

21 DECEMBER 2023

SOLSTICE

A LITERARY CLUB INITIATIVE



Christmas Edition



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We are...

*For we have promises to keep and miles to go
before we sleep and miles to go before we sleep...*

To read or not to read, that is the question. Team Solstice is an ensemble of some of the most literary minds in DPS Ruby Park. Our sole objective is to bring you a magazine of the students, by the students, and for the students. Solstice is an amalgamation of engaging tales and academic analyses and it aims to provide a platform where you can showcase your literary prowess. Have you always wanted to challenge yourself? Have you always wanted to read a magazine that intrigues you? Solstice is the place for you. We strive to provide a haven where you can create, express, and articulate.

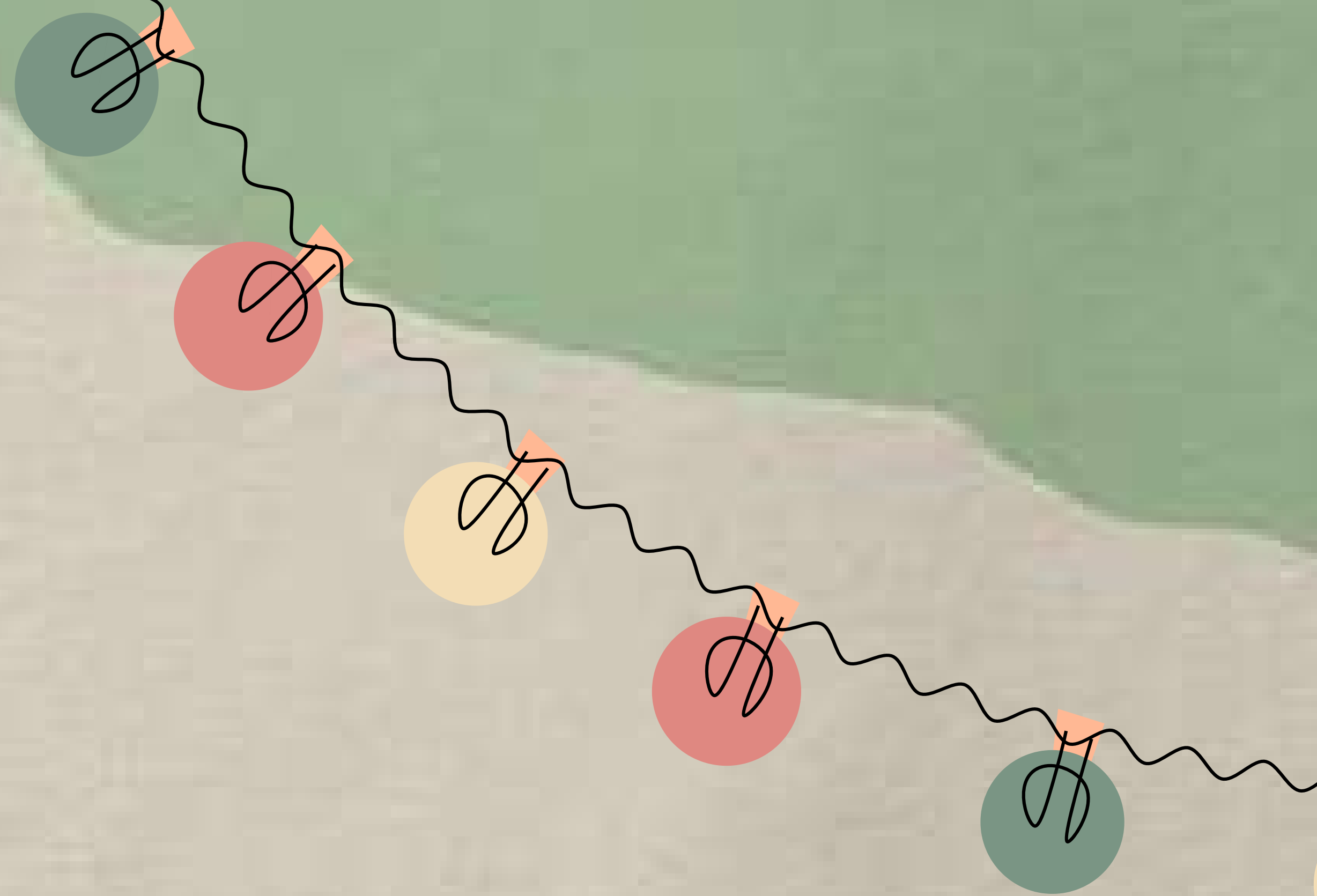
However, the burning query might be this: Why the name “Solstice”? The dictionary defines “Solstice” as the highest point at which the Sun resides in the sky. Those are the heights that we endeavour to reach. And while we still have a considerable distance to cover, we have an infinite horizon. The word “Solstice” also refers to the Sun reaching the lowest point of the sky, which sets quite a grim undertone, however, the dichotomy of the highs and lows of the Sun resembles that of the highs and lows of life itself, which we as a magazine must go through to succeed. Those who know Solstice to be the longest night of the year, forget that it is also the longest day of the year, and to them we ask, do nights always indicate a gloomy theme? Vincent Van Gogh’s “Starry Night” would beg to differ. The interpretation lies in the perspective of the beholder.

We hope that we will be prosperous in fulfilling our own and your aspirations.

Team
 **SOLSTICE**



'It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas'



Every nook and cranny of the world is being adorned with multifarious ornaments and lights; carols echo through the halls of every house, and as families gather to decorate their Christmas trees, the atmosphere coalesces to radiate all things Christmas. Christmas is celebrated during the coldest of seasons, but I associate it with warmth. It's never about glam and grandeur; it's about joy, togetherness, and, most importantly, tradition. The heartfelt exchange of presents, the crowded midnight masses, and bright red stockings by the

fireplace are all very well-known Christmas traditions that essentially represent the festival. It is not a celebration for only the people who profess the faith, but for everyone who loves to partake in these mesmerizing festivities. But the world still has much more to offer with its plethora of ancestry, and celebrations differ from place to place.

One of the most enduring Christmas traditions is the decoration of the Christmas tree, which is essentially a conical pine tree. But in a country like ours, such trees are nearly impossible to find. So it is tradition to decorate banana and mango trees in the southern states of India, like Kerala and Goa. In southern states, every part of the banana tree is used.



Over to the other side of the world in Iceland, the thirteen Yule Lads pay a visit, one by one thirteen nights before the Yule. They are infamous pranksters who bring gifts to children who keep their shoes by the window and those who have been disobedient receive rotten potatoes! Being aware you are under the supervision of ogres with names like 'Pottaskefill (pot-scraper)', 'Askasleikir' (bowl-licker) and 'Hurdaskelir' (door-slammer), it is impossible to even consider being rebellious.

In the year of 1974, an ad campaign was launched by KFC during Christmas. This was so successful that the entirety of Japan established a new tradition- to eat KFC during Christmas eve! The streets are blocked by crowds of people every year. Colonel Sanders is seemingly the Santa Claus of Japan.

Imagine affixing ornaments onto your christmas trees and finding a pickle there!



Well, you ought to be satisfied with this outcome, for it's considered good fortune! According to the legend, the child who finds the hiding pickle receives an extra gift. Traditions are often related to a large group of people, either in a particular geographical area or with the same religious beliefs. But it doesn't have to be that way.

So for this holiday season, create your own traditions with your friends or family, which make the festival feel yours, which make it feel like home. Infuse festivals with your

own meaning and create a sense of continuity which transcends the borders of time. Christmas is not the season of giving or getting, but the season of growth and goodwill.

Devi Kumar
Chief Editor

With love, Palcutta

To the man who sold lights,

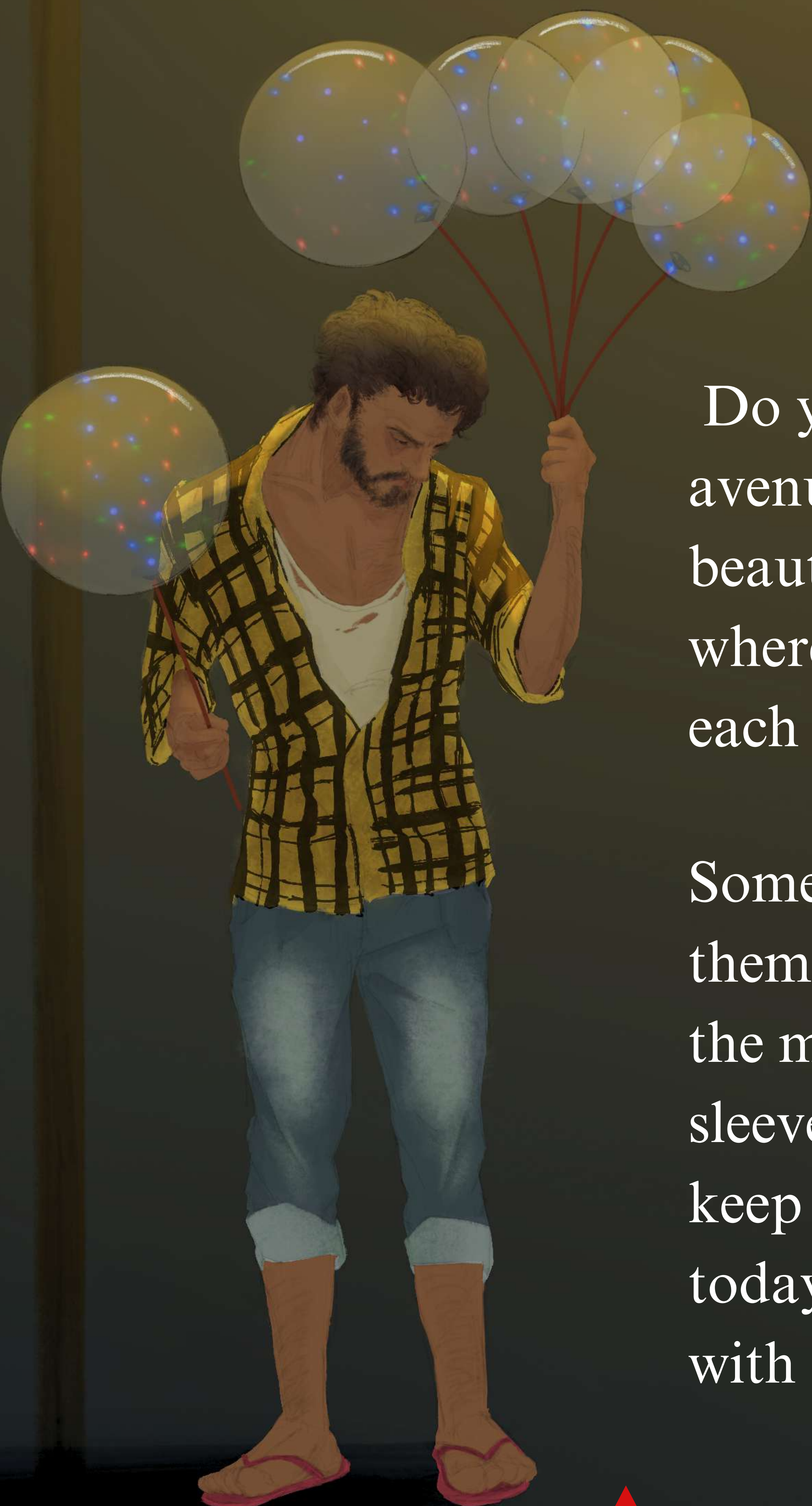
Park Street is luminous, and the merry spirit radiates off the colorful fairy lights glistening under the night sky. Laughter and joy reverberate through the streets. The faces of little ones are seen glued to the windows of almost every vehicle that struggles in the bustling traffic. They are all eager to get a glimpse of the Christmas decorations of Park Street. The homes on the sides of the Street have opened up their balconies and boast of their gleaming Christmas trees brimming with ornaments.

The corner of the avenue where you used to stand is empty today. You stood there with ragged clothes and a warm smile on your face. And you would shout in Bengali, “ Lights! Get colorful glowing balloons with lights!” Your amiable demeanour rarely did justice to your exhaustion. Those burdened shoulders of yours remained upright all day. Christmas was the best time of year for your business and yet you struggled to garner the attention of anyone on the heavily crowded street. You looked pitifully at the little children in the cars passing by, pleading with their parents to get them one of the balloons. The parents almost always nodded their heads in denial of the requests.

You were a negligible entity to all those who passed by you without a glance. To them, you did not even have a name. They were all too worked up their own busy little lives to pay heed to you. But today I write to you, for you are gone.

Do you remember the little girl who lived down the avenue, in the largest house in the street with the most beautiful Christmas Tree? She has a corner in her room where she has kept the balloons she bought from you each year.

Some of them have stopped working, but she holds onto them nevertheless. She ran out of her house today with the merriest grin on her face, tugging at her mother’s sleeves for one of those balloons. Her mother struggles to keep up with her. Her eyes search for you frantically, but today, she is unable to find you. She looks at her mother with questioning eyes. Where have you gone?



Disheartened, her mother coaxes her into returning back home. The little girl is inconsolable, her parents' efforts are all in vain. She demands answers. Desperate to please his daughter on Christmas, her father embarks on a search for you. But you're not here. Her father alerts the residents of the street to look out for you. But you're not here. Her father scours the locality for any signs of your whereabouts. But you're not here. The residents gather together to console the little girl, and to find you. But you're not here.

They gather fairy lights in bundles and blow-up balloons. They create their own version of those that you used to sell. The little girl looks at them skeptically, then she says, "They are not the same." Her verdict causes the residents to get dejected, for all they want is to make the little girl smile because it's Christmas. The little girl takes one of the new balloons in her hands. The anguish on her face gives way to a gentle twinkle in her eyes. "He isn't here," she says, "but we will light up balloons for him, they will travel far and far to wherever he is, so he knows that we are looking for him, so he finds his way back here, and I can get my Christmas present again."

And so it was that the streets were lit up, with luminous balloons. And a little girl ran down the road, screaming "Merry Christmas" and telling the city, your tale. They have not found you yet and neither have I. But they haven't stopped looking for you. All those years you were struggling to sell your toys, you were unaware of those you had influenced.

Christmas has been one of the only days where you have been able to feed yourself, to get yourself a blanket to cease your shivers at night. Christmas has never meant anything more to you, it has never meant a celebration of the holy spirit for you, it has never been carols and cake and holiday glee for you, it has never been decorating the Christmas Tree and then tearing up presents underneath it and hugging your family in cozy woollen sweaters for you.

For I am the only family you have and yet I have failed to show you what Christmas truly is. But that has never stopped you from carrying on the essence of Christmas to the homes of the little children who await each year for a day as merry as this.



You were the fading stars at the break of dawn, dimming their own light so the sun could rise and illuminate the world once again. I am writing this letter to you and yet I don't know where you are. But here, a little girl awaits her Christmas gift. All she wants for Christmas now is to find you and say to you, "Merry Christmas, Santa Claus !"

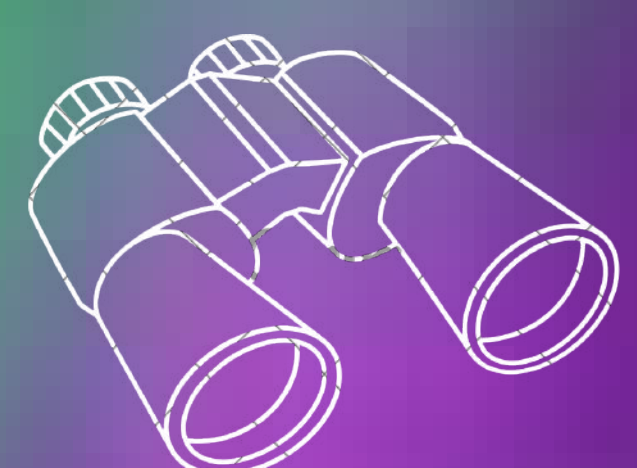
With love,
Calcutta

Ritwija Sarkar
Editor



Riddle Time:

In a tale of joy, where gifts are twine,
Seek the hidden 8, a clue divine.
A creature green, with a heart so small,
What's his name? Solve the riddle's call.



Word Search:

Words can be found in any direction (Including diagonals) and can overlap each other. Use the word bank given below.

R	Y	U	Q	S	L	E	I	G	H	R	K	B	D	F
M	G	C	R	A	N	B	E	R	R	I	E	S	K	H
B	S	T	O	C	K	I	N	G	S	U	T	B	G	I
E	G	G	N	O	G	B	T	I	L	G	B	S	U	P
M	X	N	Z	C	B	D	S	G	W	P	J	E	X	B
C	Z	B	A	R	W	O	N	D	L	K	W	I	Q	X
O	C	O	W	G	E	S	L	O	R	A	C	K	Z	W
G	I	N	G	E	R	B	R	E	A	D	K	O	Q	A
S	O	L	S	T	I	C	E	I	B	R	Y	O	R	B
R	B	W	F	N	Q	N	G	S	S	O	P	C	I	V
D	N	M	C	K	M	P	C	F	Z	Z	Q	D	Z	F
J	W	N	W	W	T	N	E	D	Z	N	O	N	B	U
R	C	S	O	Q	D	Y	P	P	Y	G	B	V	C	S
Q	S	L	L	E	B	Z	J	Q	E	W	H	S	Z	N
L	L	V	M	I	S	T	L	E	T	O	E	O	R	N

WORD BANK

1. solstice 2. bells 3. carols 4. stockings 5. cranberries 6. cookies
7. sleigh 8. mistletoe 9. eggnog 10. gingerbread



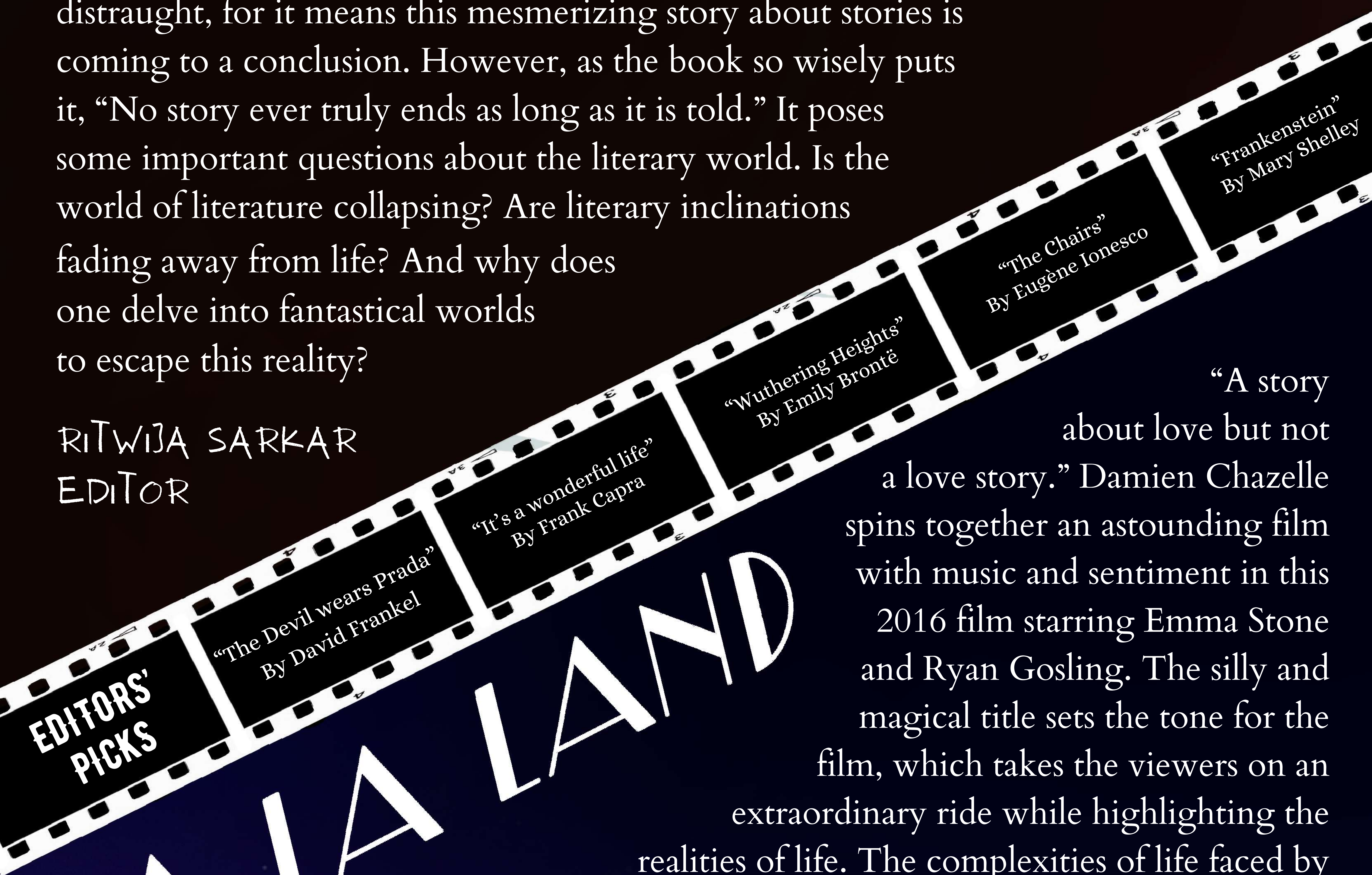
HIPPOPOTOMONSTROSES-QUIPEDALIOPHOBIA

The fear of long words. Yes.

“We are all stardust and stories.” The Starless Sea by Erin Morgenstern possesses the power to transport us from the real world to an enchanting world of its own as we follow Zachary Ezra Rawlins, a boy not unlike many of us. He is a student and an avid reader and is led by the enigmatic character of Dorian into a world of magical books, captivating stories, and a reader’s paradise. He finds himself in a peculiar and mystical secret place where he meets the ever-jovial Mirabel. The book does not have a linear plot but rather feeds the reader snippets of stories and tiny tales that intertwine to form an enticing fable. When the end starts approaching, it leaves the readers distraught, for it means this mesmerizing story about stories is coming to a conclusion. However, as the book so wisely puts it, “No story ever truly ends as long as it is told.” It poses some important questions about the literary world. Is the world of literature collapsing? Are literary inclinations fading away from life? And why does one delve into fantastical worlds to escape this reality?

RITWİJA SARKAR
EDITOR

The STARLESS SEA



“A story about love but not a love story.” Damien Chazelle spins together an astounding film with music and sentiment in this 2016 film starring Emma Stone and Ryan Gosling. The silly and magical title sets the tone for the film, which takes the viewers on an extraordinary ride while highlighting the realities of life. The complexities of life faced by the characters have real and heartbreaking consequences that change the course of their lives. The starting sequence perfectly complements the epilogue, with the story coming in a full circle. The unprecedented performances of the leads and the phenomenal cinematography of Linus Sandgren make this film one of the best musicals of this generation. The film highlights the reality that life is not a fairytale and that every hard decision has quite a big impact on a person’s journey. It has a slow start, which will test the casual viewer's patience, but if you stick it out, La La Land will truly make you laugh and cry.

ANUSHKA CHAKRABORTI
EDITOR



एक दिन अचानक

मुझे हमेशा से ऐसा लगता था कि शीत ऋतु को ऋतुरानी कहना ही उचित है क्योंकि ऋतुराज वसंत के बाद यही वह ऋतु है जो मेरा मन मोह लेती है। वर्षा-प्रेमियों, मुझे माफ़ करना! वे दिन जब स्कूल के टिफ़िन में पुली-पीठा रहे और सारे दोस्त उसको बाँट कर खाएँ, वह सवाल कि संतरे खट्टे होंगे या मीठे, यह सोचकर ही उसको छीलकर खाने की इच्छा- यह है सर्दी का समय। शीत ऋतु की बात करना पर उसके जाने-माने त्योहारों के बारे में न बोलना गुनाह समान लगता है। शीत की ठंडी हवाएँ जब चलती है तो 'रास' के मेले में जाने की एक प्रबल इच्छा जगती है। ऐसे ही एक दिन मैं माँ से ज़िद कर बैठा, "माँ, मेला लगा है। एग्जाम भी खत्म। पढ़ाई का दबाव भी नहीं है। लेकर चलो न!" अनेक तर्क-सम्मत कारण पेश करने के बाद माँ राज़ी हुई।

दो-तीन दिन बाद मेले में पहुँचते ही ऐसा लगा कि छुट्टियों में भी स्कूल लौट गया हूँ बहुत से बच्चों के बीच। फ़र्क सिर्फ़ इतना था कि स्कूल में पढ़ाई करते बच्चे होते हैं और यहाँ भीड़ में हलचल करते बच्चे। दुकानों की संख्या गिनी नहीं जा सकती थी। खाने में था- जलेबी, समोसा, पापड़, कई प्रकार की टॉफियाँ, मिठाई, गोलगप्पे और क्या नहीं। खेल भी कई तरह के थे और गहनों की तो कोई बात ही नहीं। लोगों की भाग-दौड़ के बीच एक अद्भुत दुकान नज़र आया।

आज तक मैंने किसी नौ-दस वर्षीय लड़की को अकेले मेले में कुछ बेचते हुए नहीं देखा। उस दुकान की ओर जाने पर देखा कि वह लड़की कुछ बना रही थी। लोगों के चेहरे को देख-देख कर उनके चेहरों का हू-ब-हू चित्र बना रही थी। कुछ लोग उसे कुछ अन्य वस्तु का चित्र बनाने दे रहे थे पर वह उसमें भी माहिर थी। बनाने में कोई त्रुटि नहीं थी। असाधारण चित्र बनते जा रहे थे और लोग उसे देखते जा रहे थे। लम्बी लाइन लगी थी, मैं लाइन के अंत में जाकर खड़ा हो गया।

लड़की एक-एक चित्र बड़े ध्यान से बनाती जा रही थी और लाइन में सब गौर से हर चित्र को देखते जा रहे थे। आखिर में मेरी बारी आई। मैंने उसे अपने चेहरे का एक चित्र बनाने को कहा। उसने हँसी भरे मुख से चित्र बनाना शुरू किया। वह बोली, "थोड़ा वक्त लगेगा।" मैं चारों ओर देखने लगा। पास में एक बड़ा-सा चर्खी-झूला था। मैं उसे देख रहा था, बड़े ध्यान से।

देखते-देखते, अचानक एक चीख! "दूर भागो! सभी जल्दी भागो!" में दौड़ पड़ा। मेले के बाहर चला गया। दूर से देखा तो वह झूला अब हवा में नहीं था, ज़मीन पर पड़ा था। भयानक हादसा। पर वह लड़की? मैं तेज़ दौड़ा। दुकान एक भी नहीं थी, सब चिल्ला रहे थे। हर जगह लोगों की लाशें पड़ी हुई थीं। मैं देख न सका। जल्दी से चला गया उस लड़की की दुकान की ओर। कोई दुकान नहीं थी। थी वह लड़की, लकड़ी के पाटे के नीचे दबी, घाव से भरी, मन कह रहा था भगवान करे वह जिंदा हो। मैं उसे उठाने चला। पर ऐसा कुछ देखा कि मैं हैरान रह गया...

क्रमशः

देवर्ष सी. ठाकुर
संपादक



Every champion was once a Contender

19th Annual Sports Meet

Life, like a marathon, tests endurance, pushing us past doubt with each mile. Victories and stumbles define the course, shaping resilience and learning. Teamwork fuels our sprints, while solitude fuels reflection in silent stretches. The finish line? Not a ribbon, but a journey complete, etched with triumph and scars, a testament to the spirit that ran the race. Life, like any sport, is not about winning but about playing with heart, grit, and grace.

Preparation for the 19th Annual Sports Meet of Delhi Public School Ruby Park Kolkata started a month ago. Art students were happy to help with all the essential decorations for this red-letter day. Many students eagerly joined the march past for their respective houses, aiming to put on a stunning display. Others lent their voices, with the choir spreading cheers before the start of the meet. Excitement and enthusiasm were in the air.

The exciting tempo for the day was set by 'The Final Countdown', sung enthusiastically by the choir. After a grueling day of track and field events, Chenab lifted the House Cup and was closely followed by Jhelum and Kaveri, while Teesta bagged the “Best March Past” trophy.

The Dipsites of our Ruby Park embarked on a journey filled with exuberance, energy, excitement, and true sportsmanship. They faced several hurdles on the way to victory. Some won, and others faced the bitter tang of loss. However, they all put in their best efforts. This exhilarating day was rounded off by the special parent’s races and the staff races, where the teaching faculty contributed to a fun event.

The sun dipped low, painting the fields with golden memories. Cheers echoed, medals glistened, and faces beamed. But beyond the trophies, a deeper victory resonated. The spirit of sportsmanship soared in high fives across teams, in sweat-soaked handshakes of respect. Each fallen hurdle, each triumphant leap, each whispered word of encouragement—these became the true trophies, carried not in hands but in hearts. As the final whistle blew, leaving behind a canvas of laughter and exhausted joy, one thing was clear: the greatest win of the day wasn't on the scoreboard, but within each athlete who dared to play, to compete, to grow.



(Athlete running towards the finish - line.)



(Chenab lifting the House Cup)

Anushka Chakraborti

For it is in the giving that we receive

“JOY OF GIVING”

At DPS Ruby Park, our students love spreading joy by sharing what we're lucky to have. Our yearly Joy of Giving drive proves this. Giving isn't just about making others happy; it's a powerful experience that leaves a positive impact on both the giver and the receiver. It's a meaningful journey that goes beyond material things, creating a tapestry of warmth and kindness in our society.

On December 16th, our school had hosted a special Junior Sports Day, welcoming 20 students from Don Bosco, they received 'goody bags' filled with drawing books, stationery, toothbrushes, toothpaste, soaps, and chocolates, plus essential food packets.



(Members of the Social and Interact Club share the “Joy of Giving” with Iswar Sankalpa)

And that's not all! Before Christmas, our Social and Interact Club will be leading the charge in our Joy of Giving drive. Groceries, health drinks, and must-haves like mosquito nets and hand soaps will be donated to NGOs across the city. It's our way of making the holidays brighter for everyone!

Anisha Dutta

Preparation through education is a must

“Disaster Management”

Disaster management preparedness at our school was marked by dynamic student involvement from class 9, who showcased their creativity through engaging comic strips. These visually appealing narratives adorned a vibrant soft board, designed and decorated by the students themselves. The comics served as an effective medium to communicate essential disaster management practices, capturing the attention of their peers. A thought-provoking documentary enriched the students' understanding of disaster preparedness, by not only emphasizing on conventional strategies but also introducing the burgeoning role of artificial intelligence (AI) in disaster management. This futuristic perspective on AI highlighted its potential for predictive modeling, early warning systems, and efficient response coordination.



(The softboard in 5th floor, that has been designed by the students, spreads awareness)

The incorporation of AI into the curriculum illuminated students' understanding of technology's evolving role in disaster resilience. It underscored the importance of staying abreast of contemporary advancements to address the increasingly complex challenges posed by natural disasters. The day's activities instilled a sense of responsibility and awareness among students, equipping them not only with traditional disaster management knowledge but also with insights into cutting-edge technologies that can significantly enhance our collective preparedness and response capabilities.

Devarsh C. Thakur

Overture 2023 Bids Adieu to Seniors

“Beyond The Classroom”

As the school community comes together to bid a fond farewell to the graduating seniors, the corridors, once bustling with the energy of these exceptional individuals, now echo the memories they have created in their second home. Overture is the annual farewell ceremony for the graduating students from class 12 and is going to be held on the 23rd of December on the grounds of the school. The graduating class of 2023 has exemplified the spirit of inquiry and growth. From navigating the challenges all year round to conquering complex subjects, their intellectual curiosity has set a standard for academic excellence. Beyond academics, the graduating seniors have been active contributors to the school's vibrant tapestry. Whether on the sports fields, in artistic pursuits, or through joining various clubs, they have displayed a commitment to holistic development.



(The vibrant overture board decorated by the students)

As we express our gratitude for the innumerable contributions of the seniors, we extend to them our best wishes for the future. Farewell, dear seniors. Your school life may be concluding, but the legacies you leave behind are etched in the hearts of those who have shared this journey with you.

Roopkatha Dey

A walk through Colonial Kolkata

“FOOTPRINTS”



(Students smile to the camera after the heritage walk.)

Knowledge refers to an awareness or familiarity of and with one's surroundings. And Delhi Public School Ruby Park, which recognizes the fact that education should not be limited only to the classrooms in which it resides, always makes an attempt at providing unique opportunities to its students.

On one such occasion, the students of classes 11 and 12 were taken on a heritage walk through Kolkata (or should I say Calcutta?), and it was a chance for them to unearth the different layers of history embedded within “The City of Joy”. As the students navigated their way through our beloved city's cultural tapestry, they were introduced to the architectural styles of the Renaissance and that of the neoclassical period. The story of Kolkata unfolded in nuanced shades—a narrative that acknowledges history without surrendering to its shadows, a narrative that reveals the intricate dance of cultural influences that have shaped our city.

Calcutta, draped in the Renaissance's cape and adorned with the Neoclassical tiara, becomes a living, breathing testament to the transcendent beauty of cultural confluence. Is it Calcutta vs. Kolkata, then?

Nishka Choudhary



(St. John's Church, Kolkata)

CONTESTS

FOR MAY 2024

Inkblots

(FOR CLASSES 5 - 8)

A little kid finds an old letter from a person who perished in war. Construct a story in the form of a letter about how the child writes back to the person in not more than 200 words.



Little Things

(FOR CLASSES 5 - 8)

You wake up from sleep to find yourself in an abandoned house. Finish the short story in not more than 200 words.



Mise en Scène

[CLASSES 9-12]

Compose a plot summary for a book or a film within the specified genre of "Dark Fantasy" (No, not the biscuits!), in not more than 200 words.

This genre encourages a fusion of horror and fantasy, allowing for the incorporation of mystical elements from a surreal world alongside the unsettling features characteristic of horror and thriller genres.



Quill and Quest

(FOR CLASSES 5 - 12)

Write a poem about or from the perspective of a dying flower in not more than 180 words.

Reviewers Rendezvous

(FOR CLASSES 5 - 12)

Write a review on any book or film centred around the theme of :
'War' in not more than 200 words.

Rules and regulations:

- Please e-mail all your entries to solstice.dpsrpk@gmail.com
- Plagiarism is strictly prohibited and will lead to immediate disqualification.
- The two best entries will be published.
- Mention the name of your contest, your name, class and section while you send us your entries.
- The last day of submission is **14 May 2024**.
- A sudden change in theme. Wonder why? Stick around for the next edition and find out.

Happy Writing!

চ্যাপলিন

হাসির পেছনে কান্না থাকতে পারে
আর জীবনের অপর নাম যে প্রতিবাদ,
হাফপ্যান্ট বয়সে বুঝি নি বা সত্যি বলতে
ভেবেও দেখিনি, তখন চ্যাপলিন আমার
কাছে কেবল হাসির খোরাক আর এক
মুঠো অক্সিজেন! চ্যাপলিনের ছবি আর
জীবন সবই উদ্ভট, অসম্ভব, পৃথিবীতে
মানবতাকে বাঁচিয়ে রাখার এক দৃঢ়
সংগ্রাম। সমাজ ব্যবস্থা কে এইরূপ
পরিহাস করে, আমাদের পৃথিবীতে শেষ
পর্যন্ত নিজের শিরদাঁড়া বিক্রি না করে,
কেউ যদি বেঁচে থাকতে পারে, বাঁচিয়ে
রাখতে পারে - তাহলে সে চ্যাপলিন।

চ্যাপলিনের বস্তি, রাস্তা, ঘর - বাড়ি,
মানুষ - সবই ব্যক্তির সীমানা ছাড়িয়ে
যেন এক গভীরতর অনুভূতি, এবং
এই অনুভূতিই তাঁর সৃষ্টির উৎস।
তবে আজকের সিনেমা অন্তত
আমার কাছে বড়ো
অবাস্তব, কিন্তু চ্যাপলিনের ছবির
প্রতিটা ফ্রেমে - ছড়িয়ে ছিটিয়ে
আছে রুঢ় বাস্তব, যার একটি সম্ভাব্য
কারণ, তাঁর দুঃসহ ছেলেবেলা।
বাস্তবের সঙ্গে তাঁর বহুদিনের সম্পর্ক,
দুঃখের সঙ্গে নিবিড় পরিচয়। বিখ্যাত
চলচ্চিত্র পরিচালক ফেড্রিকো ফেলিনি
একটি সাক্ষাৎকারে বলেছিলেন:
"Chaplin was a sort of Adam,
from whom we are all descended."

সত্যিই তাই, চ্যাপলিনের দুনিয়া তো আমাদেরই দুনিয়া,
সাধারণের দুনিয়া, আমরা প্রত্যেকেই এক একটা চার্লি চ্যাপলিন!
মাঝে মাঝে নিজেকে প্রশ্ন করেছি যে প্রতিবাদ কেন হাসি, ঠাট্টার
মধ্যে দিয়ে? কেন গুরুগম্ভীর কোনো ছবি নয়? যা দেখে অন্তত দশটা
প্রশ্ন আমাদের মাথায় ঘুরপাক খাবেই! কিন্তু তারপর নিজেই ভেবেছি সেই
প্রশ্ন দু দিনের মধ্যেই মাথা থেকে উধাও হয়ে যায়, কিন্তু প্রায় পাঁচ বছর
আগে "The Dictator" বা "Monsieur Verdoux" দেখে যে সুনির্দিষ্ট প্রশ্ন
গুলো জন্মেছিলো তা এখনো সম্মানে বিরাজমান।

আগামী ২৫শে ডিসেম্বর, চ্যাপলিনের ৪৫ তম
মৃত্যুবার্ষিকী - সে পুরোনো হয়েও নতুন, নির্বাক
হয়েও সবাক। ছেলেবেলায় যা দেখে শুধু
হেসেছি, আজ বুঝি আদতে তা কত গভীর ছিল,
যদিও পুরোপুরি বুঝি না। শক্তি চট্টোপাধ্যায়ের
একটা কবিতায় কিছু লাইন ছিল, ঠিকঠাক মনে
আছে কিনা জানি না তবে কিছুটা এরম:
"মনে করো, গাড়ি রেখে ইস্টিশান দৌড়চ্ছে,
নিবস্ত্র ডুমের পাশে তারার আলো
মনে করো জুতো হাঁটছে, পা রয়েছে স্থির -
আকাশ-পাতাল এতোল-বেতোল
মনে করো, শিশুর কাঁধে মড়ার পান্ধি ছুটছে
নিমতলা - পরপারে
বুড়োদের লম্বালম্বি বাসরঘরী নাচ—
সে বড়ো সুখের সময় নয়, সে বড়ো আনন্দের
সময় নয়।"

চ্যাপলিনের ছবিও ঠিক তাই - উল্টে
দিলে পালটে যায়। চ্যাপলিন বলেছিলেন:
"Life is a tragedy when seen close
up, but a comedy in long-shot."
ঠিকই বলেছিলেন!

হাসতে হাসতে কান্না-
কাঁদতে কাঁদতে হাসি
জীবন তোমায়
বড়ো ভালোবাসি।

প্রিয়াংশু চ্যাটার্জী
প্রধান সম্পাদক

Soil and Water

A SOURCE OF LIFE

ESSENTIAL ENVIRONMENT

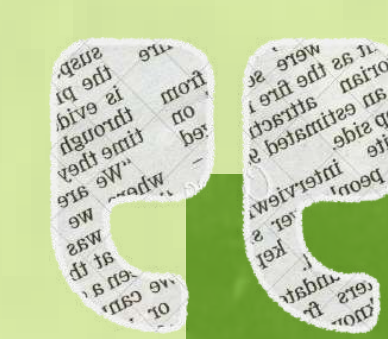
On December 5th, the world held its breath—not for a comet or a global summit, but for something just as crucial: World Soil Day. This annual event shines a spotlight on the often-ignored heroes beneath our feet—soil and water—and their vital partnership in sustaining life on Earth.

The theme for 2023, "Soil and Water: A Source of Life", as proposed by the United Nations, echoed across continents as students, farmers, scientists, and everyday citizens came together to celebrate and protect this fundamental duo. From bustling city centers to remote villages, the message was clear: healthy soil and clean water are the bedrock of our existence, and their well-being deserves our attention.

In New Delhi, thousands gathered for a tree-planting drive, their shovels sinking into the rich earth as they gave back to the soil that nourishes them. Meanwhile, in Nairobi, schoolchildren learned about the delicate dance between raindrops and soil particles, conducting hands-on experiments that brought the theme to life.

The good news? We're not just spectators in this drama; we can be the stage crew, ensuring the play goes on! Even small actions taken by us, students – can make a difference. Even the smallest action, like refusing plastic straws, choosing reusable water bottles or consuming locally grown food, is a silent applause for soil health. Every carrot scrap composted, every raindrop saved, is a vote for a future where lush shelves provide for generations to come. So, let's roll up our sleeves, get our hands dirty (literally!), and become champions for the unsung partnership of dirt and dew. Our planet's grocery store depends on it, and a well-stocked future tastes pretty good!

Prizangshu Chatterjee
Chief Editor



We at Solstice care about the environment, and so should you. Send us articles expressing your concerns about the earth and environment at solstice.dpsrp@gmail.com. And we will publish it. Be the change and see the world around you bloom!





PANORAMA

“Mountain Mama”



Dripto De - 8E

“Minutes before Menace”



Devi Kumar - 9H

“But a walking shadow”



Sreyan Sen - 9D

Contestants are required to submit photographs which best captures the theme ‘**Humanity**’, for the **May** issue. Send your entries along with captions, by **14 May 2024**

Send your entries at:
solstice.dpsrpk@gmail.com