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#TRENDING

Memecoin Mania: Totoro, Turnips, and Tokenomics

If there's anything the world of blockchain needed, it was a coin inspired by soot sprites and cat buses.





cryptocurrency and this time, it's Studio Ghibli that's driving the digital frenzy. Memecoin enthusiasts, anime lovers, and crypto degenerates have united under one whimsical banner. Ghibli-themed tokens. Because, if there's anything the world of blockchain need ed, it was a coin inspired by soot sprites and cat buses.



W ith names like \$TOTORO, \$NOFACE, shouting, "To the moon, Chihiro!" Like a Miyazaki and \$TURNIPHEAD, these film, the journey has been Ghibli-themed tokens have magical, unpredictable, and, entered the wild west of in some cases, mildly terrifymemecoins, where hype dicing. Traders who aped into \$NOFACE early on claim their tates value more than utility. The irony? None of these projwallets are 'spirited away' ects have any official backing with unexpected gains, while from Studio Ghibli, but that those who hesitated are hasn't stopped Twitter (sorry, watching castles in the sky

Tokenomics or Totoro-nomics?

espite their questionable longevity, these tokens follow classic memecoin economics, low liquidi tv. high volatility, and an aggressive reliance on internet memes. The appeal is a weebs dream. Meanwhile. simple: nostalgia-driven hyne. Who wouldn't want to tell their grandchildren they Calcifer's patience in Howl's

X) from erupting with fans

Will the Magic Last?

got rich trading a token

Ghibli wave will eventually hit its Totoro-sized ceiling. The real question is whether the trend will fade into obscurity or if we'll see a genuine Miyazaki-inspired blockchain revolution (unlikely, given that Havao Mivazaki himself doesn't even like technology). But

ing up the aesthetic. For those jumping in, just remember: In the world of memecoins. you're either flying high on a magic broomstick or plummeting down like a sleepy forest spirit. Trade wisely, and may vour gains be as legendary as a Ghibli masterpiece.

crash back to reality.

based on a radish spirit? One

ambitious developer behind

\$CATBUS has even promised

Metaverse,' which sounds

like a lawver's nightmare but

skeptics argue that these

tokens are as fleeting as

Moving Castle.

decentralized 'Ghibli



A Season Without

Borders

Mariam

have always believed

that if we truly saw

each other, without

the borders we've

built, without the poli-

tics we've inherited

without the visas we

struggle to get, with-

out the hate we are

fed, we would find that

we are all the same, dancing to dif-

ferent beats, singing in different

tongues, but ultimately celebrating

the same joys of life. And nothing

reminding us that no matter how

bitter the winter, pleasantries

always return. Across the world,

we welcome this season with fes-

tivals, with colours, with music,

with water, with food, with fire,

with prayers, with offerings,

whatever our ancestors deemed

fitting to say, "Thank you, we sur-

vived the darkness. It is time for

a festival that isn't ours and say,

"That festival is foreign culture.

We shouldn't celebrate it.'

Foreign? What is foreign about joy?

What is foreign about dancing

under cherry blossoms, being

drenched in water fights, or having

colours thrown upon you? What is

foreign about lighting fires to wel-

come renewal or gathering loved

ones to mark freedom? What is for-

eign about celebrating survival.

about honouring the simple, uni-

versal truth that after every winter,

one rooted in the poetry of Persia,

the other bursting with the colours

of India. I have welcomed the

Persian New Year with fire-jump-

ing and the Indian spring with

clouds of *gulal*. I have feasted for

Nowruz, danced for Holi, and bro-

ken bread at a Passover seder. I

have laughed with strangers over a

pint on St. Patrick's Day in Ireland

and stood in awe beneath Japan's

cherry blossoms, watching petals

fall like blessings from the sky. I

have had my past year's bad luck

washed away during Thailand's

rebirth, the victory of warmth

over cold, light over darkness, life

over death. The Greeks told it

through Persephone, the goddess

Spring, in every culture, is a

Songkran water festival

I grew up between two worlds,

spring must return?

But in today's world, we look at

renewal.'

Spring is the earth's way of

proves this more than spring.

I grew up between two worlds, one rooted in the poetry of Persia, the other bursting with the colours of India. I have welcomed the Persian New Year with fire-jumping and the Indian spring with clouds of *gulal*. I have feasted for Nowruz, danced for Holi, and broken bread at a Passover seder. I have laughed with strangers over a pint on St. Patrick's Day in Ireland and stood in awe beneath Japan's cherry blossoms, watching petals fall like blessings from the sky. I have had my past year's bad luck washed away during Thailand's Songkran water festival.







The Festivals That Unite Us

always been sacred. On March

21st, the air is filled with the

aroma of sabzi polo-fragrant

herbed rice, while the Haft-Sin

Each item on the table tells a

story: wheatgrass for rebirth,

garlic for health, vinegar for

patience, a mirror for self-reflec-

and goldfish for life and move

ment. Candles glow with the

promise of enlightenment, while

the pages of Hafez's Divan, the

Quran, or the Shahnameh whis

per ancient wisdom. Among

them, the pomegranate, the fruit

of paradise, reminds us of abun

dance and love. Apples shine

with beauty, and hyacinths fill

the air with the scent of spring.

Red tulips stand boldly for love

and strength, while daffodils

roses, and jasmine weave in the

joy of renewal. We jump over fire

tion, coloured eggs for fertility

table stands as a tribute to

renewal and hope.



Nowruz: The Persian New Year



the festival of fire. People leap over flames, chanting, "Give me your redness, take my paleness!"which is a plea to the fire to burn away sickness and misfortune. It reminds me of the Hindu ritual of Holika Dahan, where bonfires are lit the night before Holi to cleanse away negativity. Across cultures, fire serves as a purifier, a symbol of celebrated Nowruz outside o Iran, I realized something, when not alone. The Hindus do it for Holi. The Celts do it for Beltane.

friends, and the worries of ves-

terday are washed away. Different

the same spirit. Whether it's

Holi's water balloons, Songkran's

soaking streets, or even

Cambodia's *Chaul Chnam Thmey*

and Myanmar's *Thingyan* water

estivals, the message is univer-

sal: let go, cleanse, rejoice, and

step into the new year with laugh-

ter and light. And let's not forget

the gathering of loved ones and

dressing up in brand new clothes!

Because in the end, no matter



Holi: India's Festival of Colours

Families gather to pour scented

blessings for the new year. But outside, in the streets, it's a freefor-all, where strangers become

where we are, we all celebrate survival, renewal, and the joy of

Holi is not just a festival of aughter and mischief, it is a festival of justice, defiance, and survival of good over evil. Across continents and centuries, we have lit fires to burn away fear and injustice, to welcome new beginnings, to honour those who stood against power and cruelty. We may call Holi, Nowruz, Passover, Easter, but the message is the same: No tyrant lasts forever.

Passover : A Festival of Freedom



ed. The table was set with unleav ened bread, a reminder of how the Israelites fled Egypt in such haste that their dough had no time to rise. Bitter herbs to recall the pain of slavery. A lamb bone, symbolizing the sacrifice made on the eve of their escape, when blood was smeared on doorposts to protect them from the final plague. Salt water, representing the tears shed in bondage. Every item on the table told a story, not just of oppression but of liberation, resilience, and faith. Passover commemorates the Exodus, when the Israelites, led by Moses, broke free from slavery under Pharaoh. It is a festival of deliverance, just as Holi celebrates freedom from Holika's cruelty and Nowruz marks the end of winter's oppression. Everywhere in the world, spring is about freedom. The earth awakens, shedding the cold and stepping into warmth, just as humanity, time and again, has shed oppression and stepped into hope

Saint Patrick's Day: The pub-holiday

A t first glance, St. Patrick's Day seems out of place in this list. But if you've ever been in Dublin on March 17th, you'd know, it is a festival of survival, defiance, and

Saint Patrick, the man behind the celebration, wasn't Irish. He was a Roman-British boy kidnapped by Irish raiders and enslaved for years. When he escaped, he could have left Ireland behind, but instead, he returned, not for revenge, but to spread light. He became the patron saint of Ireland, converting people to Christianity and, according to legend, driving out the 'snakes,' a

metaphor for the old pagan ways. But how did a religious feast day turn into a global celebration of pubs, parades, and people dressed in green?

The answer lies in Irish history and resilience. Ireland suffered centuries of colonization, famine, and forced migration, particularly during the Great Famine (1845-1852), when millions of Irish fled to America. In the U.S., Irish immigrants, often marginalized, used St. Patrick's Day as a way to celebrate their identity and unity. The parades began in America, not Ireland, as a statement: We are

n Japan, when the sakura

celebrate despite everything. The association with pubs and drinking? In Ireland, St. Patrick's Day was once a solemn religious holiday, pubs were actually closed by law until the 1970s! It was the Irish in America who embraced the party atmosphere, and over time, t spread back to Ireland and beyond. And the green? Ireland is the Emerald Isle, and green has long been a symbol of Irish nationalism and resistance against British rule. The shamrock, which St. Patrick supposedly used to explain the Holy Trinity.

lious act. Those caught wearing it in British-controlled Ireland could be punished. But beyond the parades, the Guinness, and the sea of green, St. Patrick's Day is about ing. And as I stood in a pub during my trip to Edinburgh, while I was student in Northumbria, surounded by singing strangers, I thought, This is Holi. This is Nowruz. This is Songkran. This is the cherry blossom festival in Japan. Different stories, different lands, but the same human spirit of joy. This is what spring is

Hanami: The Cherry Blossom Festival, Japan's Celebration of Life

became an emblem of pride.

(cherry blossoms) bloom, an entire nation pauses to celebrate. Hanami (literally 'flower viewing') is an age-old tradition where families, friends, and even strangers gather under the pink and white canopies of cherry blossoms to welcome spring. The festival dates back over a thousand years to the Heian period when aristocrats would compose poetry inspired by the fragile beauty of the blossoms. Today, it is a nationwide celebration, marked by picnics in parks, music, food, and night-time illuminations known as yozakura. The cherry blossom is more than just a seasonal spectacle, it is deeply symbolic. The fleeting bloom, lasting only about one to two weeks, is a metaphor for the impermanence of life, a key concept in Japanese culture

influenced by Buddhism and Shintoism. It reminds people to

cherish the present, much like Holi reminds us that joy is temporary but worth embracing, or like Nowruz which marks the triumph of light over darkness. As the blos-

soms fall, carried by the wind like pink snowflakes, the Japanese bid farewell to another winter. Much like the other festivals I introduced you to above. Hanami is a way of cleansing the past and stepping into the future with hope.

A World Without Borders

M ayb, if we remembered that, we wouldn't hate so much. Maybe, if we remembered that, we would see each other not as foreigners, but as cousins in the same human family. Spring is the would understand each other too. world's reminder that we have sur-Holi, Nowruz, Easter, Passover, St

vived, that we can start again, and that no matter how much darkness there is, the light always returns. And maybe, just maybe, if we understood our festivals better, we

Patrick's Day, Songkran, Hanami different names, different lands but all whispering the same mes sage: We made it. We are one. And that is worth celebrating.

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The Eternal Story of Spring

B efore we talk about our festivals, let's talk about our story. Because at the heart of every spring festival is the same tale, the battle between darkness and light, winter and warmth, despair and hope.

The Greeks tell it through Persephone, who was taken to the underworld by Hades, leaving the earth barren. But when she returns, the world bursts The Hindus tell it through

Holi, where the evil Holika is burned, and Prahlad, the true devotee, survives the flames. proving that light always wins. The Persians have Nowruz, which brings the return of Siyâvash, the prince who was burned in a trial of fire but later returns in the spring blossoms, reminding us that no matter how cruel the world may be, goodness will always come back. The Christians tell

of Spring, the Hindus through the

story of Holika and Prahlad, the

Persians through the Shahnameh.

which credits the foundation of

Nowruz to the mythical Iranian

King Jamshid, the Jews through

Exodus of the Israelites from slav-

through the easter egg hunt

ery in Egypt, and the Christians

blood and Holi on my skin. My

family's roots stretch across

Persia and India, two lands bound

by ancient ties, two cultures that

have shaped the world's poetry.

philosophy, and passion, I have

iumped over fire for the Persian

New Year and smeared gulal on

friends for Holi. I have watched

cherry blossoms bloom in Kyoto.

raised a glass on St. Patrick's Day

in Dublin, and danced in the

in Bangkok.

water-soaked chaos of Songkran

we come from, our festivals tell the

same stories, of suffering and

resilience, of light conquering

darkness, of winter making way for

spring. We are not as different as

excuses to hate. Hindu. Muslim.

Sikh. Isai, aapas main sirf kaaga-

zon main hai bhai bhai! We build

borders, not just on maps, but in

our hearts. But imagine a world

where we did not. Imagine a world

where we saw each other, not as

outsiders, not as threats, not as

enemies, but as fellow travellers

And vet, we fight. We find

we have been led to believe.

The truth is, no matter where

I grew up with Nowruz in my

cified and rises again, death and rebirth, darkness and light, just like Persephone, just like Holi, just like Nowruz. And then, there is Passover, where the Jews celebrate their journey from suffering to free dom, from night to day. Even in Ireland. St. Patrick's Day.

in this great cycle of life. A world

like love like kindness like hone

was never meant to belong to just

one kind of people. I wish more

people understood this.

which seems like an excuse for

slave, taken from his home only to return and bring light to the land that once oppressed

story. We suffer. We survive. We celebrate. And every spring, we

rooted in a story of survival

St. Patrick himself was once a

D id you think Holi is the only festival where water is where we saw the fire of Nowruz and thought of the bonfires of splashed on you? Think again. Holi. Where we heard the story of Persephone and recognized In Thailand, Songkran, the Easter. Where we watched the Thai New Year, celebrated from Jews mark their liberation at April 13th to 15th, turns entire cities into a water-soaked play-Passover and remembered our ground. Buckets, water guns, and own struggles for freedom. Where we looked at the cherry blossoms even elephants join in, drenching in Japan, the water fights of Songkran, the feasts of Eid and Easter, the full-moon dances of year's misfortunes. the Celts, and instead of saving. "This is not mine." we said. "This. is so familiar!" Because spring.

people in a cleansing ritual meant to wash away the past Just like Holi's vibrant

colours symbolize renewal, Songkran's water fights are not just for fun, they are deeply rooted in Buddhist traditions of purification and respect.

oli has spread far beyond

India, made famous by

Bollywood songs, the intoxicat-

ing thrill of *bhaang*, and the

riot of colours that paint the

streets. Holi has travelled far

beyond India, its riot of

colours, the intoxication of

bhaang, and the infectious joy

of Bollywood songs make it a

global spectacle. But some-

where along the way, we have

let its true meaning fade. More

and more, I hear Muslims say

that participating in Holi is a

violation of their faith. And I

can't help but wonder, how,

then, can they expect our Hindu

water over Buddha statues and the hands of elders, seeking

vals? Can we set aside religion for a bit? Can we? I have thought of the fires of Nowruz, the Persian New Year, when people leap over flames chanting. "Zardi-ve man az toh. sorkhi-ye toh az man", "Take my sickness. warmth." Like Holi, Nowruz welcomes renewal, the shed-

ding of misfortune, and the courage to step into the light. the just prince of Turan (pres-

I have thought of Siyavash, ent-day Central Asia), who was

subjected to an ordeal by fire. If he was innocent, the flames would not harm him. Siyâvash walked through a blazing wall

of fire, and emerged unscathed.

a symbol of truth prevailing against deceit. I have thought of the story of Passover, when the enslaved Israelites fled Egypt, escaping tyranny and crossing into freedom. The fires of Passover, like Holi's bonfire, are not just flames but beacons, guiding people away from oppression and

By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

No winter is endless. And no force, no matter how dark, can Different names. Same story

withstand the fire of truth.

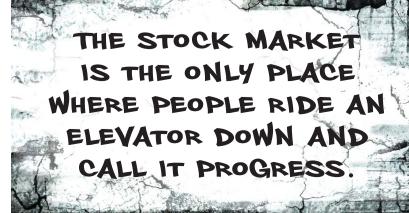
ZITS







THE WALL



BABY BLUES

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU WANT TO BE AN EMAILMAN? HOW WOULD THAT EVEN WORK?

I'LL STAND BEHIND PEOPLE AT THEIR COMPUTERS AND MAKE A NOISE WHEN THEY GET A NEW EMAIL



COMPUTERS ALPEADY DO THAT!





By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman