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PEACE BE WITH YOU
peace be with you.

- Mr. David Summerscale
Chairman, Governing Body

"War makes no distinctions: all are alike in the fusion of death."

.....
In a quiet little town, dominated by a lovely old abbey, in the heart of the Somme area of northern France where many battles were fought in the First World War - and indeed in many wars since the 5th century - there is a small graveyard. Two recent articles in AVE have spoken eloquently of war: one of violence close to home, the other of Victory in Europe Day.

A few days ago, staying over night in St Riquier, my wife and I wandered over to the cemetery.

In the midst of the tombs of townfolk, there are 84 graves of those who fell in battle; 38 of these are of Indians caught up in the horror of the battles of the Somme from 1914-1918. Two pairs of graves, side by side, caught my eye in particular.

You will notice the names. 4392 Lance Naik Faqir Muhammad, Royal Field Artillery, Killed 26th February 1916. And, next to him, Sailkote/50 Treasurer Bihari Lal Supply and Transport Corps 14th February 1916. A little further back, on the edge of the enclosure, also side by side: Thakur Singh, 1784 Trumpeter, 30th Lancers (Gordon's Horse) 6th March, 1916. And: 1378 Lance Dafadar Imam Ali Khan 3rd Lancers (Skinner's Horse) 14th March

1916.

War makes no distinctions: all are alike in the fusion of death. A poignant reminder of the brotherhood of suffering.

.....
"Peace be with you all... I would like this greeting of peace to resound in your hearts..."

.....
My grandfather, whom I never knew, fought for an Indian regiment, the 129th Baluchis. I was a child of war. My family had to leave France in a hurry as the German army swept through France in 1940; my

mother, brother and I were on the last steamer to leave France and very narrowly missed being incarcerated for four years in a camp where there was little chance for children of survival; my father was in Paris as Hitler's men marched in triumphantly; we did not see him again for six months. VE Day came as a reminder of all the upheavals, sadnesses, tragedies of war for each family that has had to bear the burden of misery and loss - as well as the joy at its end. In our present world, where so many of our leaders seem to be

bullies or tyrants, remember the first words of the newly elected Pope Leo XIV (perhaps the world leader most worth listening to):

'Peace be with you all...I would like this greeting of peace to resound in your hearts, in your families, among all people, wherever they may be, in every nation and throughout the world. Peace be with you.'



a different kind of dementia

- Rianna Irom, XI

For a school filled to the brim with heritage, one would assume that in The Assam Valley School, traditions would be upheld with much rigour and enthusiasm as they are in most boarding schools. After all, when one dons the evergreen viridian blazer, their lapels are coated with legacies much greater than them. As pupils of a residential school, our customs are what set us apart — our individual identities are built on a collective convention where traditions amongst houses maintain their individuality from the roar of Dhansiri to the quack of Bhoroli.

Yet, dismal as it is, one will also find that these legacies and traditions have become nothing but lingering phantoms in the

halls of The Assam Valley School. Slowly and slowly, almost as if they're endangered, the remains of what our predecessors have left us seem to fade away. While we may not remember the faces of past generations of students nor their accolades, we can recall their names in stories passed down like folklore. We are able to remember the customs they upheld proudly — or at least, we should be. But alas, we don't. One could say it is as if an epidemic has plagued our school, as if our students were suddenly diagnosed with Alzheimer's of the academic kind. What was once as familiar as the back of one's hand has become a garden forgotten and abandoned. Weeds infest our memories as we forget

what made our school ours.

Last year, the Athenaeum failed to hold another edition of The East India Debates. This year, although it was able to make a fashionable return after quite a long time, many were unable to recall which edition of the Headmaster's Gold Medal Debate was held (the 27th Edition.) The Edutrex trips, although initially cancelled due to the fears of a COVID resurgence, have not been held in two years. Mi/cs and anchors alike seem to forget the proceedings of formal events despite having sat through the same format of events every other Saturday.

What traditions we are able to

uphold have begun convoluted and diluted, giving way to new customs. One could argue that perhaps it is the time for change: but here's the truth. In a 'legacy school' like ours, change does not — should not exist in the dictionary when it comes to our already-existing traditions. Alas, the respectful gesture of the lions towards the earthen floors in their time of victory has given

way to the rough plucking of grassy blades and the cheerful, whimsical quacking of the swans has been overridden by new, more-than-slightly off-tune melodies. One could say that maybe, some changes are for the better. That perhaps, change is not the enemy as we address it to be and some of these changes are not harmful. If we accept this to be true then... where do we draw

the line? Where does it change from innocent forgetfulness to blatant, callous carelessness? The simple truth is that we cannot afford erasing and rewriting legacies like these. The moment we begin to forget and tweak the traditions we have proudly carried for years, we begin to forget the foundation of our identities and who we are as a school community, and

Tales from the hills
SOPHUNUO
XV **a tale from the hills of Nagaland*

- Timzenla Ozukum, XI

**“Long ago, in the hills
of Kigwema, lived
a maiden named
Sophunuo....”**

Long ago, in the hills of Kigwema, lived a maiden named Sophunuo. With flowing black hair, warm brown eyes, and a heart so kind it made winter feel like spring, she was adored by all. Boys admired her, girls envied her. One day, as she washed clothes by the river, a young man named Medo saw her and instantly fell in love. Over time, Sophunuo returned his affection, and their bond grew strong. Medo visited her parents with two plump pigs as

a sign of his commitment. They married, and soon after, Sophunuo gave birth to a daughter named Kenie. Their little family became the pride of Kigwema. But not everyone shared their happiness. Avi, the weaver's daughter, burned with jealousy. Obsessed with Sophunuo, she began seducing Medo, who slowly gave in to her charms. One night, drunk and angry, Medo returned home and cruelly cast Sophunuo out. Heartbroken, she took Kenie and walked into the stormy night. Thunder crashed as the demon of Kigwema appeared, circling them. Holding her child close, Sophunuo cried out before the demon turned them both to stone. The next morning, villagers

searched and found the stone figures of a mother and child. They mourned deeply. Meanwhile, Avi rejected Medo, saying, “If you left her, how can I trust you?” Crushed by regret, Medo visited the stones daily, begging for forgiveness. Eventually, the weight of his sorrow became too much—he died beside them. To this day, it's said that on the highest peak of Kigwema, three stones remain: Sophunuo, Kenie, and Medo—frozen in time, forever bound by love, betrayal, and loss.

**“...in time, forever
bound by love,
betrayal, and loss.”**

ALL PARTY DELEGATION

India's decision to dispatch a 50-member, all-party delegation to promote its stance on Operation Sindoor—a response to yet another Pakistan-linked terror act—should have symbolised political unity. Instead, it has exposed fresh cracks in the domestic landscape. The objective is clear: to shape the global narrative by presenting India's position on terrorism directly to international partners. But controversy quickly followed the inclusion of Congress MP Shashi Tharoor, a respected international voice, in one of the delegations. The Congress leadership objected, accusing the BJP-led Centre of bypassing party consent and pushing its own agenda. Ironically, Tharoor's only "fault" appears to be his unequivocal defence of India during the Operation Sindoor fallout—something that reportedly drew the ire of Rahul Gandhi. For

this, he's now being sidelined by his own party. This is less a matter of procedural complaint and more a symptom of political insecurity. In a time that calls for collective conviction, petty partisanship has once again taken centre stage. The delegations—comprising 51 political leaders, 8 former ambassadors, and spanning 32 countries plus the EU headquarters in Brussels—will include senior figures like Ravi Shankar Prasad, Baijayant Panda, Sanjay Kumar Jha, Kanimozhi Karunanidhi, Supriya Sule, Shrikant Eknath Shinde, Phangnon Konyak (Nagaland), and Tharoor himself. The 10-day outreach began on May 23, coordinated by Parliamentary Affairs Minister Kiren Rijiju. This global mission deserves support. But for it to succeed, India's political class must first learn to recognize that patriotism isn't a party line—it's a national one.

THE MARUTI DREAM

- Aahil Faraz, IX

History has judged Sanjay Gandhi in many ways. In school, he was seen as a mediocre student, with some reports calling him a 'loner,' 'friendless,' and 'uncommunicative.' One account even recalls his thrill-seeking habit of "car pinching"—taking unlocked cars for short joyrides and returning them unnoticed. Many question whether Maruti was truly Sanjay Gandhi's brainchild, or if political legacy simply tied his name to India's first everyman's car. When he took charge of Maruti, he had no technical background. With his mother, Indira Gandhi, as Prime Minister, Sanjay secured the contract to build a "people's car" with virtually no competition. He envisioned selling the Maruti 800 at Rs 8,000 and acquired 297 acres in then-rural Gurgaon to build his factory. But national events—the Bangladesh Liberation War and the Emergency—thrust him into politics, pushing Maruti to the sidelines. By the time the car finally launched, it sold for Rs 16,700 in Haryana.

The first Maruti prototype came in 1972, with Gandhi promising production by April 1973. Renowned writer Khushwant Singh visited the factory and later wrote of his test drive: "Despite its minuscule size, it holds the road very well and reaches 110 km/h without overstretching. Its steering responds with a light touch—better than many bigger cars." Singh, sympathetic to Gandhi even amid controversy, accurately predicted that Marutis would one day run from Kalimpong to Kanyakumari—though his timing was off. Sanjay Gandhi did not live to see the car's success. He died in a plane crash in 1980. It wasn't until December 14, 1983, that the first Maruti Suzuki was sold. Indira Gandhi handed the keys to Harpal Singh, who had won it via a lucky draw. In hindsight, Sanjay Gandhi's role in India's automotive history is complex. Whether driven by ambition or accident of lineage, his legacy lives on every time a Maruti passes by.

IIMUN

Thirteen students from The Assam Valley School participated in the I.I.M.U.N. Conference held at G. Rio School, Kohima, Nagaland. The event focused on promoting global citizenship among youth. Ikalu Ahoze and Karan Somani received the Best Delegate Award, while Vidhi Bajaj, Shveni Sachdev, and Vaibhav Kumar earned High Commendation Awards for their outstanding performance.



SHUTTLERS IN AVS

Over twenty AVIATORS competed in the Inter-School District-Level Badminton Tournament held in Tezpur from May 24-25, 2025. Showcasing skill and teamwork, the AVS contingent secured a total of 16 medals, including 7 Gold, 6 Silver, and 3 Bronze, marking a proud achievement for the school's badminton team.



INTERHOUSE BASKETBALL

Inter-House Basketball for senior boys and girls was held from May 22-25, 2025. All the participants exhibited exemplary talent, hard work and team spirit while competing with each other.

Overall results are as follows:
First Position- Bhoroli-Lohit
Second Position- Subansiri-Namdang
Second Position- Kopili-Dhansiri
Fourth Position- Jinari-Manas



Ripple #252

- Aanya Paul Sarkar, Deputy Editor, XII

*Davy Jones, betrayed
and alone,
Carved out his heart, in
agonising groan.
Now he claims the
lost, their souls his fee,
Forever bound to the
crushing sea.*

*(Reference: Pirates of
the Caribbean)*

Tongue Of Slip!!

1. "What the wrong?" - Gumku Niti, XII (You. You are wrong.)
2. "Go egg." - Swastika Baruah, XII (Go get a book.)
3. "Amazing, talented, show-topping." - Jael Manya Konyak, XI (Who? Definitely not you.)
4. "He's into brand practice." - SPS (How about you practice your English?)

Keep It Reel!

sun-lit!



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