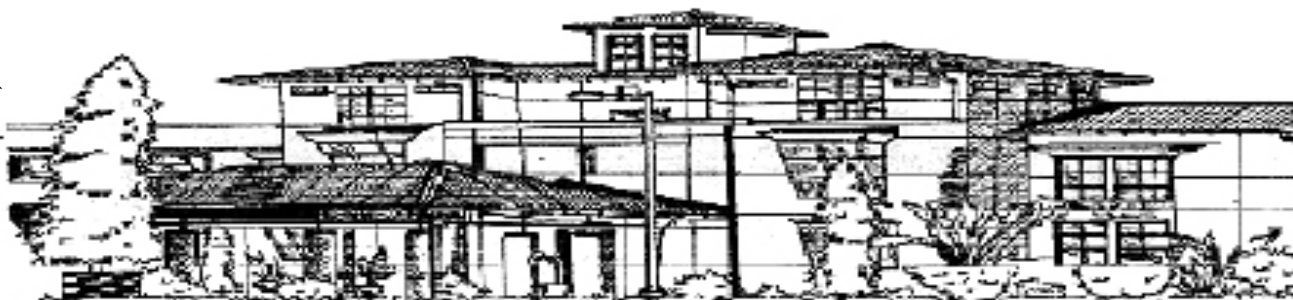




Finding Jorasañko

culture, couture, cuisine

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RUSSIA VS USA

-Aahil Faraj, IX

“From the Cold War to tariffs, the US-Russia rivalry risks starting World War III.”

With global tensions rising, from the US-Iran standoff and the Russia-Ukraine war to sweeping US tariffs, there is no shortage of problems in the world today. Relations between Russia and the United States, in particular, remain strained. Despite steep tariffs and even former President Donald Trump threatening sanctions as high as 500 per cent, Russia appears, at least on the surface, largely

unfazed. As Washington shifts its strategic focus to the Indo-Pacific and adopts increasingly coercive tactics toward Europe, many analysts and leaders continue to hope for a stable, if purely transactional, relationship with Moscow. Yet these hopes clash sharply with reality. In early 2026, Europe-Russia relations are at a historic low. Diplomatic dialogue has nearly collapsed, EU sanctions bite deeper with each passing year, and mutual mistrust

has hardened since Russia's invasion of Ukraine in 2022. The European Union now sees Russia as a direct security threat, while Russia wages what it calls “hybrid warfare” against European interests, cyberattacks on power grids, manipulation of migrant flows at borders, and floods of disinformation during elections. Europe, meanwhile, remains divided: hawks demand more weapons for Kyiv, while doves quietly long for cheaper Russian energy. At the same time, Russia has proven unusually resilient in the face of Western sanctions. By redirecting trade toward so-called “friendly countries” such as China, India, and Turkey, it continues to sell discounted oil and gas without Western entanglements. Domestic self-sufficiency has also grown, with local production expanding from wheat and weapons to drones and microchips. War-driven spending has kept factories humming, created jobs, and held unemployment down. But this resilience may not last. Russia may be able to sustain this model for only another five years or so before reserves thin and growth falters. In this sense, the war in Ukraine can be seen as a desperate attempt to lock

in gains before that window closes. Amid this tangled web of alliances and hostilities, one question looms large: can Trump-style deal-making, perhaps sealed with a summit handshake, cool tempers,

or will tariffs, proxy wars, and long-held grudges push the world closer to the edge? Europe finds itself caught in the middle, burdened by soaring energy costs and waves of refugees, while Russia's

high-stakes gamble threatens to force everyone's hand. History tells us such rivalries rarely fade quietly. They tend to explode, and with nuclear weapons in play, that is a risk the world cannot afford.

INDIA IN A BITE

-Agnivh Prakash Bora, XII

nowhere do they fall shorter than in Manipur. It took them 2 whole years before they could take any meaningful actions despite the widespread violence, riots, loss of lives and humanitarian displacement. And even after it's been 3 years since these communal fights started, there seems to be little to no progress. Civilians

continue dying, and

the atmosphere of tension and fear remains. The "Delimitation bill," masked as women's reservation, exposes a deceptive political strategy. By accusing the opposition of being anti-woman while harbouring members who disrespect them, the government displays blatant hypocrisy and a lack of shame. Worst is the Prime Minister going onto national television promoting a false narrative that prioritises political gain over the nation's interest. The problem doesn't have to arrive at our doorsteps for it to be ours to deal with. We, as the citizens of this Nation that I'd like to believe is still great, have a duty. We have a duty to do whatever it is in our capacity to interfere, to speak up, to make things **OUR PROBLEM**. Keeping in mind that every phrase spoken is an act of insubordination, every person informed is a possible companion, and every small action leads to great rebellion.

India today is shrouded in a peculiar mist of uncertainty. A country where raising your voice might mean the police showing up at your door, where secularism, although mentioned in the constitution, has taken a backseat, where political leaders with criminal backgrounds and misogynists mindsets are being idealized, where the demands of people not belonging to the "mainland" are sidelined, where despite the cries of victims of a riot ongoing from 3 years, the government is unbothered. But in order to understand this trajectory we must return to February 2002. On the 28th of Feb, 2002, a Sabarmati Express Train carrying Hindu pilgrims caught fire, killing 59 people. Although the cause of the fire is still disputed, the Hindu extremist groups at the time leveraged this to enrage people into reacting with more **VIOLENCE**. Over a 1000 people were killed, most of them being muslims. And in the centre of this tragedy, Narendra Modi the then Chief Minister of Gujarat was accused

of inaction, where records even show him telling officials to let Hindus "vent their anger". This raises the question of whether a man who basically sanctioned a pogrom is fit to govern a country as secular and diverse as India? Now let's delve into some of the very useful projects and schemes initiated by the The Namami Ganga project that has spent over 40,000 crores in 11 years aimed at rejuvenating the River Ganga, but has had a negligible environmental impact, helping only to systemically renew the pockets of officials. Similarly, the 2016 demonetization schedule aimed at eliminating black wealth had a minute effect on black wealth itself but triggered large scale economic disruption, a sharp decline in the GDP and widespread unemployment. These two cases are nothing but a few drops of water, and anyone who is willing to dig a little deeper will definitely find an ocean beneath their feet. This government has time and again shown patterns on inefficient governance but

Finding Jorasanko

culture, couture, cuisine

-Miss Ankita Das

Rabindranath Tagore was one of the greatest literary figures of India whose writings reflected the beauty, emotions, and cultural richness of Bengal. He was born in the famous Jorasanko Thakur Bari, the ancestral home of the Tagore family in Kolkata. Jorasanko was not merely a residence; it was a centre of art, literature, music, theatre, and intellectual discussions during the Bengal Renaissance. The atmosphere of creativity in this mansion deeply influenced Rabindranath's thoughts and writings. Many of his poems, songs, plays, and essays were composed while he lived there. During Tagore's time, Bengali society experienced a blend of traditional Indian culture and modern Western influence. The women of aristocratic Bengali families displayed elegance and refinement in their style and fashion. They generally wore sarees made of silk, muslin, or fine cotton, often draped in the traditional Bengali style with broad borders. Colours such as white, red, cream, and pastel shades were popular. Women adorned themselves with gold jewellery including bangles, necklaces, nose rings, and earrings. Hair was usually tied in buns decorated with flowers. Influenced by cultural reform and exposure to Western

education, blouses and petticoats gradually became common among educated women of elite households like the Tagores. The culinary culture of Bengal during Rabindranath's era was equally rich and sophisticated. The Tagore household was known for experimenting with both Indian and European cuisines. Traditional Bengali delicacies such as *luchi*, *shukto*, fish curries, *cholar dal*, and *pulao* were widely enjoyed. Sweets formed an essential part of Bengali cuisine, with *sandesh*, *rasgulla*, and *mishti doi* being extremely popular. Seasonal fruits, fragrant rice dishes, and delicately spiced preparations reflected the refined taste of Bengali households. Tea gatherings and elaborate feasts were also important social customs during that period. Rabindranath Tagore's writings beautifully captured the essence of Bengali life, nature, emotions, and traditions. The cultural environment of Jorasanko, the graceful lifestyle of women, and the rich culinary heritage of Bengal greatly influenced his creative imagination. Even today, Jorasanko stands as a symbol of Bengal's glorious literary and cultural history, preserving the memories of Tagore and the vibrant world in which he lived.



Illustrated by -Baibhav Dutta, IX

The Real Mr Bond

-Kainaat Naseer, XI

For most of us, Ruskin Bond is the literary equivalent of a warm cup of tea on a rainy Dehradun afternoon. We've grown up with the "sanitised" portrait of the amiable, bespectacled grandpa of the hills, a fixture in our English textbooks. But to label him merely as a "children's author" is a profound act of ageism. It infantilises a man whose pen has traveled through the darkest corridors of the human psyche and the boldest frontiers of social rebellion. While Bond's work for children like *The Blue Umbrella* is masterful, his genius lies in his refusal to talk down to his audience. He treats children as capable equals, never underestimating their capacity for complex emotion. However, looking at his entire bibliography reveals a writer who is far from "safe." In the 1970s, Bond explored genres far removed from the rolling hills of Rusty's childhood. His novella, *The Sensualist*, was so provocative that it led to an obscenity trial that nearly sent him to jail. Legend has it he was pardoned partly because the judge admitted to enjoying the literary merit of the work. This wasn't just a scandal; it sparked a broader movement against literary censorship in India, cementing

Bond as a champion of artistic freedom. Even his debut, *The Room on the Roof*, written when he was just seventeen, isn't a simple coming-of-age tale. It explores 16-year-old Rusty's complicated affair with his friend's mother, delving into the messy, unsanitised reality of adolescent longing. Bond's "gentle" reputation often obscures his sharp political awareness. In the 2002 introduction to *A Flight of Pigeons*, he quoted Blaise Pascal: "Men never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it from religious conviction." He published this specifically because he saw the rising threat of communal strife and the religious intolerance to our law-abiding citizens. His short stories are equally grounded in the ever harsh socio-economic realities of small-town India. In *Delhi Is Not Far*, he captures the raw loneliness and desperate ambition of those left behind by progress. In *The Tiger in the Tunnel*, he provides one of the most subtle, devastating accounts of the human-vs-nature conflict, high lighting the dangerous lengths marginalised communities go just to survive. The line, "...and then there was blackness and the night closed in on him forever," isn't a bedtime

story; it is a cold, hard look at mortality. Visiting Dehradun in August 2024 for a school trip felt like walking through a ghost story. I arrived expecting the sensory delights Bond promised: the sizzle of tikkis and chaat near the clock tower, the bustling bazaars, and perhaps a sighting of "Maharani the cow." Instead, I found that Bond had effectively ruined the valley for me. Not because the city failed to live up to the books, but because his prose is so visceral that the real Dehradun felt like a pale imitation of the one he built. He didn't just write about the valley; he claimed it. Every maidan and bazaar felt haunted by the weight of his themes, the loneliness, the grit, and the quiet bravery he layered into the soil. Ruskin Bond isn't just a children's author. He is the architect of a landscape, a rebel against censorship, and a chronicler of the human condition. It's time we stop putting him in the kids section and read him for how radical he truly is.

It's time we stop putting him in the kids section and read him for how radical he truly is.

Tales from the Hills: The Lesson Of A Lie

-Lara Khaidem, XI

People say lies travel faster than truth through the hills of Manipur. Faster than smoke rising from kitchen fires, faster than monkeys leaping through bamboo groves. And once a lie is fed, it grows a hungry stomach of its own. An old couple lived alone at the edge of a forest. They had no children or grandchildren, and over the years their loneliness softened them. They began calling the monkeys that lived nearby their grand children. One afternoon, while preparing taro for planting, a group of monkeys climbed down from the trees. "Grandfather," one monkey chattered, "is that really how humans plant taro?" "How else should it be planted?" asked the old man. The monkeys burst into laughter. "First boil the taro till it softens, then wrap it in banana leaves, tie it with string, and bury it in the ground. By morning, it will grow taller than your shoulders!" Though doubtful, the old couple trusted the

monkeys. That night they carefully boiled their finest taro, wrapped them neatly, and buried them in the garden. But after they had gone to sleep, the monkeys crept down, dug up the cooked taro, and feasted on them beneath the moonlight. In their place, they planted wild poisonous arum gathered from a nearby marsh. The next morning, tall green plants stood in the garden exactly as the monkeys had promised. Amazed, the old couple pulled one up and cooked it for lunch. After a few bites, the old man began coughing. His throat burned and his tongue itched terribly. Only after eating some hentak, a fermented fish paste, did the irritation begin to fade. The old woman suffered the same fate. Hidden in the trees, the monkeys shrieked with laughter. The old couple finally realised they had been tricked. That evening, the old man pretended to be dead while the old woman wailed outside, crying that the poisonous taro had

killed him. Feeling guilty, the monkeys crept into the house. Suddenly, the "dead" man leapt up and chased them with a bamboo stick. The terrified monkeys fled. Later, they returned seeking revenge, but it was only after several mishaps that they found themselves creeping through the dark house once more while the old couple hid inside a giant earthen pot. Inside, the old man whispered to the old woman, "I need to pass wind." She warned him to do it quietly, and he did. A moment later, the old woman whispered, "Now I must." She tried to be quiet, but the sound thundered through the pot like a festival drum. The monkeys shrieked in terror. Convinced an angry spirit haunted the house, they fled into the jungle and never returned. And so the elders say, lies may trick the foolish for a night, but greed and foolishness always return carrying shame behind them.

Entry #28

- Arjj Todi, IX

I have a routine. Every morning, I wake before dawn and prepare my coffee just the way I like it, black, no sugar. I watch the streets come alive through my window, people moving about their trivial lives unaware of the storm within me. I keep my interactions minimal. Polite smiles, quiet nods. No one suspects anything, not that they should. Most days, my mind drifts between memories of faces I've met and those I wish I had never met. Names blur, but the records in my diary remain sharp and clear. I keep that book under lock and key, a record of everything important, everything forgotten in polite conversation. A week ago, my friend came to visit; Carter, one of my closest friends. He will stay for a while. My job demands routine, nothing more. People trust me; we share food, we talk. They don't know what I see in the cracks of their lives—the fears, the lies, the darkness waiting to spill over. One night, I decided to open my diary once more, to make an update; Victim #28: Carter Brown, 1999-2025. Those people who trust me? I am not their friend, their neighbour, or the man who greets them with a smile. I am the one they fear in the dark. I am the killer.



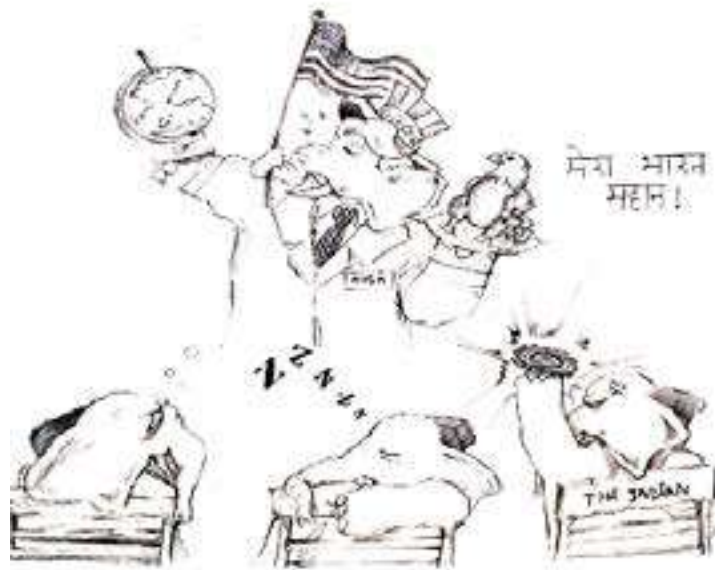
Illustrated by- Khushi Rajdev, IX

Campus Caricature

THE GREAT AMERICAN DREAM*

Illustrated by Austin Nameirakpam, VII

*In reference to the infamous workshop...



The Evil Ed #1



Illustrated by - Sneha Ngangom, XII

PUNE NATIONAL HARMONY

AVS Dance and Music School is proud to announce its remarkable achievement at the Pune National Harmony Festival 2026, held from 21st May to 31st May in three different phases. Our school participated in the event from 28th May to 31st May, while the prize distribution ceremony was held on 1st June. The festival provided an excellent platform for young artists to showcase their talents at the national level. Participants from 28 states across India took part in this prestigious event, making it a truly grand celebration of culture, music, and dance. A total of 1,789 prizes were awarded across various categories and levels of competition. Our students delivered an outstanding performances with absolute love dedication, confidence, and professionalism and hardwork, bringing pride and recognition to the school. Their hard work and commitment were reflected in the excellent results achieved during the festival. We are delighted to share the news that AVS Dance and Music School received a total of 27 awards in different categories. This achievement is a testament to the capability of our outstanding performers and with the continuous support of our teachers and parents across. Congratulations to all the winning participants for their exceptional performances and for making the school proud everyday with their hardwork.

The overall results for the Pune National Harmony 2026 were:

DANCE

Sattriya solo -1st position
Sattriya Group -1st position
Semi classical Group -1st position
Folk group -2nd position
Modern group - 2nd position
Odissi duet-3rd position.

MUSIC

1. Light Duet Vocal - 1st prize
2. Fusion group junior - 1st Prize
3. Light vocal Solo - 2nd prize
4. Vocal group (patriotic) - 2nd prize
5. Vocal group (folk) - 2nd prize
6. Wind solo senior - 2nd prize
7. String Duet junior - 2nd prize
8. String trio junior - 2nd prize
9. Taal duet junior - 2nd prize
10. Fusion group senior (1) - 2nd prize
11. Wind junior duet(Harmonium) - 2nd prize
12. Taal solo junior - 3rd prize
13. Taal solo Junior - 3rd prize
14. Fusion duet senior - 3rd prize
15. Fusion Duet junior - 3rd Prize
16. Trio taal senior - 3rd prize
17. Taal duet senior - 3rd prize
18. Fusion group senior (2) - 3rd prize
19. Taal group senior - 3rd prize
20. Light solo vocal junior - Chair-man



BAGLESS DAY

The Assam Valley School conducted a bagless day for classes 5 to 8 on 13th July, 2026. The event gave students hands-on learning in multiple projects like pottery, collage painting, experiments and drone designing. The Students enjoyed an interactive and enjoyable day while learning new interesting activities and skills. As part of the Bagless day, students participated in engaging hands-on science activities. They created a 3D paper model of India's Space Observatory ASTROSAT and constructed pinhole cameras.



Ripple #273

-Aanya Gupta, XI

I'm terrified of Alzheimer's," she said. "You lose people even when they're still there."

Her teacher laughed. "It's not contagious."

Years later, a nurse wiped the drool from the old woman's mouth.

Across the room, her teacher looked straight at her and asked,

"Have we met?"

Tongue Of Slip!!

1. "Othather one"

-Udayveer Singh, IX (You've left us speechless. Literally.)

2. "Uncooked Boys

-Austin Nameirakpam, VIII (We hope you said this by accident)

3. Julius Shakespeare

- Lensasong Jamir, CI IX (Let us hope Shakespearean english does not cause your tragedy)

4. "You are like Classius"

-Ayushman, IX (And your English is Callous?)

5. "I can still see without my eyes on" - Arjj Todi, IX (We hope you can also see your English Textbook)

Keep It Reel! A Lasting Memory

- Rianna Lingjel Irom,
Editor-in-Chief, XII



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