



Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

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

February 21, 2026 | Issue No. 2765

DOONSPEAK

A few D-Formers take to answering two popular debate topics in the form of 'Would You Rather...' questions.

Page 5

A DAY AS AN EFFICIENT PENGUIN

A satire, written through the lens of a hyper-efficient Dosco.

Page 6

Before the Plateau

Mr Anjan Chaudhary

calls for change in the methods and practices students employ during learning and exam preparation.

I have been a part of several conversations pondering over our School's academic journey. Listening to students and Masters engage with questions of learning, achievement, and purpose has prompted me to pen down my own thoughts at this significant juncture in a Dosco's life.

I was reminded of Charles Handy's work, "*The Second Curve*." Handy speaks of the necessity for individuals and institutions to reinvent themselves before they plateau. A 'Second Curve' represents a paradigm shift—a fresh beginning, a radical reimagining of the familiar. The 'Second Curve' is undertaken not because the first curve has failed, but because growth demands evolution and adaptation. The challenge, however, lies in beginning; the 'Second Curve' while the first is still rising: in thinking differently even when all appears stable.

At Doon, certain traditions have been preserved across generations, and rightly so. One such enduring practice is 'Toye' time — the evening and night study time introduced by our first Headmaster, Arthur Edward Foot, inspired by Winchester College. 'Toye' time has long fostered discipline, academic focus, and quiet perseverance in the evenings.

Yet, it is important to not let such traditions become constraints. Change is easiest to imagine when all seems well; if delayed until necessity becomes urgent, it is often harder to implement. This is why academic reflection and renewal are so essential today.

The world around us is transforming rapidly. Global contexts, technological shifts, evolving careers and interdisciplinary challenges, demand that education move beyond rote methods of learning. In one's formative years, students study languages, numeracy, sciences, social sciences, and the fine arts, each with a purpose. As they progress, they begin to discover their interests, strengths, and aspirations. Our short-term goal must be the process of learning itself: questioning, researching, reflecting, analysing, reading, and nurturing curiosity.

Every school teaches academics. The question then, is "***What makes us so different?***"

At School, academics is fundamentally about discourse. Learning is not simply the accumulation of information, but the development of thought, expression, and understanding. Early mastery of language and numeracy becomes the foundation upon which all disciplines rest. School offers one of the widest arrays of subject combinations, reflecting our belief that diverse academic pathways lead to diverse opportunities. This aligns with our ethos of nurturing global leaders across fields, equipped not only with knowledge, but with intellectual agility. The process of learning often requires sweat and toil, but it is through this journey that students emerge better prepared for an uncertain future. Our pledge is to ensure everyone is prepared for the world beyond Doon.

The way we pursue academics is

just as important. One of School's most enduring strengths has been peer support, and academics should be no exception. Learning must be a shared journey, where students uplift one another rather than measure themselves against each other.

We stand at the cusp of a technological revolution. Artificial Intelligence is a part of the present, and will shape the future. In a workshop with the Prefects, an emphasis was put on taking initiative. It was then that I felt strongly that writing must become one of our greatest initiatives. Originality, integrity, and independent thinking matter more than ever in an age where tools can generate answers instantly. Technology must be used to support learning, not replace it. This is where academic honesty finds its true meaning. We need to address what requires change before it grows beyond our control. It begins with self-reflection and responsibility. I often urge students to look at the cohort above them; observe what worked, but more importantly, what did not. True academic success is rarely immediate; it is often a long, and at times lonely, journey. Within that solitude lies the cultivation of resilience. Handy's *Second Curve* emphasises self-responsibility as an essential attribute of emerging societies, and this is a lesson every student must internalise.

When I was young, I too studied many things without

(Continued on Page 3)

FACEM TRADERE

Following are the **Appointments** for the year 2026-27:

Activities:

IAYP: Sahhil Chhabra

Publications:

Altera Vox:

Editor-in-Chief: Jansher

Grewal

DSIR:

Editor-in-Chief: Aadidev Basu

Chief of Production(CoP):

Tanay Chowdhry

Grandslam:

Editors-in-Chief: Aarav Anand,

Vedant Mangal

CoP: Jaiveer Grewal

Infinity:

Editor-in-Chief: Harsh Agarwal

CoP: Aaditya Agrawal

Srijan Prayas:

Editor-in-Chief: Abhishek

Garg

CoP: Vedant Mangal

The Altruist:

Editor-in-Chief: Aprameya

Gulati

CoP: Arish Talwar

Vibgyor:

Editor-in-Chief: Naman

Adlakha

CoP: Ayaaz Ferozi

Yearbook:

Editors-in-Chief: Sushil Kasi,

Jigmet Urgian

CoP: Jai Rana

Yuv Arpan:

Editor-in-Chief: Ekaraj Makkar

CoP: Arsh Mishra

Sports:

Shooting: Ekaraj Makkar

Triathlon: Rahul Oram

Conspiracy of the week:

The Kennedy assassination

Countless individuals and organisations have been accused of involvement in the Kennedy assassination including the CIA, the Mafia, sitting Vice President Lyndon Johnson, Cuban Prime Minister Fidel Castro, the KGB, or even some combination thereof. It is also frequently asserted that the United States federal government intentionally covered up crucial information in the aftermath of the assassination to prevent the conspiracy from being discovered.

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

We have to give them AID(S).

Rehhan Chadha, no comment.

Peoples can beat me at mathematics, but in English, it's dispossibile.

Aarav Singla, we believe you.

It's not my fault my dad is rich.

Arjun Gupta, we believe you too.

WORD OF THE WEEK

disappears (noun)

dis · app · ears

Definition: the act of someone going missing

An example: "The leader disappeared for a week. The city awaited his return"

Around the World in 80 Words

A partial shutdown hit the U.S. Department of Homeland Security (DHS) due to a funding lapse. U.S. Attorney General Pam Bondi stated that all of the Epstein files have finally been released or declassified. A sub-inspector was killed after a speeding police SUV rammed into a tree in Uttar Pradesh. Tarique Rahman was elected the Prime Minister of Bangladesh after the Bangladesh Nationalist Party secured two-thirds of the votes. India beat Pakistan in the T20 Cricket group stage by 61 runs.

“

I have nothing in common with lazy people who blame others for their lack of success. You either want it or you don't. People say they love the game, but they don't love it at 4 A.M. when the alarm goes off and their body hurts. You can tell yourself you're unlucky, overlooked, misunderstood, or you can admit you just didn't work as hard as you could have. Talent is an excuse people use to feel better about not grinding.

—
Kobe Bryant



(Continued from Page 1)

fully understanding their purpose beyond examinations. Times have changed.

Today's students are evolving in ways that demand our renewed attention. They are far more aware on the academic front, than earlier generations.

Increasingly, many students are drawn toward the ends — scores, results, achievements — without fully engaging with the means: the discipline of process, the value of struggle, and the quiet growth that true learning requires. This changing reality is precisely why schools must rethink how they nurture focus, resilience, and depth in an age of constant distraction. This remains our primary focus.

Further, in a beautiful campus such as ours, lessons can unfold in open spaces, across departments,

and through collaboration among lifelong learning.

colleagues. Such an approach requires thoughtful planning and curation of each lesson, ensuring learning is dynamic and alive.

As a boarding school, our academic discourse extends far beyond formal course hours. Our activities, publications, SUPWs, sports, shared resources, and conversations collectively enrich

our intellectual culture. Inclusivity remains central to our ethos, and we must ensure that every student receives the scaffolding to thrive.

Ultimately, our endeavour is to value the process: to generate curiosity, refine methods, and remain evolving. Reading builds vocabulary, deepens conversation, and excites the mind with new

ideas and words. Writing sharpens thinking and strengthens discourse. These are enduring skills that shape

At the same time, we remain committed to improving our Board examination results year after year.

Preparation for life and preparation for scores must coexist, with the former giving deeper meaning to the latter. A growth mindset demands that we constantly ask what must be preserved and what must evolve.

Our endeavour must begin early, so that by the final two years of School, every student possesses the depth, confidence, and preparedness

required for the future. Let us keep this engagement alive, ensuring that School remains a vibrant, evolving, and constantly learning community, anchored in tradition, yet, always ready for its 'Second Curve.'

When you get time, do read *The Second Curve* by Charles Handy.

First Bird Claims the Sky

Agastya Mehrotra reports on the recently concluded Great Backyard Bird Count.

At 7:30 A.M. on a Sunday (you read that right, a *Sunday*), we arrived at the Main Gate, armed with binoculars and an unexpectedly high level of enthusiasm. Until last year, my knowledge of birds was limited to a total of four names. Thankfully, the NEST Society has managed to enhance my vocabulary past Hornbill, Crow, Pigeon, and Parrot.

We were joined by many other visitors and experienced birders from the Doon Valley, including renowned ornithologists and bird rescuers. The walk opened with a briefing from the Master-in-Charge and Boy-in-Charge of the NEST Society. We were told that the Great Backyard Bird Count was an initiative brought about by the Cornell Lab of Ornithology to aid research on how birding patterns change over time due to varied factors like climate change and deforestation.

It was wonderful to see Masters and students discuss different bird species (even though it was difficult to grasp all the different names).

We began our walk and slowly made our way to the Rose Bowl through Tata House. One of the first birds we saw was the enchanting Rose-Ringed Parakeet. It looked spectacular in the early morning sun, with its green plumage standing out beautifully. Soon after, we paid a visit to a whole family of Oriental Pied Hornbills, who were staring down at us in a disparaging manner from a fig tree. Subsequently, we

visited the Spotted Owlet (one of the most adorable birds on campus, and a bird that every visitor dreams of seeing). The Common Myna made frequent visits, hopping about as if it had organised the event itself! However, it was miniscule in comparison to the Alexandrine Parakeet, which looked like a highly fashion-conscious version of its rose-ringed relative. Near the Shooting Range, we were delighted to spot a Kingfisher, which stood out brilliantly.

The Rufous Treepie gave the Kingfisher tough competition in the looks department, with its long tail and striking colours. The Jungle Babblers (fondly known as the seven sisters) lived up to their name by moving in small, yet awfully noisy groups.

By the time we finally reached the MDR, we had worked up a healthy appetite and were delighted to see hot *Aloo-Puri* lying in wait, which quite honestly felt like the grand finale of the morning. I returned to Jaipur House with a longer bird list, slightly stronger legs, and the comforting knowledge that I could now identify more than four birds without sounding like I'm bluffing.

As for the next early morning bird count, I'll see you then, Readers. That will be when I am gently persuaded out of my bed to do some more 'enthusiastic' birding, all so the couch potatoes get a gist of what happens during those wee hours of dawn...

कई बार...

अभिनव कुमार

कई बार कुछ ऐसा होता है,
कि मन खुद से ही रूठा होता है।
जो कहना था, वो रह जाता है,
और सन्नाटा ही सब कुछ कहता है।

कई बार कुछ ऐसा होता है,
कि अनकहे शब्द भी चुभ जाते हैं।
जो होठों तक आ सकते थे,
वो दिल में ही ज़रूम बन जाते हैं।

कई बार कुछ ऐसा होता है,
कि अच्छाई में भी दोष दिखता है।
जहाँ भरोसे की नींव होनी थी,
वहीं हर सच भी झूठ लगता है।

कई बार कुछ ऐसा होता है,
कि खुशियाँ बोझ सी लगती हैं।
मुस्कान चेहरे पर रहती है,
पर आँखें वीरान सी लगती हैं।

कई बार कुछ ऐसा होता है,
कि गम हृदय से गुज़र जाता है।
आँसू भी थककर सो जाते हैं,
और दर्द भीतर ही बहता जाता है।

कई बार कुछ ऐसा होता है,
कि साँसें भी सवाल करने लगती हैं।
जो हवा जीने की वजह थी,
वही जीना बेहाल करने लगती है।

कई बार कुछ ऐसा होता है,
कि टूटने की आवाज़ नहीं होती है।
इंसान बिखरता है चुपचाप,
और दुनिया को भनक नहीं होती है।

कई बार कुछ ऐसा होता है,
कि उम्मीद भी थक कर बैठ जाती है।
फिर भी किसी कोने में,
एक छोटी सी लौ जल जाती है।

और शायद इसी वजह से,
सब कुछ खत्म नहीं होता है।
क्योंकि कई बार टूट जाने पर भी,
ज़िन्दा रहने का साहस होता है।

क्या होता अगर...

ईश्वर प्रताप सिंह

एक दिन मैं गहरी सोच में पड़ गया।
क्या होता अगर इस दुनिया में न होती रचनात्मकता,
केवल हर जगह रह जाती नीरसता।

वक्त बीता और मैं लंबी नींद में सो गया।
सपना भी ऐसा देखा कि अचम्भा हो गया।
देखी मैंने ऐसी दुनिया, जो पूर्ण रूप से नीरस रह गई,
नीरसता से इतनी भरी कि हर मनुष्य की वह पहचान बन गई।

आश्चर्य हुआ देखकर कि हर मनुष्य का व्यवहार था एक,
भाव एक सा था पर चेहरे थे अनेक।
फिर खयाल आया कि अगर सबके जीवन हैं नीरस और एक जैसे,
तो बिना नाम के, इन्हें पहचाने कैसे?

कुछ वक्त इधर-उधर चलता रहा,
तो पेड़-पौधों का न मिला नाम-निशान।
मिला मुझे बस इमारतों का जहान,
जिसने पर्यावरण की ले ली थी जान।

अहसास हुआ मुझे, कि असली दुनिया भी ऐसी बन जाएगी,
जीवन खुलकर नहीं जीया तो दुनिया में रचनात्मकता मर जाएगी।
ऐसे ही मैं कुछ देर चलता रहा और...

अचानक से मेरी नींद खुली, मैंने देखा,
चिड़िया चुग गयी थी खेत,
इतनी लंबी नींद सोया कि अपनी दुनिया को ही खो दिया।
रचनात्मकता की हो गई थी हत्या, केवल रह गई थी नीरसता।

चलते रहो

गुरांश चावला

थक कर रुक जाना आसान बहुत है,
पर चलते रहना साहस कहलाता है।
जब हर राह धुंध में खो जाए,
तब विश्वास ही दीप जलाता है।

जो गिरकर फिर मुस्कराता है,
वही आगे बढ़ना सीख जाता है।
संघर्ष की हर एक चोट से,
चरित्र और मज़बूत बन जाता है।

अँधियारी रात कितनी भी लंबी हो,
सुबह का सूरज अवश्य आता है।
जो हार को अंत मान लेता है,
वह जीत का अर्थ न समझ पाता है।

स्वप्न वही सच बनते हैं,
जिन पर कर्म की छाया होती है।
चलते रहो, रुकना मत कभी,
यही जीवन की सच्ची शिक्षा होती है।



Open Source

From the D-Form: Would you rather join the *Weekly* or *The Yearbook*?

Every Saturday morning, I get scolded. According to me, it's because I'm my Dame's favourite. According to my Batchmates, it's because I always rush to grab the sheets of paper that is the *Weekly*, and always end up spilling something or the other in the process. At the end of the day, as a person who joined School barely a year ago, in the 'Messi vs Ronaldo' battle of publications, the edge goes to — yes, you guessed it — the *Weekly*. I mean, what does the *Weekly* not have? Doodles which everyone says look like me (a claim which I obviously refute)? Check. Unquotable Quotes that everyone rushes to read before the *Weekly* is even on the table? Check. Boring news that passes the 'general knowledge' benchmark? Check. *The Yearbook*, I think, justifies itself in its very name. It compresses an entire year of your life into a segment of a page. It takes a year to make, and an hour to read, and honestly? I personally love keeping up with the times. Mainly, though, as a D-Former, you're never quite up-to-date with what's happening in School, mostly because we're not living in our Main Houses yet. The *Weekly* makes up for that quite well and always gives us D-Formers something new to know, talk, and think about. In all, these are the reasons why I'd join the *Weekly* over *The Yearbook* in a heartbeat.

-Vansh Nigam

Once a year, a special book arrives at our Houses, a book that makes us argue about who gets to see it first, a book that makes us laugh at the pictures and the content, and yet, at the same time, makes us feel sad for the outgoing Batch. I am talking about *The Yearbook*. *The Yearbook* is a rare and prestigious book for our School. To any outsider, it seems just like any ordinary book, but to us Doscos? It's a legacy of the leaving Batch. *The Yearbook* celebrates the hard work done by the leaving Batch, Masters, staff, societies, and sportsmen. Every edition of *The Yearbook* is special, for it always fully recognises the mark that the outgoing Batch left on School. Each Yearbook is not just history; it is an entire Batch's legacy. Sure, many might say that the *Weekly*, another major publication in School, is just as important as *The Yearbook*. To that, I say that *The Yearbook* is better than the *Weekly* because of its rarity. *The Yearbook* also gives higher recognition to every aspect and activity in School. For me, a Batch's legacy and impact on School is much more important than just another *Weekly* article. That's why *The Yearbook* will always take precedence over the *Weekly* for me.

-Alexander Singh

Would you rather be a part of DSMUN or YEC?

DSMUN teaches diplomacy and simulates real world situations. It provides a way for students to understand how the world works, and immerse themselves in the same. For me, YEC is a wonderful conference, but it's a way to simulate nothing more than just financial situations. DSMUN makes your personality stronger; it helps you morph into a better Dosco. Moreover, it has various committees: ECOSOC and DISEC, to name a few, and those are just the tip of the iceberg. Some might argue that YEC has interesting committees too. Sure it may, but DSMUN has a wider variety of committees, which makes it more interesting. The amount of general knowledge you gain about current affairs just sweetens the deal. Even though both conferences require immense knowledge themselves, the joy and pressure of stepping into the shoes of an actual diplomat is far more enthralling to me.

-Nimish Gupta

'YEC or DSMUN?' is one of the biggest, most important choices a Dosco makes in his School life. I'd prioritise YEC any day, and it's not just because I've been obsessed with business and entrepreneurship more than anyone I've known. YEC presents opportunities to pitch your ideas, understand others ideas, and collectively make new ones to start a business. For all like-minded business-loving individuals like me out there, it also allows us all to expand our business knowledge while continuing to be a student. The more educated you are about finance, the more universities want you, and YEC gives you just that: 'real' knowledge that makes you stand out as both a businessman and a Dosco. In the end, that's what would drive me to choose YEC over DSMUN every single time I'd be given a choice.

-Zafir Ali Naqvi

A Day as an Efficient Penguin

Adhyayan Rajgarhia

Creative

My day begins at precisely 5:42 a.m. While the rest of the House engages in a silent prayer for sudden rain to cancel morning P.T., I am already operational. My first responsibility is the ‘Wake-Up Call.’ I wake up eighteen of my peers, with set reminders every fifteen minutes. It’s a delicate science: shake them too hard, and you’ve “overstepped”; leave them asleep for even a minute too long, and you become the reason they miss P.T. Waking all of them up has essentially become my way of calming down. It involves stripping away quilts and standing over them with my ‘warm’ smile, perfectly dressed in my tracksuit, and following rules to the T.

After this morning delight, I am in the classroom before the Master has even thought about their first cup of coffee — and you will always find me in the front row. Academic life is where the irony peaks. While my peers are still trying to find the right page in their textbooks, I have already finished my notes. By the time the rest of the class has barely written anything down, I am leaning over, fulfilling my role as a human *Wikipedia*. “No, the Cold War wasn’t fought using ice cubes,” I whisper, while simultaneously completing projects that aren’t even due until next Thursday.

The real test of efficiency, however, occurs in that frantic twenty-minute gap after the Fifth School. While normal penguins get to breathe or stare blankly at a wall, I am running what resembles a high-end catering service. I ensure that every man has his tea, his *makhana*, and whatever else his heart desires — all while voluntarily reprimanding myself (I forgot to wish the HM good morning, silly me).

Then comes the CDH. For an efficient penguin like me, lunch isn’t a meal; it’s another opportunity to prove myself. I finish my food in intervals shorter than the time it takes my Form-mates to wash their hands — not because I’m hungry, but because the School Community is waiting to avail my services. I consider myself the unofficial ‘Minister of Refills.’ As soon as I am done eating, I run to the counter and return like a hero with bowls of *dal makhani* and butter chicken. If a Form-mate has to wait for over

thirty seconds, I take it as a personal failure — and a shame to my entire lineage.

Afternoon Rest Hour is, of course, a myth. While the School enjoys its Rest Hour, I am fielding invitations from twenty-five Boys-in-Charge to join their societies, which I graciously accept. I compose emails on behalf of the DSMUN Secretariat while simultaneously ‘scoping’ for ‘Colours’ in three different activities. The goal is the ‘trifecta’ — and a picture-perfect image in front of *Batman and the Justice League*. It’s a tiring day’s work that leaves you with a slightly impressive C.V. and a permanently twitching left eye. But hey, at least you get to embody the ‘public school spirit.’

By Toye time, when I should be studying at my desk, I instead become your daily ‘House Concierge.’ I make my bed with a neatness not even expected of a Field Marshal. I polish my shoe for the next morning until they reflect the sheer exhaustion on my face. I am a machine, teaching economics to my Form-mates who believe that *ceteris paribus* was the name of a Roman king.

To the Readers — if you were to ask me personally, “Is it worth it?” — the logical answer would have to be a resounding “NoYes!” My soul is tired, and I have forgotten what it feels like to sit down without a checklist in my hand.

But you’ve got to do it. You do it for the vague promise of a Blazer, for the hope of a “well done” from a Prefect, and for the sheer, delusional joy of being the most efficient penguin in the room. You tell yourself it’s about character and

the Dosco spirit, but deep down, you know you are only one “Please wake me up tomorrow” away from a total breakdown.

Yet, as my alarm starts ringing at 5:42 A.M. the next day, I find myself once again awake with a jump, shaking my Form-mates awake with my terrifyingly polite smile intact. The public school image waits for no man, and neither do I.

The real test of efficiency, however, occurs in that frantic twenty-minute gap after the Fifth School. While normal penguins get to breathe or stare blankly at a wall, I am running what resembles a high-end catering service...

Burning Wickets

Harsh Agarwal discusses the history behind the India-Pakistan cricket rivalry, referring matches from the 80's onward.

As the dust settled at R. Premadasa Stadium, India etched yet another stunning 61-run victory over their arch-rivals, Pakistan, which seems to be the norm lately. Nowadays, the thrill of this *El Clásico* is waning due to predictable results and one-sided games. What happened in Sunday's match was simply a microcosm of the last decade, where India definitely appears to be in the driving seat. Moreover, the addition of a geopolitical layer of bitterness has soiled the spirit of the game. However, back in the day, the narrative was different; players like Wasim Akram and Imran Khan haunted the Indian batting line-up and drove the India-Pakistan head-on stats in a different direction, winning well over sixty percent of the encounters. Back then, the rivalry was rooted in sportsmanship and courtesy. It is only lately, with the emergence of the T20 format, that tables turned and Indian batsmen finally began establishing their mettle globally and putting forth innings worth remembering.

During the infamous period of the 1980s and 90s, when the 'Sharjah Block' was epitomised, Indian players lost the matches in the dressing room itself, to the peacocking of Imran Khan and Wasim Akram. These two were the heartthrobs of what is today a group of geriatric grandmothers masquerading as thirty-something socialites. By winning 19 out of 24 matches at Sharjah, Pakistan had made a bold statement that it was not only a formidable rival, but the more dominating one. Therefore, it was only during that period that the Indian team lost twelve test matches and won only nine. Stalwarts like Kapil Dev, Sunil Gavaskar, and Anil Kumble watched helplessly as the Pakistani pace attack swiftly cut through their batting orders. Furthermore, the ODI stats also share a similar story, etching moments like Javed Miandad's match-winning six on the last ball in 1986, while India was struggling with 53 wins to 78 losses, trying to level the scores.

Lately, this tide has turned in India's favour with the emergent format of T20, attesting to the strength and pride of India. Ever since bilateral cricket has been discontinued, some stats will probably remain frozen in time and narrate only one-side of the story, missing the epic comeback that the men-in-blue have made. The World Cup statistics already speak of the

dynamic changes, but they also reflect the change of mentality on the Indian side; one that came with an uppercut from part-simian-part-human Shoaib Akhtar in 2003. Since then, there has been no coming back and the Indian fans seem to enjoy the better half as 'The King's' MCG masterclass of 2022 testifies.

Notably, BCCI has also become the monetary mammoth among all cricket boards to the extent that it even surpasses ICC, while its meagre counterpart PCB struggles to meet the demands laid out by its players. Corruption is so rife within Pakistan's Cricket Board that match-fixing is a byword for polite conversation within the corridors of its office in the Gaddafi Stadium. This monetisation has brought India an unimaginable talent pool to choose its jewels from, while Pakistan still struggles to add this incentive to drive young talent into professional cricket, who are equally inclined to shift out to Riyadh or Dubai for a better future as food delivery executives. Furthermore, the emotional connection to cricket seems to reverberate even stronger with Indians at the moment, whereas the fans on the other side of the border have even more important affairs to tend to (insolvency and famine), thus driving the men in blue with a strong sense of duty to uphold the sentiments of a large population.

Despite these disparities and a decade old habit of winning (mostly), we are still hooked on to the screens to witness the *El Clásico* hoping that another spell, rivalling that of Wasim Akram, might come from the Pakistani side or the MCG innings will be replayed by the young stars of India. It is doubtful that the generations in India who have witnessed Imran Khan and Wasim Akram and their years of glory, will still hope to see Pakistan become the undisputed hegemon once again. Similarly, I doubt whether the people on the other side of the border, in between rising inflation and the skyrocketing price of wheat flour (ten kilogram bag retailing for fifteen hundred PKR as of today) would similarly hope that India's years of glory don't end briefly and have a longevity similar to that of M.S. Dhoni. Thus, the next game is yet another testament to the hope of two different nations at loggerheads within the confines of an oval battlefield.

Stalwarts like Kapil Dev, Sunil Gavaskar, and Anil Kumble watched helplessly as the Pakistani pace attack swiftly cut through their batting orders.

The Week Gone By

Rafay Habibullah

As we approach the final stretch of these cold winter months, I hope you've been able to find solace in the heat of the moment – or, in my case, knowing that I didn't have to spend six hours of my Wednesday sleeping through repeated gongs in the Auditorium and staring blankly at my food. While the *Batman's* gaze has shifted to more festive climes, School has kept on moving at its pace, with the usual February Appointments and the start of the Cricket Season making the average Dosco just busy enough to forget that exams are still very much around the corner.

Speaking of exams, academics seem to have taken a backseat with Cricket Season thrust upon us. Our need

for “scheduled academic hours” has suddenly been superseded by House *josh*. Looking up at the clock to see how long until the end of the class is a valid move to pull just twenty minutes after it starts. While classes have been shortened, tardiness to Sixth School is being taken quite seriously, and the last sign has now faded into obscurity.

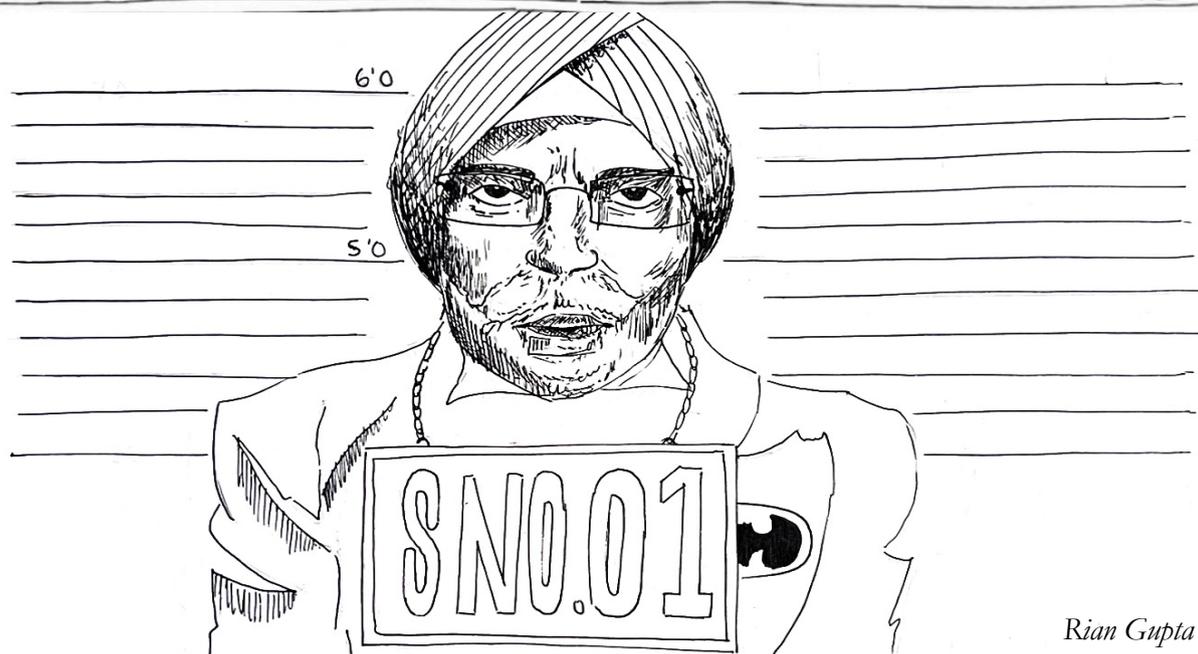
As the rest of us intoxicate ourselves with caffeine to make it through the evenings, the Inter-House Cricket competition has been keeping the Juniors and now Mediums teams awake at night, with nail-biting finishes (and some sad collapses) drawing a decent number of Board class spectators towards the pristine Main Field as they make the ‘walk of contemplation’ from the Auditorium to their respective Houses. Word of advice for you: don't let the first ten overs fool you, for it isn't over until it's over.

Morning PT is still early enough to cause annoyance at the Rising Bell,

with many tired Doscos grumbling about their lack of sleep as they haul themselves onto the field, complaining about their constant lack of eight hours. Of course, reality has a way of reasserting itself. Notices are read out, syllabi are mentioned, and the word “revision” begins to crop up with increasing frequency. With *josh* high in the evenings, we must realise that while House spirit can carry you far, it cannot, unfortunately, sit your exams for you.

Yet, despite the complaints, the fatigue, and the ever-present pressure of what lies ahead, there is a general consensus that this is just fine: the late nights spent with an Sc-Leaver, the early mornings with your Form-mates, and everything in between. As this winter nears its end, make sure to keep warm until it truly does; work hard, play harder, and make sure to enjoy your last few weeks before the Trials.

BAT-SIGNAL...UNANSWERED



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: Hrishikesh Aiyer **Editor:** Rehman Chadha **Senior Editors:** Ayaan Mittal, Rafay Habibullah **Hindi Editor:** Hridhay Kanodia **Associate Editors:** Aashman Agarwal, Manit Jain, Shiven Singh, Sumer Gill, Uday Thakran **Special Correspondents:** Abhir Kohli, Agastya Mehrotra, Daksh Singh, Kahaan Vadodaria, Rayan Kapoor **Correspondents:** Emile Lulla, Osman Huq, Samar Singh, Srivathsa Narayana, Swarit Chaudhary **Hindi Correspondents:** Arnav Kejriwal, Samarth Goyal **Cartoonists:** Aarav Singla, Rian Gupta, Reyansh Agarwal, Vivaansh Agarwal **Illustrator:** Shiva Shamanur **Webmaster:** Communications Manager **Faculty Advisors:** Rageshree Dasgupta, Sabyasachi Ghosh, Satya Sharma, Stuti Kuthiala, Suravi Podder