



*Our world is one, strung together by indelible glimpses of a changing journey sculpted with memories. The School remains our sanctuary. An abode, harbouring love, witnessing failures and sustaining hopes of countless individuals. The inevitable winds of change is here and it is the bearer of celebrations of milestones set and aspirations renewed. For those who pass on the baton, the world now awaits. For those who pick it up, a legacy does.*

*-Sieyina Meru, Deputy Editor*

# Setting Sail

*-Nandini Garodia, Editor-in-Chief*

“It seems just like yesterday” is a universally accepted definition of time and yet I believe that it undermines the pace at which time gallops.

Unsure of how to sum up my sack full of emotions into a simple three hundred word article, I finally typed out the words above on the blank word page for the last time. I heaved a sigh, but of what? Relief?

That this dysfunctional journey is coming to an end or sadness, because it’s actually coming to an end.

I shall stick to the latter. At this moment in time everything came to me in a rush and left me in

a daze. A time lapse played inside my head similar to

the ones that play inside those who know when a dynamic part of their life was coming to an end. Looking through a bioscope. It showed me the day I entered the room above the library, captivated by the wall which proclaimed ‘Mad Madder Sane’.

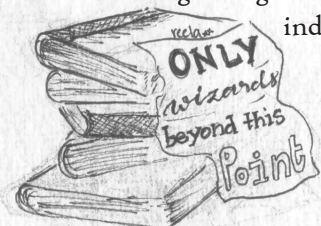
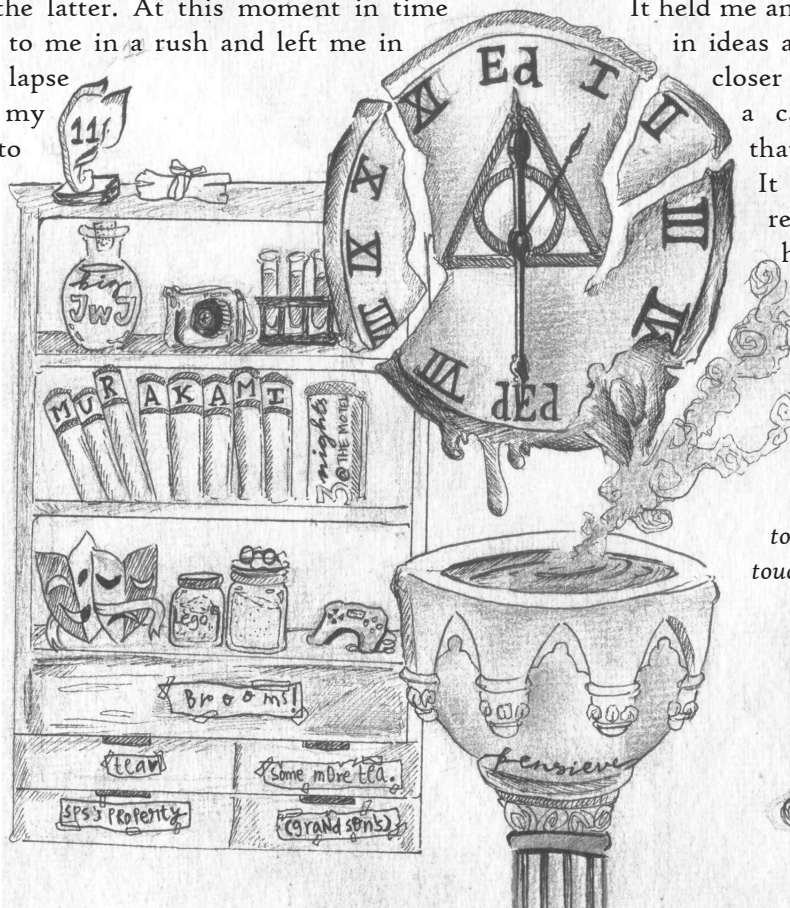
Over the year, I watched the proclamation progress to ‘We all have issues here’

and finally stood by it when it geared up to announce, ‘Frankly, my dear I don’t give a damn’. The rolling reels through its monochromic patterns showed me in its final lapse, the Room.

The thought that I will soon be in a world without the Room to fall back on, depresses me but I also know that it has given me the confidence to face and deal with whatever life throws at me (to a certain extent, at least). The Room found me, accepted me and I evolved in it.

It held me and within its cream walls I grew in ideas as I did in faith. It brought me closer to people with whom I shared a camaraderie and now a bond that holds us together as a family. It gave to me all it could and in return it keeps a part of me, a part held by words but felt through memories.

There is this tiny globe in the Room with a message on it. It is perhaps my most favorite thing in the room. The pale yellow note on the globe reads – “To all the lands we are yet to touch. To all the lands that will touch us. Here’s to growing up more that growing old.” True, indeed.



# ARMAGEDDON COMETH

Sempisang Toy, Associate Editor

As 2019 nears its end, the year has been marked with a multitude of change in regards to nature. It witnessed the most striking hurricanes in places like the Bahamas and in Japan. Wildfires all over California, Australia and even in Europe. Deaths due to pollution, the comeback of diseases we once thought would never surface the earth again, to name a few. The problems of climate change are pervasive and it is now impossible to be oblivious to such problems. Surprisingly, the issue of climate change and the consequences of burning fossil fuels were first discovered by a group of scientists working for Exxon, a billion-dollar oil company. The best part of this discovery was that they kept it a secret, making billions, in profit. Climate change will shape the 21st century regardless of whether climate targets were met, either through mitigation or adaptation, to a world characterised by violent climate disruption. The cry of 'ACT NOW' therefore, is not a hyperbole.

The cause for climate change is simple; burning of fossil fuels, deforestation, waste disposal, mining and intensive farming amongst other things. What they all have in common is that they are man-made calamities. Ironical then that, even humans are not spared by these

upheavals. It is affecting the global economy and shaking up social, geopolitical and most importantly health balances across the world.

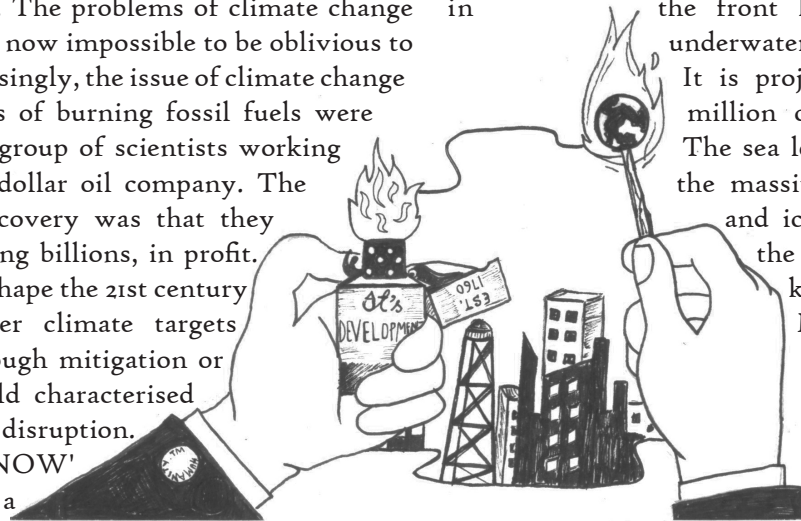
Deaths due to air pollution are no longer sporadic, Delhi being a striking example. Rising sea levels and floods are causing population migration and small island states are in the front line of being submerged underwater.

It is projected to give rise to 250 million climate refugees by 2050. The sea levels are rising because of the massive melting of permafrost and ice at the Poles, increasing the sea level at a rate never known before.

Meteorologists, around the world who have been watching the effects of Global warming on weather predict far worse conditions than what we already face today

including droughts, heatwaves and precipitation. The problems are one too many and as Greta Thunberg said, "This is the biggest crisis humanity has ever faced. This is not something you can like on Facebook".

Illustrator: Eloziini Senachena



## THE OUTPOST

Having delivered a historic judgment on the controversial Ayodhya case, Justice Ranjan Gogoi retired as the 46th CJI, passing the baton to Justice Sharad Arvind Bobde. Fresh violence in Srinagar over the Home Minister's "All is well in Kashmir". At the stroke of 5:47 am, Maharashtra woke up to the revocation of the President's Rule. In a hush-hush political manoeuvre, the impasse at Maharashtra came to a finale with Devendra Fadnavis being sworn-in as CM for the second time with Ajit Pawar of NCP as the Deputy in what could well have been scripted out of a Bollywood movie.



Illustrator: Eloziini Senachena



# Captured

-Sieyina Meru, Deputy Editor

There was a heavy punctuation before she started her conversation, one that started with the possibilities of meeting her favourite rock bands. The stranger she conversed with didn't necessarily have similar inclinations in her preferred genre of books or her distinct liking for salt. And yet as they travelled towards their destination and drove past small towns they worked around the puzzle of small

talk and the curiosity of each other's lives. The bus parked neatly in the parking lot of the restaurant like it did almost every night. The exterior reminded her of cheap motels in the roadside promising things beyond their means. They climbed the flight of stairs and entered with reluctance.

The restaurant was sparsely furnished and yet the smell of curry clinging to the air had her reminiscing the times when she would run around the kitchen seeking her mother's attention.

The pair sat in the corner and picked up the menu hoping to find Caesar salad crammed in-between the chicken and paneer dishes. They resumed their conversation having had to settle for a sandwich instead. He carried a guitar with him for 'comfort'. Their conversation was abruptly cut by OneRepublic booming in the speakers singing, 'stop and stare/ I think

I'm moving but I go nowhere/ yeah, I know that everyone gets scared'. "It's hard to not draw a connect" he muttered and she was taken aback by his sudden interest towards a band. "I don't really like bands but this song is my favourite". They watched headlights flicker past their window and took bites of their sandwiches allowing the music to drown out their conversation.

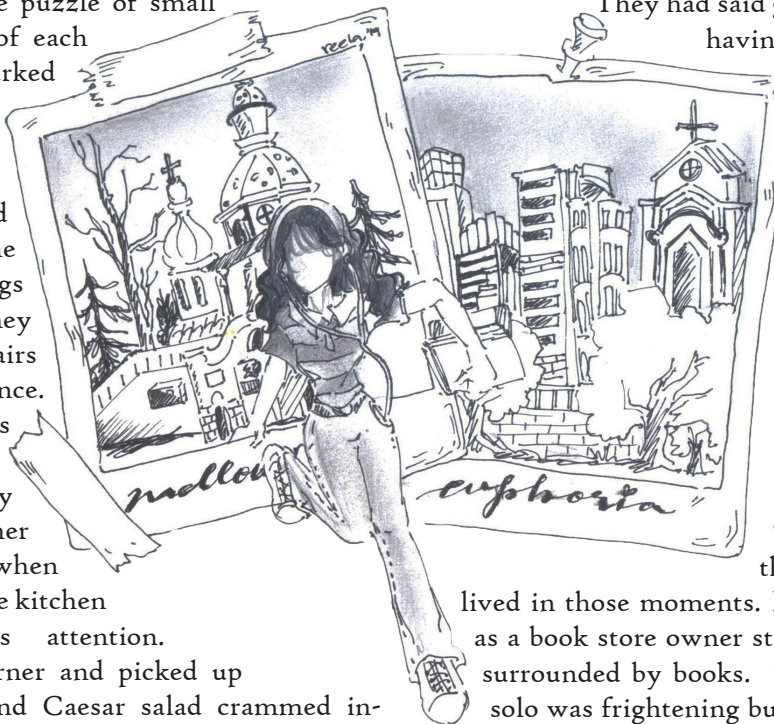
They had said goodbye at the bus station,

having exchanged addresses before they parted. "Phone numbers are overdone", he had said and she had agreed. Postcards began arriving soon after, written in a cursive hand. The short phrases bore lyrics or thoughts and then over time came the polaroids of cities she would never visit. They came with words like 'euphoria' and 'mellow' scribbled on them, hinting at feelings

lived in those moments. Life was mundane for her as a book store owner stuck behind a cash counter surrounded by books. The thought of travelling solo was frightening but it filled her with wishful thinking.

Yet a few months later she found herself in Ukraine amidst colourful buildings and gold piers. With his letters in hand, she found herself writing a postcard to him.

Illustrator: Takhe Tamo Reela



## STAR OF THE WEEK

Ipshta Kashyap was awarded Outstanding Classical Solo Performance at the IPSC Dance Fest held at Rajmata Krishna Kumari Girls Public School, Jodhpur. Congratulations to her on her feat.



# THE PATH LESS TAKEN

-Aniketh Das, XII

I am as surprised as you are, whilst I read my name below the heading of this article. Well, I have been told that the best of me in this School had been kept for the last, so perhaps it all makes sense now. By the time an unsuspecting reader glances through this, I shall have famously "Passed the baton on" and along with other Prefects would have joined the "Clan of 2020" on another bumpy ride infamously called 'the Boards'. Legend has it that this particular ride almost always ends in tears. The truth behind which I shall soon surmise for myself. For now, there are two very pertinent questions I hope to find the answer to by the time I finish writing this article. The first being (and you may be laboring under the same query), who am I? And why am I writing this? My father's words, "never settle for less", continue to echo in my head to this day and drive me to think big, dream big and keep the flame of ambition burning. I may have imprinted them on my brain a little too deep because they tend to leave me impatient and I often struggle to admit defeat. I came to AVS a young schoolboy, became a part of Manas, and gear up to leave its sanctuary in my final School year, having served as its House Prefect. A boy moulded to be a man; a Manasite by creed, colour

and religion.

In order to answer the second question, the need arises to understand what leadership has meant to me. Despite a year's experience at hand, I find myself braving up to the moment when I must pin my badge to another lapel and step down. I must confess it leaves me feeling melancholic. I realise, I will, with a simple action of pinning on a metal pin, pass on the ideologies of 24 prefects, the legacies of 24 Batches and the pride of the 24-year-old emblem. To be a flawless leader is impossible, for that would require one to be perfect. Perhaps it is our imperfections that define us and anchor us to the people we lead and necessitate in us characteristics that help us learn from our mistakes. In pursuit of being a good leader, I have strived to be selfless, to put my School and my House before me. Most of us have complained about sleepless nights and overbearing duties with endless responsibilities. Through this I stuck to the belief that somewhere in the stars, we are destined to make it through the tough times. I might have considered giving up on myself, but never on giving up on the House because a leader can never lose faith, either on his troops or the faith he has been entrusted with.

## TANGLED UP

-Jirmin Toko, XII





# PREFECTORIAL APPOINTMENTS

## Head Girl

Indrani Nandy

## Editor-in-Chief, AVE

Jeremy L. Jahau

## Cultural Captain, Girls

Ipshita Kashyap

## Academics Captain, Girls

Sikunpriya Goswami

## Sports Captain, Girls

Havika Apang

## Bhoroli House Appointments

Anuja Barooah (*Captain*)

Anshu Kumari

Gayatri Sapru

## Jinari House Appointments

Ashmita Phukan (*Captain*)

Jigyasa Barsha

Saluzala Jamir

## Kopili House Appointments

Zeenat Ullah (*Captain*)

Hriyanka Bhuyan

Radhika Kanoi

## Subansiri House Appointments

Sneha Sonowal (*Captain*)

Chinoia Sangma

Yuthika Kejriwal

## School Captain

Param Nongmaithem

## Head Boy

Shashank Agarwal

## Media Captain

Hrishiraj Sureka

## Cultural Captain, Boys

Humraj Singh Jassal

## Academics Captain, Boys

Mehul Agarwal

## Sports Captain, Boys

Tsering Wangchuk

## Lohit House Appointments

Dhagen Basumatary (*Captain*)

Limangzuk Kichu

Techi Lonin

## Manas House Appointments

Arindam Pator (*Captain*)

Gaurav Das

Nilay Dhakal

## Dhansiri House Appointments

Nandan Agarwal (*Captain*)

Lemuel M.

Kabir Hazarika

## Namdang House Appointments

Thejazer Linyu (*Captain*)

Aryaman Choudhary

Letminlun Haokip

## Event Management Team

Satvik Keshan (Head)

Kavisha Poddar

Nunu Liyak

Hiya Das

Nabam Yajo

Vidisha Pradhan

Samar Majumdar

Piyush Das

Akshat Dhelia

Tanvi Agarwal





## Ripple #116

-Saziia Slevia, XII

She smiles fondly  
at the eyes which  
twinkled with  
mischief behind the  
wrinkled lids. The  
final part to play,  
she intertwines  
her fingers with  
his, the ones which  
had once held her.

## Tongue Of Slip!!

1. Go do the take yourself out - Dr. R.K. Mishra (*We only offer home delivery.*)
2. Now comes how will you the format - Dr. Pooja Jain Benjamin (*Instructions unclear, Ma'am.*)
3. Her hair is so big - Nandini Garodia, XII (*You're one to judge, Ed.*)
4. He so much drinks you know - Ojas Krish, IX (*I feel you've had one too many.*)
5. There will be more south people - Letminlun Haokip, XI (*Stay North of the border.*)
6. I am going to the watch cricket - Mr. Siddarth Batla (*And you're the timekeeper, Sir?*)

## Keep It Reel!

### Desert Dining

-Yuthika Kejriwal, XI



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