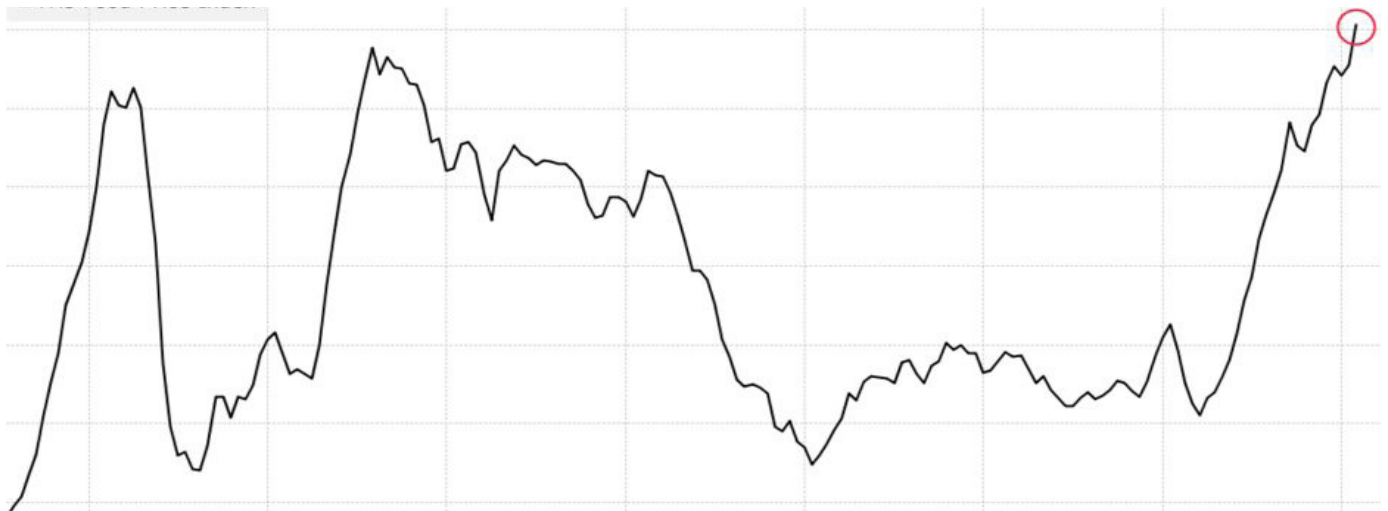


WORLD WAR, WORLD FOOD SHORTAGE

-Srishti Bajaj, XI



Ukraine, being the “breadbasket” of the world does have a lot of responsibilities. Ukrainian ports are used for the transportation of cooking oil on a very large scale for example. Since the beginning of the pandemic, the export of food products has been difficult and thus, food insecurity was already an upcoming problem. However, since the invasion of Ukraine by Russia, things have evidently become worse. The UN suggests that twenty million tons of grains are stuck in Ukraine from the previous harvest. Such a big amount could help the world in so many ways. But war has its own ways of destruction. Due to the ongoing Ukraine-Russia crisis, exports have collapsed and prices of alternatives have skyrocketed. This is on the verge of sending the world spiraling into a massive global food shortage. The shortage has further affected millions of people who suffer from food insecurity followed by malnutrition,

mass hunger and famine. The global food prices have become 30% higher, the UN claimed. Places facing the consequences of these issues the most include Africa and the Middle East where situations are worsening every single day. People are dying on a large scale due to hunger. Although studies suggest that providing adequate humanitarian and other forms of assistance to the world’s most vulnerable areas and keeping the trade flowing along with minimizing disruptions to supply chains could be solutions to the problems being faced, everyone knows that the reintegration of Ukraine’s food production is the only solution going ahead. In order for the crisis to stop, the war has to stop. A single person may not be able to stop a war, but one significant decision can make all the difference. Even the smallest of contributions matter.



FOLKTALES: CHAPTER VIII

Yonkam

-Buno Sonam, X

This took place in Bameng in Arunachal Pradesh. A place with an abundance of trees and bamboos, houses built of bamboo and woods, a cold place located in the middle of the mountains.

It was a cold night like it always was. I was with my cousin Taruk. We were carrying some wood to burn for the Nyokum festival. We had a torch between us, and I was holding it. We were having fun and laughing all the while carrying the heavy load. Suddenly my torch died and we heard loud footsteps behind us. Someone was laughing, which was so loud that its echo seemed to be shaking the trees around us. We both started trembling in fear since we knew which one of the folklore monsters could be standing behind us.

The creature was known as “Yonkam”. We had heard innumerable stories about it and how it stood 5 meter tall with spikes on his head, arms that reached his own feet and a torso large enough for two adults.

Legend had it that a strong warrior named Yonkam had brought many victories for the tribe “Nongzing”. He habitually brought back as tokens the heads of the leaders of the tribes he won against. However something significant occurred when he went out to defeat the Adi

tribe located in the Eastern part of Papumpare, far far away from his own hills.

The “Nishi” tribe gathered from upper Lapung, lower Lapung, and Bameng to go and destroy the Nongzing tribe, before Yonkam could come for them.

Three weeks passed before Yonkam the warrior returned with the head of the leader of the Adi tribe. He was met with an eerie silence when he stepped into his village for there was not a single trace of life left of his people. He went mad with grief and started laughing so loud that his laughs echoed through the mountains. The Nishi took this opportunity and shot arrows at his head. They were in hiding preparing for the Yonkam’s return. Yonkam’s head was struck with arrows which made it look like spikes. He died standing straight up before his body disappeared. The Nishis afraid of what this could mean hurried back to the sanctity of their village.

Since then in the Nyokum festival when everybody is in celebration, the Yonkam comes.

My cousin and I had passed out. Our uncle Sambo Lapung found us and carried us back to the village. We never mentioned our misadventure to anyone else and instead joined in the festival.

MALE FANTASIES

-Hiyaneijemmy Das, Deputy Editor

“Male fantasies, male fantasies, is everything run by male fantasies?”

-Margaret Atwood, *The Robber Bride*.

As a seventeen year-old girl, beginning an article with an Atwood quote on men may seem naively platitudinous, or in other words, downright cringe. But I ask you, if you share this sentiment, why do you believe so? Is it naive to be wary of the ever-perpetuating male gaze? Is it paranoia to consider every member of the male species a threat, to some degree or another? I ask because, even as a mere seventeen year-old girl, I fear I have seen far too much chaos and felt far too much destruction to defend any argument against the veracity of this quote. When the Depp-Heard defamation case was being live-streamed 24x7, my initial shock at the move was numbed by compilations on YouTube titled “Why Johnny Depp is Winning”, “Top Moments Heard Knew She Messed Up”, even “Amber Heard Stupidest Moments”. All this was before any verdict was declared (that too, by an unsequestered jury). Heard lost despite vile text messages from Depp, spinning out violent fantasies of rape and murder. See, the problem is not Depp or Heard or the jury or the entire case. The terrifying problem is the precedent it is setting.

Unwittingly or not, this case has killed the MeToo

movement. The ramifications of one case will now spill out to millions, even if Heard was wrong here. Why? Because this is a man’s world, and it has been longing to pounce on an opportunity like this. If the YouTube compilations and TikTok audios have anything to prove, it is that the world did not care about justice in this case, the world was not groping for the facts: the world had been waiting for a moment to let out all the budding anger against the rising MeToo movement, and we finally have it. Whether we like it or not, admit or not, thousands of women- true, unfortunate victims of violence and harassment- will be silenced into oblivion. I am a seventeen year-old girl and almost every girl I know has been harassed. I am a seventeen year-old girl who is afraid, angry, and confused. From the patriarch at the home who dismisses your discomfort to the police who will never believe your account of violence; girls have always known what awaited them. What the grim rite of passage to womanhood looked like. But a sliver of hope remained. I am a seventeen year-old and that hope no longer flickers. I am a seventeen year-old and I do not want to live in fear any longer.

GAMBLE OF SORTS

-Ahsash Agarwal, Class IX

If someone were to describe Mr. Smith, the first word to come to their mind would be ordinary. He was an ordinary man who had an ordinary job, who spent his Sunday afternoon in an ordinary way watching television and sipping a cup of tea. He was content with his adequate life and didn’t want to put in any extra effort in the pursuit of anything outside the ordinary.

One quiet Sunday afternoon, he was going about his usual business flipping through the television channels when something caught his eye. There was a reality contest on that required a participant to strictly do nothing for 48 hours straight in order to win a grand sum of \$10,000. On the surface, it was simple and appealing but Mrs. Smith found out to his dismay, that doing nothing, took a lot more effort than not. The ‘doing nothing’ competition, the organisers underlined, required a participant to not watch TV, listen to music or use a mobile phone, or read newspapers or books. These restrictions included even talking to another person. The only things the participants in the competition could do were eat, sleep and use the lavatory. By the second hour of having joined the competition Mr.

Smith realised that this ‘doing nothing’ was not going to be such a cake walk after all.

Mr. Smith lasted 30 of the 48 hours, and one would say put up a commendable effort. All he got however in return was a “Well tried, mate!” from the anchor. When he got back to his one-bedroom apartment he found numerous missed calls and texts from his boss along with an email from his work that read, “ Dear Mr. Smith, Despite multiple communications from our end you remained elusive. You are hereby informed that your services are being terminated from the lack of responsibility and dependability. Sincerely”.

Predictably Mr. Smith did nothing out the ordinary to change his predicament. Soon he found himself on the streets, hoping desperately that passers-by had some change to spare. One could say this rather ordinary adventure turned into a risky Gamble.

This story should be used as a disclaimer for all those Aviators lying on the bed with www.youtube.com open on their laptops every Sunday afternoon. My only advice is don’t seek the ordinary and become the next Mr. Smith.

OUTPOST

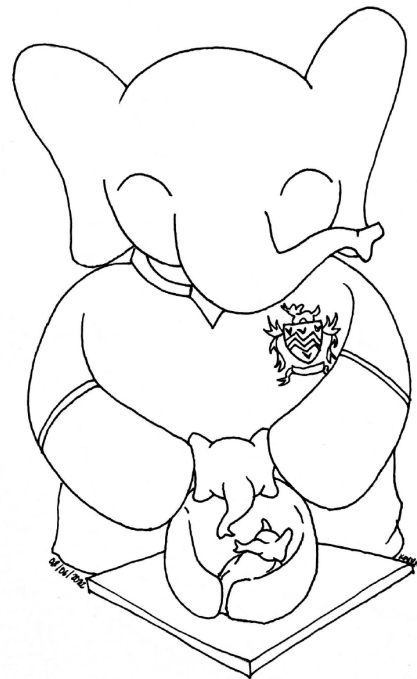


Modi's government scrambles to pick up the pieces of Nupur Sharma's comments in the race to placate the Gulf countries. Emboldened by this crisis, al-Qaeda joins the free-for-all, threatening suicide attacks in multiple Indian states. Boris Johnson's no-confidence celebrations may have to be wrapped up short by the prospects of another Partygate inquiry. Depending on how you look at it, Johnson seems unable to catch a break, or is receiving one too many. Saudi oil company Aramco raises oil prices for Asia, funnily though, Saudi seems to be in line with the US and ole Biden, keeping prices the same for Washington.

Campus Caricature

INTER-HOUSE POTTERY

-Karun Thapa, Batch of 2022



FAREWELL

Mr. Rupjyoti Das

Mr. Rupjyoti Das started his journey at The Assam Valley School back in 2005. After a tenure of seventeen years that saw, him being promoted to Systems Administrator, and spearheading multiple projects from ensuring the entire campus of 235 acres was wifi enabled to upgrading classrooms to smart classes, he was a man constantly on the move. He leaves behind a tech department that that the school can be proud of. The pandemic saw AVS explore the online platform to the fullest and it would not have been possible without Mr. Rupjyoti who is known to keep unearthly hours toiling in his office. During the almost two years long pandemic, it would have been impossible for our school to face the situation and keep up with online learning if it was not for him. While the school community and especially those with tech woes will miss him terribly, we all wish him the very best for the upcoming ventures of his life.



Covered by: Srishiti Bajaj, XI

Dr. Dimple Baruah: 17 years in a workplace; and that too in the finest years of professional life. It does not alone mean of the services imparted and the knowledge acquired; but something much more.... The emotion attached to every big or small piece of infrastructure; to every big and small tree in the campus; to the very specially and environmentally balanced fresh air; and most importantly the connect with each and every big or small individual in the campus who have been like family for over six thousand two hundred and five days spent together. Rupjyoti, popularly known as Rup in AVS, has been the other name for IT or anything related to IT. No matter what the problem for any IT related matter, we knew that Rup is the solution provider, and he actually is. I have seen his love and passion for his subject, and his zeal to learn and know about new advancements. When he gets into solving something, everything else is secondary for him. Besides being an IT expert, Rup has always been an expert in helping people. One only needs to be good and soft to him, and he can go to any extent to provide help. I know him personally for he is my younger brother who is not a gift from my parents but from God. I can say this with complete confidence and certainty, that no brother in this world can be more caring than him. Coupled with

his caring and helping nature is his talent of knowing so many things besides his field of work. Give him any problem, be humble and seek help, he will go to any extent to solve it. For this nature of his, I and my family have become so used to and dependent on him that I do not even wish to think now how difficult day to day life will be without him nearby. An ever-enthusiastic person, Rup would always agree for any plans for celebrations if it is meant to make someone happy. To put everything together, Rup is an evergreen forever young person who believes that in order to be happy it is important to be dedicated towards work and the joy of accomplishment adds true meaning to one's life. I as a sister and colleague am writing this for him not as a farewell note but to thank him for who and what he is. I always believe that Life, friendship and relationships do not end with a mere change of workplace, for the bond that we share is connected through the heart and shall carry on forever. I wish him my best for all his future endeavours and am confident that one day he will certainly be able to achieve what he aspires and all his dreams will come true.

"Life goes on....

Whether you choose to move and take in the unknown,
Or stay behind, locked in the past,
Thinking of what could have been."

FAREWELL

Mr. Pulok Borborah

An ISC Accounts and Commerce teacher, Mr. Pulok Borborah has worked with The Assam Valley School for the past ten years and three months. He also served as the principal of Dinjan Army Public School (April 2010- April 2012). He is a fantastic instructor and a very thoughtful person who paid close consideration to the needs of his students. His classes are very fascinating and instructive, and never without humour. A guitarist by hobby, Mr. Borborah will be missed on the stage of the WMH as he will be in his classes. We wish Sir the very best in all his future endeavours.



Covered by: Barsha Goel, XII

Mr. Debnath Pyne: Mr. Borborah is a very serious person always tensed with meeting deadlines and means business only. Most of the colleagues will say ‘Yes yes that’s it’. A few will admit that there is a different side as well. If anyone has stepped inside or near the present commerce department room during the school hours may have heard Bollywood numbers, mostly old, being played from a laptop. Guess who’s – its Mr. Borborah’s. He has always said music brings a ‘josh’ while working. I will really miss his presence in the department, sharing observations of various things from students to national policies. I wish him all the success in his new innings of life.

Ms. Chayanika Barua

With a warm smile on her face, Ma’am Chayanika Barua was always there for us. Ma’am Barua had been a part of the AVS community since 2017. She had a firm look yet a loving heart for students and a deep interest in chemistry. She has been the tutor of the four houses of the Girl’s Department and radiated happiness. She was my tutor in grade seven and despite her busy schedule she was always there to lend a helping hand. She enjoyed spending her time in Tihu amongst the student and guiding them. She loved collaborating and listening to everybody and had a deep affection for the AVS student community and is a cheerful and an optimistic person. Her passion for chemistry was seen through her commitment to an engaging classroom presence with an exchange of best methods and a lifelong love for learning and wisdom. As every new beginning brings new opportunities, we wish her the very best in all things ahead.



Covered by: Fariha Zaman, XI

Dr. Hemashree Deka: Chayanika Barua is not only a colleague of mine but she is like my own sister. All these years since her marriage to Rupjyoti, I have known her closely. Since the past one year since she began working closely with us at Upper School, I came to know her as a professional, proactive personality, who always to take on a challenges. In April, I planned a series of Bihu activities for the community, where she willingly took up Bihu cuisine along with others, and conducted the programme very well. As someone interested in tech, she was part of the Science Club Activity and made Techsmith popular amongst the students. I will miss her as much professionally as I shall personally. I wish her the best for her future.

CAMPUS NEWS

FAREWELL

Ms. Anandita Anna Luther

Having joined AVS two years ago, Ma'am Anandita quickly became a favorite among her students, particularly her boards students of grade 10. She was known to be an effective teacher, one who was all about balancing learning and making the best memories with her students. As Residential Tutor of Jinari she commanded lights-out like a champ. She has made fond memories with the Jinari girls over talks and last-minute revisions of English short poems and stories. We wish her the best in all her future endeavours.



Covered by: Deubale Meru, XI

Ms. Rajlakshmi Sharma: Our friendship started small, but we will end it big. Words cannot express how thankful I am for our friendship. I am going to miss you so much. We've shared so many memories in a short span of time that are forever going to be in my heart. Always remember that I am here if you need me. Take good care of yourself.

I first saw Anandita in a Cambridge Workshop and I never thought that we will share such a sweet bond. She has been a friend, a sister and my secret keeper. I will miss walking to our classes together and crib about how bad the weather is and many other things.

Thank you so much for making me realise how nice it to

have a younger sibling. Cheers to all the late night texts and different discussions. Cheers to all the songs we sang while driving around the campus. Thank you for just understanding what I wanted to say even without uttering a single word.

I will miss you so much. Take care and all the best for your amazing future. See you soon my friend.

P.S. When I am not around, remember me when Maroon 5 sings,

“ I know it's hard to remember

The people we used to be

It's even harder to picture

That you're not here next to me”

STARS OF THE WEEK



The IPSC U-19 Volleyball was held from the 2nd of June to the 5th of June, 2022 at MNSS Rai, Sonipat, Haryana. The AVS Girls Volleyball played against four schools, MNSS Rai, DPS , Mathura Road, SKV , Gwalior , Donyi Polo school , Itanagar. The finals were played between AVS vs MNSS Rai. AVS lifted the Runners-up Trophy of the Tournament. Our heartiest congratulations to the team and their coach Ms. Jean Melanie Vincent Haymo.

INTER-HOUSES

The **Inter-House Design** competition was held from 10th May to 6th June 2022. The brief was to design a Wisdom Seat for outdoor use. The students presented their work to the judges on 6th June 2022. The judges were Mrs. Radhika Kapil, Mrs. Ankita Singh & Dr. Amit Jugran. The results of the competition are 1st Position to Subansiri-Namdang Tie in 2nd Position between Jinari-Manas, Bhoroli-Lohit & Kopili-Dhansiri. The Inter-house Design Cup was won by Subansiri-Namdang.

The **Inter-House Clay Modelling** competition was held on 5th June 2022 from 10 AM to 1 PM. The theme was Mother & Child. The results of the competition are: Tie in 1st Position between Jinari-Manas & Bhoroli-Lohit, 2nd Position bagged by Subansiri-Namdang. The Inter-house Art Cup was won by Bhoroli-Lohit.

Inter-House Squah Positions are as follows
 First Position- Subansiri- Namdang
 Second Position Tie- Jinari – Manas & Bhoroli- Lohit
 Third Position- Kopili- Dhansiri



NEW INSTALLATION AT LOHIT HOUSE



The Lohit ISC Batch of 2021 put up a new installation outside Lohit House which signified the spirit of the Lohitians. The tiger has long been the House's spirit animal for it stood for strength and courage under fire. The legend the new installation reminds its boys is what has always been Lohit's motto 'First deserve and then desire.' The tiger reminds the boys to uphold the values of fortitude and self-belief.

CHEMISTRY ACTIVITY

Design an experiment competition was held on the 23rd of May 2022 for students of class 10; a total of 8 groups participated. Students had to design an experiment using the given chemicals and record the observation. It was a fun-filled afternoon, where budding scientists got to know the creative side of the subject.



ENVIRONMENT DAY

The Social Service League and the Environmental Science Department of The Assam Valley School conducted a Plantation programme in collaboration with the Tezpur municipality and District Forest office. A total of 350 students over a course of five days from classes 5 to 8 and 12 enthusiastically participated in the programme. A plantation drive in Tezpur was organised by the Social Service League of AVS school under the able guidance of Mrs. Lipika Borah and Dr. Hemashree Deka. It was a 8 day program. Students from classes 5 to 8 took part in this program. 1000 saplings were planted during week in different places of Tezpur such as Joymoti Pathar, Polofield and Children Park, Jahaj Ghat, District Library, Cotton Road and Silver Jubilee School. Various shade bearing flowering plants such as Kanchan, Krishnachura, Azar, Sunaru, Arjun, Guava, Bakul, Siris were planted during these days. This event culminated into World Environment Day and was celebrated on the 5th of June at school where we observed a Vriksharopan Ceremony adopted from Shantiniketan as promoted by Rabindranath Tagore. Under the able guidance of our Director Mr Ghosh and Mrs Ghosh, 65 students took part in a dance and music ceremony which blessed a sapling with the five elements of nature. The event had Mrs Ritu Jugran as the Chief Guest who performed the ceremony. It was a beautiful end to a program that has long been a practice at school.



Covered by: Yashodhara Mahanta, XII

Photo Credits: Tanishka Sharma, XII



Ripple #188

-Moom Lego, Deputy Editor (Batch of 2022)

*Painting her last word,
She let go of all her
dreams
For it was, certainly, her
last word
Written in the blood of
her dying will*

Tongue Of Slip!!

1. "Should we put an explanation mark?"- Norzin Bhutia, X (I'd rather you explain yourself.)
2. "Mentals have a high boiling point." - Priashi Khakholia, X (You must have turned to vapour then.)
3. "Our last food dinner."- Kekhriesino Meyase, XII (The malnutrition's hitting you.)
4. "I forgot to wear my eyes."- Claudia N. Marak, XII (...and your brains.)
5. "I can't stink the smell."- Charmak Bagang, XII (Stench of your misery getting to you?)

Keep It Reel!

Taste of Victory



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