

AVS CELEBRATES REPUBLIC DAY



PHOTOGRAPH: KARKEN BADO, XI

Hoisting Pride



PHOTOGRAPH: RANJANA RAI

In Step with Patriotism

10.18 am, 26th January, 1950 – A fragmented British Dominion is transformed into a Republic: a historic day that not only marks the adoption of the Constitution of India but also recollects the sacrifices of unsung heroes. Republic Day celebrates democracy and makes us, among other things, feel proud of our cultural diversity.

For perhaps the first time, the pupils of AVS were able to witness the Republic Day celebrations of the School this year. The entire School community had come together in front of the Main School Building for a Special Assembly, which was a brief but solemn and meaningful affair. The tricolour was hoisted by the Headmaster followed by the singing of the National Anthem.

A Prabhat Pheri, which is generally an early morning procession where people, with banners or flags in hand, shout slogans or rally for a noble cause, was organized earlier by the History Department and the pupils of Class VIII.

The tricolour and ‘emotive flags’ were carried and “Sarey jahan se achha” and “Vande

Mataram” rang through the crisp morning air as pupils paraded around the School premises.

This new and thought-provoking initiative taken by the History Department was both stimulating and inspiring.

“To my country and to my people, I pledge my devotion. In their well-being and prosperity alone, lies my happiness.”, as these words were recited by the School Captain, who had called upon the School to make a pledge at the Special Assembly, perhaps, there were not a few who could not fully comprehend the profundity and relevancy of the words, especially in these times of strife and stress that we live in. Yet, that clear January morning was definitely a step in the right direction. And after this day we hope that emotions such as nationalism and patriotism are not relegated to the back-burner until days such as these, or we do not have to merely witness them on celluloid. At least for the Aviators, they should be something that we hold in our souls and live out even in our diurnal existence.

With inputs from Joyeeta Dutta, VIII and Pooja Gill, XI

Thought for the Week:

If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life, and has found solutions, I should point to India.

Max Mueller.

A TRYST WITH TALENT

“Finishing a piece of work, be it a book or a short story, gives me great satisfaction.”

-Mitra Phukan.

After the strenuous End-of-Semester Examinations what the Aviators really required was a taste of something new and invigorating, something to act as a panacea to their exam-weary minds. Thus, ‘Meet the Author’, the greatly enjoyed feature in the School calendar: a tête-à-tête with a published author, was given more than a positive response, especially since Mrs. Mitra Phukan, the author in question, had not only been widely read in the School but also belonged to the North-East.

Besides a distinguished writer, translator and columnist, Mrs. Phukan is also a well-established musician having performed both in India and abroad. Her novel, “The Collector’s Wife”, has been very well accredited both at home and abroad, and it has also been integrated in the curriculum of Contemporary Indian Writing at Stanford University.

Quite a few Aviators, especially those aspiring to become great writers, had an insightful and enlightening time interacting with Mrs. Phukan that evening of the 18th of December when she was interviewed by Tenzin Yangki of Class XII.

Mrs. Phukan spoke about her onerous journey to becoming an accomplished writer, and particularly of the very valued support which she had received from her family and well-wishers. On being asked about the very singular yet admirable theme of her most acclaimed book, ‘The Collector’s Wife’, she replied that the theme of insurgency and abduction were close to her heart as she was well-acquainted with various people who had gone through the same ordeal.

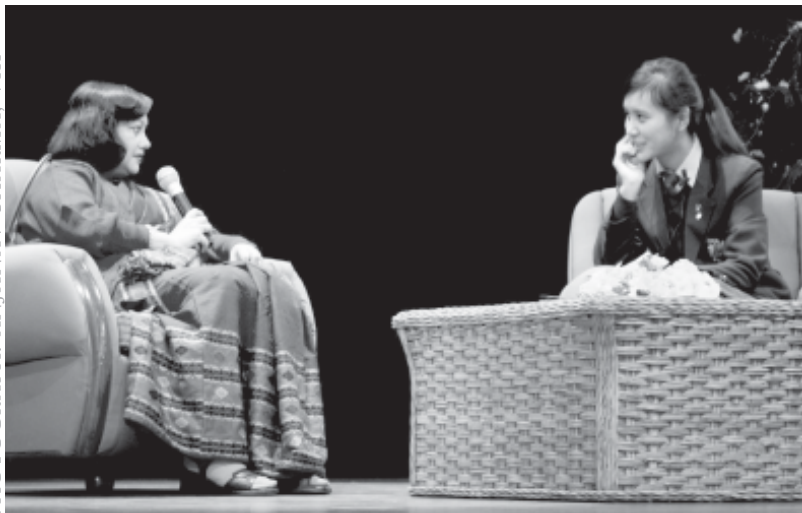
Every novel by Mrs. Phukan is like a self-

portrait which has more of her reflections and introspection on matters rather than a reiteration of accepted views. She also pointed out that each writer is unique and has his own opinions, and this difference in creative outlook makes the work of a writer beautiful and worth-while. Mrs. Phukan added that just as no musician wants to remain unheard no writer wants his book to remain unread. Mrs. Phukan imparted to the fledgling writers of the School important guidelines which would be invaluable in their future pursuits. The one basic and very important factor that a writer should always keep in mind, she underlined was: “every writer needs to have a sense of balance and a certain uniqueness in his writing which would make people want to read on.”

Mrs. Phukan also gave us an irrefutable proof of her versatility when she played the harmonium and sang a beautiful patriotic song in Assamese. She shared with us that her musical talent requires her to perform in front of an audience, while her talent in writing requires her to be alone in a room, and she enjoyed the difference.

A few very coherent queries also arose from amongst the audience to which Mrs. Phukan gave satisfying answers. On being asked if new writers are promoted by the publishers, she replied that “a writer from the North-East, writing in English, is the flavour of the season.” She also added that writing a book takes a considerable amount of time as the characters, plot, dialogues, and descriptions have to be sorted out very carefully. Thinking up the plot of a novel and starting a story is the most difficult part of writing a full-fledged novel, and setting the tone of the story is very important as “the reader needs to grasp the story and be interested in order to continue”.

Thus, ended an evening which did live up to its promise of being cerebral but which certainly had none of the stiffness and boredom that one would associate with intellectualism. There seemed to be something in Mrs. Phukan that almost everyone seemed to identify with and understand: that if you have the talent and, above all things, the commitment, the world is your oyster even if your starting point is tucked away in a place that is divorced from the mainstream.



A Moment to Muse. Mrs. Mitra Phukan with Tenzin

Begum Akifa Yasmin, XI

AVE Tuesday, 26th January, 2010

In the Name of Grace...

PHOTOGRAPH: ANJANAY SHARMA, VIII



Mesmerizing Movements

The evening was culturally rich and was enjoyed by all. The dedication and expertise of the young dancers could be seen as one captivating performance followed the other, holding the audience with their graceful moves and their richly-hued costumes.

On this note it makes us proud to report that, of the twenty-one pupils who appeared for the Sattriya Dance Examination held by the Sangit Sattri Pariksha Parishad, three students: Barkha Goswami, Rojaskiya Ranjeet and Siddarth Thapa, all of Class VII, were awarded Distinctions.

Prapti Borah, XI

LETTER
TO
THE
EDITOR

Dear Ma'am,

While the rest of us enjoyed the winter's break at home a country saw nature bring out its worst side. An earthquake of a magnitude 7.0 on the Richter scale struck the densely populated and the poorest Caribbean country, Haiti. The earthquake claimed tens of thousands of lives and obliterated the whole of Port-Au-Prince, the capital city of Haiti.



The damage was irremediable but eventually, from the ashes and ruins of the dilapidated land of Haiti grew care, sympathy, and also a glint of hope. Only about a week after the mishap, people could be seen opening their shops again. They had grown to accept what had come to pass, and had moved on with their lives. It had become quite evident that it would take much more than just an earthquake to splinter and raze the human spirit of this poor yet undaunted country. The world too congregated its forces to aid the victimized nation. An international aid operation had been set up under the former US Presidents, Bill Clinton and George Bush, while aid from all corners of the world came in the form of donations.

It is said time is the best sailor: it sails you through everything – good or bad; Haiti too will pull through and shake off its period of hardships to enter a new phase of dawn; a new chapter with a brand new beginning and will start from scratch. But just like Rome wasn't built in a day, renovating a broken country will not be a piece of cake. It requires time and effort and the contribution of many and not necessarily in the form of wealth or cash. Even a little prayer said from the heart can make a great difference. Let us learn from this little country that it takes more than just an earthquake to bring down the human spirit.

Yours faithfully,
Rohan Tandon,
Class IX

Mr. Shabir Ansari and Mrs. Shabnam Ansari and Dr. (Mrs.) Hemashree Deka and Dr. Saurav Deka, were blessed with daughters on the 4th and 12th of this month.

Shabahat Ansari and Niharika Deka bring much good cheer and warmth to the AVS family during these cold January days. Congratulations to the proud parents!



paradise realized

Resting alone in the mighty arms of the Brahmaputra,
Like a son wrapped in his mother's arms after an arduous day, I lie.
And bask in the glow of the blood-flushed evening sun,
When I gaze at my country from the welkin of possibilities,
Let me not the dirt, throes, and ravenous crave in every brother's heart see,
Or irreverence, profanity, and indifference;
But honour, valour, and a vision—
To build a nation, to define a Republic.

When I enter the temple of justice, let my eyes not witness
Prejudice, blind verdict, and injustice;
But spotless truth, realized law, and integrity.
When I peep into every office, and every seat of responsibility,
May I witness naught stubborn pride but tireless service, and duty.

My longing heart says: one day my dreams will come true.
And that day, the hallowed soil of my motherland would no longer be torn
Into a million pieces by deep chasms of creed, tongue and difference.
But all would be one—
An Indian.

'Tis getting dark now; and in the shimmering twilight,
In the unfathomable waters of the Brahmaputra, I feel the sanctity of the holy Ganges.
In the thick canopy of the Sunderbans, I paint the lofty blue Nilgiris.
In the dense jungle of Kaziranga, I hear the roar of the lions of Gir.
In the vast green fields of Punjab, I can smell the pungent spices of Kerala.
And in the arctic womb of the glaciers of Ladakh, I see the deserts of Thar.

In the dazzling eyes of every Indian woman, ever holding the hand of her family,
I see a brilliant reflection of the beauty of Mother Earth doubled.
On the face of every Indian child, who is the face of tomorrow's world,
I see my yesterday.
In the bold arms of every Indian man daring the impossible,
I see my tomorrow.
'For I am the youth of today—
The INDIA of today.



Aloy Buragohain, XI

A-VOICES

I am proud to be an Indian because...

| | | | |
|--------------------|---|-----------------------|--|
| Srishti J. | : It is the only country where modernization and tradition walk hand-in-hand. | Saurav M. | : Because no matter what people say, it is home. |
| Prateek M. | : I love Bollywood. | Pushpak C. | : India is in me and I am India. |
| Shekhar G. | : It is a democratic nation. | Nandini B. | : It gives me the freedom to practise any religion of my choice. |
| Ms. S. Basu | : It has a rich cultural heritage. | Mrs. A. Sharma | : Because of its Sanskaraas. |
| Suravi P. | : It has a glorious past and an even more glorious future. | Mrs. D. Bora | : No other country has such a varied cultural heritage. |
| Radhika H. | : It gives me a chance to be myself. | | |

Tanvi Bist, XI and Antareep Boraz, XI

Question of the Week

Is patriotism an outdated concept?



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