

The Doon School WEEKLY

"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot
October 5, 2024 | Issue No. 2719



SILENT SORROWS

The sheer sadness of instant death, creeping and sudden, killing millions.
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SAUDADE AWAY

The future looks bleak. Can love be simulated?
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CALL OF THE JUNGLE FOWL

Years in the future; Doon under threat, can Kabir save it?
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Beyond the Bubble

Rehhan Chadha *emphasises the importance of taking a definitive stance on conflicted matters.*

"This above all: to thine own self be true."
(Act 1, Scene 3, Hamlet)

In today's rapidly changing world, the only way to not be swayed by indecision or passivity is to learn to form not just strong, but well-informed opinions about the things around you. On our march to becoming a more accepting society — by which I mean more understanding towards the issues of gender, colour and race — we must not forget that true acceptance, and more significantly, acknowledgement, comes from within. Enormous amounts of jargon related to societal issues is thrown around the internet and, as a result, the actuality of these problems is trivialised.

When an entire community of people of a common age group, social stratum and perception towards prevalent issues come together and start to attain knowledge from sources such as Instagram or X (formerly Twitter), an echochamber of unfounded opinions held by members who themselves traverse the murky waters of 'maybe' or 'not sure' is forged. A month ago, the *Weekly* conducted a poll in order to gauge School's views on the prevalence of toxic masculinity and the extent of arbitrary masculine ideals being subscribed to in School. With

such questions that force one to reflect on themselves and their environment, it is too easy a way out to simply declare your disregard for the issue by saying that you are unsure, as 13.2% and 9.6% of DoscOs invariably did for the respective polls. While choosing these options due to an authentic lack of knowledge is prudent, doing so simply to jump onto the bandwagon suppresses both society's morals and the individual's.

Not remaining informed and up to date with pertinent issues and information is frankly not an option in the modern day and age — when so much culture thrives on widely accessible forums of social media. Moreover, this becomes even more important when younger individuals, such as DoscOs, begin to encourage and subconsciously endorse armchair activism. You are fed corrosive propaganda curated as flighty shorts and reels, intended to caress your already dopamine-driven brain for more engagement. While being influenced by the many falsehoods propagated on these platforms, not assuming any accountability for your opinions and sheathing them under other domineering perspectives of other peers is the greatest rebuke to your own integrity, simply to be 'one of the guys' and 'fit in.'

Accountability for what you truly feel about politics, ideology,

sexuality and war is imperative as these issues become, for better or worse, increasingly interconnected in the status quo. Keeping your views about key concerns intact is one of the lesser spoken-about facets of character-building and discipline in School, where so much emphasis is placed on uniformity and complete coagulation into a pre-established and often unfamiliar system. Few DoscOs manifest tangible concerns for society beyond this institution, in the greater framework of being an Indian, and world citizen, largely because they remain completely engrossed in the happenings inside School. How many newspapers do you see delivered to your Houses in the afternoon? How many of those do you take the time to read? Aside from Inter-Houses and activities, have you ever spiritedly discussed the conflict in Gaza, or the American presidential race with your form mates?

Assuming a definitive and clear stance, at times, could be difficult due to a range of factors — stigmatisation, peer pressure, or even embarrassment. A concrete opinion does not necessarily mean a straitjacket, it involves forming your own interpretation of the various takes on a situation, while always keeping yourself open to new perspectives and

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This Week in History

1869 CE: Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, one of India's greatest freedom fighters, is born in Porbandar, Gujarat.

1957 CE: The Soviet Union launches Sputnik 1, the first ever man-made satellite, into space.

1990 CE: East and West Germany unite with Berlin as the capital, marking the end of the Cold War.

2011 CE: Apple founder Steve Jobs dies of pancreatic cancer, aged 56.

2017 CE: A gunman opens fire from his hotel room onto a music festival in Las Vegas, killing over fifty people.

READER'S CHECKLIST

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

Ritvik Agrawal: *Everyone on this Train is a Suspect* by Benjamin Stephenson

Abhyuday Rana: *The Maze Runner* by James Dash

Vedant Kapoor: *Black Swan* by Nassim Taleb

Aadi Jain: *On Minimalism* by Kerry O'Brien

LISTENER'S CHECKLIST

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

Aaditya Agrawal: *Daddy Issues* by The Neighbourhood

Aarav Dadu: *Astrothunder* by Travis Scott

Samarth Pundeer: *Never Gonna Give You Up* by Rick Astley

Aadidev Basu: *Turn the Lights Back On* by Billy Joel

“

To know how much there is to know is the beginning of learning to live.

—
Dorothy West

THE WHO?

Who is Eric Marlon Bishop?

Shiva Shamanur: A chess player

Surya Verma: An author

Vivaan Singhi: A director

Agasthya Jain: A rapper

Eric Marlon Bishop, also known as **Jamie Foxx**, is an American **actor, comedian, and musician**. He gained fame for his roles in films such as *Ray*, for which he won an **Academy Award for Best Actor**, and *Django Unchained*.

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

I won't come for your funeral if you don't come for mine.

Udai Singh, giving death threats.

Go to the Senior and call the room.

Ved Chichra, the summoner.

I am self-assuming myself to be an illiterate nincompoop.

Rudra Sarin, self-conscious.

I am not a special child, I was built special.

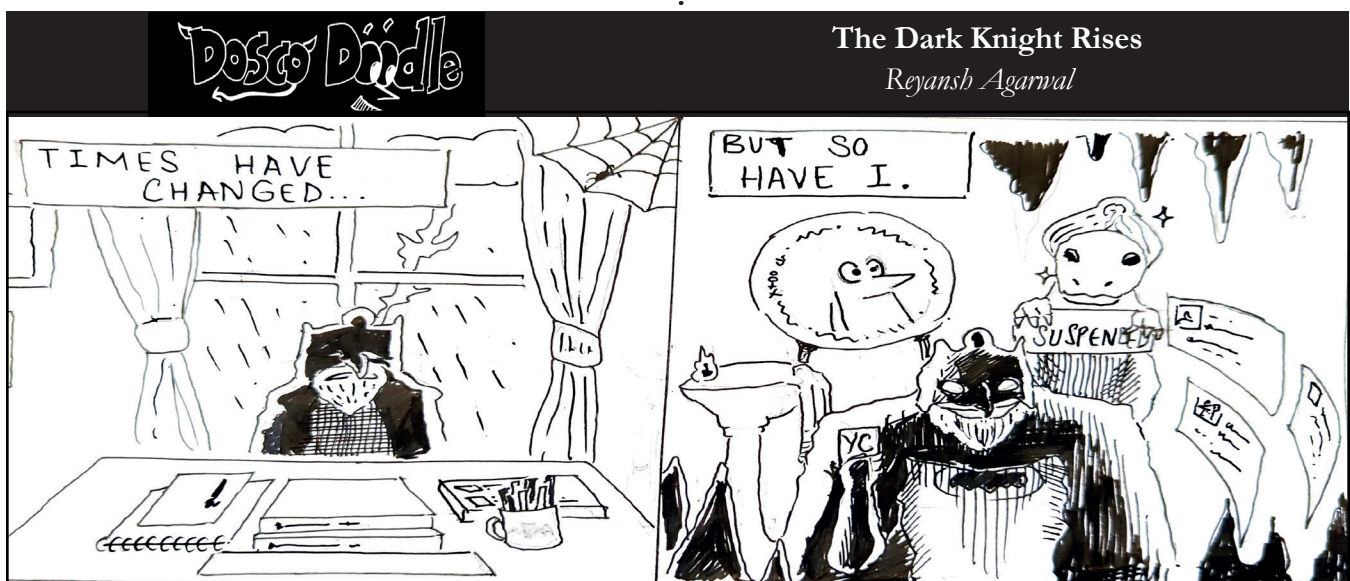
Ayan Dhandhanian, truth-teller.

Let's play HC, HC.

HGT, the textbook Assistant Housemaster.

Around the World in 80 Words

Five hundred and sixty kilograms of cocaine worth over two thousand crore rupees were found in Delhi. Hurricane Helene left over one hundred people dead across the United States of America. Iran launched missiles on Israel after Israel's invasion of Lebanon. Coldplay announced that they will dissolve after their 12th album. Antoine Griezmann announced his retirement from international football. Russian troops took control of the city of Vuhledar in Ukraine. Carlos Alcaraz defeated Jannik Sinner in a Chinese Open final.



(Continued from Page 1)

points of view. As a community that aspires to forge leaders and pioneers for the world of tomorrow, our thought process and the way in which we perceive information and evaluate it must also belong to tomorrow. Otherwise, a crevice begins to form between our expectations of creating socially-sensitised and intuitive individuals, and the unfortunate reality — insular and aloof people who cannot adapt to societal change as quickly as

they should.

When individuals take the time to inform themselves and form well-reasoned stances, they not only reinforce their own integrity but also contribute to the quality of societal discourse. This self-awareness helps combat polarisation, encouraging dialogue rooted in knowledge rather than emotion. It is through such informed engagement that individuals can bridge divides and promote constructive conversations instead of conflict.

For Doscos, this means breaking free from institutional bubbles, embracing accountability for their beliefs, and staying engaged with the world beyond the School walls. Only then can they uphold the School's values of pioneering spirit and leadership, ensuring they remain true to themselves while shaping a more thoughtful, just, and interconnected society.

Authors Note: *This piece does not intend to generalise all Doscos, but rather comments on a growing trend in School.*

Silent Sorrows

Chitransh Gulati

Poetry

Innocent people who lost their lives,
did they tell any lies?

Children playing and having fun,
while not being aware that they would not see any sun.

Family and mother kissing her child for the last time,
did they commence any crime .

The day when Hiroshima and Nagasaki was bombed
peaceful yards turned into dark graveyards

Family members dead and the family was in sorrow
could they get one more life they could borrow?

Laughter and Liberation

Vedant Ranjan

Poetry

Finally, the exams are done,
No more stress, I can have some fun.
Papers tossed and pencils laid,
I'm free at last, let's make a trade!

Trading books for late-night chats,
Sneaking snacks and midnight laughs.
No more studying till my eyes are red,
Just roaming the campus, feeling ahead.

We'll explore the woods and ride our bikes,
Stay up late and share our hikes.
No more quiet hours or hushed tones,
Just the freedom of laughter and playful groans.

Friends by my side, we'll take a stand,
Living our youth, hand in hand.
So here's to freedom, let's shout it loud—
No more exams, let's make our crowd!

Saudade Away

Aaron Fareed | Winner of the B.G. Pitre Science Fiction Short Story Contest, 2024 (Senior Category).

“To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that’s all.” - Oscar Wilde.

“Greetings, traveller! Contact established.” exclaimed a metallic android as it whirred through a wired city of bytes, no brains. Its movements were rigid, leaking oil instead of sweat, its voice automated and scripted, devoid of all emotions. This dystopian setting perplexed me. I felt lonely despite being in a crowd.

Wandering through the neon-lit streets, I was drawn to a bar pulsating with psychedelic lights. Curiosity got the better of me. Peeping in, I noticed a group of animatronics karaokeing to Joel’s iconic ‘We Didn’t Start the Fire’ with a perfect, emotionless pitch.

“Hey, F450, pour me a pint...” I said sourly.

“One dark pint coming right up” responded the NPC lacklusterly.

The effervescence produced a static-like sound and intermittently glitched as the beer poured into the steel glass. The floating barm was not froth; instead bytes of ones and zeros.

Staring lifelessly at my drink, I reflected on this imbroglio, where stars in the sky were like autumn leaves dangling lifelessly, ready to fall. Where the moon reflected light to the sun, while colossal skyscrapers hindered rain.

“Hey... Hey... Hello?” echoed a distant voice, shaking me out of my reverie. “Didn’t mean to wake you, but I think you’re inebriated, my friend.”

With drooping eyelids, I noticed a silhouette staring at me with reproach. “I’m sorry. Just a little lost,” I replied with a lisp. As I gained consciousness, my pupils suddenly dilated with an unheralded excitement.

Staring lifelessly at my drink, I reflected on this imbroglio, where stars in the sky were like autumn leaves dangling lifelessly...

“What’s your model number?” I muttered, noticing no barcode on the side of her neck.

“I’m not an Android, I’m a person; I-DOT!” she exclaimed.

“Idiot?! I apologise for assuming your classification! Finding a human is like searching for a nut in a pile of bolts.”

“No, silly, my name is I-DOT,” she chuckled hysterically.

I was baffled, unable to discern reality, so I continued to stare into her eyes until her cheeks turned crimson

red. I extended my hand to shake hers and introduced myself, inventing a name that closely resembled hers.

“I’m A-DOT,” I said, marvelling at how vibrant I-DOT was.

Never before had I experienced this emotion called Love. I squired her around the electrifying arbour, engaging in cathartic conversations about the desolate metropolis and its future.

A contrasting vagary in the weather raised my head

I collapsed to my knees, whimpering softly. The rain began to subside, as my infatuation ebbed. The final drops fell like daggers, piercing my skin without leaving a mark.

to the sky, only to witness thousands of droplets plummeting down like meteors. Bemused by this outlandish weather, I turned to look at I-DOT, only to see her frozen in time, her face supine, eyelashes closed, acting like leaves catching the droplets and shedding them like tears.

“Your simulation has ended. Please recharge your humanoid in a dry environment. Thank you!” reiterated a robotic message as I dazed dumbfoundedly at I-DOT.

I blinked incredulously as I-DOT gently smiled, her hands sparking as the rain ricocheted off her palms.

I collapsed to my knees, whimpering softly. The rain began to subside, as my infatuation ebbed. The final drops fell like daggers, piercing my skin without leaving a mark. As they say, an umbrella becomes a burden once the rain is over.

The unbearable longing was sickening. If only the automated world could erase this painful memory, which lingered on, corrupting my soul, draining my emotions.

“Do pretty flowers bloom, only to be plucked to make a bouquet or watered and raised in a garden?” I mulled drearily.

Maybe in the afterlife, I will meet I-DOT again. Until then, I continue to exist in solitude amongst Nuts and Bolts, Screws and Hammers, Wires and Electricity, Fate and Sorrow.

To be continued...

Call of the Jungle Fowl

Sabir Ahuja | Winner of the B.G. Pitre Science Fiction Short Story Contest, 2024 (Junior Category).

September 12, 2190 Earth Date

Location : The Doon School, Outer Space

Kabir glided through the bushes, the floaters on his feet enabling him to move swiftly and silently while hovering a few centimetres above the ground. He was being chased by Rollf, the Mannot bully.

A student of D Form at the most prestigious intergalactic boarding school in the universe and here he was - hiding in the *khadd* (the forested region behind Doon's amphitheatre, the Rose Bowl) like a petty thief, crouching out of sight behind a bamboo thicket!

Stifling a yell as he stubbed his toe into something hard, he saw a mossy marble plaque embedded in the undergrowth. It had a carving of a *jungli kukkar*, the red jungle-fowl that was common there before the Great Separation of Doon from Earth.

It had a carving of a *Jungli kukkar*, the red jungle-fowl that was common there before the Great Separation.

Suddenly, the bell rang. Kabir knew that Rollf would be heading back without his 'prey'. Feeling safe, he too, hurried off to his lessons.

Kabir, a 6th-generation Dosco, sat that evening in a quiet corner, reading his great-great grandfather - Sabir Ahuja's journal, written 166 years ago. His heart skipped a beat as he read an astounding account. He called out to his best friend Vylljum Corrth. Vylljum (pronounced William) hailed from Gorrarrth, the Planet of the Wise. Together, they read the entry :

"20th August 2024: Today, Aniruddha, Emile and I witnessed a wondrous sight in the Rose Bowl. A luminous spaceship appeared in the *khudd* and from it emerged an alien being. He announced that the Doon School had been chosen to be the first intergalactic public school. Doon would be extracted from Earth and placed in outer space. The extraction would happen in 2035, on the School's centennial Founder's Day. He added, "This marble plaque will warn you in case of extreme danger!"; and stooped to place a plaque on the ground, emblazoned with a carving of a jungle-fowl.

Vylljum broke the ensuing silence, "Perhaps the plaque mentioned is the one you found in the *khudd*? Let's go and see."

And, yes, there it was - the same plaque. On it was a glowing inscription, warning that Doon was about to face a meteor shower, which the protective

dome would not be able to withstand. This would happen within the next three days.

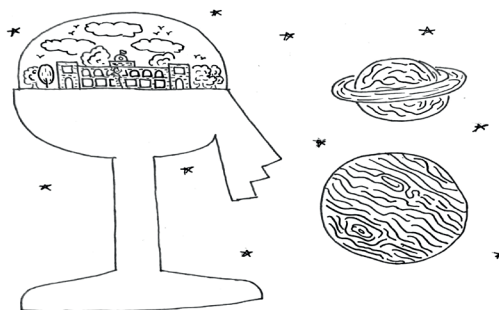
Next morning, ominously, the artificial sky grew dark. The foretold meteor-shower was about to begin. Panic and mayhem enveloped the campus. The School's enormous pedestal had alignment rockets - but they lacked power to move the entire behemoth out of the way of a rapidly approaching barrage of celestial boulders.

The Headmaster announced an evacuation plan to take the students to safety, while heralding the end of the 255-year-old institution. Listening to this grim news in the Assembly, Kabir suddenly remembered an entry in his ancestor's journal — another thing the alien had told him — that the fruits of the *Challta* trees had a special flavonoid that reacted with *ultranium* hydroxide, releasing tremendous amounts of energy. Plucking several fruits, he and Vylljum went to the Control-Room, and explained their theory to the master there, PDJ (Pankaj Dhar Jayal) Sir. "This seems workable," he announced, and immediately ordered all the students to bring as many *Challta* fruits as they could find. Compressed fruits were added to the fuel-line and the alignment rockets fired. All watched with bated breath as the giant pedestal with the glorious institution atop moved out of harm's way.

And yes, there it was — the same plaque. On it was a glowing inscription, warning that Doon was about to face a meteor shower.

Amidst celebrations, for the first time, the School had an HM's day-off for a whole week! Special awards were presented to Vylljum and Kabir, the latter being given 4 points for the Scholar's Blazer, for his presence of mind.

"What a great save," thought Kabir, while, unseen, the plaque continued glowing ominously in the *khudd*...and the *kukkar* began to move....



The Week Gone By

Krishiv Jaiswal

I always hoped to be one of those *seemingly* elite group of people who earn the privilege of writing this coveted *Week Gone By*, and today, as I write my first, I feel obligated to deliver onto the hopes and aspirations of that C Former who quickly turned through the pages to read this very section. A new era, a new beginning, a fresh perspective, and a two-week recap.

Last weekend saw the light at the end of the gloomy tunnel of the make-believe Trials with the not-so-colourful House Feast, where the new catering services saw both D and Sc Formers sharing the same level of maturity. Celebrate

this momentary win by asking your Tutors for *that* very treat now, but do not slip up in the remaining crucial battles of the term (and for my batchmates, very crucial battles). The looming threat of Founder’s practices, IPSCs, and of course the November Trials (which will truly count for your predicted) will slowly catch up to you, and so will the 29 assignments you left for later, amidst escorting schools in August.

The Inter-House Quiz witnessed a rare win, thanks to one of the best one-versus-three clutch in history, which gave the Gentlemen their long-yearned *Apalle ki Apalle*. Even though the audience may not have been able to wrap their heads around the questions, I would like to remind everyone that life is too short; just say “Yashraj” and move on. Well, to misquote Benjamin Franklin, “Nothing is certain

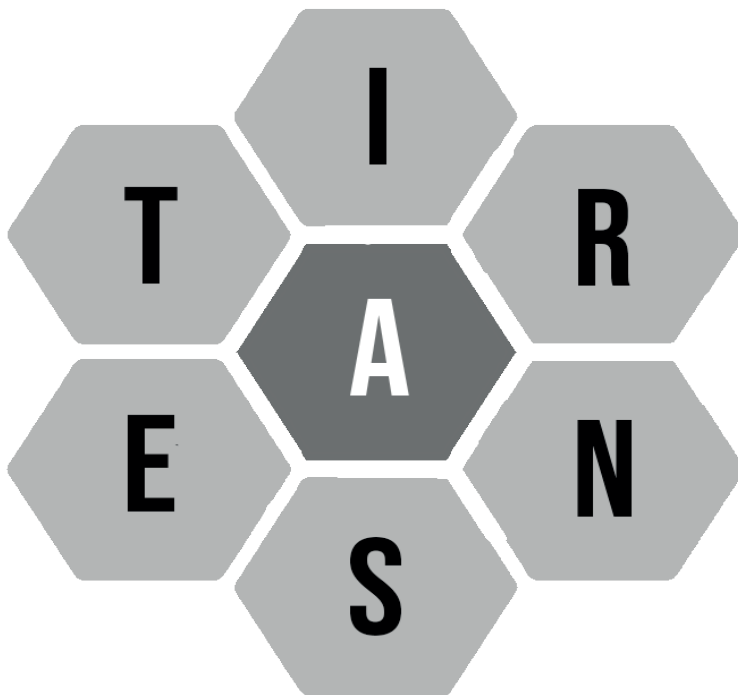
except death, taxes, and the second-placed team in Quiz blaming their unfortunate loss on the buzzer (or simply the Swans losing).”

Midterms gave us lackadaisical Doscas a ~~run for our money~~ well-deserved break where the S Formers surprisingly found themselves enjoy switching between *The Conjuring* and *Bhool Bhulaiyaa*.

Life at Chandbagh truly is baffling, as it took next to no time for things to revert back to normal after Midterms, with the muffled announcements helping D and C Formers with an excuse to escape the beautiful harmony of the P.E. Department’s marching drum.

As times change (and so does *that* Senior), I suggest you take some time out for yourself, ponder, and enjoy your days, watching out for “snakes” in the rain. All the best!

Word-It



Possible Answers
1. Naster
2. Retain
3. Stain
4. Star
5. Tear
6. Rain
7. Train

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