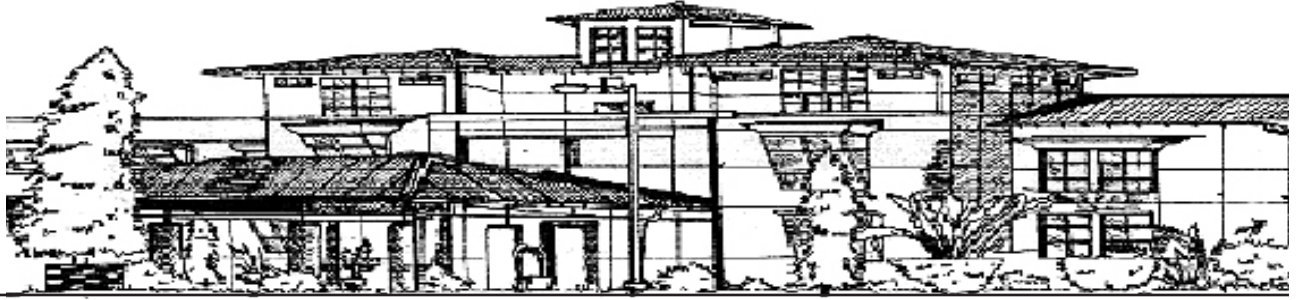




THE RED STRING OF *fate*

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HOW TO FRIEND, *Love*, REEFALL Pandora's Box

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FOUNDERS' AWARDS 2025

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for everything *it gave me.*

- Erik Angie Riba, Editor-in-Chief,
ISC Batch of 2026

"I mourned a place that was never mine to keep. A proof that it mattered. To build something so consuming it hurts to leave. To love it so hard it ruins you a little. But it gave back too. It gave me stories, identity, people, and drive. I think I'll call that a fair trade."

Ambition is a jealous thing. It doesn't like to share. I let it have me—fully, foolishly, faithfully. After becoming Editor, my nights blurred into drafts; commas waged wars, and photos shifted by half an inch until they felt right. I've sat, stood, stretched, and knelt—painting the walls with whatever love I had left. I've spent more hours with my screen than with my own reflection, let alone anyone outside the cream-coloured walls.

Sometimes I'd see my friends walking down the loc, getting dropped to lunch, heads thrown back in laughter, shy smiles flickering. I'd stay back. A little bitter. Feeling the faint sting of wanting what I'd traded away too easily. And when my thoughts wandered from the room above the library—on the rarest occasions—I'd even feel sorry for the ones I left mid-sentence, the ones who only got the sharp edge of my exhaustion. Still, the satisfaction of a single SLO mail saying "Issue ... of AVE", the hum of the printer, the satisfaction of leaning back

in my chair to hear the soft click of the fairylights— that was my confetti. My standing ovation. That was the only kind of love I needed (very conveniently to my MIC, SPS) But time, as it does, kept passing. So when the first copy of the magazine arrived—on thick, polished paper, not the usual Xerox A4—I knew I'd done most of my part. Which somehow made it harder to let go. Letting go isn't noble. It's nauseating. You grieve what you built, and you hate yourself for wanting to keep it.

I mourned a place that was never mine to keep. A proof that it mattered. To build something so consuming it hurts to leave. To love it so hard it ruins you a little. But it gave back too. It gave me stories, identity, people, and drive. I think I'll call that a fair trade.

Now, idleness feels like decay, and stillness is a luxury I'll probably never learn to afford. It wired me for movement. To make, to matter. I can't unlearn that now. So even when the walls forget the stroke of my brush, when the chair forgets the weight

of my body and when my scent fades from the Akatsuki cloak, I'll still keep running on the same fever. I'll find something else to lose myself in—some other dream to ruin my sleep over. Because ambition doesn't die. I'll find it again. Maybe not with the same hunger, maybe not with

the same sleepless zeal, but somewhere down the line I'll lose track of time again. I'll work till dawn but I'll build, I'll still make. I'll still chase. That's who I am now. Because becoming Editor is a habit you can't unlearn. And I never loved the room gently. I loved it till it rewired me.

“I'll find something else to lose myself in—some other dream to ruin my sleep over. Because ambition doesn't die. I'll find it again.”

*“So even when the walls forget the stroke of my brush,
when the chair forgets the weight of my body and when my scent fades from the Akatsuki cloak...
I'll still keep running on the same fever.”*

THE RED STRING OF *fate.*

The Red String of Fate is a well-known legend in East Asian mythology, a belief that an invisible scarlet thread binds together those whose lives are destined to intertwine. It is said that this thread can never break, no matter how much it is twisted or stretched. It connects souls across distance and time, destined to meet as lovers, friends, or confidants.

In some stories, the thread winds quietly through our lives, ensuring that those who are meant to shape our journey will always find us, even if only for a while. Much like the String of Fate, being part of this team felt like destiny: a gathering of individuals from different worlds, bound by something deeper than shared purpose, something that grew into family. Through challenges, victories, laughter, and frustration, we have woven memories that will outlast any goodbye.

“Perhaps one day, under a different sky and in a different season, that same red string will gently pull us back together.”

- Khichu Kath, Associate Editor,
ISC Batch of 2026

As time moves forward, I find comfort in knowing that our string will never truly be severed. The red thread, in its quiet wisdom, lets us walk our separate paths, carrying with us the imprints of one another. It reminds us that even if life pulls us apart, around each corner and beneath each sunrise, what we've built will remain intact and waiting to draw us together again.

And so, as our steps lead us toward new horizons, I choose to trust the unseen thread that once brought us close. Perhaps one day, under a different sky and in a different season, that same red string will gently pull us back together. Until then, I'll hold on to the memories we've made, a tender reminder that some bonds aren't defined by time or distance, but by the quiet certainty that we were always meant to find each other.

HOW TO FRIEND, *Love*, REEFALL

- Tanveer Ahmed, Associate Editor,
ISC Batch of 2026

I've always felt that The Room possessed a magical, almost mystical essence, something that drew me in and made me feel at home within its four walls. I could never quite tell what it was that made it so special. Was it the paintings, where I could almost see the artist's hand at work, perfecting each stroke and breathing life into detail? Or was it the 'Grandfather', whose warmth and quiet solace felt more comforting than anything tangible, almost as if it were alive? Perhaps it was the shelf in the corner, holding the Issues crafted from our blood, sweat, and tears, along with those of the countless people who came before us. Or maybe it was the plain old mattress, often overlooked yet always there, ready to cradle our

exhaustion and remind us that this place could, at times, feel like home. Or perhaps, it was the ethereal presence of Lucy.

But I've come to realise one thing. I understand today that the magic of The Room isn't spontaneous. It's kept alive by the wizards within it: those willing to spend sleepless nights ensuring its glow never fades. Soon, we'll be gone, and new faces will take our place. Some things will change, the laughter, the quirks, the late-night chaos, but the essence of The Room will remain untouched. It doesn't belong to any one of us; it simply chooses the people it loves, and those who love it back even more. I suppose not everything is bound to change after all.

“

IT DOESN'T BELONG
TO ANY ONE OF US;
IT SIMPLY CHOOSES
THE PEOPLE IT
LOVES, AND THOSE
WHO LOVE IT BACK
EVEN MORE.

”

- Vibe H. Zhimomi,
ISC Batch of 2026

Pandora's Box

“

THIS IS MY FINAL WRITE-
UP FOR THE ROOM, AND
BY GOD, I'M THANKFUL
THAT I CHOSE TO BE PART
OF IT IN THE FINAL DAYS
OF MY LIFE IN AVS.

”

The Room is one of those unexpected places that has come to mean a great deal to me. Before this, I never really got attached to anything or spent so much time anywhere, but in just a few months, I've made memories that feel like they've been years in the making. This place has carved a special space in my heart. What makes The Room so important isn't just the space itself. There is a sense of freedom I've felt here. I could be loud,

silly, or goofy, and nobody cared or judged. It became a place where I could simply be myself, without ever holding back. Even as I write this, I find it hard to put my feelings into words. I'm not the kind of person who easily expresses emotions, whether in writing or even to my closest friends. I'm used to writing about topics or debates, but when it comes to emotions, I often don't know where to begin. Still, despite my clumsy attempt

to sound sentimental, what truly matters is the people who share The Room with me. They've been funny, comforting, maddeningly chaotic, and, above all, have made this space feel warm and alive.

I'm deeply grateful to everyone here for accepting me, letting me be myself, and filling The Room with laughter and comfort. This is my final write-up for The Room, and by God, I'm thankful

that I chose to be part of it in the final days of my life in AVS. I only hope I've been able to give The Room, and the people in it, a few more moments of laughter and good memories.

the last write up *ever.*

- Aanya Paul Sarkar, Deputy Editor,
ISC Batch of 2026

The strangest thing about endings is how quietly they arrive. Not in grand farewells or sweeping trumpet calls, but in the soft sigh of pages closing, in the gentle fading of familiar laughter down corridors. Time, relentless and indifferent, continues its march, and we, fragile wanderers in its wake, are left gathering the echoes of places that dared to make us feel alive.

AVE was a shelter stitched from ink-stained hopes and stubborn dreams, tucked away in a corner of campus that always seemed too magical for the ordinary world. Within those warm walls, where fairy lights hummed, I learned that silence could be sacred, not lonely. That yearning was not a burden but a compass. That creation, wild, reckless, beautiful creation, could save us. There were days when time stood still there. When the clatter of keyboards sounded like faith, when laughter curled softly between shelves, when the world outside blurred and only stories existed. In the room, I once so certain of

my quiet invisibility, felt seen.

Felt needed.

Felt infinite.

Now, as the clock ticks louder and the world inches forward without waiting, I hold these memories like fragile glass. I leave not with emptiness, but with something far heavier, the ache of love. The kind that lingers. The kind that becomes part of your pulse. AVE will forever be the place where I learned to chase legacy over applause, meaning over noise, truth over ease. It was home. It held our whispered fears and thunderous laughter, our failures, our triumphs, our trembling drafts and blazing final prints. It held us. And somewhere, in that quiet corner above the library, where the evening light once kissed paper and silence felt holy, a part of us remains. In the soft rustle of forgotten drafts, in the faint hum of fairy lights, in the heartbeat of stories yet unfinished, we linger. We live. And perhaps, when night settles

and the corridors fall still, Lucy will still drift through that little sanctuary, not alone, but surrounded by the laughter we left behind, the ambitions we birthed, the words we loved enough to suffer for. She will remember us even when the world forgets, guarding our echoes, turning our absence into presence. This is not goodbye.

Goodbye is for things that end.

"This is a forever sewn quietly into the spine of time, a secret place we return to in memory, a room that still breathes in us, long after we have stepped away."

This is a forever sewn quietly into the spine of time, a secret place we return to in memory, a room that still breathes in us, long after we have stepped away.

FOUNDERS' AWARDS 2025



The Headmaster's Award for Organisational Ability:
Priyam Bagaria and Alphonsa E. Pakyntein



The Headmaster's Award for Leadership:
Ayithe Vusshe



The Headmaster's Award for Service:
Adhayan Saikia



The Headmaster's Award for Integrity:
Natsha Billimoria



The AVS Award for Pursuit of Excellence:
Urvee Rathi



Heather Carling Award for Contribution in Dramatics:
Arushi Jakhmola



Kings Constantine Medal for Promoting the Ideals of Roundsquare:
Aliden Jahzara Ovung



The David Summerscale's Award for Excellence in Literary Pursuits:
Aanya Paul Sarkar and Erik Angie Riba



Angshuman Nath Trophy for Excellence and Leading Contribution to Various Areas of School Life:
Tanveer Ahmed and Zerayah Cadessa Syiem



Stuti Pande Prize for Improvement, Determination & Perseverance:
Carlynda B.P Lyngdoh and Imchalong Longchari

Ripple #261

- Tanveer Ahmed, XII

A song, so enticing and
alluring,
Pulled me to the verge of
the land.
Hypnotized, I walked closer
towards the horizon.
Until my body was
submerged
From head to toe; A
harmony,
Enough to put the Sirens to
shame.

Tongue Of Slip!!

1. "A hag is a old hag." - SPS (Well...you would know.)
2. "Colour changes to one." - Vivaan Agarwalla, XII (UNO Flip: proper sentence needed.)
3. "It brings outs Macbeth character." - Mrs. Meeta Nangia Goswami (A grammatical tragedy by the English Department, Shakespearean scale.)
4. "You just have to copy post" - Rianna Lingjel Irom, XI (Is this a new feature, Editor?)
5. "I need to tie my blazer." - Tanveer Ahmed, XII (Perhaps you button your tie too?)



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