



of theft and TEARS

bhromon*
chapter IV

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OPERATION SAFED SAGAR

THE MIG-25R FOXBAT

-Udayveer Singh, IX

The Kargil War in 1999 was known to be one of the most successful attacks by the IAF in combat.

It gave recognition to the MiG-21, Mirage 2000, MiG-27, and a lot of others. However, one aircraft was behind the screen. The MiG-25R Foxbat played a vital role in ensuring the Kargil War was won by the Indians. So let us explore the role of one of India's most secretive aircraft, a soviet masterpiece, the MIG-25.

The Mig 25 project began several decades before Kargil. The United States announced research on the B-70 Bomber in 1954, a supersonic bomber capable of high-altitude, high-speed operations at nearly 70 '000 feet. This instilled fear in the Soviets and led to the creation

of the Mig-25. It had one of the largest engines in the industry. In fact, the engines used in the earlier variants were originally built for missile systems. The aircraft later became the world's fastest fighter jet. It was later sold to the Indian Air Force, which kept the aircraft a huge secret. During Kargil, after multiple reconnaissance attempts led to near misses, the IAF decided to launch the MIG-25R.

The aircraft flew at an altitude of nearly 80,000 feet. With its high-definition camera, it managed to give the Air Force a clear trajectory for its attacks. Pakistani Stinger missiles were rendered useless against the aircraft as it continued to capture its footage across the Himalayan range. The second mission came along when the nation needed to assess

logistics chains and routes. The Mig 25 proved effective once again as it successfully found huge enemy strongholds without getting spotted throughout the entire mission, allowing the IAF to pinpoint and execute their missions with precision and ease. The third and last mission of the aircraft was when the Kargil war was nearing its end. The aircraft was deployed to map out the final targeting locations during the operation, such as Tiger Hill and Muntho Dhalo. The Mig-25 was by far the IAF's most secretive effective aircraft. Although it was retired in 2006, it continues to be remembered as the Indian Air Force's fastest jet.

It wasn't just an aircraft—it was a ghost in the sky, watching from where no enemy could reach.



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chapter IV

-Mrs Dayita Dutta

After traipsing across Europe with my two friends and colleagues, we arrived in London. After a night crossing of the English Channel, which had lived up to its stormy reputation, tired and sea sick, we arrived at Victoria Station. In UK each of us had friends and relatives whom we wanted to visit in the UK.

One by one we made our phone calls from the booths – this was before the days of the mobile phone – and separated to our various

destinations. I was the last. I entered the phone booth, which had an opening at the bottom, opened my phone book and telephoned my friend, an art historian. I set my small day pack, and large rucksack down on the floor.

When I ended the call, I shouldered my large backpack and reached

down for the daypack. It was gone. Inside was the folder with my passport, my air tickets and my travelers' cheques. For a moment I was incapable of speech or action. I frantically searched the miniscule booth as if it might appear by some miracle. My only resource was the meagre foreign exchange in cash in my waist pouch. Disconsolately, I approached the nearest police station and got a rough copy of my complaint. I had cash enough to take the Tube to my friend's

house – where she warmly received me with tea and sympathy. The next step was obviously to approach the High Commission for a temporary passport. Without any documentation, except the police receipt, without any of the usual markers of identity like Voters ID/ Aadhar/Pan – remember this was the early eighties – I approached the imposing portals of India House, with some trepidation. In those days of minimal security, the entrance desk listened to my story, but were sceptical when I could not prove my identity. In desperation I asked to see someone who could help me. I was asked to wait. It was a long wait, and with each minute I grew panicky with feverish questions assailing me. What if they didn't believe me? What if they wanted money? I could ill afford to spend more of my slender resources. How long would it take? And even if I got a travel document how would I get back without any ticket? How could I pay for a fresh ticket?

Finally I was allowed to see a visa officer. He was a middle aged man with a pleasant manner, but I was

beyond a rational response. To each of his questions I answered with floods of tears. What was my name? Where did I live? What was my profession? Where did I teach? Did I have proof of identity? This last was answered by a desperate wail. Amid my sniffles I could only give my father's official telephone number and the name of my school principal. He ended up comforting me as I cried "What will happen to me? How will I get back to India? I will lose my job! My parents will go the to airport and not find me!" Eventually the poor man calmed me down. He said he would issue me a temporary travel document after sending a telex (such things existed in those days) to Calcutta. But the whole process would take at least ten days. I was out on the street, still wondering whether I could approach my parents for the cash required for a new ticket, already anticipating

their wrath at my carelessness. My mother, less judgemental than my father, had contacted my grandmother who lived in the far west of Ireland in Galway. I happened to be her favourite grandchild. She called me over the landline inviting me to visit her. I counted my cash. I had enough to travel to Ireland as a deck passenger on the ferry – without a visa. (Strictly speaking this was illegal in those pre EU days.) So I that's what I did, braving an even longer, but thankfully calmer, ferry crossing over the Irish Sea. Now comes the interesting bit. When the ten days was up, I travelled back to London the same way. When I reached my friend's little house in Chelsea, she laughed when she saw me – and handed me a small packet with my name and her address. I opened it to find – my ticketsT! The "kind" thief who had

made off with my passport, for some reason had returned my tickets and my travelers' cheques! The relief was so overwhelming I almost collapsed on the steps of her tiny porch. One worry was over. And I got a flimsy travel document from India House. But a final problem. My return ticket was from Amsterdam. How to get there without a visa for the Netherlands? One more illegal ferry crossing. My friends met me at Amsterdam. Their stay in the UK had been without incident. They were shocked by my travails – but fortunately did not make any adverse comments about my foolishness. That was left for my parents. No sooner had they got over the relief of seeing me after two months, than I faced the inevitable reckoning. I bowed my head and accepted the sharp rebukes. What could I say in my defence?

Tales from the Hills:

MATCHADU MATCHABET

-Maira Mystica M. Sangma, X

Deep within the rain-soaked forests of the lush green Garo Hills, the echoes of ancient folktales still linger among the people. These stories, carried across generations through the spoken word, remain an inseparable part of the land and its memory.

One such tale is that of the Matchadu Matchabet, a mysterious clan who lived as humans during the day but transformed into tigers after nightfall. By daylight, they mingled freely among the villagers like ordinary people. But when darkness descended, they became fierce beasts that preyed upon livestock and spread terror through the villages, leaving the people fearful and

helpless. Among these troubled villagers lived a brave young warrior named Abet. Disturbed by the suffering of his people, he resolved to end the menace of the Matchadu Matchabet once for all. He devised a clever plan. Carrying a basket filled with ripe bananas, Abet journeyed into the forest where the Matchadu Matchabet lived. When they saw him, one of them called out, "Abet, what have you brought for us?" "I have brought a basket full of bananas," Abet replied. "If you wish, you may all taste them." Young and old alike tasted the bananas and found them sweet and delicious. Curious, they asked Abet where such fruit could be found. "These bananas grow on



Illustration by Khushi Rajder, IX

bananas,” Abet replied. “If you wish, you may all taste them.” The Matchadu Matchabet eagerly accepted his offer. Young and old alike tasted the bananas and found them sweet and delicious. Soon, they began asking for more. Curious, they asked Abet where such fruit could be found. “These bananas grow on enormous trees,” Abet answered. “If you want plenty more, you must come with

me and help me cut one down.” Tempted by greed and the promise of more fruit, the Matchadu Matchabet followed Abet to his village. There, Abet chose the largest tree in the area and instructed them to stand beneath it so that they could gather the bananas when it fell. The clan waited eagerly below as Abet began to cut the tree. But when the great tree finally crashed to the ground, it did not

shower them with fruit. Instead, its immense weight crushed the Matchadu Matchabet beneath it, killing them instantly and bringing an end to the terror. The people rejoiced with relief and gratitude. Abet was honoured for his courage and wisdom, and his name lived on in the stories told beside hearth fires in the Garo Hills for generations to come.

Ink on Skin

-Lomitoli Jakhalu, XI

Long before tattoos became symbols of rebellion, fashion, or self-expression, they were stories written beneath the skin.

Thousands of years ago, ancient people discovered that charcoal, ash, and natural pigments could be pushed into small wounds to create permanent marks. One of the oldest known tattooed humans is Ötzi the Iceman, who lived more than 5,000 years ago. His body was discovered frozen in the Alps, covered with dozens of mysterious tattoos. Scientists believe some may have been connected to pain relief or healing, but their true meaning remains unknown. For

many Indigenous cultures, tattooing was more than decoration. For the Nagas from the North East of India, tattoos were more than just ink; they were part of coming of age, from the first hunt to the birth of the first child, it marked the journey of a person's life. It represented identity, ancestry, spirituality, courage, status, protection, and belonging. Across different communities, tattoos marked important moments in life, connected people to their ancestors, or demonstrated their relationship with nature and the spiritual world. Traditional tattooing methods were often painful and ceremonial, making the experience

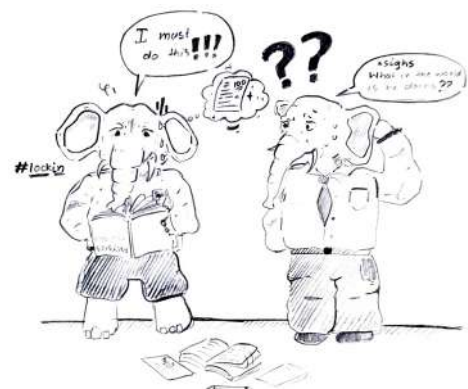
itself a powerful rite of passage. Yet tattoos also carry a darker history. In some periods, they were used to mark prisoners, enslaved people, or criminals. The same art that once represented pride could become a symbol of oppression. Nothing more true than those that came on the arms of the survivors of the Nazi concentration camps. Today, tattoos have transformed once again. People tattoo names, memories, symbols, artwork, and even tiny reminders of things they never want to forget. Perhaps that is what makes tattoos so fascinating: they are permanent, yet their meanings can change. A tattoo is more than ink. It is a conversation between the past and the present, a secret carried openly.

Every line may hold a memory, every symbol may hide a story. And sometimes, the most intriguing tattoo is the one whose meaning remains a mystery.

Campus Caricature SHOWDOWN

*In reference to the conversation between the teacher and the taught

Illustrated by Nishtha Potsangbam, X



CAMPUS NEWS

VOLLEYBALL INTERHOUSE

The Volleyball Inter-house Tournament 2026 at The Assam Valley School took place from 9th to 11th September 2026.

Tournament Overview & Results

1st Position -Jinari / Manas

2nd position (Tie) - Namdang / Subansiri & Bhoroli / Lohit

4th Position -Kopili / Dhansiri

Best Players

Lower School (Girl) - Ngangom Gunchenbi / Basuri Saha

Lower School (Boy)-RITESH KUMAR PHURAILATPAM / JIKOM TAM

Upper School (Girl)- Atoliu Jakalu/ Ania Gollo

Upper School (Boy)- Karma Yongten Gyatso Bhutia/ Kaviseto Meyase



AVIATOR FLOOD DONATION

On 16th August 2026, the students of The Assam Valley School, Balipara came together to extend a helping hand to families affected by the devastating floods in Assam.

Through the kindness and generosity of numerous donors, we raised Rs. 25,000, which was used to provide school bags, food, tiffin boxes, clothes, and other daily essentials to those who had been displaced from their homes.

Our volunteers, lent their hands to the ongoing construction of new homes, spent time with families who had lost almost everything, and shared moments of hope with a community determined to rebuild. This drive was not just about donations. It was about standing beside people in their time of need, restoring a little hope, and reminding them that they are not alone.



Ripple #277

-Aahil Faraj, IX

*"How much more?" he asked, tired
of digging.*

"This is it" I replied

*We dug up the time capsule we
buried ten years ago.*

*It was to have a glimpses of our
schooldays,*

*Instead, there was a single photograph
of us taken yesterday,*

*holding the exact same
rusty metal box.*

Tongue Of Slip!!

1. "I ate so much lunch" - Trisha Jaiswal, X
(Did you eat your English teacher for breakfast too?)
2. "I am shut up only - Rudrakshi Bharadwaj, X
(But not completely?)
3. "Why dont you reggester for the chess tournament" - Kainaat Naser, XI (Why don't you register for English classes?)
4. "You know that rapper 50 pence" - SPS
(You mean 50 cent?)
5. "For my all favourite teachers"
-Changkham Phukan, XII (What about the rest?)

Keep It Reel!

Rivers and Valleys

- Tanushree Ghimiray, XI



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