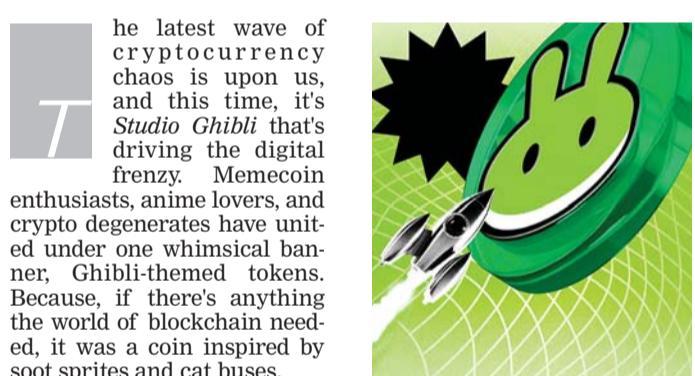


#TRENDING

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.



From Spirited Gains to Castle Crashes

With names like STOTORO, SNOFACE, and STURNIPHEAD, these Ghibli-themed tokens have entered the wild west of memecoin culture, hyping up their value more than utility. The irony? None of these projects have any official backing from Studio Ghibli, but that hasn't stopped Twitter (sorry, X) from erupting with fans.

shouting, "To the moon, Chihiro!" Like a Miyazaki film, the journey has been magical, unpredictable, and, in some cases, mildly terrifying. And so it goes. Some SNOFACE early on claim their wallets are 'spirited away' with unexpected gains, while those who hesitated are watching castles in the sky crash back to reality.

Tokenomics or Totoro-nomics?

Despite their questionable longevity, these tokens follow classic memecoin economics, low liquidity, high volatility, and an aggressive reliance on internet memes. The appeal is simple: nostalgia-driven hype. Who wouldn't want to tell their grandchildren they got rich trading a token

based on a radish spirit? One ambitious developer behind SCATBUS has even promised a decentralized 'Ghibli Metaverse,' which sounds like a lawyer's nightmare but a weebs dream. Meanwhile, skeptics argue that these tokens are as fleeting as Calcifer's patience in Howl's Moving Castle.

Will the Magic Last?

Like all memecoins, the Ghibli Wave will eventually hit its Twitter-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 Hayao Miyazaki himself doesn't even like technology). But

for now, crypto Twitter is eating up the aesthetic. For those jumping in just remember: In the world of memecoin, you're either flying high on a magic broomstick or plummeting down like a sleepy forest spirit. Trade wisely, and may your gains be as legendary as a Ghibli masterpiece.

A Season Without Borders

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 Eternal Story of Spring

Mariam Abuhaider
Animal rights activist and a wanderlust

I have always believed that if we truly saw each other without the borders we've built, without the politics we've inherited, without the visas we struggle to get, without the hate we are fed, we would find that we are all the same dancing to different beats, singing in different tongues, but ultimately celebrating the spirit of life. And nothing proves this more than spring.

Spring is the earth's way of reminding us that no matter how bitter the winter, pleasanties always return. Across the world, we welcome this season with festivals, with colours, with music, with water, with fire, with fire, with prayers, with offerings, whatever our ancestors deemed fitting to say. "Thank you, we survived the darkness. It is time for renewal."

But in today's world, we look at 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 fire to welcome renewal or gathering loved ones in dark forests? What is foreign about celebrating survival, plurality, and passion. I have jumped 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 water-soaked chaos of Songkran in Bangkok.

The truth is, no matter where 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 we have been led to believe.

And yet, we fight. We find excuses to hate. Hindu, Muslim, Sikh, Isai, apas main sir kaagan 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



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 escape from slavery in Egypt, a journey from suffering to freedom, from night to day. Even in Ireland, St. Patrick's Day, which seems like an excuse for Easter, where Christ is crucified and rises again, death and rebirth, darkness and light, just like Persephone, just like Holi, just like Nowruz.

This is our story. Humanity's story. We suffer. We survive. We celebrate. And every spring, we remind ourselves of that.

In 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 slavery in Egypt, and the Christians through the easter egg hunt.

I grew up with Nowruz in my 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 me: mystery, plurality, and passion. I have jumped 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 water-soaked chaos of Songkran in Bangkok.

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Celebrating Laughter Through Books

Every April 1st, Reading is Funny Day encourages children and adults to embrace the joy of reading through humour. Laughter makes learning fun, and funny books help develop a lifelong love for reading. From silly rhymes to hilarious stories, humorous literature enhances vocabulary, boosts creativity, and improves comprehension skills. Parents and teachers can celebrate by sharing joke books, comics, or funny read-alouds. Whether it's Dr. Seuss's playful rhymes or a witty graphic novel, laughter-filled reading fosters imagination and connection. So, grab a funny book today and enjoy the magic of reading with a smile!

#SPRING



The Festivals That Unite Us

Nowruz: The Persian New Year

In my home, Nowruz has always been sacred. On March 21st, the air is filled with the aroma of sabzi polo-fragrant herbed rice, while the Haft-Sin table stands as a tribute to renewal and hope.

Each item on the table tells a story: wheatgrass for rebirth, garlic for health, vinegar for patience, a mirror for self-reflection, coloured eggs for fertility, and goldfish for life and movement. Candles glow with the promise of enlightenment, while the pages of Hafez's *Divan*, the *Quran*, and the *Shahnameh* whisper ancient wisdom. Among them, the pomegranate, the fruit of paradise, and the *Haft Sin* which is a ploy to the fire to burn away sickness and misfortune.

This is our story. Humanity's

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marked by *Chaharshanbe Suri*, the festival of fire. People leap over flames chanting "Gozarish, redness! take me paleness!" which is a ploy 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 transformation. But when I first celebrated Nowruz outside of Iran, I realized something: when Persians leap over fire, we are not alone. The Hindus do it for Holi. The Celts do it for Beltane. The Jews light the menorah. The Christians light the Paschal fire for Easter. The fire is the same. The message is the same.

Wearing green was once a rebellious act. Those caught wearing it in British-controlled Ireland could be punished. But beyond the politics of green, St. Patrick's Day is about resilience, renewal, and belonging. And as I stood in a pub during my trip to Edinburgh, while I was a student in Northumbria, surrounded 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 meant to feel like.

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, 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

here, we are strong, and we will

celebrate despite everything. The association with pubs and drinking

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But how did a religious feast day turn into a global celebration of cultures, and people dressed in green?

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