

Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

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

May 9, 2026 | Issue No. 2775

CLARIFIED: TIDES OF CHANGE

An analysis of the State Election results and their implications.

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THE ONLY CONSTANT

A satirical piece written in honour of a long-standing disciplinary measure of the School.

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Opinion

Will We Ever Leave The Nest?

Ayaan Mittal and Hrishikesh Aiyer

We often trap ourselves in comfort zones, curating lives with like-minded friends who echo our views, slang, and style — creating an echo chamber that feels safe but stultifies growth. This bubble insulates us from dissent, reinforcing biases and blinding us to broader truths, much like fish oblivious to the ocean beyond their bowl. Venturing out, though daunting, shatters these illusions: engaging diverse voices challenges assumptions, sparks empathy, and peels away superficial labels like “liberal” or “conservative”. In that discomfort lies revelation — we transcend “what” society pins us as, unearthing the authentic “who”: resilient, curious souls capable of evolution. True freedom blooms not in isolation, but in the wild unknown. And in that spirit of the unknown, the alumni seniores are cut from a strange cloth; almost alien.

Even after making strides, becoming trailblazers, and uniquely successful in their professional lives, they still cling on to their days inside these four walls of Doon. I can attest to this fact because I have never ever had a conversation with an Old Boy without “Back in my day...” springing into the conversation and taking over it; doesn’t matter whether we were talking about Nyaya epistemology for all that matters, they always circle the conversation back around to the ‘good, ol’ days’. This

is not necessarily a bad thing but this points draws a correlation to where we find our comfort zones.

Now, consider this an effect of the charm of Chandbagh or the humanistic instinct to hunt for the olden glory days or quite simply the childish naivety of Old Boys; I have never quite been able to put my finger on the pulse of this ‘standardised need’.

Something deeper governs the outlook of many of the Old Boys and it is not like I need to spell it out for you. There is something infectious about the system we are all a part of. It is important to consider that through our teenage years, which are inarguably the most formative years of our lives, all we have seen and felt and lived, for the most part, is the world manufactured for us within Doon and so, lost in translation, we often begin to confuse the world out there and the world in here. The system here places you higher and higher up, giving you a sense of accomplishment and, regrettably, that comes with expectations of what the people and the world around you can do for you.

It is important to consider, before we move into the argument here, that the School does prepare you to adapt to varying and often

demanding situations outside of here. The ‘spartan’ way of living is the standard ‘way of life’ at Doon, as many have said before; you learn how to deal with people, social structures, power struggles, and a ‘sanction’ or two, before most people our age even get out of bed. It teaches you a lot about others; about yourself. It becomes imperative to consider how far the world here has been stretched, and whether it has happened beyond its original meaning and now risks functioning as mythology. Is it a loss of values or is it just time doing its thing? We are told repeatedly that life here is austere. That we possess some iron-spined resilience that boys at many other schools might simply never have. And yet, to the credit of the institution, the food is plentiful and the infrastructure is the envy of most institutions in the country, and the resources available to the average Dosco are, by honest measure, extraordinary. The problem is not with any of that, but with the story we tell. Because when you are consistently told that this is what toughness looks like, and this is how life works, you graduate with a profoundly distorted map of what difficulty actually is. There is a confusion of discomfort for

A note from the authors:

This piece has been written keeping in mind the institution we so deeply love. It is important for us to look within from time to time to reflect on the systems that build us. The School, like everything else, has changed. It is important for us to have a reality check against the world of today.

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UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

You want to play or not, choice is your.

JTR, fairest of choices.

One should love myself.

Dhrubo Mishra, the dark triad.

Please be seated.

Rajveer Agarwal, now?

Turn around and slip.

Daksh Singh, planning ahead.

I killed all the dinosaurs.

SBG, generational wipeout.

READERS' CHECKLIST

What members of the School Community have been reading this week:

Jaiveer Grewal: Sapiens by Yuval Harari

Shaurya Jalan: A Death in the Family by James Agee

Smyannh Mandhanaa: The Grandest Game by Jennifer Barnes

Vaibhav Uppal: Nemesis by Agatha Christie

LISTENERS' CHECKLIST

What members of the School Community have been listening to this week:

Rishaan Mahajan: Don't Stop Believin' by Journey

Viransh Jain: Lady by Avenoir

Guransh Chawla: Dracula by Tame Impala

Barun Borgoyari: Rock That Body by Black Eyed Peas

Abheer Bachher: Sugar On My Tongue by Tyler, The Creator

This Week in History

1913 CE: Raja Harishchandra, the first full-length Indian feature film, is released, marking the beginning of the Indian film industry.

1939 CE: The All India Forward Bloc is formed by Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose.

1959 CE: The First Annual Grammy Awards are held.

1980 CE: The World Health Organisation confirms the eradication of smallpox.

2025 CE: The Indian Army and the Indian Air Force conduct strikes code-named Operation SINDOOR.

Around the World in 80 Words

U.S. President Donald Trump announced talks with Iran were progressing as both sides reviewed a proposal to end hostilities. Russia rejected Ukraine's unilateral ceasefire, launching drone attacks across Ukrainian regions. India clarified that Pakistani athletes may compete in multilateral events hosted in India, while bilateral sporting ties will remain suspended. A blast near the B.S.F headquarters in Jalandhar triggered a security probe. PSG drew 1-1 with Bayern Munich to reach their second consecutive UEFA Champions League final 6-5 on aggregate.

THE RIDDLE?

Mother of all things, you find me near the crossroads.

'Rounded by meadows of green, and ever widening space, for years I have stood here, and for billions more have I spun.

I sit upon a homely structure, but my home is constantly moving.

Dual sets of seven comprise me, both opposite in nature.

For a reason I was set down, vibrant in nature.

The answer to the previous Issue's riddle was the Main Building Bell. The first person to solve the riddle was JRB. We congratulate him on his third consecutive mention!

“

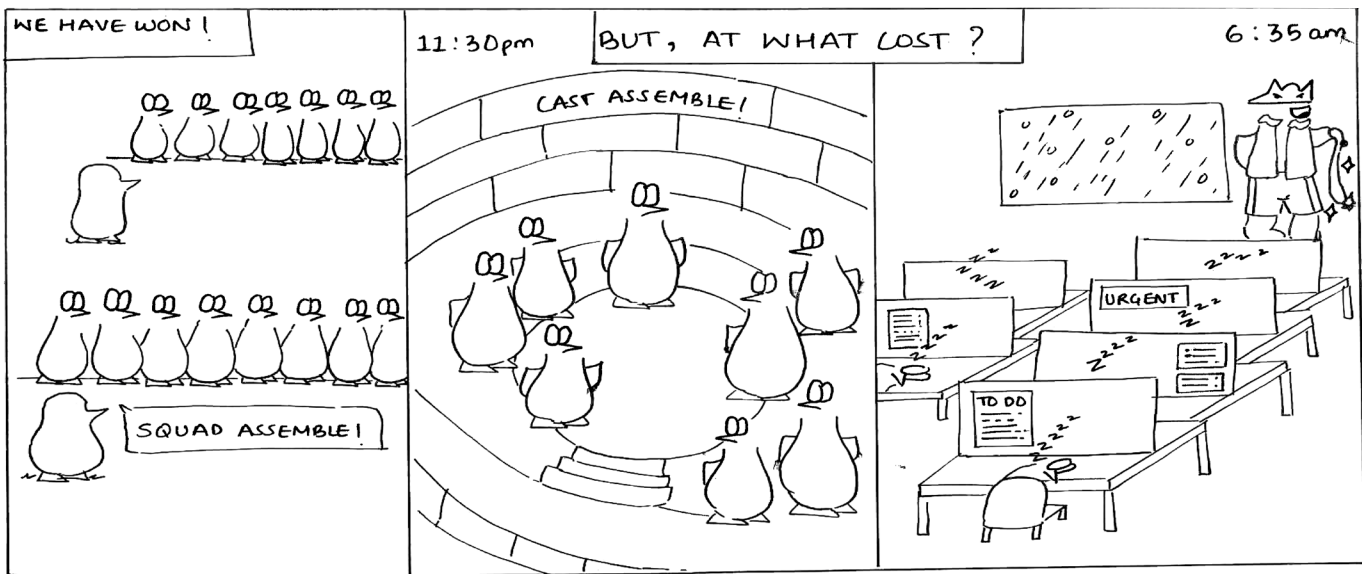
Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, 'Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous?' Actually, who are you not to be? Your playing small does not serve the world. There is nothing enlightened about shrinking...

Marianne Williamson

Dosto Doodle

Another Time, Another Toye

Rian Gupta



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hardship and discipline as some sort of deprivation. And that confusion will cost us because the world will eventually introduce the two on its own terms.

Yet, the case we are trying to plead here is that yes, you are 'better prepared', but that often comes with a trade-off, one of two ways. Either you are in for an unpleasant awakening when you realise you are no longer the Doscos of Doon, or you move with haughtiness that makes you incapable of fitting into a new setting in time. The question then becomes pressing when we place this fresh grad outside these Gates and into your average college or workplace setting.

And if we are being honest, brutally and uncomfortably honest, the system does not manufacture this entitlement in its highest achievers. It manufactures something far more dangerous in everyone else: the illusion of merit. The student hierarchy we have is not a pure meritocracy. There are boys who are mediocre at best, where they are middling in their academics, average on the field and socially coasting, who are nonetheless rewarded, decorated and simply elevated by virtue of having endured; society does not give privilege to anyone for just having stuck around for longer. The boy who sits in the same chair begins to accumulate credibility. The system teaches you something that it should not: if you wait long enough, the garland finds a way to your neck regardless. That is the precise opposite of preparing yourself for the world.

Now, an argument can be made: if Doon is so myopic, then why do Doscos do well in every sphere of life post-Doon? Simple answer to this: most of us in Doon and most of those who have walked out of those Gates as well as most of those who will, have belonged

to and will belong to what is the 'new-age aristocracy'. No matter how much we try to contest this, Doon will remain the 0.1% of the 0.1% of India. Doon, however, irrespective of familial wealth or legacy, acts as a level playing field for all and Doon has done justice to the idea of being an 'Aristocracy of Service'. But by virtue of our families, upbringing, and the School, we have been set up for success. While most of us manufacture legacies; some of us inherit them. And we would have been successful irrespective of the Doon education. And so springs up the problem of just knowing people of your own privileged social stature so this school becomes an echo chamber of the same high-society ideas and impositions and conversations, which distance us from the real world out there even further. The world out there is not a bed of roses but one of thorns.

The second thing the system does, and this one stings because it masquerades so convincingly as warmth, is that it almost never says no. There is a culture of affirmation embedded into the institution where dissent — genuine, corrective, necessary dissent — gets smoothed over in no time. A boy puts forward a half-baked idea, a half-done performance, and is yet, in both instances, met with encouragement. A middling speech receives a standing ovation (both literally and figuratively). The system smiles and nods and finds something worth celebrating in everything, and while that reads as generosity of spirit, what is actually happening is that you are producing Boys who have never been told that they are mediocre. The world outside, at least what we have been told, is not polite in this way. It does not place merit where there is none. And when one of us faces his first rejection entirely unequipped, it is because no one, at

any point, has had the institutional incentive or the personal courage to prepare him for it.

Then, perhaps most quietly, there is the figure of the Old Boy himself, as a pattern. Walk into any Founders' Day, any alumni panel, and a silhouette begins to repeat: the man who returned to something waiting for him, who built upon what already existed, who arrived in every room with a name that had been there before him. He is, in many ways, the everyday Dosco; the most frequently encountered, most warmly celebrated, most naturally produced output of this place. And when a figure repeats itself often enough, it starts to become a definition. He becomes, without anyone explicitly deciding so, what success looks like. We become the people who own the room. The problem is not the man himself, nor his achievements, which are often considerable. The problem is what happens to the boy sitting in the audience who does not have that waiting for him, who will have to knock before any door opens, and who has nonetheless been handed the same internal sense of scale, the same expectation of arrival, the same mythology of what he is owed by the world. The School does not intend this. But intention and effect are not always the same thing.

Peeling away at the layers of our shared, manufactured reality, you start to realise just how imperfect the systems that we have grown up in are, and just how different the world in here is to the world out there; the system is a logical fallacy: if the world in here is so different to the world out there, how does it prepare us for life?

There is a saying "You can take the boy out of Doon, but not Doon out of the boy", but the reality is: the boy never leaves Doon.



Clarified: Tides Of Change

Emile Lulla and Siddhant Fatehpuria | State Elections

Indian politics is a lot like Bollywood action films. They are chaotic, unpredictable, and towards the end of an election, even feature people celebrating wildly on the streets. This exuberance is why regional upsets interest not just the people in their specific constituencies, but citizens all over India. Two such Indian states, West Bengal and Tamil Nadu, have recently taken over national headlines.

In a historic turn of events, the Trinamool Congress (TMC) has been displaced from power in West Bengal after fifteen years of administration. The Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP) has absolutely dominated proceedings in the state, winning more than 200 seats out of the total 294. This marks a significant change in the voter mindset of the region, moving from a leftist to a right-wing government.

This massive change raises multiple questions: how will the loss of TMC's main stronghold affect their political relevance in the state? What will the impact be on West Bengal itself, with the sudden shift in supported ideologies?

Most importantly, how does this affect the upcoming General Elections to be held in 2029? Let us first go back to about two decades ago. It was 2007, and the town of Nandigram had become the subject of interest throughout West Bengal. The then ruling party of West Bengal, the Communist Party of India (Maoist), had attempted to acquire agricultural land for a Special Economic Zone (S.E.Z.) chemical hub, which was strongly opposed by the residents of Nandigram. 14 people were killed in a police shooting, and following major controversies, the left-wing government witnessed a decline in power, leading to the rise of the centre-left Trinamool Congress (TMC).

Today, the same TMC, led by Mamata Banerjee, has been defeated by the incumbent BJP, winning for the first time in the state, including in Nandigram and Bhabanipur, TMC's previous strongholds. The party's strength has dipped significantly, which may

lead to a loss of majority in West Bengal in the 2029 General Elections. Tamil Nadu, on the other hand, has witnessed a different kind of change. In one of India's most politically predictable states, a headline-stealing debutant politician has emerged. An actor-turned-politician is now the leader of the winning party in Tamil Nadu. It is none other than Thalapathy Vijay, who is on the verge of breaking the Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam (DMK) and All India Anna Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam's (AIADMK) Dravidian duopoly of sixty years.

The leader of the Tamilaga Vettri Kazhagam (TVK) has done the unthinkable by effectively leaving the 'Goliaths' of Tamil politics in the dust and winning the elections with 108 seats, leading both the DMK and AIADMK by more than sixty seats. Further damage has been inflicted by the 'David' of Tamil Nadu, by taking several of the DMK's long-lasting strongholds, like Kolathur, M.K. Stalin's personal bastion for almost fifteen years and the Chennai District, the DMK fortress, where DMK had previously won all 16 seats in the 2021 elections.

The TVK's main strategy was to 'go solo' and to be the only 'pure alternative' to the decades-long Dravidian duopoly, naturally becoming the major option for all the voters who felt sidelined by DMK and AIADMK, especially those who, after decades of Dravidian domination, were desperate for change.

As the governments in India change and evolve, especially in specific constituencies, the incoming governments hold a responsibility: to justify their victories and give the public what they need. The switching of political ideologies in a state is never an easy feat. It requires trust in the new majority, and at the same time, reassurance for the public that they made the correct choice, thus changing the trajectory of Indian politics for decades to come.

Harmony In Focus

Vivaan Kumbhat reports on the recently held piano workshop by Mr Karl Lutchmayer.

The recent piano workshop with Mr Karl Lutchmayer was an enriching experience for students and faculty alike. Across three days, participants benefited from masterclass instruction, individual mentoring, and a memorable recital.

On the first day, Mr Lutchmayer introduced students to the fundamentals of chord theory, making complex ideas about harmony and structure far more

accessible. His recital that evening was equally engaging, showing how interpretation, technique, and expression can come together to create a wide emotional range in performance.

The second and third days were centred around individual coaching sessions. Mr Lutchmayer worked closely with each student, offering feedback that

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was both precise and encouraging. His comments helped students think more clearly about repertoire, technique, interpretation, and practice itself.

Overall, the workshop left participants with a

stronger musical understanding, greater clarity in their practice methods, and a renewed appreciation for piano recitals. We are grateful to Mr Lutchmayer for his time, insight, and guidance.

The Only Constant -Creative-

Daksh Singh writes a satire on *Changes-in-Break*.

I've started to walk with a 'sense of urgency' to my classes not to be caught by my livid seniors and be given a Change-in-Break. I've begun polishing my *Peshawaris* to perfection, disregarding the fact that they're going to get dirty within a matter of hours anyway (have I mentioned how uncomfortable they are? Especially during the afternoons, it feels like the floor is lava!). I do all this, not because I want to be 'polished' or to uphold the 'appearance of a Dosco', but merely because I'm afraid of the aftermath my Seniors can create if I don't. As the day goes by, I remind myself to clap well during Assemblies (but not too well; we might get another punishment if it seems like we're mocking someone), remember not to clap after they end (a weird ritual, might I add), and ensure that by no means do I laugh out loud or talk to my friends during Assembly. Today, weird as it was, we didn't get punished! I was over the moon when I realised that I had survived the worst upon leaving the Assembly unscathed by the claws of the Prefectorial Body! Yet, as I enter my third School, my Formmates walk up to me, eyes full of dread and fatigue, "Bro, Change *mil gaya*, the reason is walking too slow to classes after Assembly... Three-sign counter, signs only by House Prefects." My entire world comes crashing down as that same sense of inevitable doom of running a Change during my time of solace — Break — comes into being.

My third, fourth and fifth Schools felt like a blur, as the thought of running a Change-in-Break for the fifth time in a week (for your information, today is the fifth day of the week) stayed in my mind on loop. I started to calculate the best possible option to get out of Physics class early. It would be harder than usual, as I had started to run out of excuses (yes, it's become a ritual). I think my Physics Master has caught on, mainly because of my punctual regularity in getting out of class (11.35 a.m., on the dot), but I shall try my very best nevertheless. The shortest possible route from various academic blocks of the School to my House (displacement, as my Physics Master likes to call it) has been engraved into my brain for utmost efficiency during my Changes. I think of it as a learning experience, because who doesn't like

getting to know the routes of Doon better?

As the clock ticks by, slowly but surely, I prepare myself for what is to come. I plan everything out like a mastermind: person taking my bag to the next class? Check. Pen and chit in my pocket? Check. *Peshawaris* in 'sports mode'? Check. Recalling whether my clothes are waiting for me? Yes, they are. And with my 'Change-in-Break checklist' ticked off, I ride off into the distance like a cowboy on a horse, except this time, the 'horse' is my pair of *Peshawaris* lathered with sweat. As I begin doing what I dread, weirdly enough, things slowly start feeling like they're back to normal. I check my watch every time I finish a sign, pleased with my timing. I wear and remove my clothes with a precision that neurosurgeons could only dream of, and I take longer strides without getting tired. I finally start to find fun in the consistency of running changes, appreciating the little things about them. Absurd as it may seem, running a Change-in-Break is an art every Dosco must master. We must tremble with a certain fear, beg for a 'Sign-off' with a certain desperation (not too much though, otherwise you'll be labelled a 'cribber'), and explain your situations to the Prefects with a certain innocence so that they buy the fact that 'it wasn't your fault'. I run to my class knowing I'll be late, but accepting that fact. The real challenge now is to not get caught by a Prefect who'll end up giving me another Change for being late to class (they say it with such confidence, as if they aren't the root cause of the entire problem). Though I'll be honest, I would rather run a Change every day rather than one now and then, for 'Change is our only constant'...literally.

However, the ideal situation would be not having to run Changes at all, say with the excuse of 'getting a heatstroke', but then again, I'm sure our Prefects will have equivalents like House Changes pushing against the line none of us dare to cross. The student truly has become the Master. Though more than anything, I have realised that the moments leading up to the Change are much worse than the Change itself, for the heart tends to dread the punishment more than the punishment itself.

The Week Gone By

Ayaan Mittal

Following four four-day weeks in quick succession (I guess we just can't get enough of winning), the fatigue of a full week is creeping into every Penguin on the grounds of Chandbagh with the 'urgency' in our waddle weakened, our fur coats scruffy, and our beaks bent; classes seem to have been hit the hardest as rows and rows of Penguins can be seen with their 'head down,' all praying within that the Master is in a *more than charitable* or *less than corrective* state of mind. Speaking of sleep, let's also talk about the 'depriver' of said sleep — blame for which falls upon the Inter-House One Act Play Competition coming to you tonight. Sleepless nights, blood and sweat, strained voices, and infinitely many press-ups will culminate in the next two nights in the starry Rose Bowl. Posters have decked the walls, the

stage is set, the acts are ready, and all that remains now is the night itself. There is a certain charm, I must admit, of wearing a costume from a Hindu epic in the dead of the night in the *quadi* while wielding a rusty iron sword and saying dialogues in Sanskrit; too bad we all have to go from this to the Test Week in just a day's time.

That reminds me: the gun's barrel seems to be pointed at us squarely between the eyes, but us Doscos are just too good at simply looking the other way; forget the gun, we don't even spare the man holding up the gun. Just a walk across the Main Building corridor and you shall hear, from the 'grumblers', the excuses of time crunches, sleepless nights, and long syllabi. Others have stuck with good ol' ignorance, with the "Well, who even cares about Test Week?" being a crowd favourite. And some are clinging to desperate optimism, "I can pull an all-nighter and that should be enough." (I happen to fall into this category) But whatever happens, boys, I am proud of you all, even if our parents won't be, after seeing

our report cards.

On the topic of sleepless nights, we all were lucky enough to hear stories from the greatest grandfather ever, the day before yesterday. It raises the question of if we have truly gone soft (read Page 1). Well, hypocritically enough, if that means I have to turn down the extra dessert and ice-cream, I'm happy the way we are (much love HM). I love the air-conditioning far too much. Who needs the 'Spartan' way of living anyway (it is better left in the 10th century BCE)?

If a look outside the window resembles an industrial wasteland in 19th century England, blame the weather, specifically *Indra Bhagwan*. Our Hockey lads have expressed visible discontent with the weather and lucky for them *Steel* does not rust as easily.

With that it is your friendly neighbourhood Senior Editor signing off for the Term... He will return in Avengers: Secret Wars (The Autumn Term).

1. Sketch your cartoon in the blank space below.
2. Submit your completed Doodle to a *Weekly* Board Member.
3. The best Doodle gets a mention in the next Issue!

Dosco Doodle

Title: _____
Name: _____

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