

INNOVATION *is* SURVIVAL

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A Hero's Song

"God-like man, Man-like gods"

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF LUIT KONTHO

-Aanya Paul Sarkar, Deputy Editor

Dr. Zubeen Garg was not just a singer; he was the soul of Assam. Born in Tura, Meghalaya, as Zubeen Borthakur, he adopted the stage name Zubeen Garg. He entered the music scene with his debut album *Anamika* in 1992, featuring his first Assamese hit "Gaane Ki Aane." He transformed Bihu songs by blending folk traditions with modern rhythms, making his music timeless, equally at home during Bihu, weddings, or birthdays, and deeply woven into everyday life. He enriched kirtan with soulful devotional renditions that combined spirituality with emotion, making them accessible across generations. With his heartfelt style, seamlessly blending Assamese dialects with universal themes, he became the "people's singer," captivating hearts across decades. Beyond

music, Zubeen's humanitarian spirit touched countless lives. During floods or the Covid pandemic, he stood by the people—even converting part of his home into a Covid centre.

He championed local musicians, offering his platform to emerging artists. Through his music, his generosity, and his larger-than-life presence, Zubeen remained deeply connected to the people and to the roots of the land he loved and belonged to completely. His passing left a silence so profound it felt as if the rivers themselves had stopped to mourn. From the hills of Haflong to the banks of the Brahmaputra, people wept in unison, their grief a river that mirrored the sorrow in their hearts. Mothers remembered the lullabies he sang that carried generations

to sleep; students recalled the anthems that inspired them to dream beyond borders; strangers far from home felt his voice pull them back, a tether to roots they feared they had forgotten.

And perhaps it is this unyielding devotion to truth, to emotion, to the land itself that makes him immortal. Not in the cold, impersonal way of monuments or marble, but in the living pulse of every child who hums his melodies in their home. Zubeen Garg is a bridge between the ephemeral and the eternal, a

"His songs played softly on radios, a bittersweet reminder that while the man was gone, the spirit of his music would remain."

In memory of Dr. Zubeen Garg

vessel for the inexpressible, a voice that holds the weight of countless hearts yet bears it with effortless grace. To witness him sing was to witness Assam breathe. In every corner of Assam, candles flickered, and flowers piled high in homage. His songs played softly on radios, a bittersweet reminder that while the man was gone, the spirit of his music would remain. Zubeen Garg had a rare gift: he could make an entire land smile, cry, and hope with a single melody. And now, in his absence, Assam felt the

ache of a heart ripped from its chest.

Yet, even in mourning, there remained a flicker of his eternal presence in every melody hummed under a rain-soaked sky, in every heart that had ever been lifted by his voice, in the river itself, still flowing, carrying him home. Assam wept, and Assam remembered. And through the tears, they promised that the soul of Zubeen Garg would sing forever, keeping his people under his 'Maya'.

INNOVATION *is* SURVIVAL

-Vibe Zhimomi XII

At the dawn of independence, after 200 years of colonial rule, India inherited poverty, illiteracy, and a fragile economic system. At the helm stood a Congress government, led by a Prime Minister influenced by Fabian socialism, who set India on a path of state-controlled economics for the next five decades. It was only in 1991, under Prime Minister P.V. Narasimha Rao and Finance Minister Dr. Manmohan Singh, that the economy was liberalised, allowing India to finally shed the stagnation of socialist policies.

The emergence of Narendra Modi as Prime Minister once again raised hopes of bold reforms across farming, land, labour, privatisation, and policing. With repeated electoral mandates, this government possesses the political capital to push through the necessary structural changes that could unlock India's true economic potential. Yet, reforms have often stumbled. The farm laws, when introduced, faced massive backlash and were ultimately withdrawn. However, the current tariff war with the United States makes it a fertile time to revive agricultural reforms, beginning with BJP-ruled states to create momentum for wider acceptance.

The Prime Minister's oft-quoted line, "the government has no business to be in business", must now be implemented in full earnest. Public institutions such as LIC, DRDO, and HAL, among others, should be opened up for greater private participation. Privatisation, when executed with transparency, not only reduces inefficiency but also strengthens innovation and competitiveness. History offers a sharp lesson. In 1979, as Henry Kissinger sought to court China, Deng Xiaoping seized the moment to transform a weak economy into a global manufacturing hub. In four decades, China emerged as both an economic powerhouse and a strategic challenger to the United States. India, with its neighbourhood in turmoil, cannot afford hesitation.

To secure itself and assist others, it needs an economy strong enough to fund not just protection but also deterrence. Indian politics, however, has repeatedly shown that governments attempting reforms often face electoral setbacks. True transformation, therefore, requires leadership that dares to rise above electoral compulsions. It will take a visionary willing to "bite the bullet" and course-correct a nation long overdue for reform.

Music at AVS

-Shabahat Sabir Ansari X

Music is a tingling memory one that refuses to fade. It lingers like the aftertaste of joy, humming its secret tune deep inside your mind, calling you back to moments you wish would never end. Music at AVS, is not just sound. It is a heartbeat, a language we all speak without words. From the velvet smoothness of jazz to the electric rush of heavy metal, from the intricate soul of Indian classical to the irresistible sway of pop, the AVS stage becomes a portal to countless worlds. And when inter-house music begins, these worlds don't just meet, they collide. It is no longer a simple competition between students; it becomes a clash of the very music they create.

Imagine it, a war of beats, a storm of rhythms, and melodies duelling for the crowd's soul. At this time of the year, the air feels different.

With founders coming, where every note feels sharper, every harmony tighter, every performance brighter. The WMH will be alive, a living, breathing chamber of sound. The western choir will rise like a tide, its harmonies swelling and crashing, leaving the audience drenched in music. Backstage, nerves will tighten like strings, and on stage, the spotlight will catch the spark in every performer's eyes.

But amidst the familiar faces, I hope for surprises, voices we've never heard, musicians we've never seen, stepping forward like hidden notes in a grand composition. Because Founders and music in general is not just about tradition, it is about renewal. It is about music reminding us that sometimes, the greatest performances come from those who have been silent the longest. And when the final chord fades, it will not be silence we hear. It will be the echo of something far more lasting, the memory of music, still humming within us.

Unsaid

-N.Chingkheinganbi, XI

The silence haunts the room,
Its presence persisting like faint perfume
One word lingers on the tip of all our tongues
Heart heavy with the regret of what could have
been done
And your letter remains a quiet reminder of what
can't be undone

There is no peace in this silence
Only rage and sorrow in defiance
Yes, i learnt my lesson too late
Eyes starry, lacking faith
For the devil must be another face of the almighty
If it could take you, and leave us bare to the
voices of our own cruelty

Your voice still rings in my head
Echoes of the words you screamed

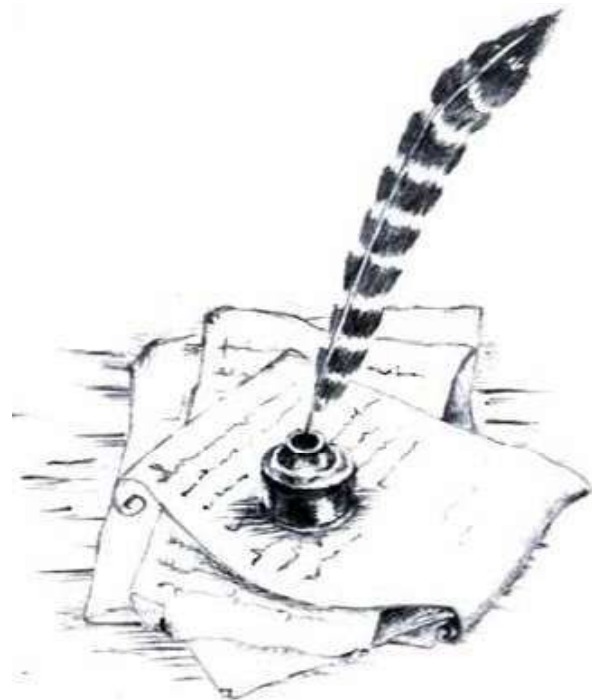


Illustration by Sneha Ngangom

Wailing as you reached for me
But I wake each night with choked screams
As your slender fingers slip away
Only to see you never reached for me

A Hero's Song

- Rianna Lingjel Irom, XI

God-like men,
Men-like-Gods—
Sons that from Goddesses were borne
Children that erupt
From the divine womb, Disrupt
The Realm of Men, and now they're sworn
To die heroic
And live tragic

Here they stand, facing fate
Staring down destiny in the face
The Fates dance, intertwined
While the men drink like swine
As the fields around them overflow with blood
More than the Styx, if the river of the damned
could flood.

Thunderbolts swung
As lightning flared
God-like Men
And men-like-Gods,
There is one among them who stands tall
With blessings of most,
Achilles rises above all
Tall and fair,
With Blood-matted Golden hair
Yet, this Son of Thetis
— truly was he, a God-like man
And a man-like-God —
Laid aside his strength
To avenge
A petty grudge,
or at least that is how the tale is told
By those young, and those old.

Achilles — Victor, we call him
This man,
Who even for his men
Did not sway
Calling out to his mother,
He stood firm
In both his grudge and his anger
Even when Love pleaded
Achilles shook his head,
and so, his dear Companion
Patroclus conceded.

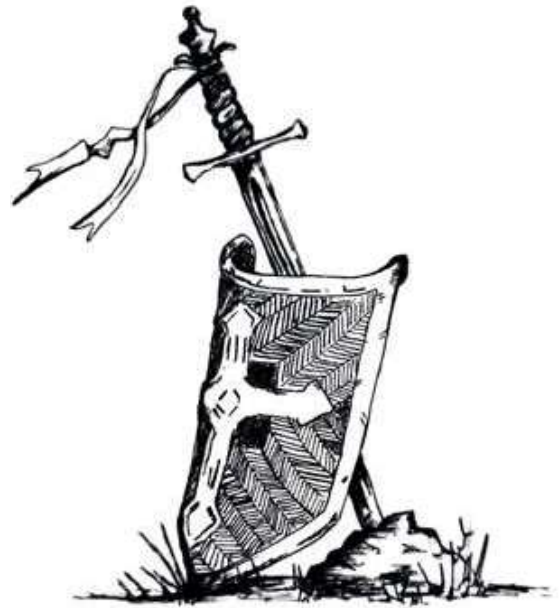


Illustration by Sneha Ngangom XI

And so Patroclus marched,
Not a God-like Man
Nor a Man-like God,
But a vision was he —
Lost in a haze, feverish
As if he were midst a wandering dream
Lovely companion, Heart of Achilles,
Meant for no war was he,

Yet still, he swung and swore
As if it were to save his love,
Dear friend Achilles
From a heroic deed.
As if Fate could be unbound
By taking a Hero's place
And stealing his fate.

So, Patroclus prayed
That he died a thief
So that the true hero could die happy.
So, fall did he,
The Heart of Achilles
While the man himself—
The God-like Man, and the Man-like-God,
Still stood tall.

Word of his heart
Reached him
Heartless and aggrieved,
Achilles swore to retrieve
The price of Patroclus' life,
Twice in kind—

Out he marched,
 To seek out Hector, he searched
 To seek revenge on the one that besmirched
 The life of who was once the heart of Achilles.
 We all know the tale of Achilles,
 The God-like Man, and the Man-like-God,
 The Divine Son that won the war,
 Though this Victor bore no triumph,
 For won the war he might have
 But all he won,
 He lost more—

This God-like Man was no more
 Than a boy, who in his fit
 Became lost and adrift
 Victorious in the war, he might've been
 But in his death,
 he was no less misfortunate
 Than those that fell before him.

THE OUTPOST

UK saw unprecedented anti-immigration protests led by the far-right activist Mr. Robinson. The protestors opposed the use of hotels as asylums and unmitigated immigration of people who have not been able to assimilate into English society. This has led to a rise of crime against the local population which they wanted the government to acknowledge. Trump signed a proclamation introducing an application fee of \$100,000, for the H-1B visa, a move designed to hurt Indian IT workers the most. This step could be a major blow to the big tech companies and other firms which virtually control America's economy.



Illustration by Sneha Ngangom XI

Campus Caricature

*PRODUCING
 PRODUCTIONS!!**

Illustrated by Baibhav Dutta, VII



*Founder's practice begins

INTERHOUSE VOLLEYBALL

The Inter House Volleyball Tournament 2025 was organised from 1st to 3rd September, 2025 amidst much enthusiasm and sporting spirit among boys and girls. Students exhibited exemplary talent and skill on the court with an excellent team spirit and friendliness.

Results of the competition are below:

First Position: Kopili-Dhansiri

Second Position: Bhoroli-Lohit

Third Position: Subansiri-Namdang

Best Player (Lower School Boys')

Marni Basar

Best Player (Lower School Girls')

Nicia Basumatary

Best Player (Upper School Boys')

Debangan Nath

Best Player (Upper School Girls')

Michi Ansi



Photography by Photographic Society

ASSAM SQUASH STATES CHAMPIONSHIP



The Assam Valley School participated in the All Assam Squash States' Championship which was organised from 12th to 13th Jul, 2025. The players put up their best performances in various categories in this sport.

Results are as follows:

Girls U17:

First position- Adrika Dey

Boys U17:

First position- Tushar Malik



INTERHOUSE FOOTBALL

Inter-House Football Competition was conducted from 5th September to 13th September, 2025 among senior boys and girls and lower school boys.

Children played with much enthusiasm reminding one of ace soccer players. Taking a cue from the best in soccer, students put their best foot forward at this popular sport.

Results of the competition are as follows:

Upper School
First Position- Subansiri-Namdang

Lower School
First Position- Jinari-Manas

Subansiri-Namdang was the overall winner



INTERHOUSE DESIGN COMPETITION

Inter-House Design Competition was held from 7th to 11th September, 2025 on the theme- 'Living Green: Bamboo & Cane Designs for Campus Life'.

Each House successfully interpreted the chosen theme into their work that was a blend of skillful artistry, thoughtful inspiration and great enthusiasm.

Results were as follows:

First Position- Kopili-Dhansiri
Second Position- Subansiri-Namdang



Ripple #258

- Aanya Paul Sarkar, XII

*The dice clattered, the
ground split wide,
Jungle beasts poured,
nowhere to hide.
Each move a doom, each
breath a plea
The game won't end till-
Jumanji*

Tongue Of Slip!!

1. "Wow! Supremacy complex!" - Rianna Lingjel Irom, XI (*You should have an inferiority complex with that English*)
2. "Don't shy around."- Nani Niko, XII (*Maybe you should be shy with your English.*)
3. "I did not flung it."- Aanya Paul Sarkar, XII (*Flung what? Your grammar?*)
4. "I overwrote every file."- Khichu Kath, XII (*We wish we could overwrite your grammar.*)
5. "Chemistry is not interestable."- Aditya Gargo, XII (*Perhaps you should consider studying English instead?.*)

Keep It Reel!

A Painstaking Craft

-Rianna Lingjel Irom, XI



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