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THE DETECTIVE

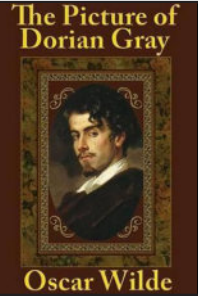
An article by Anikaith A. Joshi

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THIS WEEK'S
THE
READLIST

Featuring:
The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde
Jane Eyre by Charlotte Brontë
A Clockwork Orange by Anthony Burgess
The Road by Cormac McCarthy

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MENTAL HEALTH: A BIG DEAL?

-Raseen M. Shah, XI

“Are you okay?” “Yes. I’m fine. Actually, no. I’m not.” Mental health has been spoken about at great length, but the question is, are we speaking about it enough? Mental health is as important as physical health because it includes our emotional, psychological, and social well-being. The number of students suffering from depression, anxiety and other mental problems are ever rising. This quarantine period of over 8 months has not made it any easier for teenagers as well as adults.

“Mental wellness is something that is often overlooked when looking at health issues.”

Mental wellness is something that is often overlooked when looking at health issues. Perhaps because mental illnesses are simply not as concrete as physical illnesses, they are often not taken as seriously. Contrary to the popular belief, mental illnesses are actual diseases that require just as much medical attention as any other form of ill health.

Teenage years are the most difficult in ones’ life. This stage in life can be as confusing as it is overwhelming. Teens have to go through a long journey filled with ups and downs to find themselves. In this process, there are times when it either seems like their life’s falling apart or life’s going too good to be true. When they are going through a rough patch, many tend to hide their emotions. There can be multiple reasons to feel

emotionally unstable or no particular reason at all. It can be peer pressure and the need to ‘fit in’, family or relationship problems, always feeling like they’re behind or constantly wanting reassurance. It may simply be a feeling of emptiness that has no apparent reason or cause.

Quarantine has definitely taken a toll on teenagers. The pandemic has had the whole world upside down. Dependence on the online platform and obsession to the glass screen has added to the dilemma.

The fact that people were confined to a space unable to find a portal to vent their emotions made it an untenable affair.

While listening to music or talking it out with family helps, but sometimes we need that “self time” to straighten our thoughts. The absence of routine and loss of social contact has only resulted in more anxious and negative thoughts and increased stress.

What we all need but are apprehensive to voice is the need for that one person we can share our thoughts with. We need someone to reassure us someone we can lean on and open up to without being judged. So instead of saying, “Why are you so sensitive?”, “What’s your problem?” ask instead “Are you really okay?”. Offer a strand of hope with, “I’ll be there if you need me”, “Talk to me, I’m listening.” It’s usually the happiest faces that keep the most to themselves, so don’t forget to check in on your happy friends!

Justice Delayed

is Denied

-Dechen Sangay, XI

We wanted to cremate our daughter with proper rituals. This is my daughter's last journey she will not come back. We wanted to give her a proper farewell. Said the mother of a 19-year old 'DALIT' girl with gut-wrenching pain and misery in her voice after the UP police allegedly cremated her daughter's body without the family's consent.

The smoke hazed photographs of the cremation that had graced every single National newspaper has come back

“Rape is the only crime in which the victim becomes the accused” -Freda Adler

to haunt the Yogi Government in Uttar Pradesh. At the time of the case, the tug of war between a political narrative of a Dalit versus Upper Caste threatened to hijack the central issue of violence against women. The incident on the night of 14th of December of a young girl being violently brutalized by four men raced through the country burning in its wake all hope that perhaps the cause of women after the Nirbhaya case, is today a political and social priority. While we still debate over if and whether it is the woman's fault for willing such untoward attention on herself by either being out at the wrong time of the night, the inadvertent clothes issue amongst many other moral and argument of virtue, the real topic stays hidden. The police forces have long remained at the mercy of political directives and have repeatedly failed to perform duties that is at the core of their service. To uphold justice, to provide security to maintain the safety net of society, are norms that gather dust with thousands of files in a forgotten shelf. Why was the victim's last statement not used to convict the rapists? What was the need for the haste

with which the police ensured that the victim's body was sent to the pyre? What else is the CBI charge sheet claiming that very clearly brings the Yogi Adityanath government to the dock? That and more the ensuing days will unfold as will the political machinations behind the entire episode unravel. The tragedy remains that a young innocent girl lost her life violently to the inhuman barbarity of four men.

Of all the data and the statistics that record the seconds of the minutes and by the hours of violence against women, every few month this country is rocked by a crime so perpetrated that it reeks of brutality capable only by humans. Yet they blow by and seem incapable of haunting the collective conscience of a society

that seems to have accepted as a practice brutality against its daughters.

While neighboring countries consider castration as a suitable punishment for such a crime and human rights activists fight against the verdict of a death sentence, who is to say what must be the punishment of a society which is incapable in this day and time to protect its women.

True justice will prevail and this society will herald a new dawn when rape will no longer be a culture and the rapist, no longer the victim.

CAMPUS NEWS

The Assam Valley School participated in the Sunbeam Suncity Ideation Conclave 2020. 22 schools from the country participated in the conclave.

Raghav Agarwal of class 10, Lavanya Adhikari of class 9 and Pratiti Baruah of class 9 made to the Semi finals where Raghav Agarwal was adjudged one of the Best Speakers Semi Finals.

Miguel Das Queah

Miguel, has been awarded with the Leaders Connect-Northeast Young Heroes Award 2020, in the Social Entrepreneurship Category.

The Jury for the Award comprised of Conrad Sangma, Chief Minister, Meghalaya; Baichung Bhutia, Eminent Sports person and Hekani Jakhlu, Founder of Youth Net Org, Nagaland. Miguel has been recognized for his Anti-Child Sexual Abuse crusade in the Northeast of India.

The award was presented to Miguel by Mr. Kiren Rijiju, Minister of State, Ministry of Youth Affairs and Sports, Government of India.

National Creativity Olympiad or NCO has been organized in AVS since 2015. This year seven students from AVS were selected and have secured All India ranking. Four students have also been awarded cash prizes.

LIST OF WINNERS

- Aarav Jain (class 11)- All India 6th Rank- Cash prize of 1000/-
- Anikaith Ananth Joshi (Class 8)- All India 7th Rank- Cash prize of 1000/-
- Ojasvi Agarwal (class 9) All India 9th Rank - Cash prize of 1000/-
- Naviya Chamariya (class 11) - All India 13th Rank- Cash prize of 1000/-
- Vidhi Agarwal (class 9) -All India 19th Rank
- Aditya Panigrahi (class 9) All India 23rd Rank
- Shreyan Dutta (class 8) - All India 24th Rank

Heartiest congratulations!

AVS took part in Corporate Prodigy 2020, an online competitive event based on Management, organised by St. Xavier's College, Kolkata. We are happy to share that Aarav Jain of class 11 secured the First Position in the event "Crusade".

We wish him many congratulations.

AVS Multilingual Fest with activities such as Slam Poetry, Read n Rhyme, Tell a Tale, Music Club, Movie Club, Book Club, Become a Character and Create a Disguise was held for Classes 5 & 6 on December 14, Monday. It has been a resounding success.

Mr. Dulu Dutta and wife Mrs. Porishmita Dutta have been blessed with a baby boy on the 14th of December. Mr. Umesh Singh and wife Rashmita Bhagwati was blessed with baby daughter Rushati on the 27th of November

THE DETECTIVE

-Anikaith A. Joshi, VIII

FIND

Mr Jacob was awakened at seven o'clock by a phone call. Hands trembling, he ran downstairs to his car. He travelled the 12-mile muddy ditch of a road in 20 minutes and arrived at the small cottage.

He knocked on the door. It must not be long now. He looked around with fearful eyes. He knocked. He knocked until his knuckles bled. Then the door opened. He felt a punch in his gut. No, not a punch, He looked down at his stomach to see a shiv sticking out, no... He thought. He looked up at the doorway. Nothing was there. He staggered in; the pain evident in his gait. He went into the bedroom, and he saw the bed. It was empty. He breathed a raspy sigh. Half walking, half dragging, he turned around. He saw his wife on the floor. Mr Jacob and his wife were found dead in the abandoned cottage on Lambert hill. No one knew why or how they got there.

LEARN

Detective Martin was smoking his morning pipe when he heard a knock on his door. It was the day's newspaper with a piece on Mr Jacobs death. He decided to pay a visit to the police station later. After a leisurely bath, he arrived at the station. He was asked for identity by a clerk who sheepishly apologised upon learning who he was. His name continued to have the effect. Reaching the office door, he knocked and entered the Major's office.

The major was in a bad state. Looking up from a bottle of whiskey he looked the Detective straight in the eye. 'Oh, thank god,' the Major said rising from his chair. 'You read about the murders?' the Major asked. The detective took a good look at the Major's bloodshot eyes, his smell, his clothes, and his breath that stank of alcohol and asked, 'What happened?.'

KILL


As the Major walked down the road to the cottage he thought about all that he had told the detective. He thought about all that the detective had told him to do. As he reached the door he thought he saw something from the window. Pulling out a Smith and Wesson he opened the door. He heard a scuffling sound and turned in time to see a white shadow run around the corner. As he made his way in he saw the blood stain on the doorstep. This is where Jacob was stabbed. He made his way to the bedroom and saw the chalk marks on the floor where the bodies had been found. As he was nearing the bed he heard a noise behind him. The white shadow spilled more blood that day. The Major was never seen again.

HUNT

The detective had seen the photos of the crime scene. He knew there were three suspects. He knew where they lived, what they said they saw, what they looked like. But he did not know who was lying. The first suspect was Mr Nathaniel, a doctor who worked at the town morgue and had shunned Mr Jacob for his communist ideologies. The second was Miss Nancy, the caretaker of the cottage, a woman in her early twenties who was not on one of her frequently taken holidays during the time of the murder. The last suspect was Mr Harrow a man in his late sixties whose son's widow had married Mr Jacob. When the formalities had been exchanged the detective announced, 'Mr Jacob has been killed and you all are suspects. I ask you where you were at seven o'clock the night of the murder?'

Mr Harrow spoke first. 'I was at my home, mindin' my own business'. The detective raised an eyebrow. 'Doing what?' 'Eatin, sleepin', what you normally do at home. I was alone,' Mr Harrow said. The Detective paused, and asked, 'And you Miss Nancy?'. 'I was on my way to buy some paint,' Miss Nancy Replied. 'At seven o'clock at night?'. 'The store is open till eight and I was only free at that time. The shopkeeper would have seen me. Why are you asking us about where we were at seven?' 'The coroner has established his time of death to be so. Now, what did you do after you returned and what was the paint for?' 'The paint was for my quarters as I wanted the walls painted blue. As for what I did later, I went inside the cottage to keep the paint in the basement when I heard a muffled thump upstairs. I went upstairs and saw the bodies and called the police.' The detective sighed and then turned to Mr Nathaniel. On cue the Doctor began to talk 'I was at the Wellington ball, from six to nine and everyone there have seen me.' The Detective casually replied, 'From your statements it can be easily ascertained that the killer is in fact Mrs Nancy.' Before Mrs Nancy could react he continued, 'The road from Mr Jacobs house to the cottage is a 10 minutes walking distance, and this would have given you ample time to buy the paint and return to kill Mr Jacob and his wife.' 'Mr Harrow call the police', the Detective ordered while Mrs. Nancy took to the chair in a near faint.

The Detective was alone in his flat, when Dr Nathaniel entered. He handed the Detective some pills and watched him happily swallow them. 'Will you kill again' Dr Nathaniel asked nervously. The detective looked up at the ceiling and smiled as he watched his world swirl and cloud and he could no longer tell the difference between the real and the reel.



**IN CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST EVER 25TH OF DECEMBER WE
SPEND IN THE COMPANY OF EACH OTHER AND ON CAMPUS,
MAY THE WARMTH AND BLESSINGS AND FRIENDSHIP BE THE
SPIRIT OF THE SEASONS AS IT IS OF THE AVIATOR. MERRY
CHRISTMAS.**

Ripple #148

-Jeremy Jahau, XII

*He sat in fraught silence
shifting his crown
His patrolmen ravaged the
town
The steering cold matched
his perceived danger
As his peaceful reckoning sat
in a manger*

The Quarantine Readlist

Need help finding a gem amidst a sea of monotony? Grab a cup of coffee or tea and dive into the world of these enthralling stories, here is a list of some of our suggestions:

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY BY OSCAR WILDE: The story of a fashionable young man who sells his soul for eternal youth and beauty written in a distinctively dazzling manner.

JANE EYRE BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË: Orphaned as a child, Jane has felt an outcast her whole young life. Her courage is tested once again when she gets hired to care for a ward named Adèle.

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE BY ANTHONY BURGESS: In order to reduce his sentence, Alex, a psychopathic delinquent, volunteers for an experimental therapy but it goes askew.

THE ROAD BY CORMAC MCCARTHY: A story about the journey of a father and his son across a landscape blasted by an unspecified crisis that has destroyed industrial civilization and almost all life.

Keep It Reel!

Afterglow

-Dristi Rathi, XI

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