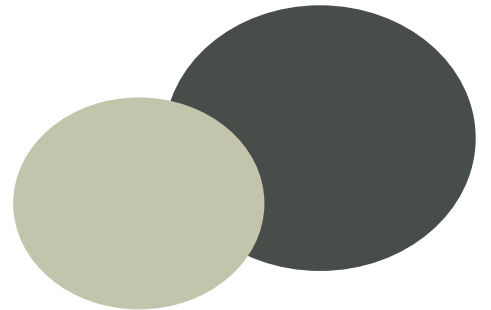


# Pakistan Economic Crunch



-Kaezax Kholie, XI

Pakistan is facing an economic crisis with mounting debt, inflated energy import costs, dwindling foreign exchange reserves, global inflation, political instability, and a sustained drop in GDP growth. Pakistan's home grown and fed TTP or the Pakistani Taliban has come back to haunt it. Experts warn that the country could potentially go bankrupt and even disintegrate. One of the main problems of the Pakistani shortage of dollars, is the American aid that stopped since the latter left Afghanistan. Pakistan's military junta invested in very little than itself and hence trade on its shores have come to a near halt. The Central Bank of Pakistan have a paltry \$4.4 billion in reserves, barely enough for three weeks of imports, while the aid from World Bank, Saudis and the Qataris are promises that are yet to show in hard bills. The rising inflation rate is another factor contributing to the economic crisis. Wheat, fertiliser, cotton, pulses, onions, tomatoes, tyres, newspaper prints, and electric bulbs are all imported, increasing the cost of essential goods. The economic crunch has also led to a power crisis in the country. On Monday morning, the country's overburdened electrical system collapsed in a rolling wave of blackouts that began in the desert provinces of Baluchistan and Sindh but quickly spread to nearly the entire country, including the densely crowded cities of Karachi, Lahore and Rawalpindi. Power was restored in many areas by late Monday, but hospitals were left in the dark for hours, textile factories shut down, and people overran gas stations to buy generator fuel. Cell phone communication was cut off in many areas. The government of Prime Minister Shehbaz Sharif has been grappling ever since it came to power after a tussle with the then PM Imran Khan. Experts have warned that the government is coming perilously close to defaulting on its foreign debt. The urgent problem of recurring fuel and energy shortages is an especially visible result of a larger and complex problem with many moving parts. Pakistani authorities are trying to meet the basic needs of a large and impoverished nation while under heavy foreign pressure to pay long-standing debts and to take unpopular austerity measures in exchange for debt relief from the IMF. The military's grip over the Pakistani government, their dream of occupying Kashmir, their long standing relationship with terror activities and radical Islam has dragged Pakistan to the stone ages. Its relationship with India devoid of any trust ensures that there can be no concrete dialogue nor renewal of trade between the two countries. Pakistan's antics on the global forum trying to gain international aid and attention by screaming foul has fallen to deaf ears. The country needs help and it will only come if its political elite presiding over a poor, hungry and radicalised population from their luxury cars, saw beyond their own greed for a change.

# Tales of a sinner

-Emidaka Rapsang, XI, Editor- In- Chief

“Sin! Sin! Sin!” The trumpets sang in the sky.  
The violas mourned through the night.  
“Sin! Sin! Sin!” The organ lets out a cry.  
The music welcomes you to the divine sight.

Velvet curtains open to your tragedy,  
The dance of silk and lace seduce you,  
The soft caress feeds your vanity.  
In grim glory, the play is now in view.

Thalia waltz in a dress of angelic white,  
In decadent sways, she mirrors your philosophy.  
Her pale performance hints the secret she hides,  
The secret that traces your twisted prophecy.

In hedonistic pleasure, your gaze seeps into her skin.  
Your drunken haze blurs the dramatics of reality.  
Orchestral warnings are muted to the mesmerisation,  
As the first act fades into fantastical calamity.

“Sin! Sin! Sin!” The trumpets sang in the sky.  
The violas mourned through the night.  
“Sin! Sin! Sin!” The organ lets out a cry.  
The music welcomes you to the divine sight.

In the turning of the clock, struck midnight.  
In the twisting of the dagger, drew blood.



In the crescendo of music, clawed in the fright,  
Of fallen Thalia on the floor of crimson flood.

The shrill violins wail and scream,  
And in appears dear Melpomene.  
Her maniacal tears mock your despair,  
As death descends down with joyful debonair.

Hypnotising terror scrapes your limbs,  
As you're trapped under Thalia's cloak.  
She sings a song of theatrical hymns,  
As on your decadent blood you choke.

Your illusion shatters as sharp as ice,  
As your vision clears to Melpomene's eyes.  
The scathing ache of the jade clad knife,  
Burns and throb under her Cheshire smile.

“Sin! Sin! Sin!” The trumpets sang in the sky.  
The violas mourned through the night.  
“Sin! Sin! Sin!” The organ lets out a cry.  
The music welcomes you to the divine sight.

The velvet curtains close on your tragedy.  
The dance of silk and lace sends their condolence,  
The soft caress laughs at your travesty.  
In grim glory, you end as fodder to their violence.

Illustration: Hana Shanifer Ahmed, XI

## Folktales: Chapter X

-Deubale Meru, XI, Deputy Editor

The villagers had abandoned Benreu because of the raids from the English men. Iheilung was their leader and his village had suffered greatly, losing their homes and their agricultural land for a long eight months. One day, Iheilung lead twenty-six of his men from their camp to Benreu. They had managed to surprise the English men and had shot down eleven of them before being cornered and forced to take cover in the village hall. Iheilung cast a quick glance at his men and hurled a black rock in the direction of the enemy. The little distraction worked, and he heard the enemy scramble. Signaling to his men, he ran out the village hall, shooting at a confused white man and tackling another as the cries of battle ran out. His gaze was drawn to a man in a grey hat, the one in command of the English men. He discovered him standing on a ledge, firing at Iheilung's men.

## Home At Last

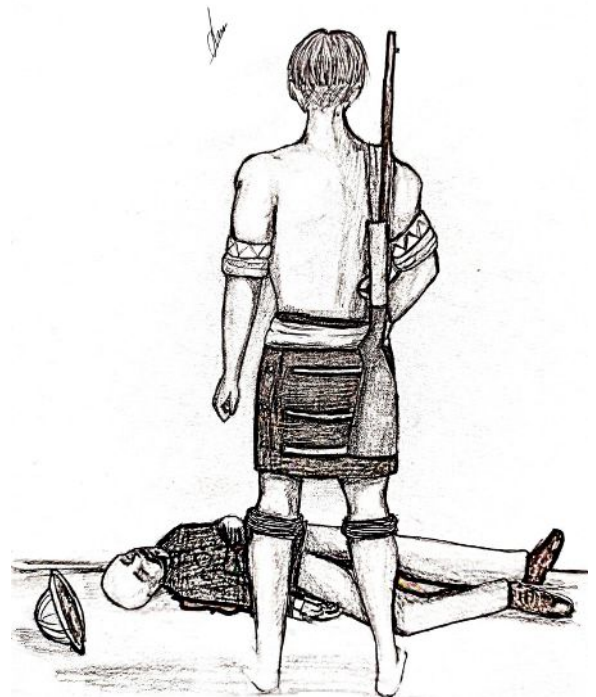


Illustration: Immanuel Imchen, XI

Iheilung stood behind a wall, aiming at the Leader. He pulled the trigger and heard the leader choke as his body fell to the ground with a thud. The English panicked, their fear and confusion visible in their voices as some fled screaming while a few hung back, shooting aimlessly at the villagers. Iheilung and his men killed those who stood their ground and chased the survivors out of the village. It was dark by the time they realized there were no more English men. They had lost ten men, while the enemy had lost fifteen. The English had left, and their despicable leader had died. Iheilung felt warmth in his heart and couldn't help but scream with his men in joy. He felt a weight lifted

off his shoulders as he realized he had succeeded and that his people still viewed him as a leader, perhaps even looked up to him. They could finally return home and re-establish themselves in the village that was now nothing more than a ruin. What he could not save then, he had saved here. He watched dawn break and filter through the canopy of trees while his men turned into wisps of smoke disappearing as sunlight hit the ground. Tonight, will be another battle. He will slay them again. He will continue to slay them till peace found him or eternity. His thoughts filtered away and all that remained of the battle were dry leaves as the surrounding village came to life. And the dead, stayed shrouded in memory.

# The Budget

-Zaheen Shah, IX

Union Finance Minister Nirmala Sitharaman presented the Union Budget 2023 in Parliament on February 1st, receiving mixed reactions but overall approval from Indians. From increased emphasis on technology to a new reduced tax relief slab for people earning less than 7 lakhs per year, this year's budget appears to have been crafted with the middle class in mind. While this appears to be beneficial to the common person, it should be noted that the tax on the wealthy has also been reduced. It is clear that the Modi government has proposed a political budget with the upcoming Lok Sabha elections of 2024 in mind. Knowing the Prime Minister's penchant for springing surprises, there may be more from the budget kitty to capture the mood of the nation ahead of the political battle. Education and health, as well as police reforms, require special attention, and if these are prioritised, the country will be in good hands and in better economic health to face what lies ahead.



# Campus Caricature

## Wicked!

-Gaurish Saikia, IX



# CAMPUS NEWS

## inter house cricket tournament

Results at a glance:

**1st Position:** Namdang House.

**2nd Position:** shared by Manas, Lohit & Dhansiri Houses.

**Best bowler of the tournament:** Nishanta Bora, Class 8 (9 wickets in 3 matches)

**Best Batsman:** Vaibhav Kumar, Class 8 (55 runs in three matches)

Heartiest congratulations!



## House Farewell Bidding adieu





# THE OUTPOST

The war of the Chinese spy balloons seemed to have sounded the official war bugle for Cold War 2.0 between China and the USA. Pakistan's paranoia with the Indus Water Treaty looms large over the hydro-electrical dam on the river Chenab. Iran's deep animosity with Israel and its growing nuclear arsenal has triggered the latter to begin a drone attack over Iran. Nirmala Sitharaman creates history by becoming the first woman Finance Minister to present five consecutive budgets. The Budget 2023 is looked upon as pro-middle class with clear political ambitions of the BJP in the 2024 Lok Sabha elections.



Illustration: Sarva Jha, XI

## Ripple #193

-Deubale Meru, XI, Deputy Editor

He wielded mighty weapons,  
He was feared as a monster.  
But to him, he could mend a  
broken heart,  
To him, he could cry to.  
For him, he could love.  
To Patroclus, he was no  
monster.  
With Patroclus, he was Achilles.

## Tongue Of Slip!! Slip!!

1. "Do not do POD in my PDA." - Hana Shanifer, XI (*Prefects, we're off duty.*)
2. "The white is light" - Tanveer Ahmed, IX (*And your brain has stopped.*)
3. "I thought you were having some feminism chocolate" - Samarth Mahatta, XI (*You should have some too.*)
4. "Do you think it is more effect?" - Takhe Haaro, XI (*No, it's not.*)
5. "Did you finish your handwriting?" - Jupitora Das, XI. (*Did you empty your brain?*)

## Keep It R

*Perspective*

-Azom Ali, VII



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