



ASSAM VALLEY EXPRESS

Special Issue,

Issue 100





"Dear red, do you know my story? I am full of agony."

"No, I don't. But I will share my sun for you."



02



- 2. EDITOR'S NOTE
- 3. DEPUTY'S NOTE
- 4. DAVY JONES' HEART
- 5. OF BUCKETS AND BLOODY KNEES
- 6. ARE YOU GOING TO EAT ALL THAT YOURSELF?

- 7. SURVEY
- 8. OPINION PAGE

07



10



- 10. AVE-ATORS TALK
- 15. CAMPUS NEWS

A FUNNY PLAY OF *fate*

-Kekhriesino Meyase, Editor-In-Chief

“The things that are meant for us are trying and joyous and beautiful and excruciating. They’re the things we don’t think about. The things we don’t have to hold on tightly to make happen.”

I think about these lines by Brianna Wiest a lot. Not because it presently serves its purpose of guiding me through every decision I have to take as a seventeen year old student who is (finally) getting glimpses of the outside world; but because it perfectly summarises my encounter with AVE.

Yellow fairy lights that illuminate The Room every Saturday, scribbled ideas on the whiteboard, memories and stories latched up high above the walls as framed photographs, paintings etched on almost every corner of The Room, issues that have been brought to life, the infamous black coloured kettle that never fails to make our coffee drinkable, the classical music that flows out of the speakers every now and then. The sacrifices, the compromises, the constant intellectual stimulation, the sleep deprivation, the growth, this is what The Room demands, this is what The Room promises.

If someone told me that the same girl who stepped into *The Room Above The Library* with her sister, completely clueless on what and how the whole process of AVE works, would be wearing the badge as Editor-In-Chief of AVE two years down the line, I would have scoffed and labelled them as funny. But today as I sit and type this down in the exact same room, within the same creme walls, the same computer set that I had once seen as a fifteen year old, that is the last thing I would be doing.

A friend once quoted Thomas Aquinas to me, *“If the highest aim of a captain were to preserve his ship, he would keep it in port forever.”* The ship has once again replaced her captain, once again replaced the crew that so beautifully stirred her along all the hardships. The ship once again finds herself geared with new machines and a newer technique of working. However the ship, like always, does not find herself changing the course of her

journey. A different route perhaps. But the destination? It remains the same.

Fate is what brought me among the labelled “outcasts”, fate is what will continue to take me places. *The Room chooses its people*, I happen to be one out of the many chosen, out of the many yet to be.

Centuries have long been celebrated and this centenary celebration for AVE is particularly sweet. Issue 100 does not just chronicle a 100 weeks’ worth of passionate labour, but it also stands as a symbol of the 500+ issues that have chronicled life at this institution for the last 26 years. Issue 100 is a remembrance of our rich yet tumultuous past, our hectic yet peaceful present, and our daunting yet brilliant future ahead. I hope you enjoy this issue just as much as we have enjoyed putting our soul into it.



Illustration: Varsha Rajkumar, XII

A JOURNEY HOME

-Hiyaneijemmy Das, Deputy Editor

The girl was asked a favour one fateful morn
To weave pretty words, slipped out in a mere hour.
She sat there frozen, snapped her fingers, got to work,
“God, I’m never doing that again,” she cowered.
Yet, she secretly longed to be asked again,
To see her work alongside those she admired,
To feel this thrill, this magic unexplained,
To bottle this feeling of harbouring this fire.

She walked into their lair, it was terrifying
But she willed herself to stay, these creatures were astonishing
And with every visit she took, the lair became more inviting.
With its golden, artefactual walls that whispered folk tales and
lullabies,
The smell of coffee gone cold wafting along with the bits of food
these creatures would find;
That corner became home, the room a refuge from the terrible
world outside,
Which scoffed at the magic of the room, but they would never
know
All that goes through, every hour of every day and night,
To arrive at the land of the Saturday golden lights.

“I’ve found home here,” she managed to whisper,
In a world that proved to be too much for her.
Her family’s a bunch of misfits, and what wonderful ones at that
Perhaps that’s why we proclaimed on our walls, Brilliant, Bad, and
a Little Mad.
We all have our issues here, and armed with dreamy notes, Lucy
will always listen;
The music will keep playing, the AC will keep whirring, and the
kettle will keep whistling.
The creatures will come and go, and we will drift apart, but our
magic remains.
It’ll form another lullaby, a goodbye, for the beloved and the
inevitable,
A choir for the dragon-lady, singing, “The room finds its own
people.”



DAVY JONES'

HEART

-Donovan Figg, XII

Ralph's parents were sick of trying to get their boy to do something with his life, but the lad was only interested in a quiet girl named Annamaria who lived down the street. He was obsessed with Anna, but her parents wouldn't entertain the idea of Anna marrying anyone but a military man. One day, on his way down to his pasture, he came across a poster pinned to a pole that read "1939: The power of Britain's Navy Is Yours!". The boy stood rooted to the spot, mesmerized by the poster of a gleaming vessel firing her guns. The same day, he made up his mind to join the navy. It would get his parents off his back, it would suitably impress Annamaria's family, and would also be an adventure of sorts. He was billeted to the HMS Cossack, and within the year, command of the Cossack was given to him. After two long years, Ralph and Anna were due to be married in the month of August, and thus he was on his way back to Kings Lynn for his wedding. He was excited. After all, he hadn't seen Anna for over two years.

Then, the unthinkable happened: for the second time, England entered a world war and Ralph had to cancel his break to take command of a ship. For his mettle, Ralph was given command of the HMS Dorsetshire, a torpedo destroyer. High command warned of the impending threat of a new and deadly German battlecruiser, the Bismarck and he was to sink it. Ralph ordered his crew to weigh anchor but all the while, his thoughts were back home in his little cottage in Kings Lynn.

When the ship made port in the north of England three weeks later, he found two letters from Anna waiting for him, dated a month apart. However, he vowed to not open them until he'd completed the mission, keeping them as a reward for success. For six long days and nights, the Dorsetshire prowled the Atlantic, waiting to come upon the Bismarck.

On the foggy morning of the seventh day, the Dorsetshire chanced upon the Bismarck, and engaged the German ship in a fight that everyone realized the English were going to lose. Ever the wise captain, Ralph ordered his crew to abandon ship and make for shore. He decided to use the remainder of his time to open the letters he had

delayed for so long.

The first letter was from Anna confessing her love for Ralph, and the second was an invite to her marriage that had taken place a week earlier. Captain Ralph turned, walked onto the bridge, sat in the captain's chair and locked the door to the command room while the rest of his crew evacuated. Through the wind and the fog, the Dorsetshire went down, taking Ralph with her, and to this day, they say that his heart beats for Anna, entombed within steel at the bottom of Davy Jones' locker.



Illustration: Gengam Dulon, XII

OF BUCKETS AND BLOODY KNEES

-Ojas Ayapilla, XII

It can be quiet a dangerous affair to sleep at an odd hour if you were in a boarding school. A million pranks can be pulled on you. I became a victim of one when I had a bucket of water thrown at me. It was only fair therefore, that I paid the perpetrator in kind and made the event even more impactful.

The plan of action I decided upon was to be implemented a week from my own mishap. That would rest all apprehensions that I remembered the incident or knew who the culprit was. The day dawned and I headed out to acquire the all-important bucket from the janitor's room. As I traipsed down the stairs, my knees decided to wobble and I fell down. "You alright? You have bleeding knees!" came the voice of Josh. I looked up to notice people on their smartphones, playing games, whereas I stood with bleeding knees still intent on throwing ice water on the person who had deprived me of sleep.

The door to the janitors was open and did not require pricking because Erick was in there puffing on a cigarette which could get him expelled. I needed to avoid him. There was no particular reason why he ought to know of my plan. I left him to the smoky fog took the bucket and slipped away.

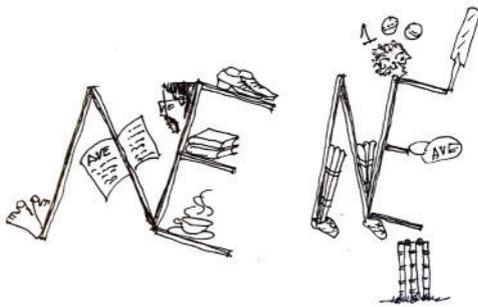
The next stop was to get some ice. Normally I'd take

some snow but it was spring. Which meant I would have to walk to the infirmary and use my resources as well as the good will of my acquaintances to get ice. I reached and pushed open the frosted glass door of the infirmary. The first person I saw was Erick speaking to nurse Julie. I am not sure what exactly he was doing there and was not eager to find out. The smell of medicines and disinfectants floated up to my nose. I hated those smells. Nurse Julie, was kind and allowed me a bag of ice, and I took another for good luck without mentioning it to her. Revenge after all, ought to be served cold.

Having got out of that, I cycled into the bright, burning afternoon sun, and headed to the battleground- the school's playground. I chose a spot right outside the field, where the pitch-maintainer kept a hose handy. Now, Erick was not a sporty person, so I was pretty sure I would not meet him again.

I had just filled the bucket when you'd never guess who bumped into me.

"Okay you need to stop following me." I told Erick. "Look, I want to take revenge on Nathan. I think he pranked me." I spoke. There was a strange glint in Erick's eye. "Let's do it. Anyways you can't lift this



Mr. Samik Ghosh, Visiting Director

Following stereotypical images of good or evil, whether of people or of events, is detrimental to honest journalism. A true journalist must put an element of irreverence in the ink that she uses. Nothing excites me more than to see a student challenge blind conformity, even if I do not agree with him. By questioning an established thought we open up debates to discover a new truth. Bow to the gallery team AVE. Acknowledge the ovation for scoring a century – high quality innings. Take a fresh guard and a new approach yet stick to the basics to reach 200.

*A readers delight.
The magazine has
brought smiles to
many of us.
Wishing it much
success.*

-Dr. Amit Jugran, Headmaster

A readers delight. The magazine has brought smiles to many of us. Wishing it much success.

ARE YOU GOING TO EAT ALL THAT *yourself?*

-Aanya Paul Sarkar, IX

Detective Hawkes wasn't somebody one would describe to be particularly charming. And yet they would find themselves at his doorstep often particularly if they were from the Scotland Yard. It was a gloomy evening in London with the rains bucketing down dampening the already damp streets of Westminster. It was a perfect day to curl up with a book and a steaming cup of tea. It was a perfect day to get last-minute tickets to a west-end show. But more importantly, it was the perfect day for a murder.

Detective Hawks glanced out the window of the house. Stories of raindrops were told upon that otherwise clear glass. The sound of the doorbell broke through the silence.

He opened the door to find Deputy Kathy standing with a brooding expression eager to get out of the rain. 'A man was found dead in his apartment this morning, Detective Hawkes,' his Deputy said as Detective Hawkes poured

her a steaming cup of tea. 'The Yard has some suspects they'll need to interrogate but it seemed peculiar that like the other two cases we are looking into, this victim too had aquaphobia. Isn't that unusual?' Deputy Kathy reported. She could barely finish her tea before running out behind Hawkes. They arrived at 66 Park Avenue at a gloomy apartment belonging to a certain James Smith. Mr. Smith had been an incredibly successful person of much repute. He was discovered that morning dead in his bathtub. The water had no traces of blood, and there were no wounds on his body. Interestingly the other two victims they are investigating, was a middle-aged man called Mr. Orwell whose body was found in a lake, and the other was a Mr. Johnson who seemed to have jumped into the well at his farm of his own free will. The forensics team handed over a thin evidence collection bag that held a piece of paper torn at the edges with a few blurry words written on it. 'Aha! A suicide note. Well, that seals it then', Detective Hawkes declared. Coincidental as they were, these suicides remained just that. 'Could there have been a connection to these deaths you think?' Deputy Kathy wondered aloud. 'The suicide notes speak for themselves do they not?' answered the Detective with a bitter sigh. Deputy Kathy kept her doubts to herself. A few weeks later, this case became but a number on a file. Deputy Kathy was at her desk going through the online archives of newspapers when a certain article caught her eye titled, 'A deadly prank'. The article from nearly 47 years ago spoke about the death of a young boy from drowning in a lake in one of Britain's finest boarding schools due to a prank gone wrong. The article noted that a group of friends pushed a young boy into a lake because he could not swim. Little did they know, it would cost him his life. The names of the young perpetrators were George Orwell, Peter Johnson and James Smith. The incident was reported by Master Archibald Hawkes the best friend of the deceased boy.



Illustration: Elozini Senachena, Associate Editor, Batch of 2022

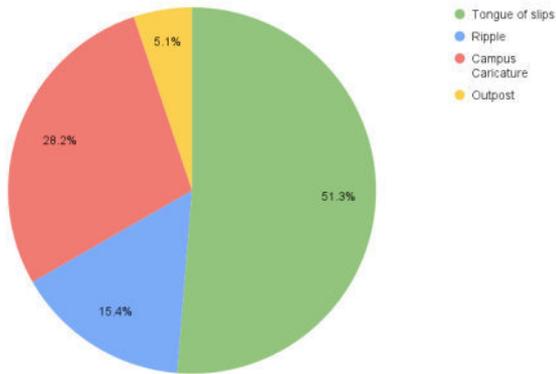
SURVEY

On its 100th Issue AVE conducted a survey across the school community to review the preferences of its readers.

Compiled by Temjenrenla Jamir, XII & Claudia N. Marak, XII

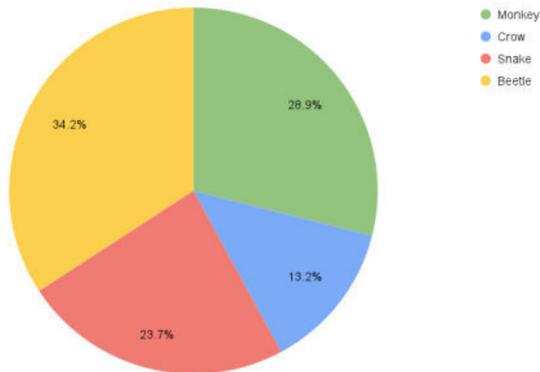
1. What is your favourite AVE feature?

- a) Tongue of Slips
- b) Ripple
- c) Campus Caricature
- d) Outpost



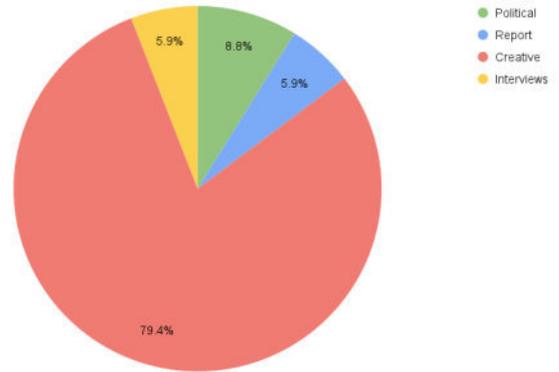
2. If the Campus Caricature could be a different animal, what would it be?

- a) Monkey
- b) Crow
- c) Snake
- d) Beetle



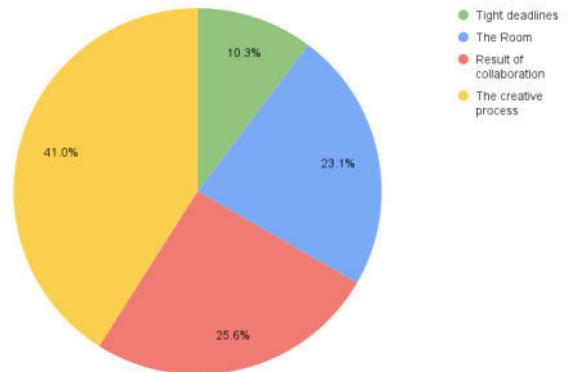
3. What kind of AVE articles do you prefer?

- a) Political
- b) Report
- c) Creative
- d) Interviews



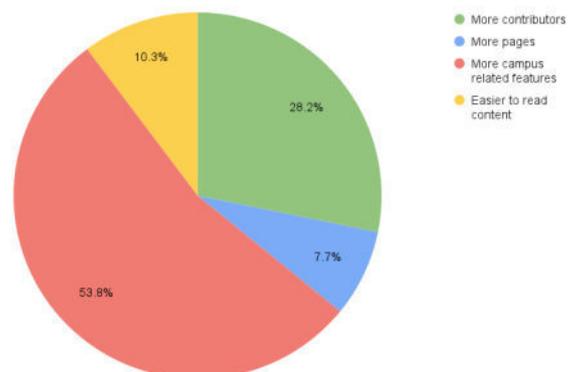
4. What aspect of AVE intrigues you the most?

- a) Tight deadlines
- b) The Room
- c) Result of Collaboration
- d) The Creative Process



5. What would you like to see more of in AVE in the future?

- a) More contributors
- b) More pages
- c) More campus related features
- d) Easier to read content



Opinion page:

Is AVE out of touch with the student community?

-Collated by Priashi Khakholia, X & Akanksha Kumar, X

Raghav Agarwal, XII:

I wouldn't say that AVE is out of touch with the student community. Just because the content is not only about AVS and includes world affairs, shouldn't mean that it is out of touch. You can see numerous articles pour in from various classes, including the 'Tongue of Slip' which makes me believe that it is touch. I do believe that it can improve from where it is though. Every student gets a soft copy of the publication, which sits well with the digital grounds of an online newsletter.

Anushka Jitani, X:

Yes, but not exactly. I feel that people need to do their part by reaching out to AVE if they want to contribute. AVE definitely supports contributions, but one needs to show their interest as well. Also, congratulations to AVE for its 100th issue!

Mrs. Priyankoo Das:

I don't think AVE is out of touch. Some of us may like it, but some of us may not. But it reports everything and there is nothing on the campus that gets unnoticed. You may appreciate it, you may criticize it, but you can't deny it. It's out there and it's very much relevant.

Mr Taufique Ansari:

AVE is a big thing in the school and is recognized and the people who contribute to it are looked up to. As a teacher, I appreciate AVE a lot but I would maybe want to see the AVE team come out from their very cozy room and connect to the students physically, you know, like more on a one-to-one basis. I would also suggest the branding of the newsletter so that Aviators are aware

that the AVE team is on the go and what they are all about.

Kazi R. Rahman, X:

AVE is a very important part of our school. But I won't really agree that it is very connected to the student body. To bring the connectivity, I guess what the AVE team requires is the "hype". I feel that as a newsletter of the school a connect with the aviators will make AVE more popular amongst the student body. I suggest that AVE can, you know add some exclusive AVS inside jokes or maybe bring up the history of AVS and alumni talks.

Anukriti Kashyap, X:

AVE has given people the opportunity to truly belong to a place. It feels like a home to a lot who go there, but to me, the most disconnected part would be the lower school. The little kids of 5s and 6s do not get the content to relate to, hence they might not even know how to perceive the essence of the newsletter. Maybe giving the newcomers a tour of the room above the library would bring AVE closer to the student community. Also, I guess the aviators are longing to get printed copies of the newsletter rather than the digital ones.

Mr. Mukund M.C Shukla:

I feel like AVE is connected to the student community, however, there's always room for improvement, right? I guess what AVE really lacks is the personal opinion of the student body even though it never failed to connect us with the outside world. And I must appreciate them for that. The student body should really know what goes behind the scene and what makes the room above the

library, AVE.

Priyasha Sarma, X:

Ever since the AVE went digital, I guess the only time all of us really opened the newsletter was to check out the Ripple section or the “tongue of slip”. These sections do bring us close to AVE or keep us in touch with the daily newsletter. But- lately, I feel like AVE is more connected to the papers than the student body. I guess adding and reporting things that are happening inside the school will bring back the “in-touch” with AVE that we all lost during the pandemic years.

Sanjana Boorah, Batch of 2022:

I was a part of AVE as a 9th-standard student. The memories I made in that little pretty room will always stay with me. But at the same time, I long to see the Lower School come up and bring in new ideas. I also feel like AVE has its own standard of writing with a complex vocabulary, which might be hard to understand for many students which brings a gap. To bridge the gap though, AVE can add a special column for new words, and that would make the newsletter reader-friendly.

Dr Kuljeet Singh:

Yes I think AVE is in touch with the student community. After all these years in school and going through so many issues of AVE, I have noticed the increasing enthusiasm amongst the students to write for the newsletter and I congratulate AVE for completing its 100th issue and keeping up the good work.

Angelica Saikia, XII:

I feel that AVE is very much in touch with the student body. All the articles that are published and that we read are all written by us aviators- one among us and are very much relatable. Even the fact that AVE is asking us for our opinion proves that it is very much in touch.

Shruti Dutta, X & Debastuti Kashyap, X:

Currently it is, because earlier we used to get hard copies which everyone went through, but now, with it being online in pdf forms, people hardly open their mails to read it. Earlier, we used to be excited to read the hard copy every week. Nowadays, students do not access their laptops often and reach out to check their mails on Saturdays.

Campus Caricature

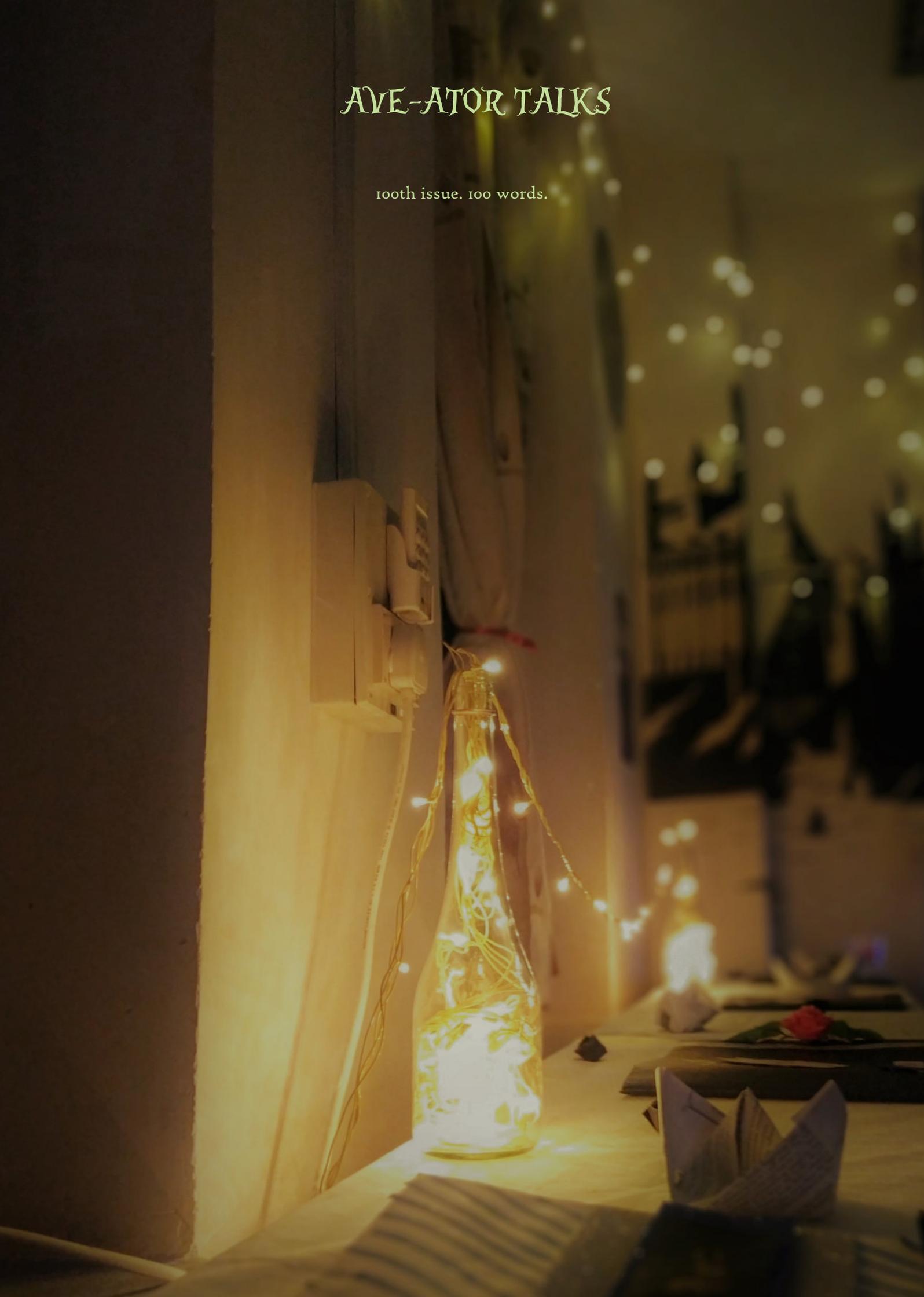
Century!

-Shrutika Parajuli, XII



AVE-ATOR TALKS

100th issue. 100 words.



100 words

-Jeremy Jahau, Editor-In-Chief, Batch of 2021

A hundred words

What can I convey in a hundred words?
My thoughts range foggy to the absurds
So see, here be my hundred words

A hundred seeds

What can come from a hundred seeds?
Enough feed to ration what a nation needs
A nation supported by a hundred seeds

A hundred colors

How much art in a hundred colors?
A Van Gogh, Picasso to a million others
All from just a hundred colors

A hundred words

How many ideas in a hundred words?
Ideas that multiply and are free like birds
For an infinity sprouts from a hundred words

-Anoushka Rabhaa, Associate Editor, Batch of 2021

There would be times when I would pause underneath the comforting shade of the tree we all so loved and look up to see the faint golden hue of the twinkling lights of the Room above the library, like a lighthouse worn by time, adorned with the murals of a world beyond, and the warmth of memories guiding me home. Laughter carried by the wind and promises of mischief, the inked walls bore the legacy of a camaraderie woven with lore while the keeper of musings and magic stood guard to a realm of its own.

-Letminlun Haokip, Deputy Editor, Batch of 2021

“Haokip? Is that really you?” a familiar voice called out, sarcastically. ‘Darn it.’ I thought, as I remembered the article I had to write. So that brings us to this, whatever ‘this’ is. As I ponder over what my time in AVE means to me, I cannot help but think of SPS yellingcomprehensively at me about explicitly using ‘cannot’ and not ‘can’t’. I also tend to recall scenes of endless summer days, spent in mutual thought and hopeful conversations of what the future holds. Apart from that, I recall chasing deadlines with people I would lose a limb for.

-Ngukivi Chishi, School Captain, Batch of 2020

Every week, AVE publishes. A headmaster departs as his successor arrives, and AVE publishes. Founders' brings an effervescent AVS to life each year, and AVE publishes. A new prefectorial body is sworn in, and AVE publishes. A new class graduates every year, and AVE publishes. The passing of legends are mourned, and AVE publishes. Each season paints the leaves of our trees a different hue, and through all the celebrations of victory, ruminations over defeats, comforting hugs and tearful goodbyes, a group of people are perpetually engaged in the quiet and thankless work of chronicling all the stories scripted in our beautiful school. Here's one to all of you, and may the little room above the library always be yours!

-Sriparna Gogoi, Head Girl, Batch of 2015

I was there

I was there. In the little room above the library, in the corner overlooking a sculpture that I liked calling the 'hollow men,' I was there. I was a comically unathletic 15-year-old with a gazillion sports to choose from, who sometimes wrote for pleasure. My first piece of writing was rejected whole, barring a single sentence about honour killings in India. If you're reading this from any corner of that room, chances are that you do not know me. But if you did, you'd know that I was stripped of my nerves when that happened. The next one was slightly better, but far from good. In all my years of writing for myself, I'd fiercely protected any emotion from leaking into publicly accessible work. I feared judgement, and more importantly, any opportunity for the reader to take a peep into my soul. And so I continued, writing one soulless piece after another - about Holi, Diwali, Independence day, and Christmas. One day, my MIC approached me with a risky request. She wanted me to write a story, "I don't care," she said, "write about elephants if you need to." Suddenly, I found myself on the horns of a dilemma - how do you seal the emotional leakage in a story? (Someone should write about that). And for the first time, I wrote a story knowing that it would be held, read, understood, and most importantly, seen. At the end of that exercise, I found myself smiling at the irony of it all - only with the leaking, had I managed to find the cloak to hide under. I guess all I really have to say is, once upon a time, I was there, hiding in the corner overlooking the hollow men. Now that the corner is gone, and the leaking is appreciated, I write stories for pleasure (and pain).

-Judah Abujam, Deputy Editor, Batch of 2019

The room of requirement from the world of Harry Potter is the closest thing that comes to mind when I think of *The Room Above the Library*. The Room would present itself differently to every person who entered it. To me, the room was a place where I could create stories and art without a care for the world outside, a place that taught me a thing or two about deadlines (although some might disagree) and a place where I found the strangest and most wonderful people.

Zeina Mehal Islam, Associate Editor, Batch of 2010

As I sit down to write this little piece, sitting quietly at my desk at 1:00 in the morning, it is hard not to be overwhelmed by both the seemingly unlimited choice of things I want to say, as well as the complexity of having nothing particular to put in words. Luckily for me - even though it has been over a decade since I stepped into that little AVE room, which was then situated in a corner of what I believe is now called the CDT - the memories of my time at AVE are still fresh. I was in Class 7 when I had my first brush with AVE, when the incredible Mr. Subir Roy, after reading a book review I had written for class, entrusted upon me the task of writing something for the upcoming issue. As intimidating as this was for a shy, self-conscious 12-year-old, I gathered up my courage and sent in a short article, marking the beginning of a beautiful journey with AVE. That week, my letter to my parents (yes, weekly handwritten letters to parents were mandatory!) was the longest ever - giving them a detailed report of the state of my emotions when I came across my first byline.

AVE started in me a passion that has never faded - a love for words, a love for writing. For someone who was discovering herself in school through the myriad of co-curricular activities AVS offered, AVE was my one constant, semester after semester, year after year. Even today when life gets a bit much, it is writing I turn to. Each time I pick up a pen, it is as if I get transported back into that tiny, crowded AVE room, concentrating hard to put my thoughts down on paper, oblivious to the chaos and clamour around me as we tried to meet deadlines.

It is only after I headed out into the real world that I understood what an incredible feat it was - and still is - for school students to churn out high-quality content through an excellent newsletter week after week. To AVE, my heartiest congratulations for the 100th issue - may you continue to grow, to be proud, dignified, and true. The milestones achieved are a testament to our school's commitment to enhancing and inspiring us to be the best that we can be, and even though it has been twelve years since I have been an 'Ave-ator', it is a tag I still wear proudly and happily.

-Tanisha Bhadra, Editor-In-Chief, Batch of 2022

When the clock strikes 5 and it twinkles in yellow lights, all of us gather in the stinky little room and add to the stench as we raise a toast to the new issue with café food. A stinky little room that knows whose stench to cling on to. Freaky, isn't it? Fridays are for the slog. On Saturday, we slay.

“A hundred gone by and a thousand more await. It's a home of ambivalence, I cannot even bait.”

-Eloziini Senachena, Associate Editor, Batch of 2022

The Room above the Library is haunted. Haunted with the eyes and numbers of those who once roamed the Room, haunted with paintings and pictures that gaze out to you in silence, haunted by words of the past- tucked away in old envelopes hanging by the board- waiting to be read by the eyes of the present. There is a ghost in the Room, who, unsatisfied with her space, tends to creep into the crevices of your heart and haunt it, so everywhere you tread, she may see the world with you and live. Even long after you have left.

-Moom Lego, Deputy Editor, Batch of 2022

Hand painted walls and ceiling, lines of celebratory lights waiting to be lit, the white board filled with scribbles of plans and deadlines along with random doodles made at leisure, the familiar voices and warm presence of close friends and the loud commanding voice shouting “where is the issue, editor?” is the chaotic normal of this room above the library where witches and wizards (and sometimes muggles slip in too) work under the heavy weight of being too good at their magic. But only in this chaos, is peace. Peace that one must be a part of AVE to understand.

-Neelabh Kashyap, Associate Editor, Batch of 2022

I dwelt among some savage men,
In a land near the Library;
Nor, Room Above! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis not past, that melancholy dream!
For I shall quit thy secure shore
A second time, for good reason; but still I seem
To love thee only more and more.

Among thy walls did I recover
My apparatuses - pen and lyre;
And she I cherished sat, a solemn watcher,
Beside some threaded flies-of-fire.

Thy evenings showed, thy nights concealed
The corner where Lucy would rove;
And thine too is the only cream field
That Lucy's eyes shall ever love.

-Marwati Imsong, Batch of 2022

The Room chooses its own - something I had heard on many occasions by the old wise one. I never really did pin my thoughts deep into it but now I understand that somehow, by the cosmic strings of the universe, you do end up there. It is no coincidence. One could say a light guides one to the room, disguised as the catchphrase of ‘free food’; nonetheless, for whatever reason you are there, I can assure you one thing and that is - you are where you need to be.



Illustration: Amushka Jitani, X

Like most of my literary ventures in AVS, I had to be pushed into AVE. My former housemistress and Mi/c of AVE Mrs. Pratima Chettri had given me an ultimatum. An ultimatum I thought I had escaped when she left school and so I went about my days unencumbered by expectations. Fate, however, plucked and promptly dropped me at the AVE office in the form of my class 11 English teacher who left no room for negotiation. Before my official participation in the AVE team I also played the role of a delivery girl with my friend. We were tasked with the distribution of the weekly newsletter. A task that thrilled us for it allowed us a limited window of access to the teacher's quarters. The barrel of monkeys who tried to ambush us on our way was a different tale altogether. In the midst of furious typing, the stress of pending deadlines and clash of opposing personalities in a tiny room, I found a place of comfort and creative outlet. All the time I spent on correcting my friend's grammar was finally being put to good use. Recording school events, writing stories and keeping an ear open for Lingo Mess became a part of my daily schedule. A habit that I had to really work hard on dropping during my first few years of college. My memories of working in AVE would be incomplete without mentioning "Let her go" By Passenger. AVE was enjoyable but also challenging. As AVE publishes its 100th issue, I can only hope that the interaction between the student body and the newsletter continues to grow. AVE grew to play an important part in my life at AVS and I hope it can do the same for the readers, even if it is just waiting for the coloured issue to be published.

- Akanksha Jain, Captain of Communication Centre, Batch of 2014

To mark the 100th issue of AVE, I'd like to bring attention to the 10 things from 'the room above the library' that I still carry with me 10 years after I first joined AVE. The first thing is that AVE does not exist on paper, it never has. AVE is the experience of being an Aviator and the newsletter is like a photograph that tries to capture the fleeting moments of our school life. The second, and the most important thing, is that you're not alone. AVE is a team that carries each other, long after the ink leaves the printer. Work and food and memories are always better when they are shared. Third, creativity is hidden even in things that seem mundane. Yes, these words have been trapped in the same alignment, issue after issue, but in learning how to design the text on these pages, I've been able to design the career that I love now. And I couldn't be more thankful. Fourth, writing is powerful. Reading is important sure, but no matter how you write, when what you carry with with becomes too heavy,

Lately, I've been thinking a lot about the meaning we assign to things. Sometimes putting a geographical place on a pedestal because it was the scene of a memorable first. Sometimes seeing the 11:11 on a phone clock as a herald for change. Sometimes it's a date. All of these things on their own, devoid of the context we provide, are without meaning. For instance, when the very first issue of this newsletter was published, the date of it probably bore no real significance to the team behind it. The occurrence of it was monumental.

I assigned meaning to the date, though. I came across that issue on one of my many afternoons spent poring over the archives, a history I had inherited for borrowed time. April 15, 1995. Exactly a year before I would first open my eyes on this plane. It has never been lost on me that the thing I prized the most during my time in school was coincidentally linked to me forever. There is meaning in that.

100 is a big number. It's a landmark; a milestone. A possible end of a chapter. A definite beginning of a new one. To the current custodians of this piece of AVS culture, I offer my congratulations. You and I are also linked together forever through some words on paper. I consider it a deep privilege.

you can park that weight in words. Fifth, an AC room is great place to be in the summer heat. Sixth, the best way to teach others is to befriend them. Not only will you be able to get through to them better, but you might just make a friend for life. Seventh, a photograph or a visual has a special way to communicating things, that transcends words. You can never perfectly communicate something, but there is poetry and truth in the perceived imperfection. Eighth, deadlines are scary but time is subjective. Deadlines are an essential way to pace yourself when times flies. Ninth, if we're not supposed to dance, why all this music? Music makes it easier to get through work and through life. It fills the silence with vibes. Tenth, brevity and listicles help when you're trying to keep people's attention. So, with this, I end my emotional ranting. I'd like to extend my best wishes and Congratulations to the team, and to the teams that have passed, and to the teams that are yet to come.

Campus News

SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE

-Luvish Sharma, SSL captain

The Social Service League recently went to Chowk Bazaar in Tezpur to inaugurate the public washroom which was funded by The Assam Valley School with the help of the Municipality of Tezpur. The purpose of this project was to provide facilities in the area which had suffered from a devastating fire two years ago. The public facility was built in three months' time and is now ready for use. This project was conducted under the guidance of Mrs. Lipika Borah Head of AVS Social Service League with the support of the Administrator Mr. Hrishikesh Singh, Mr. Monjit Borah and Dr. Hemashree Deka.



OPEN MIC POETRY

-Dr Pooja Jain Benjamin

The inaugural session of the Open-Air Open Mic Original Poetry recitation was held for the Lower School on the 30th of April. It was conducted by the English Department under the guidance of Dr. Pooja Jain, Ms. Anandita Luther and Ms. Rajlakshmi Sharma and was anchored by Barsha Goel. 22 young poets weaved together words and recited their poems across a collection of ideas that ranged from 'Who made homework compulsory' to 'Childhood days'. The enthusiastic support of the Audience added to the spirit of the afternoons and bolstered the confidence of the young poets. The Visiting Director, Mr. Samik Ghosh, was the Guest of Honour for the event. He expressed his hope in seeing poetry thrive in the community.

INTERHOUSE BADMINTON COMPETITION

First Position- Jinari-Manas
Second Position – Bhoroli-Lohit
Third Position- Subansiri- Namdang
Fourth Position – Kopili- Dhansiri



INTERHOUSE VOLLEYBALL COMPETITION

First Position- Jinari-Manas
Second Position – Subansiri – Namdang
Third Position – Bhoroli- Lohit and Kopili – Dhansiri

INTERHOUSE BASKETBALL COMPETITION

-Devesh Prajapati & Rajiv Doimary

The month of April saw the Houses meet to play the Inter-House Basketball competition which was organized from the 14th of April to 16th of April 2022 and held at the AVS Basketball courts.

The results are as follows: -

- Manas - Jinari - 8 Wins - 1st Position
- Dhansiri - Kopili - 8 Wins - 1st Position
- Lohit - Bhoroli - 6 Wins - 3rd Position
- Namdang - Subansiri - 2 Wins - 4th Position

Best Players of the competition -

- Gaurav Beria - Upper School (Boys)
- Alda Nongmeikapam - Upper School (Girls)
- Woto Z Wotsa Sema - Lower School (Boys)
- Visizonuo Rio - Lower School (Girls)

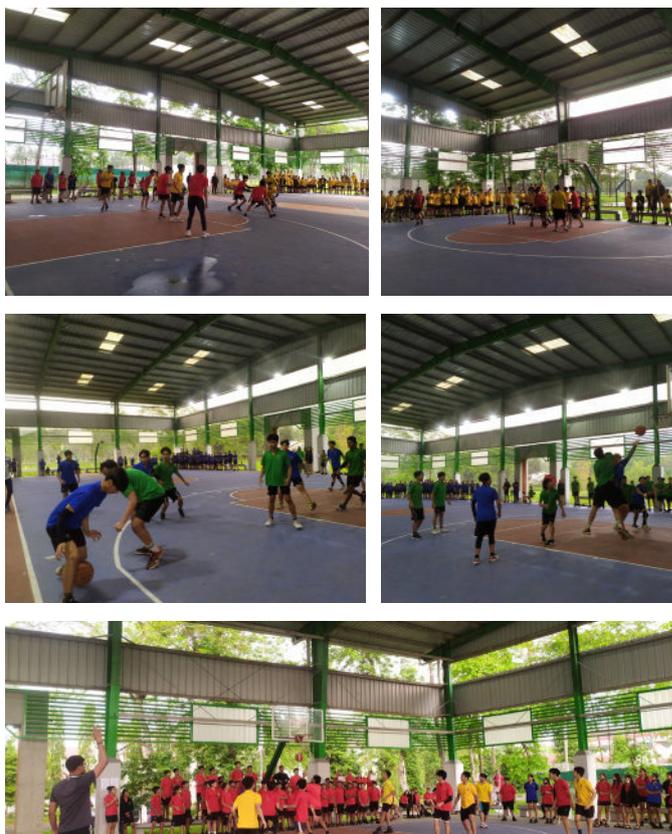


Photo credits: The Photographic Society

SENIOR INTER DISTRICT CRICKET TOURNAMENT

The Nuruddin Ahmed Senior Inter-District Tournament was held at the AVS Cricket Ground from the 20th to the 25th of April, 2022. It was organized by Tezpur District Cricket Association under the aegis of Assam Cricket Association.



Illustration: Anushka Jitami, X



Editor-in-Chief: Kekhriesino Meyase
 Deputy Editor: Hiyaneijemmy Das
 Correspondents: Donovan, Ojas, Ssara & Lavanya
 Design & Layout: Kekhriesino Meyase
 Front cover: Hayishan Odyuo
 Front inside: Yayum Toko, Batch of 2020
 Back cover: Akum Marak
 Back inside: Mahita Jindal
 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
 Patron: Dr. Amit Jugran, The Headmaster of The Assam Valley School



The views expressed in articles printed are their authors' own and do not necessarily reflect those of AVE or its editorial policy.

For in faith lies life and in
your hands the destiny
of our tomorrow.





The Assam Valley School, Balipara, Tezpur
www.theassamvalleyschool.com