the French Exchange, while this week’s “Sd/-” gifted us the last three Schools off (anything but the first two, naturally), as Chandbagh gears up for a rather hyped-up DS90.

The School, though, has played the perfect festival organiser. Exhibitions have started to take shape in every corridor, practices have exponentially increased, and Marching Practices are in full swing. With Cricket, Hockey, Athletics, and that new campus religion, Padel, all fighting for footage, it only seems right to have it all alongside exhibitions, performances, and debates. My condolences to DS75.

For my Batch, some of our careers were mapped in the 45-minute ‘Predicted Grades discussion,’ which even got the “couch potatoes” circling the Careers Department and questioning whether they are better off not knowing their grades, and applying to Cambridge with a 73%.

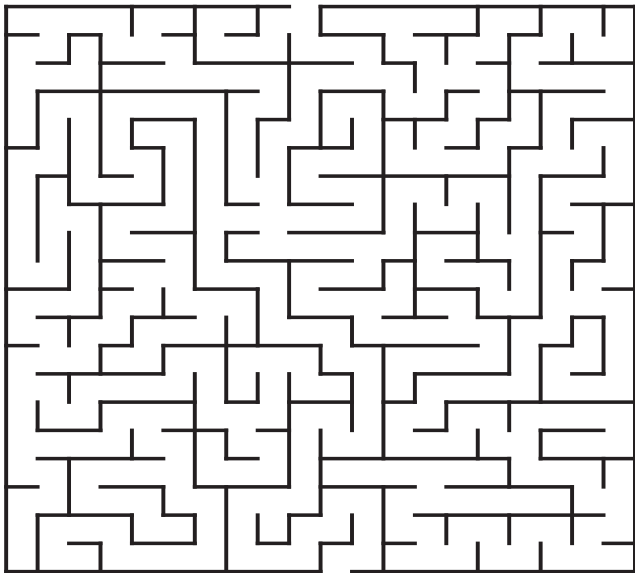
The *Bhaiyas* could be seen furnishing and painting walls, and updating Honour Boards, presumably so

future Batches can know exactly who to blame and for what purpose. The artists could also be seen pulling long hours as the Music production and ‘trilingual play’ rehearsals sprinted well past ‘curfew time.’

PT-Grooming became a co-curricular. Haircuts marched with more discipline than some platoons, while Sc Formers collected signatures for House Colours like philatelists on a deadline. Meanwhile, Veracross’ report cards landed, and it’s looking like Diwali at the Headmaster’s Residence wouldn’t be that bad, because we all care about zero carbon footprint, *right?*

A month back, it had come to my realisation that this is my last *Week Gone By*. The truth is: I am not funny, but maybe one who just blends into things somehow, and then one doesn’t know he has reached the end of the road until the road stops beneath his feet. If you’re reading this, it just did. Take care Readers; see you next time, as an absorbed Reader of this section, back again.

Maze



The views expressed in articles printed are their authors’ own and do not necessarily reflect those of the Weekly or its editorial policy.

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