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Faculty Higher Secondary School Newsletter
Dec-Jan 2009-'10 Volume: 3 Issue: 2

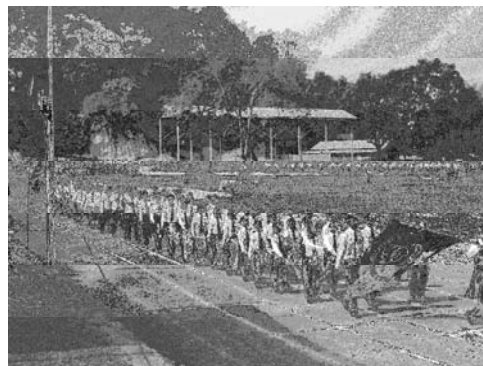
ANNUAL SPORTS '2009



Every year, December is one of the most happening months of the session. In spite of the cold wintry mornings, the students still make it a point to turn up. And why not, when there are a number of exciting sports events piled up. As in all the previous years, this year's sports week too ensured days of fame and also a number of glistening medals to all the athletes. Most of the students especially the younger lot didn't leave any stone unturned to make the entire event a memorable and exciting experience for all.

Opening Ceremony

The school playground came alive with the frenzied emotions of the students as they prepared to march their way through the field. After a week of painstaking march past practice, the day finally dawned, much to everyone's relief. The house commanders lead their troops and got ready for a last round of practice, while backstage students were running around preparing for the cultural show.



The school flag was unfurled and the sports week was declared open. The beats of the drum started and the march past even began. The march past was



Mrs. V. Kachari was the Guest of Honour and Zakaria Zuffri an ex-Facultian was the special guest.

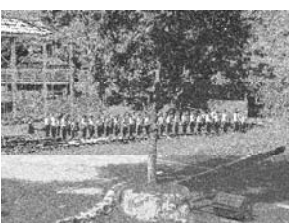
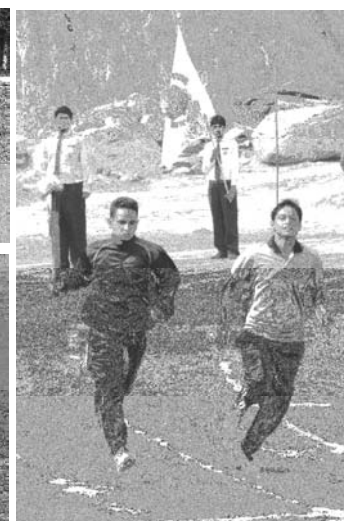
The welcome speech was delivered by Loya

Sinha followed by a few words of inspiration by the esteemed guests.



followed by a short but sweet cultural show.

In the mean time, Orange House was adjudged the Best among all the houses taking part in March Past. Green House and Red House came the Second and the Third Best respectively.





Marathon

Perhaps the best part of the sports week, the marathon draws a huge number of participants most of them geared up with the aim of at least reaching the school gates and completing the race. True sportsman spirit! But there are even plenty of others who go for a nice morning walk in the IIT campus. The route was more or less the same with just a few more metres to slog through, but no matter what, big cheers to all the participants for at least giving it a try and a hearty congratulation to all the winners of the race.



Best house trophy

The sports week is certainly not complete without the most coveted prize of all – the house trophy. From the very beginning of the session, all the houses put in all their efforts to win the trophy. The house captains and vice captain and all the house members toil real hard all year through but at the end there is just one house which can get the trophy.

This time it was Green House that held up the house trophy high up in the sky with a remarkable performance in all the house activities along with the sports week. Blue House got the runners up trophy, Red House grabbed the 3rd position, Yellow House came 4th and to everyone's convenience Orange House came last with the lowest of marks, not even crossing the 800 mark. But the funny part though is that last times losers are this time winners and last times winners are this time losers.



Closing ceremony

The day was marked by the awesomely tiring marathon first thing in the morning with a few moments to get your breath back which was followed by the tug of war finals for the girls and the boys. The obstacle race was another interesting event where all uncertainties take place and it's so much fun seeing the students behave like a school of fishes making their way out of the net with some fishes having their fins caught in the net and pathetically trying to get out of it. Puns wholly intended. But thankfully the ladder didn't have a break down like it did the last time. Anyways moving forward, the prize distribution ceremony was the next event on the list. The winners of all the different races were presented with glimmering medals and certificates. It was followed by the most awaited part of all – the giving away of the best house trophy. After the winning house was done with their victory lap, it was finally time to bid adieu until next year.



Best Athletes of the year

Class IV-V (Boys): Ajay Krishna Kalita
(Girls): Nupur Chetiya

Class VI-VII (Boys): Nishi Phukan
(Girls): Ankita Goswami

Class VIII-IX (Boys): Bhaskar Jyoti Deka
(Girls): Chelie Solo

Class X-XI-XII (Boys): Anjanjyoti Das
(Girls): Harsha Sinha

Tug of war

The most prestigious event of the entire sports week happens to be the Tug Of War – a show of might and power. Breaking all expectations that everyone had of the orange house girl's team grabbing the first prize for the third consecutive year, the yellow house came out victorious and proved everyone wrong. Victory so well deserved! In the boys event, orange house left no shackles unturned to win and they ended up winning the finals against yellow house, the last year's winning team.



from
the Ed

Campus News

Hey amigos!

We are back with yet another issue of the newsletter. Though it has been quite a wait, we hope it was worth it ...

Hope you all have had a really fun filled sports week, won a number of medals and made your house proud!

Best of luck to all the class 10 and 12 students for your upcoming board examinations. May you come up with flying colours.

Hallelujah!

Till then,
Keep writing....



FEEDBACK

Send your response in writing to the editorial board. No, seriously.

We would be glad to accept responses from parents and guardians as well.

Primary Section Annual Function

As the clock struck 12, the school open air stage burst with activities while the students backstage X-rayed the crowd for the sight of a familiar face. The kids were in their best form, ready to deliver their very best on stage.

The event was graced by a few words by Loya Sinha followed by some really brilliant and colourful performances by the kids. The choir performance got everyone to hum along while the nursery rhymes brought back the memories of the kindergarten days.

The tiny-tots sure did it again.

Exnixar Bhromoranga - Midsummer's Night Dream

Shakespeare's plays have always captivated our imaginations. But ever wondered, what if you witnessed one coming alive in front of your very own eyes? The answer would be obvious, yet one would fall short of words when trying to express it. *Exnixar Bhromoranga* presented a similar experience for the lucky few who went to watch it. An Assamese adaptation of the *Midsummer's Night Dream*, one certainly can't help being awed by the excellence of the theatre artists, the beautiful direction and the brilliantly translated script. Moreover, the play being enacted in a studio theatre gets your mind racing back to the times of black and white.

Christmas Celebrations

The spirit of Christmas was brought alive by the primary section students last December. They decorated their section with a beautiful Christmas tree, gaily wrapped presents and colourful bunting. They sang carols and a few of them dressed up as Mary, Joseph and the angels. And as a surprise Santa Claus made a visit to all the kids to gift them with sweets and cakes.

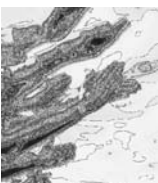
Glimpses of



Saraswati Puja 2010



Achievements



• Supratim Choudhury of Class XI Science represented the school in the debate competition held in Assam Valley School and won the best speaker for the prelims round.

• Kudos to all the participants of the *Schoolwiz* event for qualifying to the semi-finals and also to the teacher's behind the show.

• A bunch of IIT aspirants got the worthwhile opportunity to participate in a winter camp organized by IIT Guwahati. Hope all the participants had a worthwhile learning experience

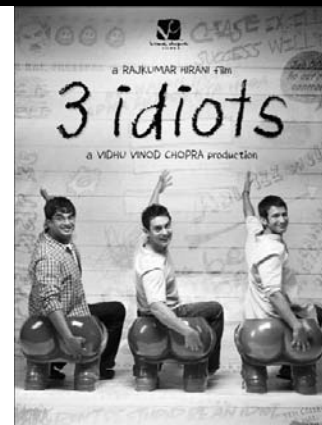
Movie Review: 3 Idiots!

Life is all about listening to your heart and chasing your dreams. That's the essence of 3 Idiots. It's definitely not about idiots or nincompoops, but about three engineering students struggling to fulfill their parents aspirations in the process shoving away their own dreams. But they believe in "I'll do it on my terms" and that's what the three characters achieve in their lives.

The movie is entertaining, enlightening and fun. Aamir is at his best in portraying Rancho. Madhavan and Sharman are incredible from the start to the end. Boman is superb as the vicious head of the institute and his appearance, mannerism and dialogue delivery are exemplary. But not to forget the character of Silencer whose Balatkar speech gets your stomach aching of laughter.

Do your family and yourself a favour: go and watch the movie.

Three cheers to 3 Idiots!



Recycle was formed in the winter of 2006 by founding members Biswajit (vocals), Deepak-(Bass), Bode (Guitar) and Somen (Drums) with the sole purpose of paying homage to the then non-existent Alternative rock scene in Imphal. Having discovered their craze for Rock n' roll when the Seattle wave was at its zenith, all four members of **Recycle** have their feet resolutely set in grunge and post grunge sludge with additive interests for legends like The Beatles and Jimi Hendrix.

The background that brought the band together allowed them to spruce a sound that reflects the finest of modern rock and at the same time coalesce rudiments of a broad continuum of genres varying from funk to 80's rock and roll.

Armed with tons of experience and absolute love for their craft **Recycle** is all set to transport you to places and take you on a ride down 'grunge' lane.

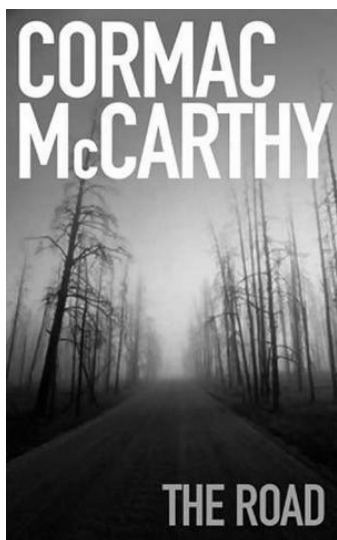
So fasten your seat-belts and heave your sleeves up for a treat!

-Kaushik Barua (XII commerce 'A')

Music Review:
Recycle

Book Review:

The Road



Renowned American novelist Cormac McCarthy brings forth a depiction of a post-apocalyptic work in his trademark brutal and unforgiving narrative style.

The narrative is based on the journey of a father and his son through a depressing, bleak and ash strewn world where very few humans have managed to survive. With his vivid descriptions of the surroundings the writer is able to deal the same emotional sucker punch to the reader that the characters seem to suffer from. Let it not be understated, the book is a very depressing reading for the one who is able to absorb himself into the narrative.

The father and his son develop a bond amongst themselves during their trials and tribulations, a bond of protectiveness and trust that didn't exist before. Their journey is harrowing and horrific, as they tread through mountain passes and rural America. The two are made to face many difficulties that eventually make the unnamed father question God and his own morals. The story is thus a powerful description about what happens when man's moral values, his thoughts and ideas, everything, is utterly destroyed and rendered innocuous. The cannibalistic groups of people that the two encounter describe the loss of the very vestiges of humanity.

-Krishanu Siddharth Kalita(XII Sc A)

MEMORY BECKONS...

*"Look out of the window, see the sun so brilliant;
Everything's bright outside.
But inside the same old walls look so bleak.
And everyone's told us that the end's approached.
Over in the corner I see students writing on their desks.
The clock on the wall seems fastest today.
Wish time wouldn't paddle to the surface so that we heard the last bell."*



It's been a long journey for me so far, from a nerdy kid to whatever I've become today...but in this piece let's not talk about the blow-by-blow account of my evolution and get bored.

Then what should I be talking of?? well a lot of thoughts pop into my mind at the same time...everyday as I see the sweet old faces saying goodbye, with uncountable tears trickling down their faces I just can't stop myself from imagining what life is going to be after school outside the bleak walls of the class room; the numerous pranks we played and the way we got on the nerves of all the teachers- to a certain extent we enjoyed standing outside the classroom once in a while as it added to our "OUT-STANDING and OUT-GOING reputation". But now, when we think about a totally empty class then I feel like sticking some everlasting glue on every one's back so that we can stay inside the class forever- our innovative reasons for not doing the homework and missing 10 minutes of every class in the name of getting water and never to forget the amount of commotion we people "with innocence dripping from our face" *as termed by Jolly Ma'am*, created in every class which resulted in our class turning into a "local machor bozar" and finally leading to Ila ma'am demanding for the "chekoni" and telling us "tuma lokar pakhi gojise"...and Mriganka sir letting us know that "he was very disappointed with us".

When I think of these days, I feel like freezing time and making it go as slowly as possible because it's going to be tough to say goodbye for us. But then that isn't possible. So I urge everyone that when we finally turn over the last leaf of this wonderful book, that we had once began, let us bear in our hearts all the good memories that we had created together and try to obtain vitality and nourishment from them...

And lastly I would apologize to the teacher's on behalf of all those who are leaving school. I apologize for being unruly and breaking rules and giving the teacher's a bad time in civilizing us so that we don't end up as "Dhekeris", (another term out of Jolly Ma'am's dictionary) when we finally face the world tomorrow.



-Nilanjana Bhattacharjee (X A)

A Day with the Missile Man of India

It was a usual evening assembly when our CO Sir announced the names of the cadets chosen for a visit to the Rashtrapati Bhawan the next day. Finding my name among the privileged few, I was thoroughly excited. Our uniforms had an added gleam and probity that day owing to our meeting with the President of India (now former), Dr APJ Abdul Kalam. Our hearts throbbed even more impatiently as we neared our destination. One can probably assume the number of security checks one has to pass through to get into the House.

We admired all that we saw and preserve every detail of it so that we could remember these happy moments. All the NCC cadets sat on an open lawn with Dr Kalam sitting opposite to us just a few steps away. He was surrounded officers of the President's Bodyguard regiment. We sat there thrilled trying to believe our luck. A cultural show was put up for us after which Dr Kalam spoke a few yet precious words of wisdom. The other dignitaries also made some speeches. It was followed by a photo session with Dr Kalam. We happened to be one of the lucky ones to shake hands with the Missile man of India. Although his hands were that like of a common man, but unlike I could an enlightenment sort of warmth in it.

After the photo session, we were served tea and then, it was finally time to bid adieu. While on the way out, we got a glimpse of the very enchanting Mughal Gardens.

Almost three years have flown by but the memories of that wonderful day with Dr. Kalam are still vivid in my mind.

- Madhurjya Pratim Sarma (XI Sc - A)

Home, Sweet Home...!

'Rain'...this word can evoke mixed feelings in different people at different times. For children who wish to play...rains can be a curse, yet again, rains can be good excuse for sleepy heads to sleep till noon. As for me, rains once brought fear for us. It was one of those 'memorable' trips to borapani.

The crew members of this eventful journey comprised of my uncle and aunt, my cousins and me. I thought that borapani was better then sitting at home, doing nothing and getting bored! Nature was better then a crowded cinema halls!!

4:00 PM finally we reached borapani. Majestic. Serene. Placid. Silent. The lake flowed on with elegance. After a hot piping chowmein treat, we started our journey down hell. Then came the ultimate reason as to why I call this incident as home sweet home.

As the rains came down, everything outside the window was blanketed by the fog. It was very difficult to see outside, and given the fact that the roads were zigzag it sent cold chills down my spine. I doubted whether we would reach home safe and sound. Suddenly I felt homesick. I wanted to come back home. I was missing my room, Maa's hot piping dinner and of all my bed.

The mood inside the car turned somewhat very somber as all of us became quiet, very deep in thoughts about home. It's said that the sun sets to rise again and that's precisely what happened when we reached Byrnihat. It was not raining in Brynihat. It seemed as though we came back alive from a living nightmare. We were back to life again...singing, laughing and pulling each other's legs!!

Soon we reached Guwahati and it was raining here as well. But we didn't care! Guwahati welcomed us with its very essence – traffic jams! As the rain continued to pour down, the lyrics from one of Pink Floyds song crossed my mind –

"Home, home again

I love to be here when I can,

When I come back home cold & tired,

I love to warm my bones beside the fire."

These lines made sense to me like never before... we were back. Home, sweet home!

- Spandana Kalita (VIII - A)

Bard's Niche

My Childhood

My childhood - was it really mine?

Childhood comes and stays,
under the love of grown ones.

But mine was not the same,
like the happiest phase of life.

People wish to go back
to their childhood,

I wish no reply
of the same phase.

Childhood always surrounded
with love and care

Mine was loaded
with agony, disgust and despair

It's the time when
we are taught to love and care

But I learned how
to hate and shout at others

My childhood was under
the feet of a nasty old man

Where his finger directed
my childhood

Was the childhood really mine?

- Gitashree Thakuria (XI Arts)

It's not easy being Me

Keep walking.

keep talking.

you got nothing on me,

step into my shoes-

And you'll know it's not easy being me.

I get up every day-

try to lock the memories of yesterday,

in a deep chamber called the heart.

I try to keep it all, in that ocean of secrets,

and have a new start.

And keep it from bothering me,

silly things from the past.

I smile - I play - I say I am happy.

but deep down, rocks keep hitting me.

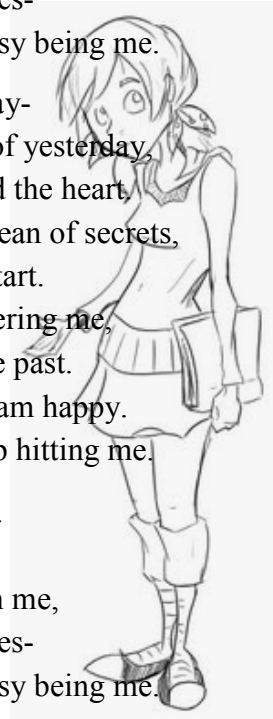
Keep walking.

keep talking.

you got nothing on me,

step into my shoes-

And you'll know it's not easy being me.



- Nilanjana Bhattacharjee (X A)

G-talk

I was walking past this store a few days back and saw the cutest coat. After admiring it for what seemed like a century, I decided to go in and buy it because it was then I realised it's finally winter and I actually CAN make good use of it. With the onset of winter, I find people wearing the most hideous clothes sometimes. Now is when you bring your All Stars and boots out. One must have accessory is a nice pair of black flat boots [which I need to purchase, myself!], preferably calf length. It goes with absolutely everything and makes life so much easier. Plus, it keeps your feet nice and warm and you know - if your feet are warm, your whole body is warm. Actually, the same goes for your ears but I'm not the biggest fan [if one at all] of monkey caps. Caps, in general, to be honest. Hat hair is not cool. Never has been and I know for a fact that there's not a single girl on this planet who does not care about the way she looks - no matter HOW much she may deny it. Flip flops are an absolute no-no. It's not practical and your feet dry up and get cracked. Not only is it ugly but painful, as well. So basically, it's time for coats, scarves, mufflers, colorful sweaters and the works.

This is my last column. I know I've been contradicted on this but 'fashion' is not comfortable. However, your own personal style of fashion is. Depends on which one you choose to follow. Preferably the latter. It makes you unique. I hope all of you have an amazing year ahead and.. Be good, y'all? Have fun and please, please don't disgrace me by dressing badly, yeah?

Good luck! Toodles :)

xoxo

-Xenna Rahman (XII Arts)

SAY IT OUT LOUD!

Do you think that our nation is a safer abode post 26/11 ?

Send your response in writing to the editorial board. Best ones will find a place in the next issue of 'Black and White'. Parents' responses are also welcome!

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Hello readers!!

The latest issue of Tapasya is in the making. We would be extremely happy to receive contributions from our very talented readers. Send us your articles, poems and everything else under the sun that you might feel like submitting to make the issue interesting and fun!! The editorial board awaits your contributions. Hoping to hear from you soon!!



Mind's Eye

Last Issue's Winning Entry



**At times,
Darkness is the light of the
day...**

**What do you think
does this picture
say?**

Write a caption in not more than 10 words about your opinion of what this picture is trying to convey. The best entries will be published in the upcoming newsletter.

Credits

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