

जुल्ला

- Sayan Nag, ISC Batch of 2016

"The true color of Indian History is saffron and to bring about cultural changes we have to rewrite history"- RSS spokesperson, Manmohan Vaidya.

Recently, I won five hundred rupees in a bet that I could sit through the National Anthem, now customarily played before the start of a movie at a theatre. It is to be noted that my intention was not to belittle the National Anthem in any which way. However, focus must be laid on the fact that the mere act of not standing up has been priced at rupees five-hundred, all thanks to four years of Modiji.

In the year 2014, India chose as its Prime Minister, Narendra Modi, the former tea-vendor turned Gujarat Chief Minister, who had been denied VISA in the US and UK owing to allegations of humanitarian crimes in the 2002 communal riots in Gujarat. It came as no particular surprise when a largely under-educated mass associated better with a tea vendor than a former Professor and Economist. Four years later, any Indian layman without any prior knowledge of Political Science emphasised that economists didn't make good Prime Ministers, Orators did. Oratory seemed to have lured the majority of the 1.33 billion Indians into believing that a new India was in the making despite all odds. The only trick in a politicians' handbook equipped to follow up such brilliant oratory was, gimmicks.

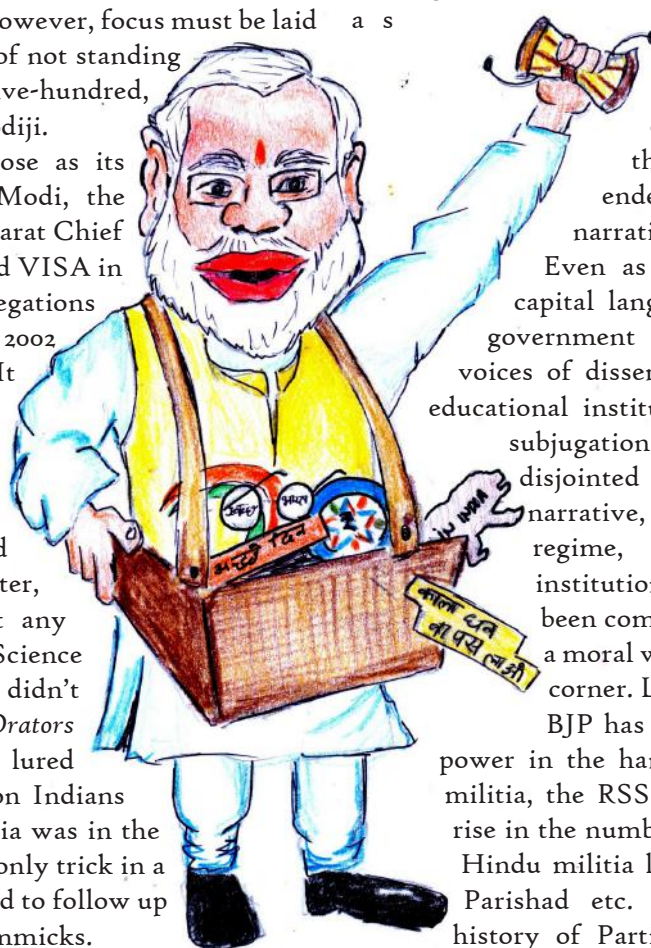
The first of a series of political gimmicks which were to become the modus operandi of the right wing was, demonetization. Hassled by years of corrupt UPA governance, Modiji led an unsuspecting Indian populace to believe in the mythical treasure of black money tucked away in the Swiss Bank. The government finally estimated that 99.3% of the total currency notes were returned to the banks, elucidating

either the loopholes in demonetization or the money launderer's genius. In an attempt to save face, Finance Minister Arun Jaitley claimed that there had been an increase of 14% in IT returns after demonetization. A detailed reading of the graph showed a steady growth in the number of IT returns over the years, thereby robbing demonetization of any credit and rendering it a s

an unplanned, embarrassing *jumla*. What has been rattling is the mainstream media's deliberate ignorance towards these incidents and perpetual endeavor to present a parallel narrative to neutralize any dissent.

Even as the air quality index of the capital languishes under 'very poor', the government deploys its resources to curb voices of dissent in JNU, probably the only educational institution which is yet to bow in subjugation. The plethora of seemingly disjointed incidents weave together a narrative, archetypal to any authoritative regime, where the intelligence institutions like CBI, IB and ED have been compromised, media polarized and a moral watchdog looming around every corner. Like all autocratic governments, BJP has rested an immense amount of power in the hands of an extra constitutional militia, the RSS. This immediately led to the rise in the number and activities of preexisting Hindu militia like Karni Sena, Viswa Hindu Parishad etc. Capitalizing on our violent history of Partition, Modiji has successfully

convinced the Hindu majority of their involvement in a religious war that never existed. In a majorly Islamophobic nation, Narendra Modi since his Gujarat days has worked on his agenda of cleansing the state of its minorities. The graveness of this kind of tension or its resemblance to Nazi Germany although evident, is constantly sidelined by propagating an overpowering sense of nationalism. The BJP's adherence to a religion



Illustrator: Nandini Garodia

*Jumla stands for 'Trickmaster'

has provided a safe haven for the government by establishing the argument that Anti-Government equaled to Anti-Hindu sentiments which resulted into

one becoming an Anti-National. As the country rots into an over populated, polluted heap of uneducated, unemployed, frustrated and bigoted masses, the

MIXED IDENTITY

- Saziia Selvia, XII

The cold air cuts across my face like small glass shards as I heave open the window of my small one room apartment; even the air tastes different here. I see the city stretching herself, letting out a content yawn as the sun nudges her awake. I see little children trudging along, sleepy faced with their bags; a middle aged woman opening her small grocery store, a cyclist narrowly missing a dog. The scene is so ordinary that it feels perfect just as I hoped it would. I am engulfed by a sense of euphoria as the realisation slowly sinks in. It was my first day in Japan.

I absorb

everything; from the warmth of the sunlight falling on the planes of my face to the sharp sounds piercing through the receding silence of the night.

I had been ecstatic when I got the email informing me that I had been selected for a paid internship

at the Komura National Library. I was to begin my internship in a month's time but had come in earlier to experience as much of this exquisite country as I could. In my excitement I decide to begin my day with a quick jog to the bus station. I accidentally bump into an old man who looked like he couldn't hurt a fly. His reaction startles me; he shoves me away aggressively hissing to his friend, "These Muslim immigrants will be the ruin of this great country". I walk past a store window in a daze. I stop and walk back, taking in my reflection on the spotless glass. The mess of short curly hair, big dark eyes above a hooked nose, the unmistakable dark brown skin and the square cut beard I had recently begun to fashion.

I suddenly become conscious of the people around me, their averted gaze intentional or unintentional.

I imagine the judgements in their heads and feel the subsequent whirlwind in my chest churning fear and anger leaving behind sadness. Near constant sadness.

As I wonder around the city aimlessly, I notice a salon. I wonder if I ought to do away with the beard that seemed to effortlessly rouse animosity around me. Before I can ponder over this, I spot a shrine at the end of the road. I find myself drawn to it immediately. The temple has

a new look to it although the wisdom it held, feels ancient. I see a monk watering a plant in the garden.

I continue staring at the old man with a dull red robe over his body and look away hurriedly when

he raises his wrinkled face to smile at me.

"It's a beautiful day isn't it?" he calls out in a rather hoarse voice.

"Yes it is, although I hear it might rain later."

"Is that so?" the monk's face is serious for a moment before it adopts the same kind smile and asks,

"Would you care for a cup of tea?"

I hesitate. I am a Bengali Hindu who sported a beard that suggested otherwise. Mindsets were apparently not exclusive to the people of my country. It thrived everywhere. I touch my beard and smile. It was in rather good taste. I bow and politely accept the offer of tea. My journey had begun.

Illustrator: Reela Takhe



COUNTRY ROADS

- Aakangsha Dutta, XII

After a month of relentless training, the Inter-House Cross Country Championship took place on the 9th of March. Despite having only a handful of days in hand to practice, like the previous years, the Aviators did not disappoint the crowd and met the challenge with their usual zeal, passion and aggression. Cross Country is perhaps one of the oldest sporting events in School which has the entire student community participating and the 21st edition was no different. It saw cheering crowds, long grueling routes and success at the finishing line. The Chief Guest for the event was Mrs. Shakila Banu, the Deputy Head of Academics, who in her speech spoke of how marathons symbolised life and how the trick to triumph in both was to never give up. The event commenced with the flagging off of the

Senior Boys who ran the longest route of 6 kilometers. One could notice the tensions in the air rise as each one on the runners fought to claim a position in the coveted top twenty-five, adding to their House points. Deborah Bhuyan of Class 6 broke a nineteen year old record in her category and Sujal Agarwal bettered the record in the Intermediate Boys category while Ayushh Rizal broke it. As dusk fell, the event drew to a close with the prize distribution ceremony followed by the Vote of Thanks given by Abbiso Pul, the Sports Captain. Tumto Nasso and Raghav Agarwal were recognized for their sportsmanship and integrity on the field. The evening came to a close as Jinari- Manas lifted the much deserved Winners' trophy while Bhoroli-Lohit and Kopili-Dhansiri shared the second position.

THE OUTPOST

China uses veto power to block the Security Council's attempt to blacklist Masood Azhar, JeM Chief as a global terrorist, yet again confirming its support to Pakistani Military across the international community. Meanwhile Rahul Gandhi goes shopping for allies, however returns empty handed after AAP-Congress falls through, fuelling the incessant Gandhi family drama. The official BJP website was hacked, causing chaos in the saffron brigade sending a wave of trolls from the eager twitterati. Meanwhile, the mediation over the controversial Ayodhya dispute has begun, while the nation waits in anticipation hoping for the conclusion of a decade old communal issue.



PAPER TRAIL

-Jirmin Toko, XII





- Divyana Das, House Captain

Hearts of Steel. Fire in our belly and the strength of a lioness. That is how one would assume we would describe a Kopili girl but this description retains its glory only on paper. Truth is, our hearts are made of flesh and blood and thus they beat in unison to the rhythm of unity. The fire in our bellies reflect our passion to pursue excellence in all that we do. We may not have the strength of a lioness but we do preserve her pride and austerity.

In Kopili, we believe in collective responsibility, for we do swim and sink together. We wear the same colour and our actions reflect the same ideals of resilience, respect and acceptance of diversity. Our strengths lie in Cultural Pursuits yet we strive equally hard on the field. We believe in enjoying the process to victory as much as the victory itself. We are loud and we can be eccentric but we are poised and graceful too.

We don't like being type cast into specific corners for we endeavour to break moulds and mind-sets.

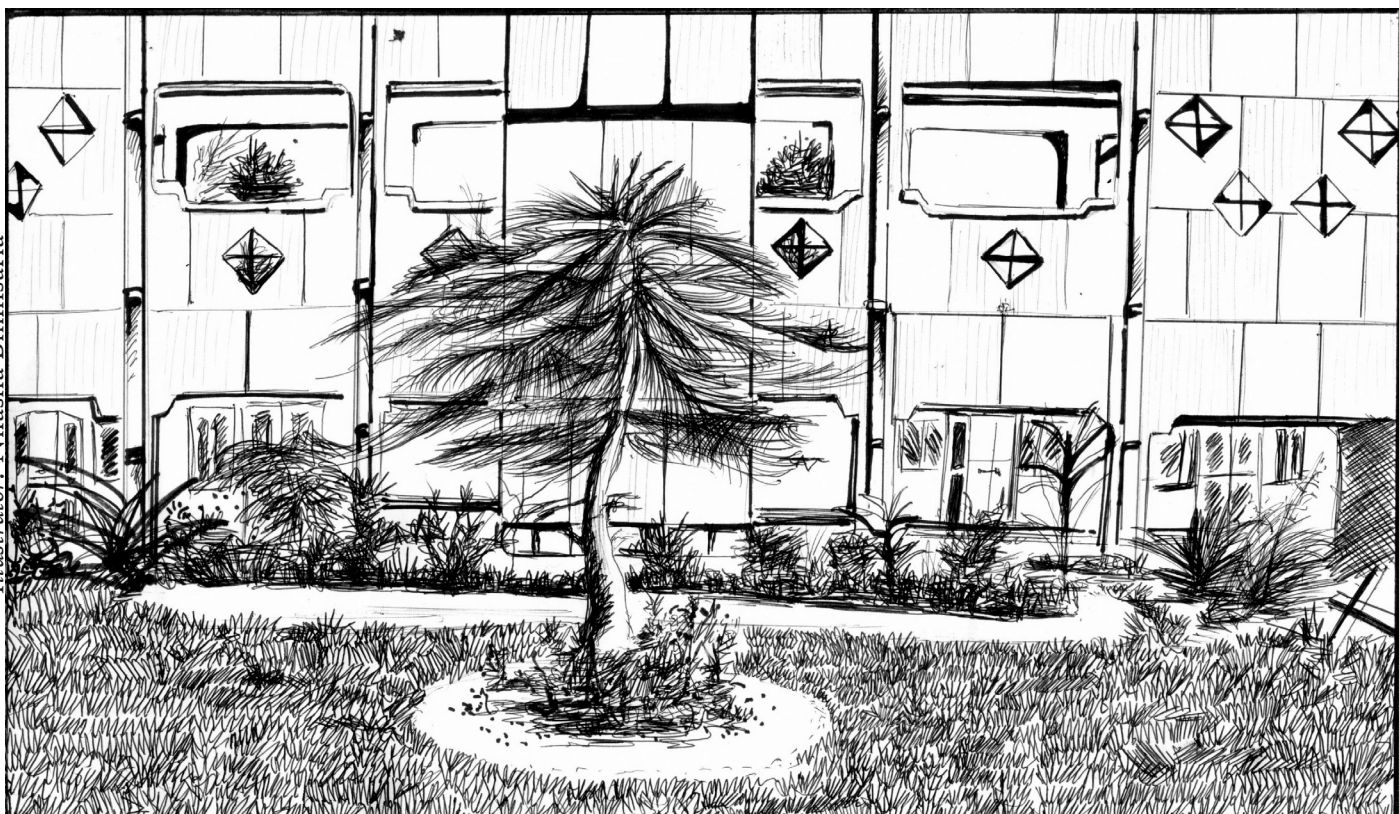
The one quality that blooms and blossoms within every Kopili girl is the value of being sincere despite the odds.

We set no shallow standards and at Kopili we believe in accepting one and all. We believe in letting the individuality of a girl shine through the Green so that she can grow to be a woman of many hues and is not restrained by the boundaries of singularity. We fall at times but we pick ourselves up.

We laugh and we cry but through it all we grow and learn to master the act of balancing that permits us to be our own individuals despite the demands of time. Multitasking is an art and each day we work towards getting better at it.

While we aim to uphold the vision of the School and train to be global citizens of tomorrow, we remain rooted in our history for it forms our identity.

In all that we do and in all that we endeavour at the core we aim "To Strive to Seek and Never Give Up".



New Kid on the Block;

The Green Mile*

- Fariha Ambreen, VIII

14th May, 2017 was my first day at The Assam Valley School.

I was told by my sister that I was in for a real treat. Who knew what lay behind those magnificent gates. My first impression of 'Tihu' was that the house was humongous and I felt a warm

happiness spreading within me. My fists clutched tight to calm my nerves, I bid farewell to my parents. I had told myself that I would not breakdown but instead stay strong for them.

I knew that hard work always bore fruitful results and hence I worked hard to become a valuable member of Tihu.

Eventually, I saw many of my classmates find their niche in academics, sports and cultural activities. My

seniors helped me to find my footings in School from understanding what the many abbreviations stood for; to teaching me how to keep pace with the 'Daily Schedule'.

During this, they also passed on their values and traditions. Within this period I saw many of them grow from being our seniors to individuals in their own right. In the midst of this, what seemed like in a flicker of an

eye, my time at Tihu had come to an end.

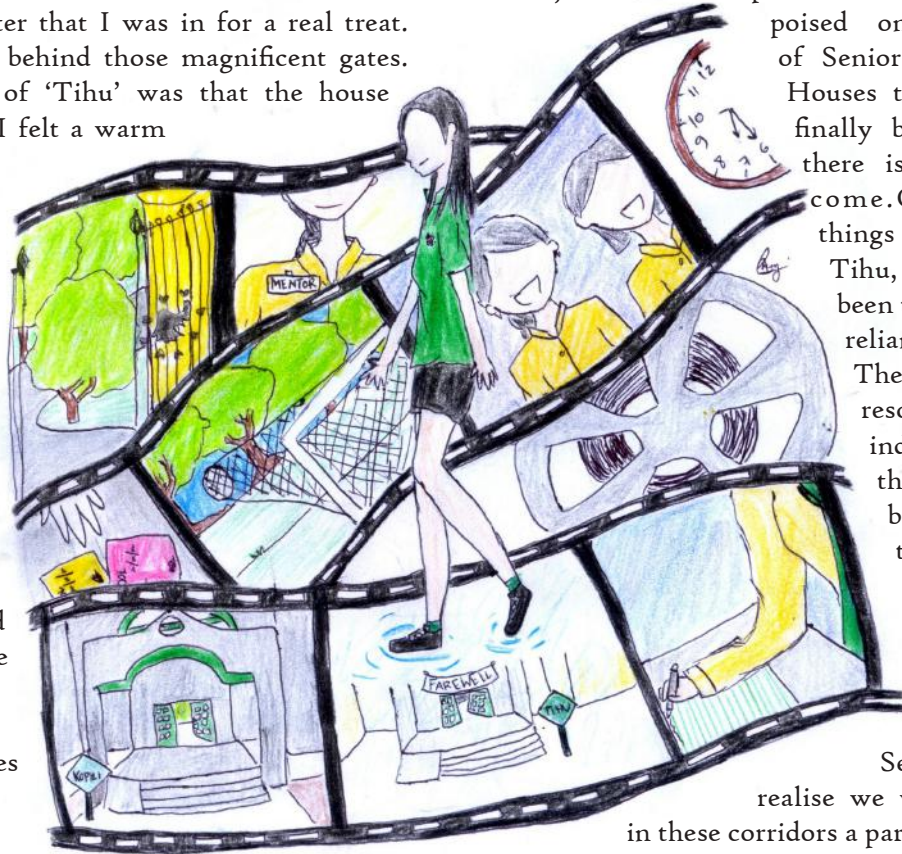
When I joined I had hoped to make friends but now poised on the threshold of Senior School and the Houses to which we will finally belong, I realised there is much more to come. Of the many things I have learnt at Tihu, the primary has been the skill to be self-reliant.

The ability to be resourceful is indeed an art, one that I figure, must be learnt through the pits and the numerous falls. Now that there is less than a month for us to move in to the Senior Houses - I

realise we will leave behind

in these corridors a part of our childhood and carry with us memories woven with play and laughter.

Very soon I will be in Kopili House and I cannot wait to explore all that the Green has to offer and hope that I will be ready when my time to contribute to it will come. Whatever it is that awaits, I am certain of this one thing; I will not clutch my fist in fear when I leave Tihu. This time around I will walk out prouder and stronger than ever before!



Illustrator: Moom Legoo

*Taken from the Stephen King book, "The Green Mile."

FROM THE DEN

- Sriparna Gogoi, Head Girl, ISC Batch of 2016

I graduate from college in two months. The first thought in my mind is not the reminiscent thread of events that turned me into the woman that I have become today. As much as I'd like this piece of work to inspire the reader to be grateful for the gains and the losses, the crests and the troughs of growing up and moving ahead, eventually, the fear of uncertainty is as authentic as the beauty of memories. Five years ago, I joined The Assam Valley School. I didn't realise until they scrapped my roll number off the sheets, that for the first time in my life, I had truly lived in a place, created and memorised

mental maps of its corners like the movements of my fingers I knew too well. Having said that, it would be a disservice to every place that I have ever called home if I did not tell you that the first home I knew in AVS was Kopili House. Needless to say, that its walls have been witness to the loudest of my laughs, and the lowest of the blows. I talk of both the end of college and the vociferousness of belongingness to School because while the latter taught me the dynamics of cohabitation, it also taught me the divergent need to find a space that is meant only for myself. When you walk out of that sphere of

protection, affection, maybe even tension, the structure that allowed you to doodle on the night sky, falls away, exposing you to sights and smells that you didn't know existed. Even though that sounds like

an exciting proposition, the inexperience of freedom does not guarantee its

enjoyment every hour of the clock. Maybe that's why, on the night of my farewell,

clutching my mekhela in one hand, sniffing through

my sobs when the clock read 11 pm, my feet automatically turned towards Kopili. I wanted to get comfortable and be done for the night, on my bed, in my room. This is not me trying to scare you.

This is me saying that the acknowledgement of what scares us, is an equally vital piece to the entire puzzle of our lives. When I left School, on the final day, I packed my clothes, bundled up my books, tucked everything in

and latched the door to my room. Then I did not ponder over how I would slip out of the Nikes into heels, from an awkward lanky pre-shortest girl in the class,

teen to the from being the Head

Girl to a woman stuck between

the dilemma of the need

for intellectual challenges and the dread of the resultant burnout.

Regardless, go and put up a good fight for the RB Magor, strengthen

your cliques and wear those ties. But

when the sun sets, if you happen to

doze off on an overdue assignment or sneak an

extra packet

of chips under your bed or have been given an earful about co-ed issues, face the fire but remember to not take yourself too seriously because nobody wants a puzzle that can be solved in three short steps.



BEHIND THE SCENES

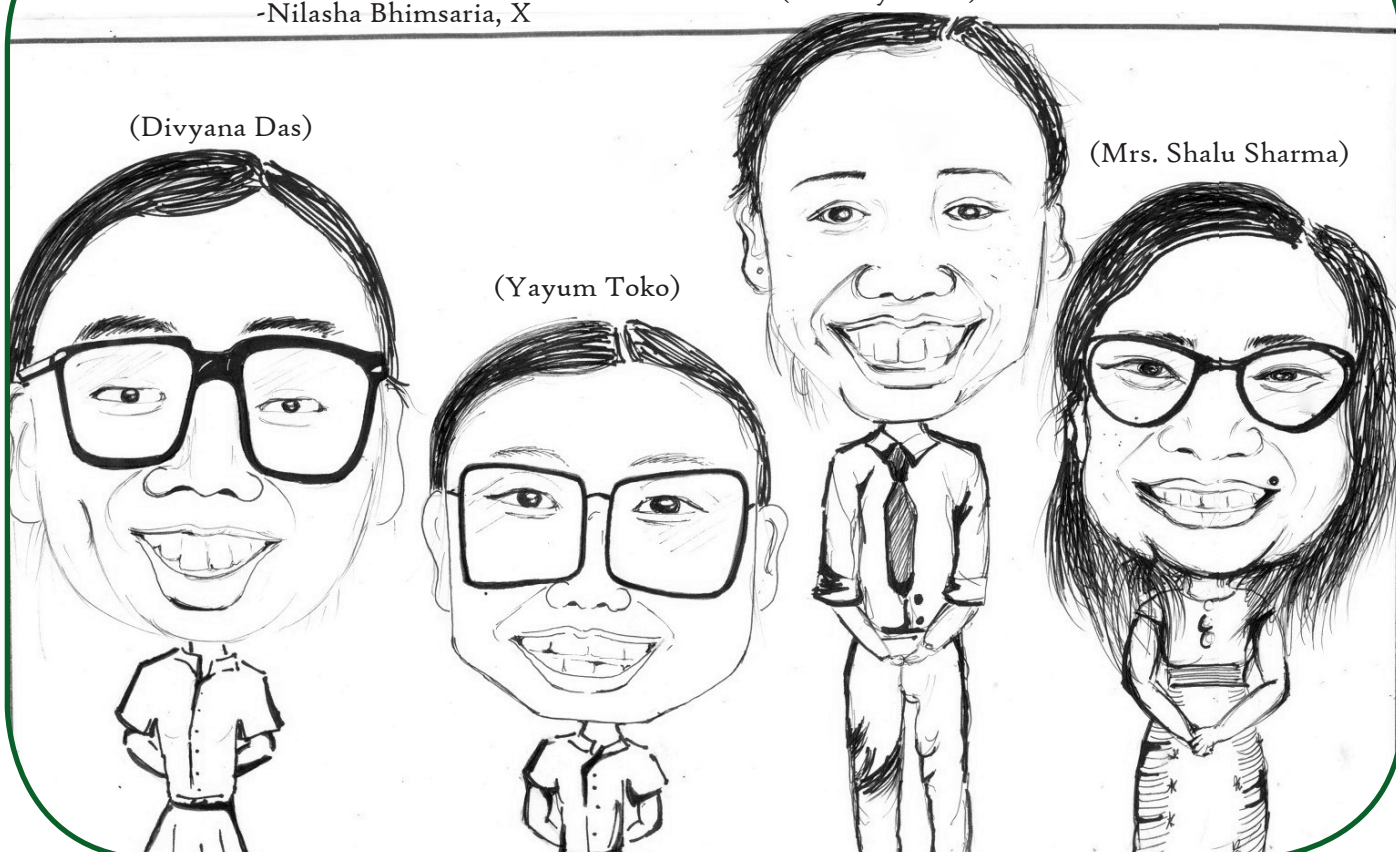
-Nilasha Bhimsaria, X

(Dhreety Haloi)

(Divyana Das)

(Yayum Toko)

(Mrs. Shalu Sharma)



IN-KOPILI

WHAT ARE WE - LISTENING TO?

1. Lookalike – Conan Gray, Album – Sunset Season
2. 7 Rings – Ariana Grande, Album – Thank U, next
3. Sucker – Jonas Brothers, Single
4. Rainberry – Zayn, Album – Icarus Falls



WHAT ARE WE READING?

1. The First Phone Call from Heaven – Mitch Albom
2. Meluha – Amish Tripathi
3. Flawed – Cecilia Ahern
4. Falling Over Sideways – Jordan Sonnenblick



Ripple #97

-Saziia Selvia, XII

The first cries
of a baby echoes
through the night;
far away, on the
battlefield,
a bullet pierces the
body of a soldier
who cradled a
gun instead of his
newborn.

Tongue of Slip!!

1. Your teachers work double and you fools work the more less double - Mr. A. S. Huidrom (*Double the fun, Sir?*)
2. Which pillow, the whiteless one? - Arpit Agarwal, XII (*No pillows for you, ever.*)
3. I twisted my uncle - Aniketh Das, XII (*I'm concerned about your niece.*)
4. Stand up and do the kneel down - Harry Elangbam, X (*Command says stand down.*)
5. It's already write why will I write - Yayum Toko, XII (*Alright.*)
6. My hair grew tall - Reela Takhe, X (*What about you?*)

Keep It Reel!

Between The Lines

-Tamanna Ahmed, XII



Editor-in-Chief: Nandini Garodia

Deputy Editor: Sieyina Meru

Associate Editors: Aakangsha Dutta

Correspondents: Sempisang, Saziia, Eloziini, Sanjana & Moom

Design & Layout: Moom Lego

Illustrator: Takhe Tamo Reela

Mistress-in-Charge: Ms. Sarmistha Paul Sarkar

Publisher: The Assam Valley School, P.O. Balipara, Dist. Sonitpur, Asom-784101, India

E-mail: ave@assamvalleyschool.com

Telephone: 09678074320/08812009627 Website: www.assamvalleyschool.com