

YOU'VE BEEN MODIFIED

-Anoushka S. Rabha, XI

Every election is determined by the voter turn up this year being the highest in history. The Indian electorate has spoken, its Modi 2.0 with a much bigger mandate. The Lok Sabha elections 2019 voting started on 11th April and the counting on 23rd May. In the first 90 minutes of the counting process it was quite clear who'd form the government. A landslide victory for the BJP and a disheartening loss for the Congress has been a possibility for some time. Even though the BJP had been heavily scrutinized for demonetization, price hike, emotive issues and unemployment rates, the Indian populace has decided to choose the lesser of the two evils. It's a shame that it has come to that.

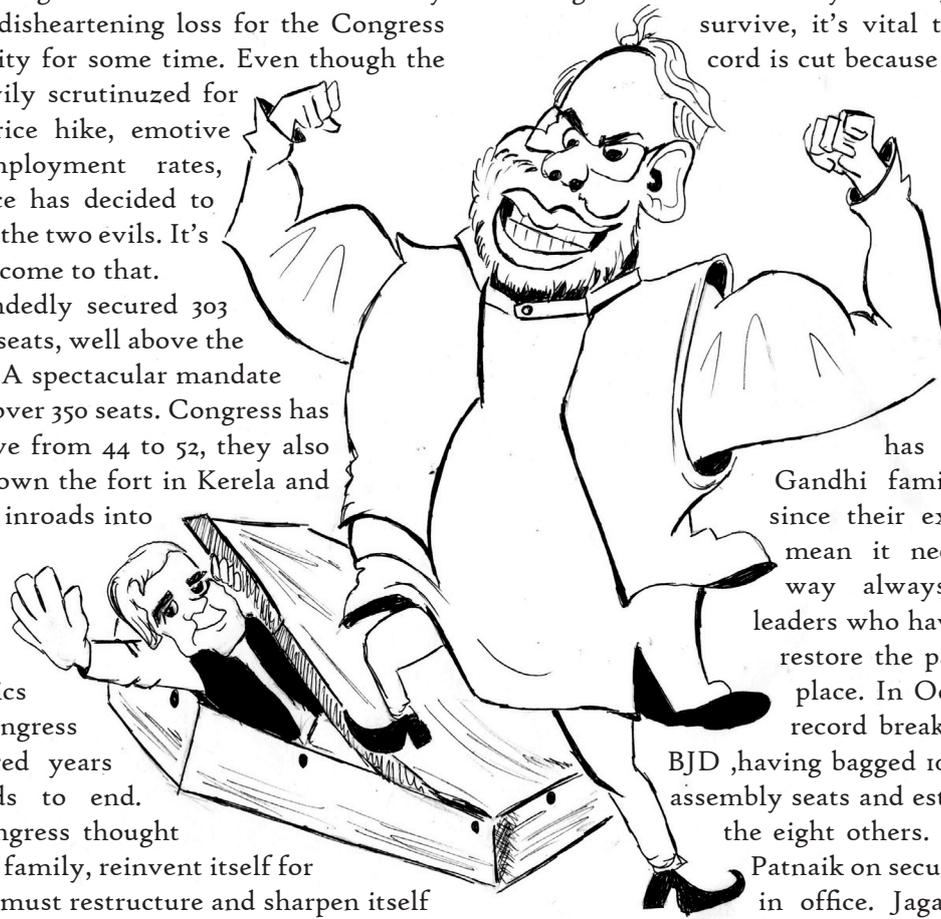
BJP has single-handedly secured 303 seats out of the 542 seats, well above the 272 majority mark. A spectacular mandate for the NDA with over 350 seats. Congress has managed to improve from 44 to 52, they also successfully held down the fort in Kerala and Punjab. BJP makes inroads into new territories, with a thumping victory over the Hindi heartland. The dynasty politics followed by the Congress in its over hundred years of existence needs to end. Near time the Congress thought beyond the Gandhi family, reinvent itself for survival. The INC must restructure and sharpen itself for re-emerging as an instrument of public usefulness. Great literature is replete with stories of people fleeing their family to master their fate, find their own fortune and return as a conquering hero. Similarly, men and women of the Congress party must cut the knot that binds them to such dependence and test the political waters on their own strength. If congress wants to return to its former glory, then it's high time they stop being

dependent on the first family. For decades the Gandhi family has had the responsibility of leading the Congress but it's quite evident from recent events that maybe it would be better for the party's future. Amethi had been a Congress stronghold since 1967, save for half dozen years in 1970s, but now the Modi wave has managed to change that. When a baby's born, in order for it to survive, it's vital that the umbilical cord is cut because that's what needs

to be done. If Congress wants to survive then it must cut the umbilical cord, the Congress men and women should understand that just because it

has always been the Gandhi family leading them since their existence, doesn't mean it needs to stay that way always. Congress has leaders who have the potential to restore the party to its former place. In Odisha, it's another record breaking 5th term for BJD, having bagged 104 seats out of 146 assembly seats and establishing leads in the eight others. Kudos to Naveen Patnaik on securing another term in office. Jagan Mohan Reddy too has proved his worth, after

losing 2014 elections, the YSR Congress has won 22 out of 25 Lok Sabha seats and more than 150 of 175 assembly segments in the polls. These 5 years might just prove to be the most crucial years for Modi-Shah led BJP, if Narendra Modi is unable to prove his matter in this time then it's the golden ticket that Congress needs to make a strong comeback.



Illustrator: Nandini Garodia

PILL-EASE

-Jeremy L. Jahau, XI

As I skip along the day
I cannot help but feel gay
And no not the closeted kind
But the literal, relaxing, peace of mind

I look around this world so bright
And see the colours, the joy and might
I can feel the flowers, the ground the breeze
I hear the songs of the birds and trees

And as I move through all this delight
I see a rather peculiar sight
I see someone with streams from their eyes
And it's not joy or praise he cries

He talks of pain and loss and sorrow
He speaks of not wanting another tomorrow
He says the world is bleak and bland
But what he means I don't understand

What he says I can't comprehend
And it seems his spiel just won't end
So I'll take my leave and sleep away
And end my happy, little, joyous day

Now I wake and I feel cross
I see the darkness, the pain, the loss
I open my drawer and take my pill
And now I can continue to have my joyous fill



Illustrator: Lydia Timungpi

STARS OF THE WEEK



At the IPSC U-19 Cricket Tournament, held at Modern School, Barakhamba, Aniketh Das (School Cricket Captain) was positioned among the 'Top 15 Best Batsmen' of the entire tournament while Jagrit Kasera (School Cricket Vice-Captain) was announced as the third best wicket taker in the entire tournament. Our heartiest congratulations to the both of them.

Around the World

-Eloziini Senachena, X

Last words- eternal, short, and sometimes just savage or as unexpected as the next thing that hit the speaker. “Et tu Brute” (You too, child?) Caesar’s last words before he was assassinated are probably the most well-known words of its kind, taken from Shakespeare’s tragic play ‘Julius Caesar’. Further records of final words dates back to the Roman era, one of them being Archimedes, who was assassinated by a Roman soldier who interrupted his work and the mathematician exclaimed- “Don’t disturb my circles!” This appalled the soldier and thus, Archimedes was summarily killed.

Some of the earliest last words can be traced through texts from the scriptures. There’s the crucifixion of Jesus Christ in Jerusalem from the Bible, whereupon his death he said- “Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.” Coming down to the 15th century, the French commander Joan of Arc cried her final words at the stake- “Hold the cross high so I may see it through the flames!” The last queen of France Marie Antoinette’s final words were- “Pardonnez-moi monsieur”, ‘Please forgive me sir’ an apology after she stepped on her executioner’s foot. Bringing in the words of yet another person on death row, Gary Gilmore’s last words “Let’s do it” was what inspired Nike’s famous slogan- “Just do it”.

Coming to the cruelly ironical part of the topic, Karl Marx was a German philosopher whose last words were- “Go on, get out! Last words are for fools who

haven't said enough!” Followed by American Rhythm-and-Blues singer Johnny Ace who fiddled with a pistol during a Concert break and said- “I’ll show you, it won’t shoot” Unfortunately, he died from a self-inflicted gunshot wound.

There’s a relatively richer storehouse of last words in the 20th century. Charles “Lucky” Luciano was an

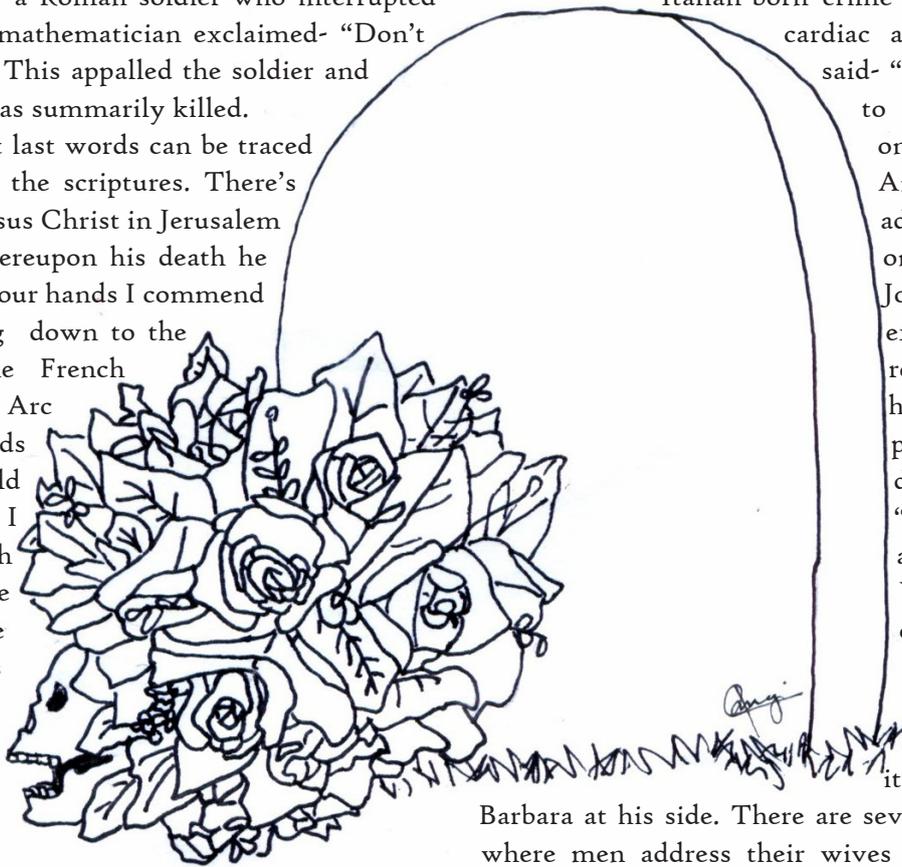
Italian-born crime lord who died of a cardiac arrest, his last will said- “Tell Georgie I want

to get in the movies one way or another.” And he did, there are adaptations based on his life. Actress Joan Crawford expired of the similar reasonand while her housekeeper prayed as she was dying Joan yelled “Don’t you dare ask God to help me!” Yet another person claimed by the same cause, Frank Sinnatra died after saying “I’m losing it” with his wife

Barbara at his side. There are several other incidents, where men address their wives as death closes by, Ernest Hemmingway told his wife, Mary, “Goodnight, my kitten” before committing suicide.

The list is long and endless but I will not be doing justice to it if the latest,most famous one was not mentioned, “God bless. Take care of my boy, Roy” Stan Lee’s last words to Roy Jr, who replaced him as Editor-in-Chief of Marvel comics.

Illustrator: Moom Lego



CAMPUS NEWS

The sports department won many accolades in the Tezpur District Sports Fest which was held on 11th May, 2019. We wish to congratulate the contingent that managed to pull off a tremendous feat in the sports arena which comprised of the Boys Basketball team who won the tournament, The Girls’ Volleyball team who secured the runners up position, the Badminton team, the Table Tennis team and the Athletics team who also procured many medals at individual and group levels.

SOCIE-ME

-Krish Agarwal, X

I am okay!
That's what I say
Whenever somebody asks me
How are you? Hey!?

Cause I have to show the world. That I am fine
As, in this society, it reflects a sign
That I am a cool guy with whom they can be, even
nine

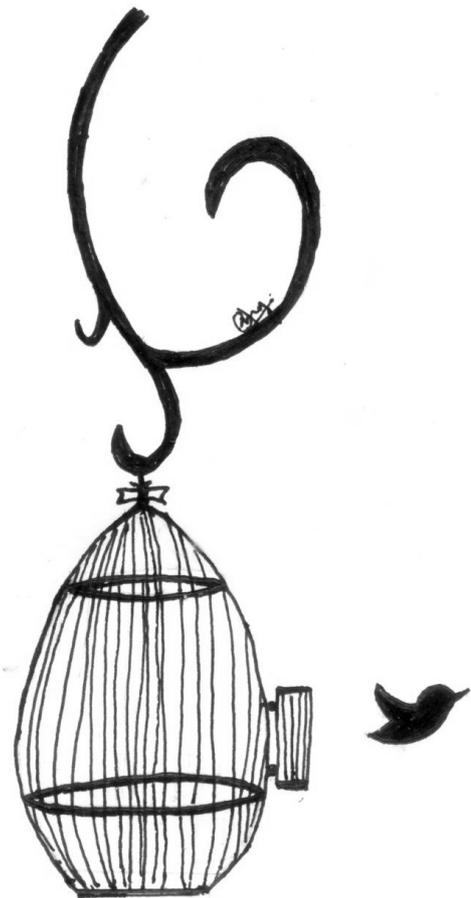
They will always say that looks don't matter
But you never know, behind your back, they always
chatter.

The battle between a good human and good looks, is
always taken over by the latter

The society never talks about knowledge and the topic
is always marks,

They appear out of nowhere, just like sharks
To eat up self-confidence which we had built suffering
through the darks

When I am in trouble where do they disappear?
Living in this society. Now I fear
That those people might turn themselves away, to
whom I have always been very dear



What sin have I done?
By trying to rise like the mighty sun
In this society, full of jealousy, all I need to do is RUN!

I have done wonders, but what do they see?
Failure, failure, failure, as it had to be,
And I would like to know,
Even after satisfying all of them
What does the society have for me?

Illustrator: Moom Lego

THE OUTPOST

The General Election results almost resembled the Exit Polls, with a thundering victory for the BJP as the Saffron Wave only grew stronger with over 300 seats. Modi created history by becoming the first Non-Congress candidate to win two successive terms as a PM. Meanwhile, the 67 year old legacy over Amethi came to an end as Rahul Gandhi was defeated by a formidable Smriti Irani, a sign that dynasty politics was in its ruins. Rahul and Priyanka Gandhi accepted people's mandate and raised a few eyebrows as RaGa offered his controversial resignation to mother and UPA chairman Sonia Gandhi.



Illustrator: Eloziini Senachena

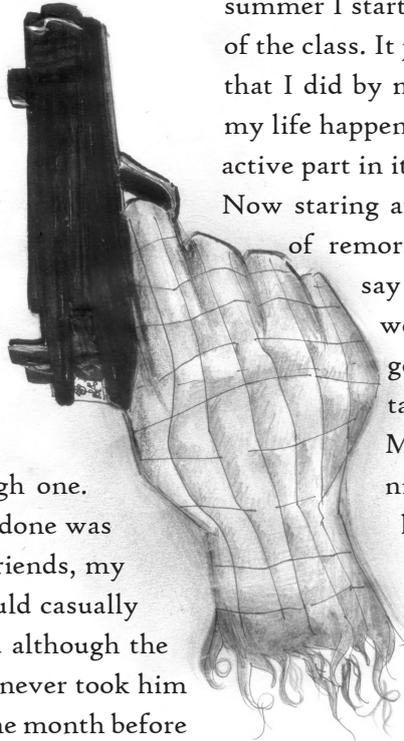
To Be Continued...

-Saziia Selva, XII

I looked at the boy holding the gun, almost the same age as me. So this is the last face I see; blonde with blue eyes, he looked like any other boy in school despite the mean look he had on there were beads of sweat on his forehead. I stared at him with a crazed look, a huge grin playing on my face. "Any last words?" He snarled but I could sense the discomfort in his voice. I wondered what ties he had with the neighboring gang.

Illustrator: Takhe Tamo Reela

Any last words? Hmm that was a tough one. My life had been so gray, nothing I had done was really out of the ordinary, I had a few friends, my grades were a little above average, I would casually play soccer in the community place and although the coach encouraged me to practice more I never took him too seriously. I was ordinary. But then the month before

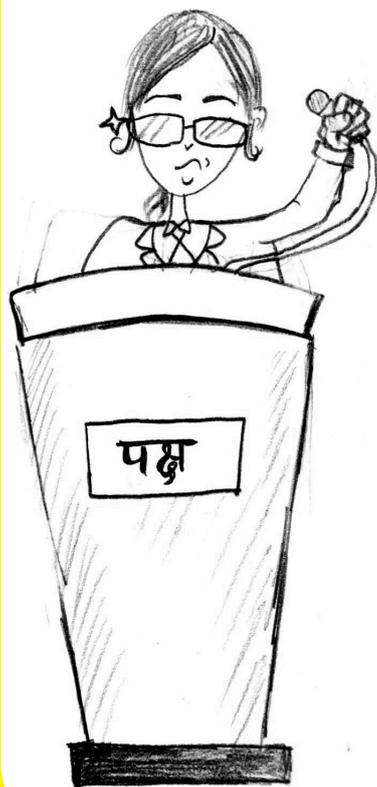


summer I started hanging out with the guys at the back of the class. It just happened, I suppose...there was little that I did by my own free will, I just kind of watched my life happen in front of me but I never really took an active part in it.

Now staring at the cold glint of the gun I felt a tinge of remorse but my pride did not allow me to say anything, much less beg for my life. I wondered if anyone would notice if I was gone, or more precisely how long would it take for people to know that I was gone. My mom wouldn't be back until late at night from work and my dad...only god knew which ditch he must have fallen into during his drunken stupors. I heard a loud bang and braced myself for the impact, a second passed and then another, I opened my eyes slowly. I was still alive.

BHARAT So NOT LINKED

-Jirmin Toko, XII



Ripple #102

- Moom Lego, X

They promised
to meet again
Under the
falling autumn
leaves
But winter took
him away
Before the
flowers could
meet spring.

Tongue of Slip!!

1. I want to play in the one act play.
- Arhata Saikia XII (You just played yourself.)
2. Have you watched 1 reasons why? -
Saloni Agarwala XII (If you give me 13
reasons for why I should.)
3. I burrowed her umberella. - Ngukivi
Chishi XII (That's not what we meant by
"moles are nice".)
4. I'll take down it - Sempisang Toy, XII
(Pennywise is waiting.)
5. Wrong! How can be? - Mr. A.S. Huidrom
(Just like that, Sir.)

Keep It Reel!

Nostalgia

-Partha Saikia, XII

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Illustrator: Takhe Tamo Reela

Mistress-in-Charge: Ms. Sarmistha Paul Sarkar

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