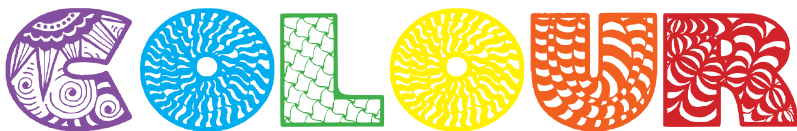


<p>the tragedy of VAN GOGH</p> <p>Pg. 8-9</p>	<p>DELICTUM</p> <p>Pg. 10</p>	<p>CAMPUS NEWS</p> <p>Pg. 10</p>	<p>folktales</p> <p>Pg. 6</p>
--	--------------------------------------	---	-------------------------------

TOPSY TURVY:

What happens when a political writer tries their hand at a creative piece and a creative writer tries theirs at a political one? The result is a new feature called Topsy Turvy!



-Atoti Zhimomi, Editor-in-Chief, XII

In a society where everything is now determined by the colour of our skin and how much “representation” we need, the concept of colour-blindness undoubtedly needs more discussion. In a world where everyone walks the tightrope of being ‘politically correct’ and opinions that vary from the accepted norm are deeply frowned upon, ‘race’ most certainly has to be one of the most contested of concepts. Race has become an incredibly sensitive topic, everyone tip-toes around it and the whole concept of the “I don’t see race” narrative has run amok the past decade. There seem to be innumerable rules when referring to people when the truth of the matter is that...it does not matter. When was the last time that you specifically identified someone by their race? When you look at your friends and the people around you, do you not see the way that they talk and carry themselves before you even consider the shade of their skin or at which angle their eyes are slanted?

In this day and age when one’s race should not matter when it comes to our status in life being determined, do we need a hundred-and-one checklist before we introduce ourselves? In the age of technology, human

aspirations are endless as is their effort. The 1960’s Civil Disobedience in America marked the demand for equal opportunities for all Americans regardless of their race or the colour of their skin. In India, which has the world’s largest middle-income group, the middle class across the country is characterised by their determination to aspire towards a better life through education, effort, and grit. No matter the race, the colour of skin or the slanting of eyes, this aspiration remains the same. It is time we went colour-blind when it came to identifying each other by anything other than the people we are. We belong to a country with a civilizational history and at a time when the country is in the throes of a renaissance, ‘race’ should be the least of our priorities.

This is not to say that we ignore the existence of race as a whole. I cannot change the fact that I am a Naga any more than you can change your ethnicity, but that is not wholly who I am. The importance lies in seeing people beyond their race, beyond what they have been born as, and instead identify them as fellow human beings and acknowledging their aspirations, dreams and flaws instead of what you think that you see in front of you.

eyes

-Jigme Pao Tamang, Deputy Editor, XII

I.

Our eyes meet. It's a brief moment, but I've watched her for so long. It's late right now, the sun went down a while back - the dim glow of the interior of the shabby city bus is all there is to light up her eyes; but that is enough: be it the brilliance of the midday sun or the glow of the desolate moon, they're just as pretty.

The bus stops - she's getting off; I follow, it's been like this for weeks now. I'm watching her, watching but unable to make my move, unable to touch what I so desire - but not today. I gather up my courage - it's raining - she rushes down the street. I follow.

II.

There's been someone behind me for a while now. I think he's been following me. I've tried walking faster, but he's matching my pace. I'm only a few steps ahead of him, barely out of arm's reach - is he some sort of creep? Should I call the police? Wait. I'll stop; if he stops as well I'm going to run for it.

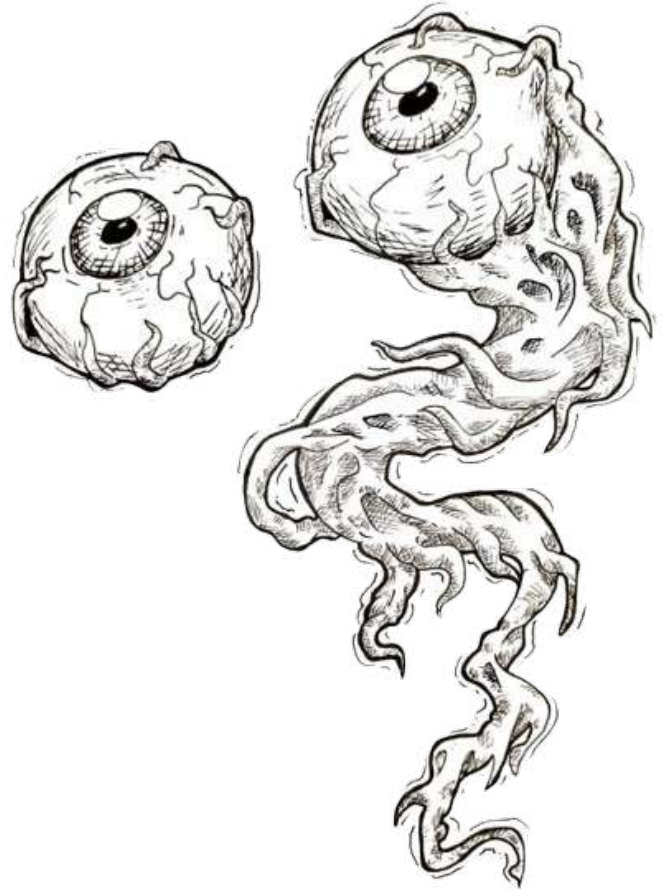
I bend over, pretending to tie my laces - waiting. Tie, untie, tie, untie - I wait for him to go past me. He does, straight ahead with no hesitation: I was just being paranoid. I get up and watch him turn at an intersection: he's out of sight. With a sigh of relief I continue walking. The rain has finally stopped, the stars are out.

III.

I watch her as she tilts her head to the stars, the lights are reflected in those eyes of hers - it's dazzling. I wait for her to reach the intersection - she can't see me from where I stand, but she doesn't need to. She's so close I can see her distorted reflection in the puddles left over by the storm. She's here!

IV.

With a harsh yank, the man pulls the woman's head back by her hair - exposing her neck. She opens her mouth to



Illustrated by Mashunsi Keishing, X

scream, but a knife is jammed into her throat. Her words turn into gurgles and blood pours out of her mouth dripping onto the street. Gasping like a fish out of water, struggling like a skewered pig, the woman flails about; the man yanks the knife out and jams it in again, swiping it in a wide arc opening a bloody mouth under her chin - blood and sinew splatters about creating a warm rain that conjoins with the puddles and follows them into the drains. As her vision dims, she sees the man reach into her face and push his fingers into her eye sockets.

V.

"Is that him?", the detective asks. He looks into a room, at a solitary man handcuffed to the table. "Yes sir," replies the constable, "a passerby called it in when he saw a man covered in blood, they thought he'd been in an accident. When one of our boys picked him up, he found him with a knife and this - " he handed over an evidence bag to the detective. "This-! My God!", within the bag was a pair of eyes - a lovely pair, with deep hazel irises. "That's not all sir, we searched his residence and found hundreds of them, just stacked up like hunting trophies."

MONKEY BUSINESS

-Aahil Faraj, VII

This is a story about an incident that occurred last summer. I was in my living room reading a book, the balcony door was open. A strange shape suddenly appeared and perched itself upon the balcony. A shock went through me like lightning; my first thought - thieves. I slowly lifted my head to look at the creature noticing silver fur, a human-like head and a long tail

curled up like a lasso - it was a monkey. We locked eyes. Its eyes seemed to tell me "I'm just minding my own business"; so I pretended to be completely calm while I fled to my room and locked the door. The monkey went ahead and ate some tomatoes and after a while, it just left. So it does seem that the monkey, true to his unspoken words, was minding his own business.

THE VISIT

-Aanya Paul Sarkar, XI

several envelopes, their edges crumpled and stained. Frowning, Francis stooped to pick them up, his fingers trembling slightly as he turned them over one by one. His heart sank as he recognized the familiar sight of bills and reminders of debts long overdue. Electricity bills, rent notices, and ominous letters from creditors stared back at him, their contents a stark reminder of his collapsing financial situation. Tossing the envelopes onto his cluttered desk, Francis slumped into his battered leather chair, running a hand through his unkempt hair. Although his mind was weighed down by the burden of his financial woes, there was a sense of unease prickling at the edges of his consciousness. Slowly, he lifted his gaze from the pile of envelopes and scanned the room. There, in the far corner, shrouded in shadow, sat a figure. At first glance, it seemed like nothing more than a trick of light but as Francis stared harder he could tell that it was a man, or at least, the semblance of one. Tall and imposing, with a pale, gaunt face framed by dark locks of hair. Gathering every ounce of courage he had, Francis pushed himself out of his chair and took a tentative step forward, his hand inching towards the revolver tucked into the waistband of his trousers. "Who are you?" Francis demanded, his voice no more than a whisper.

The man looked up at him. "Shouldn't you be asking me what I want instead?" he said with an accent Francis couldn't place.

"Wha-What do you want?" the words came stuttering out of Francis's quivering lips.

"I believe you've been looking for me," was the man's reply. And then with a movement hypnotic with grace, he rose from his seat, his cloak clinging to him like a second skin. "The name is Dracula." A slight smile seemed to curl up at the corner of his lips. "Count Dracula. And I believe we have much to discuss."



Illustrated by Richie Konthoujam, XI

The dimly lit streets of West London were the perfect quintessence of misery. Cobblestones sodden with rain, glistened under the feeble glow of flickering street lamps, casting shadows that draped the night like a heavy cloak. Amidst the shadows, stood a figure, hunched against the nip, his coat drawn tight against the biting wind. This figure was Francis Trivett. A low-on-luck private investigator with a knack for finding trouble in the most unlikely of places. He was on his way to his office, a dingy room above a forgotten pub. An abode of cases gone cold and debts left unpaid. No sooner had he entered his office, that he heard a frantic knock, jolting him from his reverie. Francis hesitated for a moment, his hand hovering over the worn handle of his door. The knock echoed through the quiet room breaking the tedium of the night. With a creak of protest, the door swung open.

There lying on the tattered welcome mat, were

In Verse: like her father

-Aliden Jahzara Ovung, XI

The little girl cowers behind her young mother
Cowering, clasping her mekhala's hem.
As her father sheepishly smiles, rubbing the back
Of his neck, nodding to what this elderly
Man has to say; 'Your wife is very beautiful,
So is your daughter, truly like her father.'

The little girl peeps through the crack
Of the oak door, rotting on the sides from
The bath water and salty rain;
Poured from her mother's eyes, vigorous, unforgiving.
Her mother's knees—bruised purple and pink—
As she kneels before her God, down to the bedroom
floor
Hands wrapped together, prayers upon prayers;
For both her little girl and her resplendent father; truly
like her father.

The little girl sits in silence
During church devotional
Playing with her grandmother's shawl;
The pastor raises his voice, and she flinches.
'Respect your adults, for this, is what your God wants
And for this, is God's will.
Your father guides your household, your mother
supports him.'
She left—her dear Ayo — now her Apo is left without
the
Support his wife should've—could've— offered.
You'll do the same, he says. But she wouldn't; truly
like her father.

The little girl weeps, faced with the black
Ribbon her father wields, never harming her
Never caring for her.
The scent of the nosing wheel easing into her,
What did she ever do so wrong
Was it so because she did not help her father strike
Her Ayo to the ground that one night
A red string of fate left on her temple the morning after
Respect your adults, for this, is what your God wants
For he is my God, shall I ever become such a great
sinner
The little girl feels—will always feel; truly like her
father



Illustrated by Richie Konhoujiam, XI

SUMMER TIME

at avs

MANDAROIBHA JYRWA

Summer Semester, a semester which is a mix of the best and the worst days of life at AVS. Summer in AVS is very hectic as there are a lot of inter houses. The inter house events show the fiery house spirit each person has for their house. This is also the first semester where we see new faces when newcomers arrive. During summers, we have Summer Fest which includes the Rock Fest, food courts (our favourites), a book fair, fete and a lot of fun. We even have the Newcomers' eve where most newcomers present their skills to the school for the first time.

AVNEE BAJAJ

At AVS, summer starts towards the end of April, which is basically the summer semester. We, the students, enjoy as well as exhaust ourselves. It gets pretty hot during this time but we now have AC's. There is a lot of hustle and bustle in the campus due to inter house events, which brings the fierce house spirit out of everyone. Summer Fest is also a reason for the hustle and bustle. It is a three day event where we become a part of the Rock Fest, enjoy fetes, food courts and movie night! This is also the time where we find new and confused faces all around the campus. A word that can describe this season at AVS would be fun.

LIZONTHUNG EZUNG

Busy, hot, humid and Summer Fest - these are the words you will hear from any Aviator if you ask them about 'Summers in AVS'. The summers aren't very forgiving with temperatures reaching yearly highs. It is a summer's jam packed with events. But, summers aren't all that bad as an 'once in a blue moon' event called swimming takes place. At night, to our relief, the air-conditioners are switched on, giving us a peaceful rest for the next day. The best part about summers is the Summer Fest also known as 'mini founders'. It is a three day event with the Rock Fest, movie night and food stalls. The most important day is Induction day which brings new faces to the campus.

SREESTEE PAUL

Imagine running around in the lush green fields of the school we call home. Imagine droplets of sweat trickling

down your forehead as you kick the football with all your strength. This is the "semester of the year" where our schedule is packed with event after event and we barely get a moment of rest. During this time there's always a buzz in the common room of respective houses. From Badminton to music to Dance, summer semester not only keeps our schedule packed up but teaches the importance of teamwork and camaraderie and builds a strong house spirit within us.

NAYANIKA BORAH

Summer at AVS is a whirlwind of activity. From early morning conditioning to the many inter house competitions, the pace never slows. Amidst all the hustle and bustle, tennis shines as my source of joy and respite. The sun on my face while the breeze slowly sways, the thud of the ball - it's pure bliss. Long talks and endless try-outs remind us of the grind. Yet, through it all, we find strength in unity. Together, we strive ever onward, fuelled by hustle at heart, making memories that last a lifetime.

AANAVI GHOSH

When I think of summers at AVS, I can envision the warm breeze amidst the hot sticky days. Dragging ourselves out of the comfort of air conditioners for the morning conditioning is the ultimate challenge faced by Aviators. The rest of the day keeps us busy in the MSB where we dive into the journey of learning. The library becomes the second home of students during this hour. Not for the books, but for the cool and quiet environment away from all drama and rush. The best time of the day for Aviators you ask? Sports time for sure, followed by a stroll around the campus while gossiping and seeing the sun finally set into the horizon and the chitter-chatter dying down as the evenings are packed with preps and inter-house practices. A boarding school which stereotypically is a place to miss your parents becomes a home away from home where the days end at 11 and start at 4; where the spirit never dies and each moment sticks with you until the end. This is summer time at AVS.

AAHIL FARAJ

Summer time in AVS brings a vivid picture of the joyful laughter and splashes

of water in the swimming pool, ripe mangoes during breakfast and the love-hate relationship with the weather. Life in AVS is usually quite pleasant and fun but in summer it is even more magnificent. Summer Semester is the largest semester of all - filled with activities and the long awaited Summer Fest that keeps everyone thrilled. Summer time in AVS is also for making new friends, meeting new people and enlarging the amount of talent Aviators have within them. This is a semester where everyone unlocks their full potential and engages in a duel against the weather and the unending interhouses.

NISHIKA PATODIA

Warm, humid days with sweat drenched clothes and sleepy classrooms - this is summer in AVS. Think up a cultural event, any cultural event, and I guarantee that this semester has an inter house for it. The highlight of the semester is the Summer Fest - a massive 3 day event with the Rock Fest, a fete, a book fair and the food courts. Summer is a season of eyes shocked at the immensity of the campus and of eyes stinging from the sweat that dripped into them. To any Aviator worth their salt (if they haven't lost all of it in their sweat yet), will tell you that the defining feature of any summer in AVS, is the never ending interhouses and the herculean effort required to stay awake in class.

Folktales: a tale of Chapter XIII two brothers

-Erik Angie Riba, XI

The chronicles of the Galo legends, the saga of Tani and Taro, are told amongst the people of the Galo tribe living in the hills of Arunachal Pradesh. Tani was the first Galo man. It is believed that he was taught the art of cultivation by Mother Earth herself and she became Tani's celestial teacher. He sought prosperity through agriculture and flourished in the field of hunting and he was a respected man in the village. Soon, his younger brother, Taro was born.

Tani surpassed his brother in wisdom, his wit always prevailed regardless of how hard Taro tried not to fall behind, spiralling envy in him. Taro was born in the wilderness of the forest and it was thought that a forest spirit possessed him during his birth. Even as a child, he was peculiar. The boy had strange tendencies and was unusually enticed by the woods, slinking away late at night to meet a spirit in secret. He struck deals with the devil, trading his soul, he urged the entity to grant him the ability to overcome animosity against his brother.

The devil exploited the boy's naivety, he granted Taro's wish, but in addition to taking his soul, he told him that he wouldn't live beyond the age of twenty-one. In time, he revealed his truths to his older brother on his deathbed. In the village, engagement with forest spirits was frowned upon, so he pleaded with Taro to keep his secrets hidden forever. After his younger brother's demise, Tani had a change of heart and divulged Taro's secret deal with the woodland entities.

Nearly a year had passed since Taro's death when a scorching summer brought drought to the village and prolonged the usual harvesting times. Hunger was becoming a problem in the community, and the summer heat was making matters terrible. Tani's despair at his people's fate caused him to sink in sorrow. Hunting was the only source of income for the village. Though Tani wasn't religious, he prayed to Mother Earth out of anguish. Taro's spirit was deeply upset by everything that his brother had to cope with. Even in



Illustrations by Ikalu Ahozhe, X

the serene afterlife, the once-calm spirit expressed grief. Finally, rain fell in the village because of the gloomy tears shed by a ghost in the hereafter. The tears of hopelessness spared the villagers from the drought and

the celebration of harvest began. While some thought it was Mother Earth's response to Tani's prayer, others said that it was Taro's tears which saved the village.



The recent Lok Sabha elections in India are nothing short of a blockbuster political drama, complete with drama, suspense, and a fair share of controversy. From allegations of voter manipulation to viral memes targeting political bigwigs, the electoral battlefield is a chaotic yet entertaining spectacle for onlookers. Amidst the chaos, one couldn't help but notice the absurdity of some campaign promises, like promises of free Wi-Fi on the moon or 24/7 samosa delivery services. It was a carnival of political theatrics where reality often blurred with satire, political alliances shifted like sands in a desert storm, memes became political weapons, and hashtags turned into battlegrounds where supporters fiercely defended their ideologies and candidates.

From the high-stakes battlegrounds of Uttar Pradesh to the unexpected upsets in West Bengal, every state had its share of surprises and suspense. However in things such as this, Delhi always takes the front row. The Congress, aiming for a comeback, tried to channel its inner phoenix but often ended up looking more like a startled pigeon amidst the chaos. Meanwhile, AAP, known for its unorthodox strategies, unleashed a flurry of memes and witty comebacks, making politics seem more like a roast than a debate. The BJP, with its massive rallies and charismatic leaders, tried to woo voters like a suitor in a romantic comedy, promising the moon and stars while hoping no one would notice the plot holes in their promises.

Speculations ran wild as pundits and

analysts dissected every move and statement of the candidates. The emergence of 'new faces' challenging 'established political dynasties' added an element of unpredictability to the race. With coalition politics becoming the 'norm' rather than the 'exception', the days of single-party dominance seem to have become numbered now. However, beneath the surface of the political circus, serious issues like economic reforms, social justice, and environmental sustainability more often than not take a backseat to sensationalism and sensationalist headlines.

Looking into the crystal ball, the future of Indian politics seems both promising and precarious. The trend of personality-driven politics, fueled by charisma rather than concrete policies, may continue to dominate the landscape. The younger generation, fueled by aspirations and access to information, is poised to play a defining role in shaping the country's political narrative. As issues like climate change, economic reforms, and social justice take center stage, the electorate's priorities are evolving, challenging politicians to adapt, or risk irrelevance. In this grand spectacle of democracy, one thing remains certain—Indian politics will continue to be a fascinating blend of strategy, spectacle, and speculation, keeping citizens engaged and entertained while shaping the destiny of the nation. As the curtain falls on one election cycle, the stage is set for a new act, where the only certainty is the uncertainty that comes with the ever-evolving dynamics of democracy.

-Aakanksha Kumar, Head Girl, XII

LOK MAHA TI

the tragedy of

VINCENT VAN GOGH



-Siddhi Priyadarshani, X

Why do his artworks look so different from others?

After slicing off his ear, van Gogh's art style took a different turn - it would be known as expressionism, and it was the child of his madness. Let's take a look at "A Wheatfield, with Cypresses" to get a deeper understanding of van Gogh's style. Vincent van Gogh was an untrained, amateur artist; with his swiftly deteriorating mental state and his belief that 'one can speak poetry just by arranging colours well'. In his swirly or sharp, thickly applied and irregular brush strokes we see a man in the throes of psychosis; in the images we see a man in a hurry - it is this rush of his that created his distinct style. In a time where his contemporaries put in months of work over a single piece, he made 70 works in the last 70 days of his life.

Who was Vincent Van Gogh?

Considered to be the greatest after Rembrandt, Vincent van Gogh was an unfortunate soul- his parents died believing their son was a failure and success came to him almost a hundred years after his death; a deeply troubled man, one of his earliest paintings, "The Potato Eaters" sufficiently sums up his early life: he was optimistic of his career back then, and although the painting was extremely dark, representative of his pain and struggle, of unrequited love and disappointments, it was a 'darkness that is still colour'. The first masterpiece was thus created, eerily foretelling his life of hardships to come.

“Art is to console those who are broken by life.”
-Van Gogh

What happened to his ear?

Seeing van Gogh's "Self-Portrait with Bandaged Ear", a haunting self-portrait that captures a critical moment in his life, is usually how people come up with this question. In the painting, he is depicted with his right ear bandaged, depicting the aftermath of a traumatic event. Many believe that this incident was self-inflicted and a result of a mental breakdown. His pain and torment manifest through his anguished features, emphasising the turmoil within him.





What landed him up in a mental asylum?

After his breakdown (the time he cut off his ear), he voluntarily checked himself into an asylum near Saint-Rémy-de-Provence. In the asylum, he became immersed in the creation of a masterpiece. He made a massive amount of artwork during this period, and his mental state continued to degenerate to the point that he attempted to consume his oil paints. It was during this time that he painted "Starry Night".



Listen to "Starry Starry Night" by Don McLean



What killed him?

One of van Gogh's last paintings, "Wheatfield with Crows", depicts exactly that and yet so much more. Drawn in the last days of his life, the painting is strangely eerie; perhaps due to its warped and uneven fields and black crows sharply cutting into the background. The painting itself is strangely ominous as well, adding to its disturbing nature. It foretold the future as well - van Gogh shot himself in the very wheatfield he made his paintings in; he dragged himself back to his room with a bullet in his spine and died smoking. His last work, unfinished, was found in his room - "Tree Roots" is terrifying. Hazy, filled with thick layers upon layers of paint, depicting roots that are twisted into grotesque shapes. One need not wonder about van Gogh's last thoughts or what drove him to death; one look at the painting is enough.



ICSE AND ISC RESULTS

We are delighted to inform that Aviators have achieved excellent results at the ISC (Class XII) and ICSE (Class X) levels, which were declared at 11 a.m. on Monday, 6 May, 2024, by The Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations (CISCE), New Delhi, confirming that all of the 111 candidates who appeared for the ICSE & the 105 candidates for ISC, 2024, have been successful. The highlights are:

The ISC batch (Class XII) overall aggregate is 83.63% with the batch topper being Ojasvi Agarwal at a remarkable 96.25%.

The stream aggregates are parked at 89.63% for Humanities, 82.03% for Science and 80.18% for Commerce.

The stream toppers are: Ojasvi Agarwal with 96.25% (Humanities); Hemanshi Malik with 96.00% (Science) and Aditya Panigrahi scoring 95.50% (Commerce). The ICSE batch (Class X) overall aggregate is 84.02% with the batch topper being Ahsash Agarwal with a brilliant 97.60%.

We are proud of our pupils' achievements and look forward to continuing their sustained growth and progress.



The Assam Valley School ICSE & ISC RESULTS, 2024

The Headmaster, Dr. Amit Jugran, extends his heartiest congratulations and commendations to all the ISC & ICSE candidates of the batch of 2024, as well as the faculty and parents for such impressive and noteworthy results

ISC Toppers



STREAM TOPPERS

COMMERCE Aditya Panigrahi (95.50%)
SCIENCE Hemanshi Malik (96.00%)
HUMANITIES Ojasvi Agarwal (96.25%)

ICSE ACHIEVERS



RESULTS AT A GLANCE

PARAMETER	ISC	ICSE
Batch Strength	105	111
Batch Aggregate	83.63%	84.02%
No. of students Perfect Scores	10	13
No. of students above 90%	33	33
No. of students between 80% to 89%	40	45

INTERHOUSE ART

The overall results are as follows:

1st Prize - KOPILI/DHANSIRI

2nd Prize - JINARI/MANAS

3rd Prize- SUBANSIRI/NAMDANG



INTERHOUSE MOVIE MAKING 2024

Best Cinematography: BHOROLI-LOHIT
Best Editing: BHOROLI-LOHIT
Best Sound Design: BHOROLI-LOHIT
Best Director: BHOROLI-LOHIT and JINARI -MANAS
Best Screen Play: BHOROLI-LOHIT and JINARI -MANAS
Best Actor: THEJA RIO

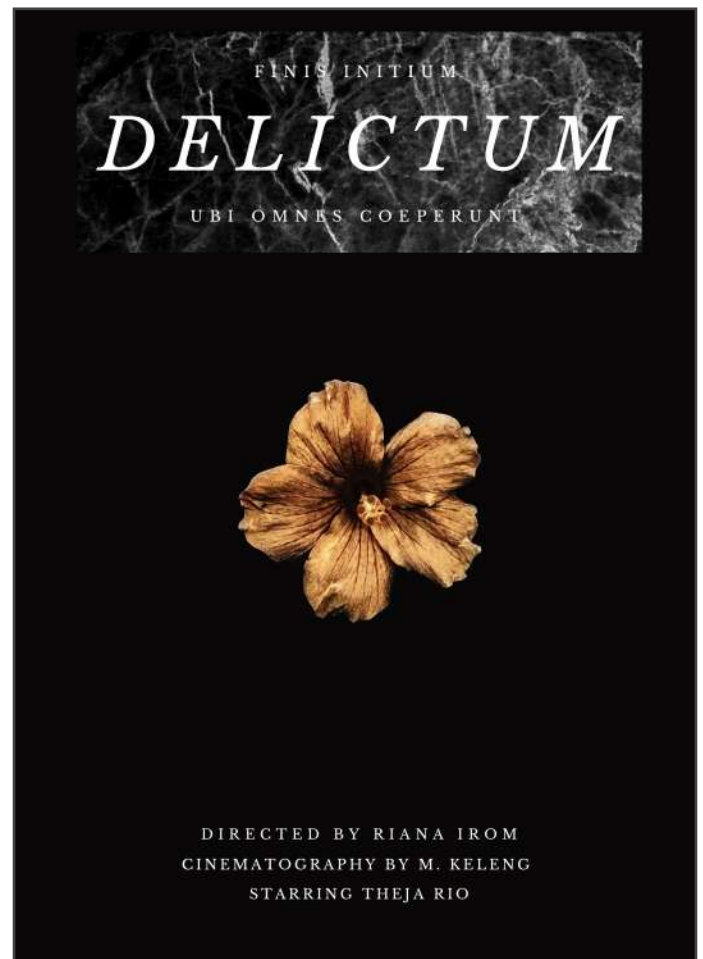
WINNER: BHOROLI-LOHIT (154 points)
RUNNERS UP: JINARI -MANAS (149 points)
THIRD POSITION: KOPILI -DHANSIRI (141 points)
FOURTH POSITION: SUBANSIRI NAMDANG (125 points)

BHOROLI-LOHIT

Reported by Nuksungla Temsu Soyah, XI

Delictum, a short psychological film by Bhoroli-Lohit and the winner of this year's Inter-House Movie-making competition, was directed by Rianna Lingjel Irom and Manas Keleng and written by Rianna Lingjel Irom and Aanya Paul Sarkar. Theja Rio, played by Theja Rio, the protagonist of the short film, had finally settled into a normal life when the years of accumulated guilt caused by the death of his friend caught up to him in an unexpected manner.

It starts off with a strange phone call that slowly encroaches on his daily life and drives him insane. The film comes to an enthralling end as Theja is confronted by his past self, who turns out to be the mysterious caller who had been relentlessly troubling him. The movie robbed the entire competition, winning every award which included best screenplay, best actor, best sound editing, best director as well as best cinematography.

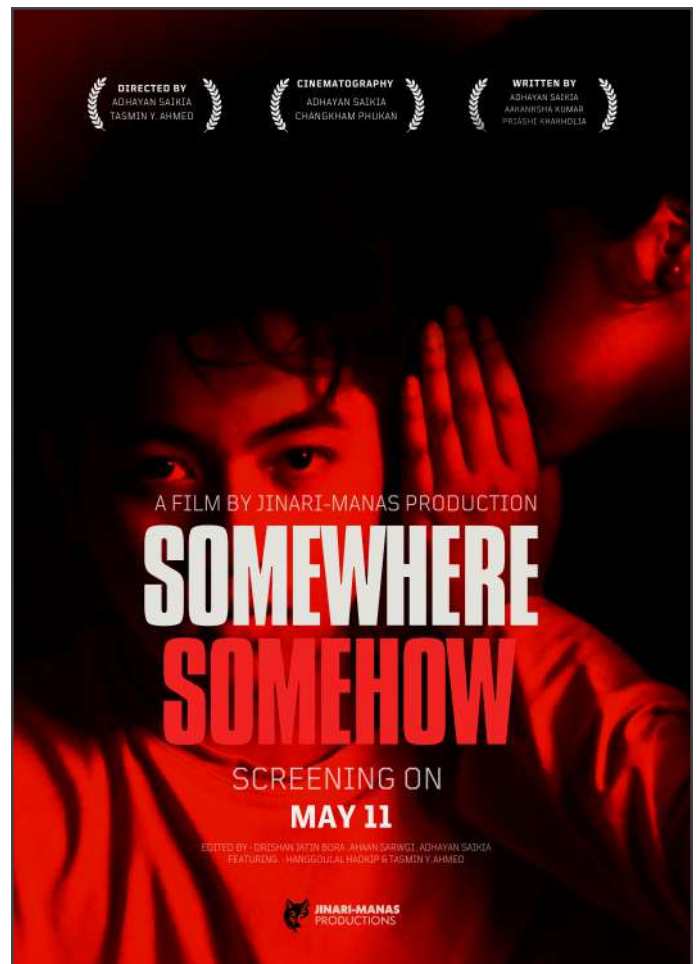


JINARI-MANAS

Reported by Aanya Paul Sarkar, XI

Jinari-Manas's movie 'Somewhere Somehow' was true eye candy for anybody who appreciates a good psychological thriller. Directed by Tasmin Ahmed and Adhayan Saikia, the film begins with a disoriented family with the father neglecting the younger son to such an extent that he decides to run away. His mother, the only person who appears to care for him, promises him that wherever he goes, she'll be with him.

Somewhere. Somehow. Always. The plot revolves around the boy receiving phone calls from his mother, instructing him to exact revenge and kill his father and brother with which he complies. In the end, when he finally gets caught for his crimes, it is revealed that he has had no call records on his landline for the last ten years and had imagined the phone calls from his mother all along, giving the film a thrilling end. The director-duo took home the Best Screenplay and Best Director award for the evening.

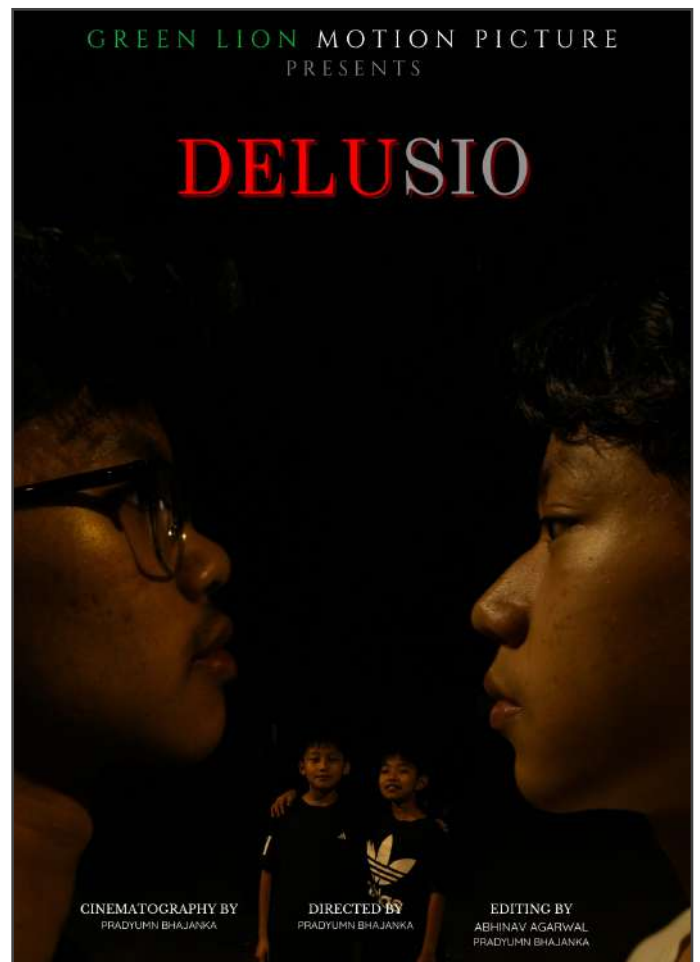


KOPII-DHANSIRI

Reported by Zaheen Rafia Shah, XI

Kopili Dhansiri's movie was a psychological thriller film "Delusio" (delusional in Spanish). Directed by Pradyum Bhajanka with Nuhang Chamling in the lead as "Andrew" and Khangam Ngandam as the audience favorite "Bonku" - this movie had the audience at the edge of their seats with the cinematic build-up. The story followed a troubled Andrew who reconnected with his childhood best friend "Zhao", played by Imchalong Longchari. Strange and brutal things start to happen in Zhao's life and what began as a joke takes on a devastating turn.

The movie ends with a climax that reveals to us that Andrew battling schizophrenia was the hand behind all the murders. The cinematography and editing took us on a picturesque ride throughout and their use of the song "Verbatim" by Mother Mother left goosebumps on everyone by the end of the film.

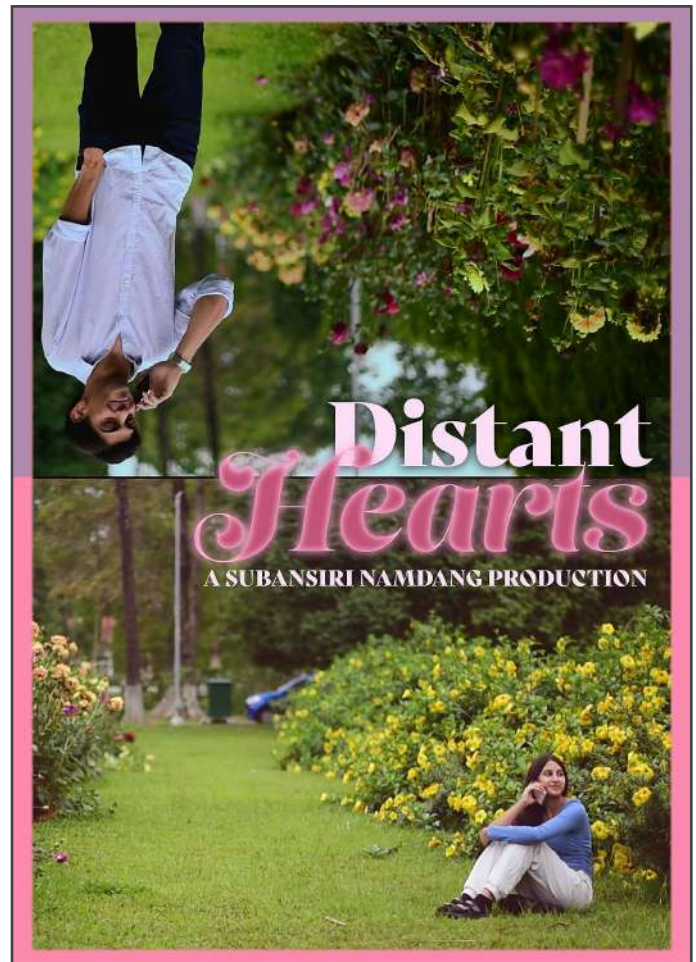


SUBANSIRI- NAMDANG

Reported by Aanya Paul Sarkar, XI

Subansiri-Namdang's film 'Distant Hearts' opened with the song 'Amour Plastique' setting quite an intense theme for the rest of the movie. Directed by Anikaith Joshi with Pratiti Barua and Lakshya Ahluwalia as the protagonists, the movie delves into the depths of the human psyche and depicts the extent a person could truly go to to beat loneliness.

It is through plain conversations over many phone calls, that the characters realize that they find a sense of solace and security in each other, albeit anonymously. However, things take a different turn when the girl realizes that the comfort she sought in her calls with the boy has developed into something stronger. The movie ends with a twist prohibiting the protagonists from ever meeting in person, suggesting that perhaps they weren't so destined after all.



Campus Caricature

UTSAV

Illustrated by Mashunsing Keishing, X



Ripple #225

-Atoti Zhimomi, Editor-in-Chief, XII

I thought I was going
crazy when
I heard drumming
through my wardrobe.
I realised I wasn't insane
when
I saw a tiny person run
out between my clothes.

Tongue Of Slip!!

1. "Give me a tape of cellotape." - Riddhima Chakraborty, X (*Hopefully it's to tape your mouth shut.*)
2. "Technical error." - Nonika Meitram, X (*Lots of "erriors" in your grammar.*)
3. "Why are you guys putting in explanation marks?!" -SPS (*Should we have put in "explaining" marks instead?*)
4. "I have ears in my eyes" - Jigme Pao Tamang XII (*Lohit with their anatomical expertise strikes again.*)
5. "Why should we late? They are wait." -Tanishk Sharma, X (*With that grammar, you'll be waiting forever.*)

Keep It Reel!

Baller

Tivona Narzary, XII



Editor-in-Chief: Atoti Zhimomi

Deputy Editor: Jigme Pao Tamang

Correspondents: Tanveer, Aanya, Rianna, Siddhi P

Design & Layout: Atoti

Illustrators: Richie, Mashun and Ikalu

Photography Credits: AVS Photographic Society

Mistress-in-Charge: Ms. Sarmistha Paul Sarkar

Publisher: The Assam Valley School, P.O. Balipara, Dist. Sonitpur, Asom-784101, India

E-mail: ave@assamvalleyschool.com

Telephone: 09678074320/08812009627 Website: www.assamvalleyschool.com

Patron: Dr. Amit Jugran, The Headmaster of The Assam Valley School



The views expressed in articles printed are the authors' own and do not necessarily reflect those of AVE or its editorial policy.