

JAN-ANDOLAN: the people's uprising

-Aanya Paul Sarkar, XI

The serene banks of the Hooghly river now witness a different kind of current. The city once known for its quiet charm has erupted into a righteous storm of anger, its streets echoing cries of pain and anguish. The massive protests in Kolkata in the small hours of Independence Day over the RG Kar Hospital rape-murder seem to be a revival of the old spirit of revolutionary Bengal, where people—and in this case women—have taken to the roads, to reclaim the night.

For a state no stranger to violence, the people had seemed to be buried under years of acceptance and nonchalance which over the last decade had become indifference. Rallies came and went as did protests. The past 10 years of CM Mamta Banerjee's rule have seen corruption run through the very nervous system of Bengal. Protests erupted at every level be it education to government jobs to ration card holders to sand and cattle being robbed and sold across the border. It had become an everyday matter that the ordinary Bengali no longer raised their eyebrows to.

The brutal death and murder of Abhaya, as she has come to be symbolically called, within the sanctity of her workplace, which happened to be one of the state's primary hospitals, has thrown open a mountain of worms. Her barbaric murder brought to the open a

labyrinthine of corruption, abuse, and organ trafficking that seems to be straight out of the Trinamool Congress's playbook. Abhaya seemed to have tipped the scales and finally managed to do the impossible and awaken the Bengali community's latent conscience.

About a fortnight ago, a girl had posted "reclaim the night" on Facebook, the last refuge of someone trying to wrench out any sort of help she could. She was calling for a midnight candle march. More than a million showed up.

For nearly a month now, thousands of students have taken to the streets, marching, singing, and adorning the streets with graffiti, setting up the stage for boisterous street plays. Elders and young doctors and nurses have joined in, making it a people's protest like never before with one reverberating cry: justice. Rallies and dharnas, however, have been the order of the day for decades. So what's different this time? The city is experiencing a fundamental upheaval, one so intense that its whirlwind has not only swallowed the entire state but has also become ingrained in its collective consciousness.

Kolkata, the erstwhile city of joy, has transformed to become the city of 'bhoy', or fear. While the junior doctors across the city rally people after a cause that burns deep with a sense of loss, anger, and grave injustice, this has

become a people's movement where the cry for 'justice' is not merely for Abhaya, but for the people of West Bengal who have suffered the same ignominy for over half a century. With the Supreme Court of India playing ball on behalf of the Government of West Bengal and CM Mamata Banerjee patiently waiting for the festive season of Durga Puja to make its entry, it has become a game of wait and watch. Will the Bengalis continue

to rally behind their cause and demand justice for 'Abhaya' as the auspicious month of Durga Puja makes its entry? Or, will the ensuing month see the strength of the Devi through her people which finally topples the powers that be? For now, in the name of Abhaya, the fearless, candles melt into wax day after day, night after night, as the people march. As does a country.

TALES FROM THE EPICS: CHAPTER 1

CHARON: THE FERRYMAN

-Devansh Agarwal XI

Charon, the grim ferryman of the underworld, played a crucial role in the journey of the dead. An account states that he was a son of the underworld god Hades and the night nymph Nyx while others mention Erebus to be his begator. Some might mistake him for Chiron, the centaur who mentored Heracles, Achilles and Jason. According to ancient beliefs, after a person died, their soul would travel to the River Styx, the boundary between the world of the living and the realm of the dead. To cross this river and enter the underworld, the soul needed to pay a toll.

The toll for Charon's ferry service was a single obol, a small ancient Greek coin. It was customary for family members to place an obol under the tongue of the deceased before burial, ensuring that the soul would have the necessary fare to cross the Styx. He would ensure that the souls of the departed reached their final resting place, whether it be the Elysian Fields or the Tartarus. Those who could not afford the toll were condemned

to wander the shores of the river for a hundred years, unable to enter the underworld and find peace. Charon was often depicted as a stern, elderly figure with a long, white beard and a ragged cloak. He was said to be a solitary and unsympathetic character, whose only concern was to collect his fare and ferry the souls across the river. In some accounts, he was even described as a terrifying monster with glowing eyes and a hideous appearance.

While there may not be a plethora of information about Charon, his character and role in Greek mythology have been referenced and reinterpreted countless times throughout history. The myth of Charon serves as a reminder of the ancient Greeks' beliefs about death and the afterlife. It highlights the importance of proper burial rites and the belief that the soul's journey into the underworld was a crucial step in the cycle of life and death.

the quiet beauty of a forgotten forest

-Siddhi Priyadarshani, X

In the heart of a bustling metropolis, there existed a forgotten forest. Once a vibrant ecosystem teeming with life, it had been overshadowed by skyscrapers and the relentless march of progress. Now, it was a tranquil oasis, a testament to the resilience of nature.

The trees, their ancient trunks gnarled and wise, stood tall against the encroaching city. Sunlight filtered through their canopy, casting dappled patterns on the forest floor. A gentle breeze carried the sweet scent of pine needles and damp earth.

Beneath the towering trees, a diverse array of plants thrived. Ferns unfurled their delicate fronds, and wildflowers bloomed in vibrant hues. A babbling brook meandered through the forest, its crystal-clear waters reflecting the sky above.

Despite its seclusion, the forgotten forest was not devoid of life. A symphony of birdsong filled the air, and the occasional rustle of leaves betrayed the presence of unseen creatures. It was a place of peace and solitude, a reminder of the beauty that could still be found in the most unexpected places.

-Aahil Faraj, VII

Echo was a wood nymph (tree spirit) who was known for her beauty. Zeus loved consorting with Echo and often visited her on Earth. Eventually, Zeus's wife, Hera, became suspicious, and came down from Mount Olympus in an attempt to catch Zeus with the nymphs. Echo, engaged Hera in a conversation (to give Zeus time to escape) but Hera, having figured out Echo's ruse cursed her, to only be able to speak the last words spoken to her.

Many years had passed, and one day while Echo was roaming through her forest, she came across Narcissus who she immediately fell in love with. She followed him unseen through the winding forest path when Narcissus felt a presence and called out, 'Who's there?'. 'There', replied Echo, unable to say anything more due to Hera's curse. After a long and confusing conversation Narcissus called out to her and asked her to show

herself. When Echo stepped out from between the trees, however, he said to her, disgusted, 'I'd rather die than marry a wood nymph.' Heartbroken and humiliated, this became the tipping point for Echo. She confined herself to a cave and gave up eating and sleeping and slowly faded away. Nemesis, the goddess of vengeance, was angered by how Echo had been treated by Narcissus, and cursed him to fall in love with his own reflection.

Narcissus saw his own reflection in a clear pool of water and became obsessed with his own beauty. So enraptured had he become with himself that he gave up eating and sleeping and died of starvation.

They say you find Echo in caves and around thick walls. If you scream out a word to her, she will always echo it back to you. This is Echo's way of saying; she is there and she is listening.

COMMON MAN SUFFERINGS

-Vivek Gattani, Academic Captain, XII

The common man, the backbone of society, often bears the brunt of the world's challenges. From economic hardships to social inequalities, their struggles are pervasive and deeply rooted in the fabric of our communities. The government of India provides the poor people subsidies for their basic needs plus they don't have to pay the tax (if their income is less than 3 lakhs a year). Most of them receive various freebies and facilities from the government. So the incentive to work and do better is lost. The rich have multiple connections and multiple means not to pay complete taxes. The burden of taxation therefore falls on India's middle class- the common man. In 2022-23, the top 1% of the population in India earned 22.6% of the national income. The Top 10% of the population earned over 57% of the total pre-tax income and the bottom 50% of the population earned just over 15% of the total pre-tax income. This means that the people who have more money have paid the least amount of income taxes and the middle class was made to bear the burden for both the rich and the poor. Worse is the fact that for the amount of taxation

they are made to bear, they get the least amount of facilities be it in health, education, or at the workplace.

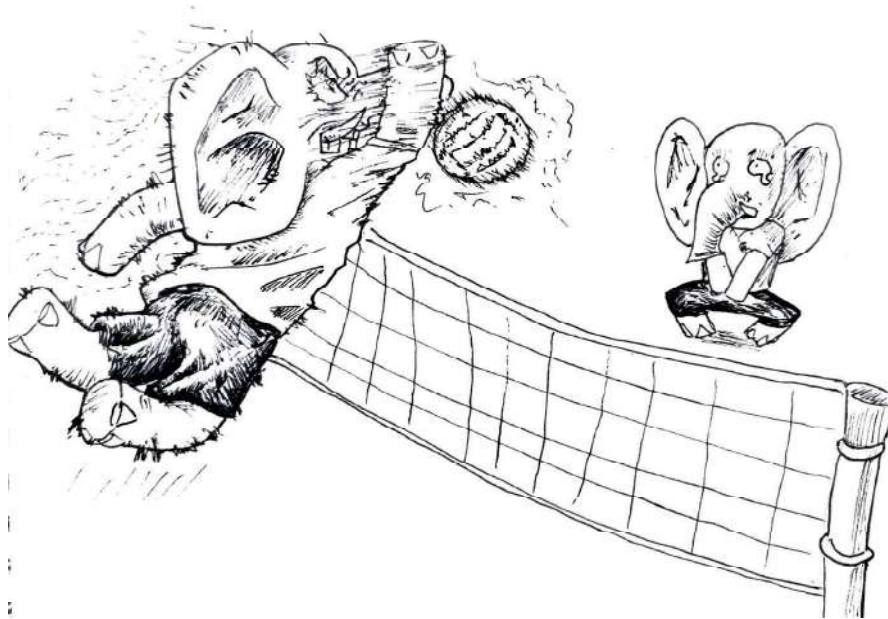
The Indian economy exploits common people. The gap between the rich and the poor continues to widen, leaving the common man struggling to make ends meet. This inequality can perpetuate cycles of poverty and limit opportunities for upward mobility.

For further clarity, let us suppose a person earns a salary of 30L, he would need to pay 30% indirect tax. The rest of the money he will either spend or invest. If he invests the remaining amount of money and makes a quick profit quickly then he will have to pay 20% tax but if he invests in a fund that has a slower rate of growth then he will have to pay 12.5% in tax. If investments result in loss then they will have to be borne by the people themselves. This is the reality of our Indian financial system which needs an immediate overhaul.

Campus Caricature

FIRE power!!!!!!!

Illustrated by Mashunsing Keishing, X



CAMPUS NEWS

RANJI TEAM

AVS Alumni, Roshan Warbah (Batch of 2018), has been selected by Meghalaya Cricket Association for the team going to play for Ranji Trophy. Roshan is the first cricketer from AVS who has achieved such great pinnacles of success.

Heartiest congratulations to Roshan!



7TH SRIJANYAM

The Assam Valley School hosted the 7th edition of Srijanyam from 26 August to 28 August, 2024. The event provided a unique platform to students to showcase their creativity and gave wings to their imagination amidst the serene beauty of our green Assam.

The participating schools were The Scindia School, G. Rio School (Kohima), Sunbeam (Bhagwanpur),

Sunbeam (Varuna), Mayo College Girls' School, Sanskriti The Gurukul, Sunbeam (Suncity), Daly College, Indore, Sunbeam School (Lahartara), Army Public School Tezpur, Genesis Global School, Noida and The Assam Valley School. The Assam Valley School won Srijanyam 2024, and Daly College, Indore, was the 1st Runner-Up. The host school presented Daly College, Indore, with the winner's trophy.



THE OUTPOST

Israel's Mossad in a move that reminded the world of what it was capable of, planted small explosives in 5000 Pagers that were shipped from Taiwan to Lebanon for the terrorist group, Hezbollah. The plan worked out perfectly, leaving Hezbollah short of soldiers capable of fighting the Israeli onslaught. The Indian Squad at the Chess Olympiad 2024 shone with stellar performances with Gukesh, Arjun, and Praggnanandhaa each clinching gold for the Team. The show's star was Coach Srinath Narayanan who presided over the brilliant performances that brought gold for the men's and women's teams making it historic for India.



Illustrated by T anveer Ahmed, XI

Ripple #235

-Atoti Zhimomi, Editor-in-Chief, XII

*The tired engineer
awoke, meeting
Eyes with his beloved robot
Clawing at his skin, with a
Hatred for humanity.*

Tongue Of Slip!!

1. "I won't be as it is following it." -Selene Epao, XI (*Follow your English teacher instead please.*)
2. "She feels like she wants to light fire her head." -Aanavi Ghosh, IX (*We can see whose head is actually on fire.*)
3. "The catches have scratched me." -Siddhi Priyadarshani, X (*Your brain has been scratched instead.*)
4. "Who to give your name for?" -Aanya Paul Sarkar XI (*Let's sign you up for Grammarly.*)
5. "I stay awake more early than both of you." -Nandika Dutta, X (*Turns out empty vessels wake up early too.*)



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