

Hrishikesh Aiyer

If the debate over Greenland reflects the type of statecraft that is occurring at the macro-level, the protests against immigration enforcement reflect the type of dissent that is occurring at the micro-level. Over the last few months, protests against the enforcement have intensified in several large American cities, most significantly in and around Minnesota. These protests were prompted by a variety of factors including the escalation of deportations, the conditions of detention centres, and the overall dissatisfaction with immigration enforcement policy. The optics are

This Week in History of The School

1960 CE: The first assembly of the School's fiftieth term is held in the New Hall.

1962 CE: Mr Gurdial Singh and Mr Hari Dang are invited to join the Indian team attempting to scale Mount Everest.

1964 CE: Chandhu Bardhan is awarded the Rhodes scholarship to study at Oxford.

1968 CE: Vikram Seth is appointed Chief Editor of *The Doon School Weekly*.

1971 CE: Colonel E.J. Samson is appointed Headmaster of The Doon School.

THE RIDDLE?

*I rise above the place we know all too well,
Where quieter conversations are fed.
From careful words to voices grand,
I host the tongues that guide each lad.
Brick-clad, I watch the fields below,
Where games are fought and seasons flow.
Marked by steps adorned with artwork new,
I gather the pillars of the School and their families too.
I am the...*

Conspiracy of the week: Subhash Chandra Bose never died?

Subhash Chandra Bose, the Indian anti-colonial nationalist **allegedly** died in a 1945 plane crash in Taiwan due to third-degree burns. Yet, many believe he survived, leading to theories of him living in disguise or being hidden by foreign powers, fueling decades of speculations. The official account does state he died in 1945, but whether it is true or not is left up to you...

Around the World in 80 Words

Donald Trump passed a trillion-dollar government funding bill by a 217-214 vote to end the partial federal shutdown, setting the stage for intense debate over homeland security. India committed to no longer purchasing Russian oil and to investing five hundred billion dollars in the United States. Indian Finance Minister Nirmala Sitharaman announced the building of seven new bullet train corridors spanning the Indian railways. Kendrick Lamar's 'Luther' won record of the year at the 2026 Grammys.

BENE VENIAS

Mr Siddharth Bathla (SHB) joined the School as a Master in Psychology and a Life Skills Educator.

Ms Priyanka Rawley (PAR) joined the School as a Special Needs Educator.

We wish them a fruitful tenure!

HOW TO NOT GET CAUGHT 101: GETTING CREATIVE BY THE DAY

Disclaimer: *The below piece is satirical. Following recent "random checks," the Weekly serves its role as the advisor to the Community with some helpful tips on not getting caught:*

1. If you can't hide it, pretend that it's a part of the Doon School Curriculum.
2. Be prepared to throw someone under the bus, but in a "we're all in this together" kind of way.
3. If caught, start crying and yell, "I just want to feel loved."
4. Hide it in your coat/blazer pocket. Plain sight works best.

Dosco Diddle

Raided
Aarav Singla



compelling: groups of protesters chanting outside federal buildings, videos of confrontations on social media, and the predictable cycle of outrage and counter-outrage. A nation cannot assert that it has borders and simultaneously refuse to enforce them. Similarly, a nation cannot enforce its borders without confronting the human cost of enforcing them.

Protest is not necessarily illegitimate. Protests have historically served as a means of peaceful dissent leading to necessary reforms. However, as protests increasingly blur the lines between expressing discontent and impeding the regular operation of society, the moral clarity that initially fueled the protests begins to disappear. It is not and never was about discounting the grievances of migrants or activists; rather, it questions whether policies that are primarily driven by the emotional momentum of the moment, rather than the feasibility of the policies, can continue to be implemented sustainably.

Board of Peace

The emergence of concepts such as the “Board of Peace,” reflect a different type of impulse altogether. While Greenland represents hard power and the Immigration Enforcement represents enforcement power, the concept of a “Board of Peace” represents soft power. Advisory boards or councils, such as the one described above, are typically bodies designed to promote conflict resolution. On paper, such organisations are appealing to the universal desire for stability and moral leadership. Their success, however, is entirely contingent on their degree of authority and their integration into the existing governing structures. If they lack authority, they are likely to be little more than symbolic committees that generate reports no one will read and propose policy that will

not amount to anything. If they have too much authority, they risk either replicating or supplanting existing elected institutions.

These three issues share a commonality and it is not their substance. The underlying tensions that they exemplify is what you need to focus on. The debate over Greenland asks how far a nation should go to protect its future. The protests against deportations ask how a nation should treat individuals who cross its borders. The ‘Board of Peace’ concept asks how a nation can prevent or resolve conflicts. In each case, the public debate tends to rapidly polarise, making the choice you make and the decision you take into moral dichotomy. However, The lived experience of governance rarely presents decision-makers with options in binary terms. Change is something incremental and something that undergoes negotiation, so you might have to exercise restraint.

Additionally, there is a generational component to these debates. Digital immediacy and the globalised nature of the news narrative have contributed to our perspectives of how quickly governments should respond to their demands for moral alignment. The resultant tension between these two temporalities generates frustration for both sides of the divide. Protesters protest because they perceive that change is occurring too slowly. Policy makers delay because they perceive that change is occurring too quickly. The result is a feedback loop in which neither side perceives that they are being heard, and public trust in government erodes incrementally. To break this cycle, not only must policy evolve, but so must the expectations of the public.

Awards ceremonies, such as the Grammys, that previously existed primarily to recognise artistic achievement, have in recent years

become places for the very public displays of celebrity activism. Declarations made from podiums, symbolic dress, and social media posts can immediately attract wide-spread attention and applause. However, the tangible policy implications of these declarations are frequently minimal. This is not to suggest that public figures should remain silent, nor is it to imply that cultural influence is ineffective. Rather, it serves to highlight a growing disconnection between visibility and efficacy. When activism becomes indistinguishable from branding, it risks reinforcing the same superficiality that it purports to reject. The spectacle creates the illusion of involvement while distracting attention from the slower, less glamorous processes of debating legislation and reforming institutions. Therefore, celebrity activism at prominent award ceremonies is yet another manifestation of the broader cultural preference for symbolic alignment with structural participation.

Therefore, clarity emerges as the most valuable commodity. When leaders speak only in aspirational language, they create distrust. When they speak only in technical language, they alienate the public. The last couple of months have illustrated how easily the disconnect between communication and ideology can become a chasm.

When viewed in isolation, the last couple of months appear chaotic. Questions about territory, borders, and peace are not new. What is new is the rate at which narratives coalesce and crystallise around these themes.

This forthcoming term should serve as a chance for us to strengthen our collective resolve of ensuring our thoughts are truly ours. Although this might have been a bit intense, as an opener, to an otherwise high-pressure term, we are in this one together and I wish you the very best.

How Productive Was Winter Camp?

Ever since I joined School, everyone used to rave on about Winter Camp as the highlight of School life. My first one lived up to the hype, despite the biting cold that made leaving bed a heroic feat and turned heaters into paparazzi hotspots. It kicked off with the 'not-so-tough' Pre-Boards to gauge vacation productivity, followed by intensive classes. The atmosphere was strictly academic — Form-mates scolding anyone doomscrolling *YouTube Shorts*. Masters generously cleared our doubts, ensuring mental and definitely emotional prep for results. Food improved with buffets at every meal, dodging rigid timings. The final ten days, pure classes with less exam pressure, allowing us to polish our concepts perfectly. This mix of comfort and rigour made progress inevitable, and the Camp a success.

-An A Former

Winter Camp. Quite a few are able to use the time judiciously, and others, not so much. It eats into your vacations, yet at the same time, it makes memories you could never make at home. To be very frank about it, Winter Camp is a great concept — it helps you prepare for Boards (the most obvious reason), despite the cold weather, which, I really can't say adds to the "study-conducive" part of Winter Camp. It also gives freeway in terms of flexibility in your calendar, and more importantly, at least as an IB student, it gives you an ample amount of time for the IAs. However, the drawback remains that submitting eight of them in ten days results in a compromise of quality, and for feedback to be implemented, in just a day or two, doesn't make sense. A better idea would be to split Winter Camp: ten days after the Autumn Term ends as the first part of Camp, a month at home, and another ten days at school. Branching it out in this way would truly make it more efficient. A brilliant aspect of Winter Camp is the ISC and IB students being together. Since the ISC students have their Pre-Board preparations going on, their focus and work ethic really rubs off on the IB students, such as myself, who are comparatively more relaxed since their pre-boards take place in March. Yet at the same time, this 'rubbing off' idea could work both ways, meaning that the ISC students end up getting influenced by the IB students. I really appreciate the effort School continues to make towards the idea of Winter Camp. It's a great step in the right direction, but just not there yet.

-An Sc Former

For the first time, the Winter Camp brought together the entire Sc Form cohort along with the first cohort of ICSE students. This coming together was intentional and deeply aligned with our belief that School looks beyond any one single curriculum. We believe in keeping the Batch united, as it encourages a forward-looking approach, where students complement and learn from one another.

The Winter Camp was thoughtfully designed with a bird's eye view on each student, focussing on assessment, personalised one-to-one interactions, and academic support. Such programmes play a vital role in strengthening the bond between Masters and students in the ecosystem of our School, a connection that was clearly reflected in the successful completion of all internal assessments across curricula. The primary aim of the Camp was to ensure that students are equipped with the right strategies for examinations, are familiar with structural changes in assessments, understand new-age questioning analytical approaches, and, more importantly, master the art of reading and interpretation. With evolving assessment structures, it was essential that students received detailed, subject-specific feedback, with a strong emphasis placed on writing skills. The schedule was carefully crafted, keeping in mind the well-being of both students and Masters, ensuring a balanced and focussed environment. While camps are inherently intensive, they provide a unique opportunity for concentrated learning, preparing students not only for Board examinations but for larger goals in life. What are we here for? For me, these are important: decision-making, planning, preparation, resilience, time management, empathy, and the ability to stretch one's boundaries. These are the qualities we seek to cultivate in the Dosco. I think every activity desires to see the movement towards the goal, and the Winter Camp was no different. As "change remains the only constant", we collectively should strive to improve and adapt to changing circumstances. Ultimately, our measure of success lies in seeing our students rise each time they face adversity, growing stronger, more confident, and better prepared for the ever-changing world.

-ANC

वीकली: विचार-विमर्श और विविधता का मंच

सम्पादकीय (एडिटोरियल)

हृदय कनोडिया

सर्वप्रथम मैं वीकली के हिंदी खंड के शिक्षक-प्रभारी एस.ए.एस. सर, पूर्व वीकली बोर्ड तथा अपने सभी साथियों का हृदय से धन्यवाद करता हूँ, जिन्होंने मुझ पर हिंदी संपादक के रूप में विश्वास जताया। मैं यह भली-भाँति जानता हूँ कि हर पद सम्मान के साथ-साथ एक बड़ी ज़िम्मेदारी भी लेकर आता है। यह ज़िम्मेदारी केवल नाम की नहीं, बल्कि विद्यालय की गरिमा, वीकली की गुणवत्ता और स्वयं के कर्तव्य से जुड़ी होती है। ज़िम्मेदारियाँ उम्मीदों के साथ आती हैं और मैं पूरी ईमानदारी, मेहनत और समर्पण के साथ यह प्रयास करूँगा कि इस विश्वास और इन उम्मीदों पर खरा उतर सकूँ।

हमारे विद्यालय की वीकली केवल एक साप्ताहिक पत्रिका नहीं, बल्कि हमारी सामूहिक सोच, सांस्कृतिक चेतना और अभिव्यक्ति की सशक्त आवाज़ है। हिंदी हमारे लिए मात्र एक विषय नहीं, बल्कि भावनाओं, संस्कारों और विचारों को व्यक्त करने का सहज माध्यम है। हिंदी में लिखते हुए हम अपनी पहचान को शब्द देते हैं।

डॉस्कोज़ की हिंदी में रुचि हमेशा से रही है, जो विद्यालय की विभिन्न गतिविधियों में स्पष्ट दिखाई देती है, चाहे कमला जीवन और शशि-प्रह्लाद अंतर-विद्यालयीय वाद-विवाद प्रतियोगिताएँ हों या अंतर-सदनीय वाद-विवाद, काव्य पाठ हो या कोई अन्य साहित्यिक आयोजन, हर मंच पर हमारे विद्यार्थियों ने हिंदी भाषा में अभिव्यक्ति के दौरान आत्मविश्वास और प्रतिभा का परिचय दिया है। यह वह मंच है जहाँ हम अपने विचार, अनुभव और रचनात्मकता को स्वतंत्र रूप से व्यक्त कर सकते हैं। यह न केवल हमारी भाषा शैली और तर्क क्षमता को सशक्त बनाती है, बल्कि आत्म-अभिव्यक्ति को भी मज़बूत करती है। हमारी विद्यालयीय पहचान शैक्षिक उपलब्धियों के साथ-साथ भाषा, संस्कृति और मूल्यों से बनती है और इसमें वीकली की भूमिका अत्यंत महत्वपूर्ण है।

हिंदी संपादक के रूप में मेरी यह स्पष्ट और सुदृढ़ दृष्टि है कि वीकली का हिंदी अंश हमारे विद्यालय के छात्रों की आवाज़ का सशक्त, जीवंत और विश्वसनीय मंच बने। मैं चाहता हूँ कि यह पत्रिका केवल सूचनाओं या गतिविधियों का संकलन न होकर विचारों, भावनाओं और रचनात्मक अभिव्यक्ति का ऐसा माध्यम बने, जहाँ हर छात्र स्वयं को जुड़ा हुआ महसूस

करे। हमारा उद्देश्य केवल अधिक लेख प्रकाशित करना नहीं है, बल्कि ऐसी सामग्री प्रस्तुत करना है जिसकी गुणवत्ता हर विद्यार्थी को सोचने, समझने और महसूस करने का अवसर दे। रचनात्मकता के साथ-साथ आलोचनात्मक सोच को भी बढ़ावा देना मेरी प्राथमिकता है, ताकि छात्र न केवल लिखें, बल्कि विषयों को गहराई से देखें और अपने विचार स्पष्ट रूप से रख सकें।

आने वाले अंकों में वीकली के हिंदी खंड में कुछ नए और रोचक प्रयास किए जाएंगे। अब इसमें हिंदी वर्ग-पहेलियाँ और क्रॉसवर्ड शामिल किए जाएंगे, जिससे भाषा सीखने की प्रक्रिया ज्ञानवर्धक होने के साथ-साथ आनंददायक भी बने। इसके अतिरिक्त मैं सभी विद्यार्थियों को प्रोत्साहित करता हूँ कि वे हिंदी में लघु कथाएँ, कविताएँ, लेख, अनुभव और विचार लेखन के माध्यम से अपनी प्रतिभा को सामने लाएँ। हर छात्र के भीतर कुछ कहने को होता है, और वीकली उस अभिव्यक्ति का माध्यम बन सकती है।

हिंदी से जुड़े सभी विद्यालयीय कार्यक्रमों, प्रतियोगिताओं और उपलब्धियों को भी वीकली में स्थान दिया जाएगा, ताकि छात्रों के प्रयासों को पहचान मिले और अन्य विद्यार्थियों को भी प्रेरणा प्राप्त हो। इसके साथ ही, हम डी फॉर्म के विद्यार्थियों के लिए मार्गदर्शन की एक पहल भी शुरू करेंगे, जिसके अंतर्गत उन्हें लेख और कविता लेखन में प्रशिक्षण व मौलिक लेखन का अवसर दिया जायेगा। साथ ही, छात्रों द्वारा भेजी गई रचनाओं पर रचनात्मक सुझाव और सुधार के लिए अनुशंसाएँ दी जाएँगी, ताकि वे भविष्य में और बेहतर लेखन कर सकें।

मैं विशेष रूप से यह स्पष्ट करना चाहता हूँ कि वीकली और उसका हिंदी भाग पूरी तरह छात्रों के लिए है और छात्रों के द्वारा ही इसे जीवंत बनाया जा सकता है। यह केवल एक संपादक की नहीं, बल्कि हम सभी की सामूहिक पत्रिका है। मैं सभी विद्यार्थियों से अनुरोध करता हूँ कि वे बढ़-चढ़कर इसमें योगदान दें, अपने विचार साझा करें और इसे अपनी आवाज़ बनाएँ। आइए, हम सब मिलकर वीकली को एक ऐसा मंच बनाएँ जो सशक्त, रचनात्मक और प्रेरणादायक हो, जहाँ हर शब्द में छात्र की सोच और पहचान झलके।

Clouds of Rain

Shubh Parakh

Sometimes rain showers upon majestically
But otherwise it can create storms drastically

Beloved clouds they overlook us all
But when laden they make water fall

Everlasting rain it reaches us all
Our beautiful clouds, their presence cast us into thrall

The essence of rain beholds us at Monsoon
But they leave us so soon

Clouds cover the sun like the day already won
They are our saviour from the burning rays that run



Everybody Wants to Rule the World

Agastya Mehrotra

Disclaimer: *This is a creative piece about what the author imagines the process of breaking the norm is.*

Entry One

I have decided that seniority is a myth.

This conclusion has come after careful consideration and observation. Seniors ask, and Juniors oblige. Sometimes for towels, other times for shirts, and, of course, you are sent on the occasional 'lost object' hunt. But I don't believe that there is any written rule that says this must be enforced. Just plain habit and expectation, passed down like lore and lethargy. Tomorrow, I will test this theory. I will refuse politely, calmly and respectfully, without drama and definitely without 'attitude'. I will show the world that seniority and favours survive only because Juniors agree to it, and, much like the water on a duck's back, will come slipping down eventually. I am confident, maybe a bit too confident...

Entry Two

At 7:10 AM, the experiment began. An A Former asked me to 'fetch' an Sc Former's Blue Shirt for him. I understood immediately. This was a classic 'pass-on.' I was simply the next in line. I said I was already late for call-over, and offered my most sincere apologies. He looked at me for a moment, as if he was going to argue. But then he just said "okay." That was it. Nothing happened. Later, in the CDH, another Senior asked me to carry his school bag back to the House. I said I was already busy after lunch and then blurted out a random commitment. Again, nothing happened. By dinner time, I felt light. Seniority, I concluded, was sustained entirely by docility. Think independently, break the chain – and it collapses.

Entry Three

Things escalated. The same A Former asked me to fetch something. Again, I said no. He repeated himself. I repeated myself (less politely). His patience snapped. Voices rose. Words like "attitude" and "respect" appeared. This attracted attention, which I did not enjoy as much as I thought I would. By the evening, I was sent for by the House Captain. He was not calm at all. He was furious. Loud as well as sharp. It was the kind of rage that would terrify even the most experienced defaulters. He asked me if seniority only applied when convenient. I was told that seniority was not optional and that I was being deliberately difficult. A 'Change-in-Break' was assigned. I nodded, then said I would not be running it. This was when it felt like the room imploded. The wrath that followed suggested I had misunderstood the situation.

Entry Four

Refusing the 'Change-in-Break' did not end the matter like my naive self hoped it would. On the contrary, it escalated things drastically. I was given an 'Extra-P.T'. This time, however, I complied. I ran with visible commitment. Too much, perhaps. I finished strong. I did not cry or complain. I even looked pleased. This led to some respite. No favours followed. But with this new development, came a hefty price: no goodwill returned. The 'Extra-P.T' was acknowledged only as punishment for acting out of line, not as redemption. Seniority, it turned out, does not reward delayed cooperation. What did change, however, was everything else.

Entry Five

Seniors stopped treating me the same. Not openly and without any drama, but conversations grew colder, stripped of casual instructions, humour, and patience. I was spoken to only when necessary, and even then, with caution. This, I could manage. What was harder to accept was the response of my own Batch, which felt far sharper and far more personal. My Form-mates stopped liking me. Not because I was rude, but because I was inconvenient. In their eyes, I did not do the things I was supposed to do; the small jobs that kept the system running. Fetching, passing along messages, even helping without being asked.

I had confused my rebellion with independence.

It turns out that they are no longer the same...

Final Entry

I believe I understand it now. Seniority is not primarily about authority, but about participation; a system sustained by small and routine acts of cooperation. Refusing them does not invite formal reprimand, rather, the consequences are quieter and more socially taxing; and far harder to undo. I thought I was exposing something artificial, but in doing so, I only removed myself from something that functioned effectively. No one dislikes me, which would have been easier to face; instead, expectations simply disappeared, and with them, the comfort of belonging. Tomorrow, if someone asks me to bring a small white T-shirt with medium shorts, I will do so, not because I have come to believe in seniority, but because experience has shown me that proving a point matters far less than belonging. Perhaps this system is mine now.

What Was It Like to Enter This Term?

D Form versus S Form

I think the weather pretty much sums it up. Though I'm sure I don't speak for every D Former, there are many of us, who, just like the weather, are feeling dull and dreary. While there are many who are settled, strapped in, and ready for an action-packed Term (and the looming eventuality of entering the Main House), most miss the simple permanence of home. And while not everyone shows their discomfort, it lingers in their words. Personally, I have mixed feelings. Doon has a way of growing on you until you forget why you were ever homesick in the first place.

Honestly? On the 31st, for me, there were some tears at first, but I knew that I had found my place in School, and that Chandbagh was calling to me. Yet, with the start of the Term, the homesickness began to gush in once again. Faking arm twists, tears and the occasional vomiting, the unease was palpable. On Christmas, I wondered if the School was decked in red and green. On *Rakhi*, I hoped my family was celebrating with cheer. I wondered if I could have a foot in both worlds.

All in all, I have to say, this process of settling in has taken time, care, and tears. Maybe I'll never settle and find my place here. Or maybe, just maybe, I will build my roots and embrace Chandbagh.

-Aurva Dwivedi

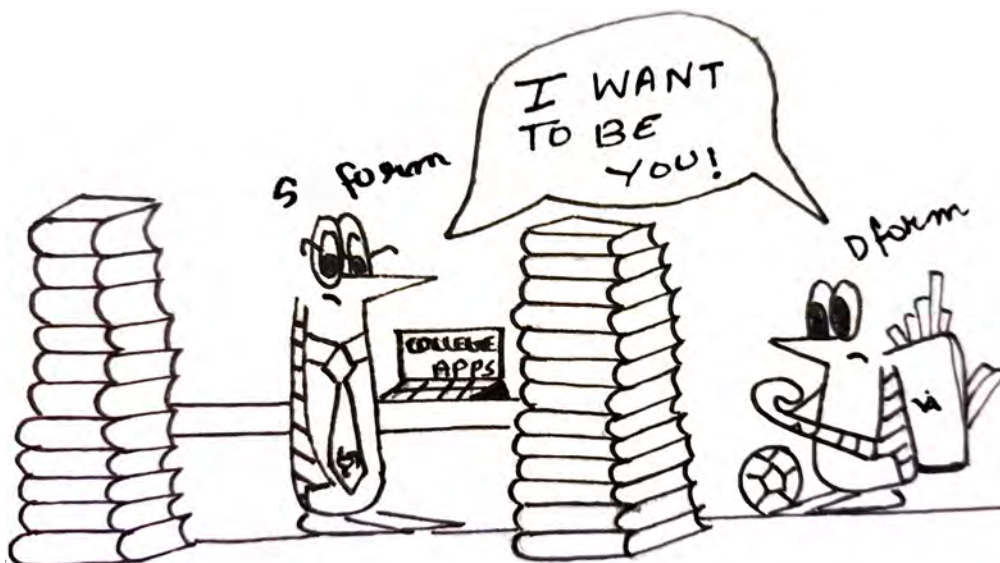
In contrast to my younger self, entering School now feels far less like a burden, and more like a breath of fresh air. Returning to School this time around, I can clearly feel the distance between who I was as a D Former and who I am today. What once felt overwhelming now feels purposeful. As one of School's 22 Prefects, the responsibility I carry is heavy, but also grounding. There is a quiet pride in knowing that I am trusted to take care of Doon and the people within it; a pride that my younger self would not have fully understood.

As a C Former, School felt overwhelming, given settling into the Main House and staying away from Seniors. I remember eagerly counting down the days to Tutorial treats and treasured moments with my Tutors and classmates, while also dreading favours, 'Press-ups', and sudden 'Changes'. Even as a B Former, those fears lingered. Now, those same things no longer weigh down on me. Instead, I find myself on the other side, responsible for guiding Juniors and helping build a House where fear does not define discipline.

There are still parts of School life that have remained unchanged. Tutorial treats still seem to pass too quickly, and the moments after 'lights-out' continue to hold a special kind of magic. These small experiences are what truly make School feel like home. While being a Prefect brings authority and responsibility, it also brings perspective. Over the past five years, my understanding of School has shifted from survival to belonging.

Coming back to Doon will always be strange, being far from home, yet deeply connected to it. But now, rather than feeling afraid, I feel rooted. What once intimidated me now inspires me, and what once felt like pressure has become purpose.

-Arsh Mishra



The Week Gone By

Ayaan Mittal
The curtains fall on the Jungle Games, the mist settles, the whispers fade and the serpents slip quietly back into their burrows, shedding their ‘campaign’ skins for the calmer disguises of immaculately-coated penguins. For now, the Jungle rests... until it doesn’t.

Us Penguins waddled back into Chandbagh last Saturday, still gloriously hung-over on holiday slumber and gluttony, only to be awoken by the Chief’s ‘*donnernd*’ opening sermon; there are reports that his words were heard as far as Dalanwala. And for the few brave souls who slept through it, enlightenment arrived later that night, when Chief’s henchmen descended upon rooms with torchlights and ‘moral purpose.’ Pillows were interrogated, shoes investigated, and even innocent

highlighters (yes, even stationery) briefly stood trial, as the henchmen searched for the ‘*forbidden fruit*.’ A strong start to the Term, then, for the jungle has been reminded that vengeance never sleeps... so maybe you should sleep with an eye, or maybe two, open. Check out Page Two for more tips (the *Weekly*’s got your back).

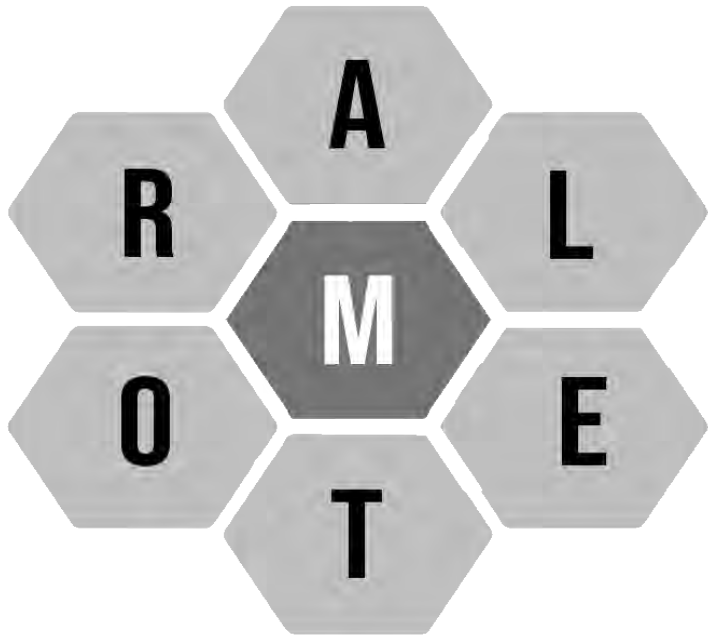
Calls of “Watch Out!” and “I think I broke my nose” echoed through the four red walls of Chandbagh once again as cricket season finally got underway. Speaking of cricket, our sports line-up for the coming year ahead was unveiled, as sixteen freshly appointed ‘skippers’ walked onto stage for a handshake with the Headmaster. May the Blue-Blazered Gods be with you all....

There is just so much talk of ‘new’ this time of the year that we forget about the elderly: the ScLs (*the semi-coloniallegendus*) are quite a rare breed to spot these days, however, here are a few dead giveaways: flip-flops (the audacity! *Tsk tsk tsk*), hoodie under tracksuit,

droopy shoulders, stubbles, dark circles, a couple of extra pounds on them, and STK ma’am’s abject disapproval trailing them as they go. If you see them, don’t be scared. You can say ‘hi’ to them. They don’t bite, but they may ignore you. It is not you; they’re just a little tired. And as for our A Formers, I think they’ve migrated back home. May the Black-Blazered Gods be with them...

For further wisdom (it is not free; I accept Tuck), catch your favourite friendly neighbourhood Senior Editor in Room 27, Hyderabad House, second floor. Do not go to Room 25; you don’t want to run into the ‘spare’ Senior Editor. Until next time...

Word-It



- Some answers to this
Week's Word-It:
1. Motel
2. Term
3. Molar
4. Mortal
5. Roam

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