

BHARAT · JODO · YATRA

-Kaezax Kholie, XI

Bharat Jodo Yatra or “A march to unite India” is an initiative taken by the Congress and led by Rahul Gandhi. Although the Congress has projected it as a ‘non-political’ and ‘non-party’ national event, many people believe that the party wants to improve its electoral performance in the coming general elections. India Today took to their website to state “But like all ambitious political campaigns by opposition parties, this one also aims at reversing popular public opinion, ahead of the 2024 national polls in this case, for a shot at power.”

The march will pass through 12 states and two Union territories and will be a five-month-long mass-contact walk from Kanyakumari to Kashmir, covering a distance of 3,500 kilometres. “Bharat-Jodo” is also being portrayed as the single most important political initiative to save India from the divisive Hindutva ideology. Hence, it is expected that people opposed to the Hindu Rashtra, civic groups and secular political organisations aspiring for peace and harmony in the country would voluntarily support this initiative, shedding all their apprehensions and doubts about the Congress.

In my opinion be it political or not, the message of the yatra is clear and meaningful especially with the internet being filled with opinions that reek of religious bigotry. The idea of the yatra can create a tremendous momentum for the juggernaut called the Congress and shake it out of its stagnancy. At the moment when this article is being written the march has already began approximately nine



Illustration: Kashvi Agarwal, XI

day ago and the march party has already reached Kerala where they were welcomed by others members of the party like Dr. Shashi Tharoor. While Rahul Gandhi is snapped by the media in his popular polo shirts the initial response has been encouraging. The physical element of politics, when a leader walks the streets of towns and villages and interacts with the people, cannot be underrated. Some words of encouragement, a couple

of acts of kindness and a few words of conversation, often change the mind of a hitherto hostile voter.

There is no better way to form an emotional connection than through the personal touch. It will take far more effort and clarity from the Congress bastion to convert cheers into votes. The clarion call for the elections of 2024 has long begun and the winner is likely, to take it all.

THE · WALK · HOME

-Tanveer Ahmed, IX

It was a dark starry night and Mr. Leuss, the forest guard was walking home looking forward to some quiet time with the bottle in his pocket. Dusk had settled and there was a mist in the air but it did not bother him since he knew the forest like the back of his hand having grown up right amongst these trees. Mr. Leuss always took the route through the jungle instead of the road around it because it saved him twenty precious minutes. He was walking on his usual route home minding the old gnarled roots of the ancient trees, when he suddenly heard a hooting.

The call stayed with him for it was an unusual one. It did not seem to be a call of the owls they had in the forest. Although it played on his mind, he did not pay it too much heed and continued on his way home. Mr. Leuss had just walked a few steps when he heard that strange hooting again. Borne off an instinct that warned him to hurry, he hurried on, wondering if there was anyone else in this part of the forest other than him. Suddenly, he bumped into a well that he knew for certain had never stood there before.

He knew every inch of the forest, not only because he had spent most of his boyhood scouring this foliage but

also because he had been working here for twenty-five years now.

The sudden appearance of the well astounded him. He began to inspect it. Suddenly the hooting started again only this time the bird seemed to be perched

somewhere closer. He realised that the hooting sound was coming from

inside the well. He quickly pulled

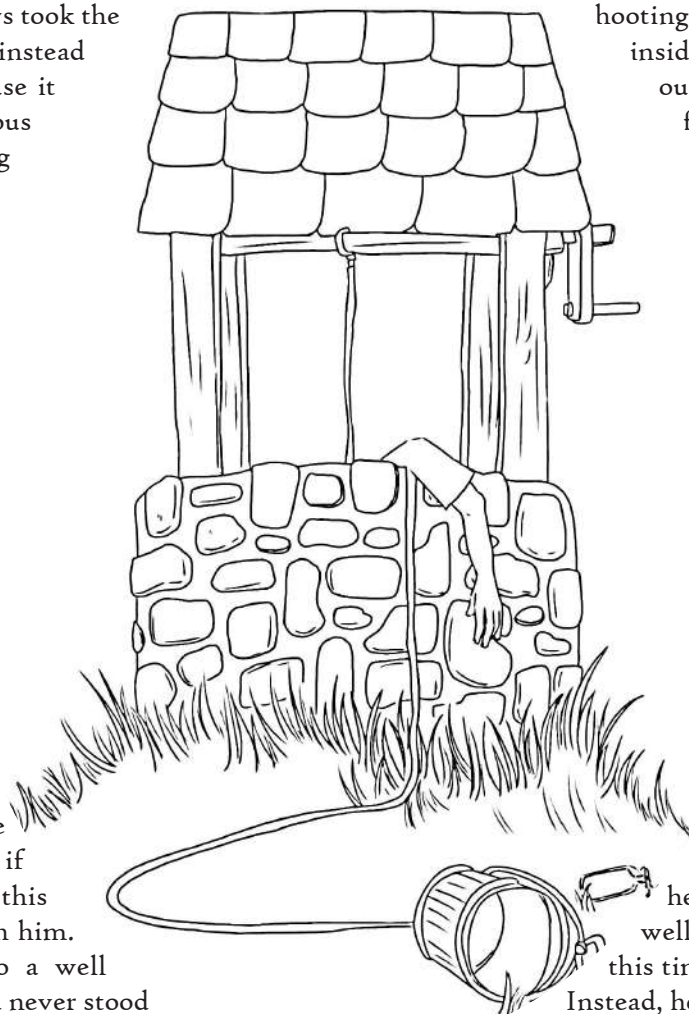
out a flashlight from his pocket for a better view of the dark well. His flashlight revealed

very little so he decided it would be best to keep the inspection for daylight and hurried home instead. He walked on for twenty minutes but it seemed like the forest path had taken a life of its own and he found himself standing in front of the well again.

The bottle in his pocket lay unopened and he knew he had not lost his bearing. It was the roads that were bringing him again and again to this same spot. Mr. Leuss began

to run taking a different path this time and yet again he found himself in front of the well. The hooting began again and this time he did not run.

Instead, he looked inside the well a faint emotionless expression on his face. He closed his eyes and jumped in. His lone scream drowned by the hooting.



Over the Mountains

The clouds hang over the mountains,
The trees are covered in mist,
The road engulfed in a blanket of fog
That makes us question if it exists or not.

The small huts and houses below
By the river they thrive and grow
The people of the town, where they stay
Look like little ants from far away

The cold clouds tickle my skin
The sound of the water reaches my soul within
The fog stretches over my seclusion
That makes me wonder if this is reality or an illusion

This sight takes me to another world
Where there is no worry, no trouble
If this is a dream, I never want it to end,
For this is heaven on earth that ascends.

-Viddhi Chopra, IX

Mark of Ruins

On fallen empires, I built your shrine.
I killed my Gods and made you mine.
On starlit rivers, I drowned my desires.
I burned my mortality on your jaded pyres.

I laid my soul bare,
Tinted crimson with despair.
Down on your blood drenched arms,
You soothed my anguish.
Your guilt was my calm.

Tender is the night for heavenly curses.
Tender is the night to hear your sweet verses.
Your acclamation is worth their condemnation.
Your rum warm gaze, in them I find my haven.

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I killed my Gods and made you mine.
On starlit rivers, I drowned my desires.
I burned my mortality on your jaded pyres.

-Emidaka Rapsang, XI

THE OUTPOST

The SCO meet at Tashkent found Putin on a backfoot explaining Russia's stance even as ally and friend Xi did not seem enthusiastic over turn of affairs at Ukraine. India maintained it's no war stance asking for a diplomatic solution, a mantra few in Europe seem to be chanting. USA extends a 450-million-dollar aid along with F16's to flood roiled Pakistan even as the Frankenstein it created in the shape of the Taliban continue to tear through the Pak-Afghan border called the Durand Line. Macron-Modi build a jugalbandi as France extends 'no-limit' friendship signaling a change in world order.

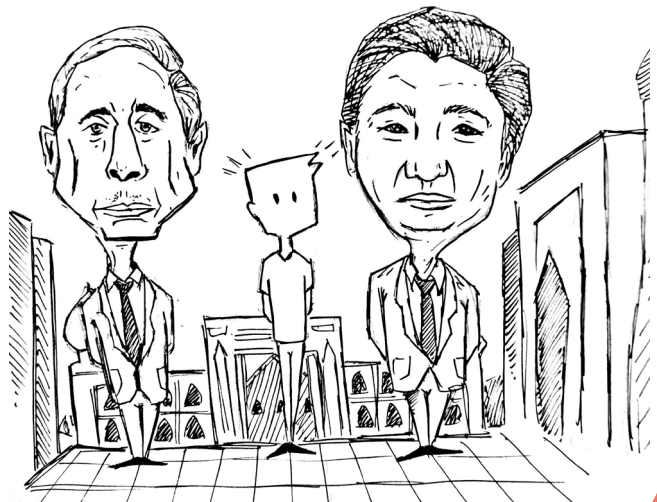


Illustration: Sara Jha, XI

Campus Caricature

ice ice baby!

-Siddhi Gupta, X



CAMPUS NEWS

HINDI DIVAS

In celebration of "Hindi Divas" on the 14th of September, The Hindi Department conducted a series of activities for the students. The Department conducted an assembly to create awareness of the historic day and to bring about a sense of love for the Hindi language among the student body. Sunnyside had poetry recitation and story-telling activities. Classes 5 and 6 also had similar activities with an addition of individual speeches and a film review of any Bollywood movie.

FRIENDLY VISIT

Brigadier Romeo a long-standing friend of The Assam Valley School recently visited the campus. He presented the Headmaster Dr. Jugran with the Brigade Cap as a mark of appreciation and friendship to celebrate AVS's long standing association with him and the army



ODISSI DANCE EXAMINATION

In the month of June 2022, 13 students from The Assam Valley School took part in Sarbharatiya Sangeet -O- Sanskriti Parishad, Odissi Dance Examination held at Tezpur. The following students successfully cleared the examination and secured first division. Siddhi Gupta, Anvita Dey, Diksha Baruah, Deepshikha Nath, Urvee Rathi, Shambhavi Jindal, Natasha Billimoriya, Dweepanneeta Nath, Bhuvi Tibrewalla, Purvi Kejriwal, Saphiana Swargiary, Harshita Das, Ankita Sarkar.

Many congratulations to them and their Guru Mrs. Torali Baruah.

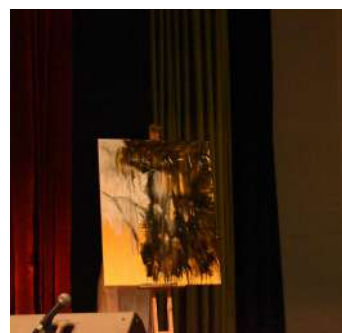


MORAN BLIND SCHOOL

On the 10th of September, the Social Service League led by Mi/c Mrs. Lipika Borah and Mr. Minto Borah set out on a three-day visit to the iconic Moran Blind School. The SSL team arrived to a warm welcome and after paying their respect at the school's Namghar, they distributed sweets to the children. The team spent the next day helping to white wash a school building before being treated to a community lunch of Assamese Thali. The team visited the Bogibeel Bridge later that evening. On the 12th, the SSL team attended the school's assembly on 'Hindi Divas', and on popular demand sang the AVS's school song, 'Pass It On'. The visit saw the team working and bonding with the students of the school as well as learning Braille. The SSL team visited the Kalyan Ashram, an old aged home. The team entertained the elders with Assamese songs and retro Hindi songs. The SSL team was sent off post a warm cultural evening where they had the opportunity to witness the immensely talented students of the Moran Blind School. The team returned having made beautiful memories and learnt insightful lessons from their friends at MBS.



performances of the new teachers who recently became part of our AVS family. The performances varied from poetry recitation to singing, rap to traditional dances and a remarkable live art presentation. The evening also had a fashion show by the class XII's. The event came to an end with a resounding applause for the video presentation by the AVS Media Center for the teachers which made the audience smile and laugh at the same time.



Photography Credits: Awanrya Jasararia, XI & Varun Baruah, XI

CULTURAL EVENING

The evening of the 17th of September saw the New Comers Evening along with a Cultural Fest which brought forth entertainment and talent to the stage of the WMH. It commenced with a beautiful choir by the new-comers of the Lower School which showcased their singing prowess. It was a great start to performances that ranged from classical Manipuri dance to soulful classical music. A fascinating element of the event was the



Introducing

The Assam Valley School welcomes Mr. Pareek as a new member of the Accounts Department. AVE represented by Zaheen Shah, IX got to have chat with him.

AVE: Which philosophy do you live by?

RPK: Try to “Live Here and Now”. When we play our focus must remain on the games and when we study, our focus must be on our studies. That is why it is called Here and Now.

AVE: What is the thing you’re looking forward to the most during your time in AVS?

RPK: Academics and the development of children of AVS so that they are better equipped to deal with the cut throat competition tomorrow.

AVE: If you were an Aviator, which house do you think you would be in?

RPK: Lohit House.

AVE: How would you like to contribute to The Assam Valley School?

RPK: I am happy to be a part of AVS and would like to contribute to AVS in the field of Academics.



The Assam Valley School welcomes Ms. Debolina Bakshi as a new English teacher. AVE represented by Aanya Paul Sarkar, IX got to have chat with her.

AVE:How has your time here at AVS been so far?

DCB: My time at the AVS has been wonderful. The AVS community has welcomed me with open arms and it feels like family already.

AVE: How would you wish to contribute to AVS?

DCB: Being an English teacher, I shall first make sure that I am able to inspire my students in the best way possible. This apart, as a singer, guitarist, writer, poet, TV anchor, I would love to put all of my skills to good use, help and guide students whenever they need me.

AVE: Since, you are a Potterhead. Which character do you most associate with?

DCB: Being a Potterhead, I have always related to the character of Hermione. Just like her I believe that reading is important and it can save lives!

AVE: If you were at Hogwarts, what would you teach?

DCB: Ah, That’s the best question anyone has ever asked me! If I were at Hogwarts, I would definitely teach Transfiguration!



Ripple #192

-Deubale Meru, XI

All the years of neglect and
pain,
The truth he denied,
and ran from
The darkness he hid in
The altar he looked at
As the needle pierced his thin
skin
And drowned him in oblivion.

Tongue Of Slip!!

1. "The broke is not clocketing."- Hana Shanifer Ahmed, XI (*Broke like your brain.*)
2. "The fly is goosing."-Lomika Benjamin, XI (*Quack Quack .*)
3. "If you dont give me prep, I will make your life lazy."- Ma'am SPS (*Not submitting prep to you then.*)
4. "Spoke if you're spoken to."- Hiyaneijemmy Das, XII (*Except you should'nt speak at all*)
5. "This last is my straw."- Riiariti Sohlia, XII (*Yeah,same*)

Keep It Reel!

Daws and Pets

-Hemanshi Malik, XI



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