



Celluloid Christmas

~ Ritobrita Mukherjee, II

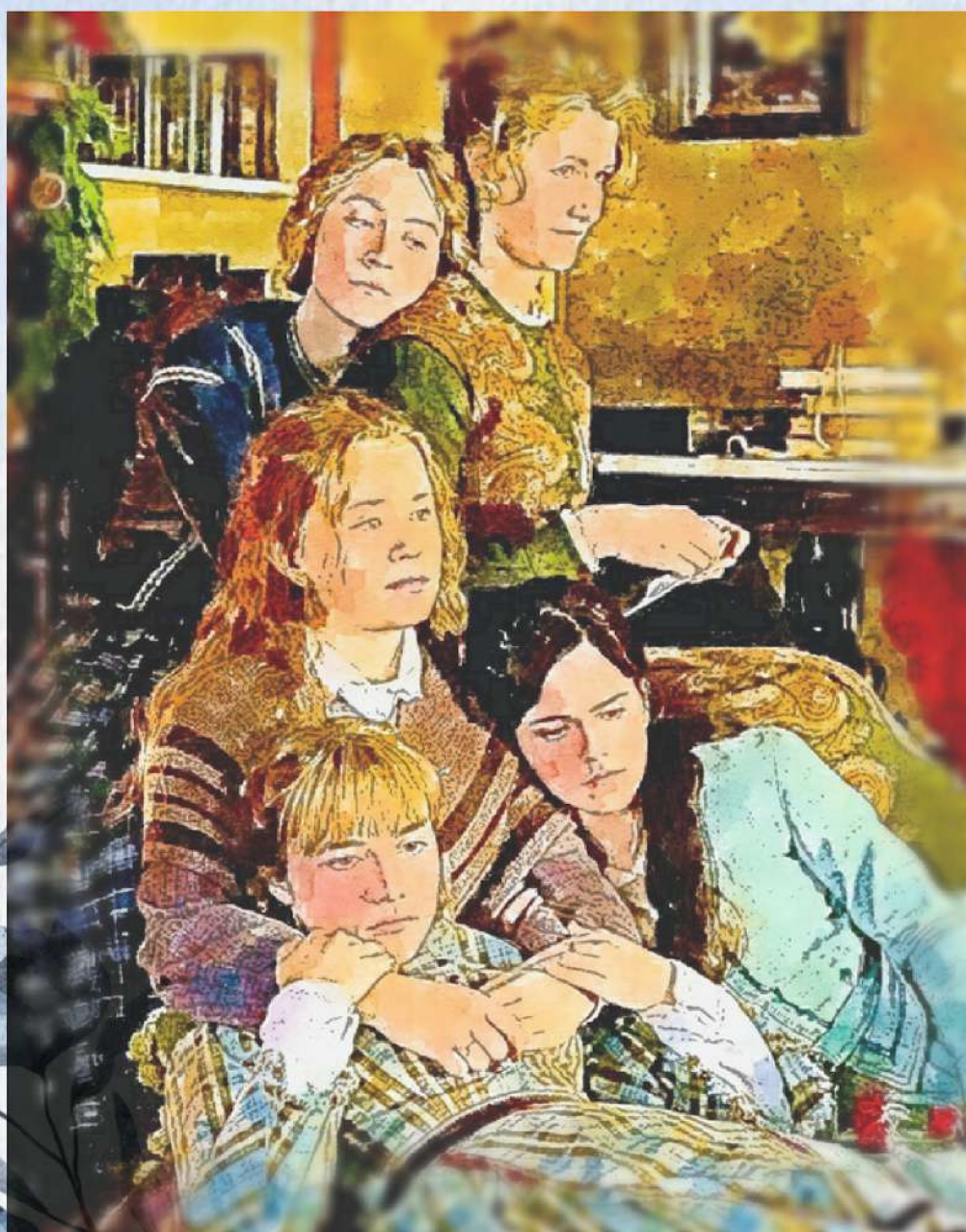
Jean Luc Godard once said, "cinema is the most beautiful fraud", and it is a phrase that has stuck with me for a long time. Winter, in its tinsel glory, is possibly a cinephile's favourite season, offering an abundance of guiltless hours wrapped in blankets with a mug of steaming cocoa in front of the screen which flashes promises of lives that amount to so much more than chapped lips and aching limbs. The following is a compilation of films I have held onto religiously over the years for the warmth they bring on drearily cold winter evenings.

- **Little Women:** If you haven't spent a considerable part of your early teens crying over Jo and Laurie, dare I say I pity you. Although the 1944 version is a revered classic, I find myself hopelessly devoted to Greta Gerwig's 2019 adaptation of the novel. Christmas rarely feels like itself unless you've spent the eve watching the March sisters revel in the small joys life spares them.
- **Home Alone:** An instant classic full of shenanigans we've all spent our entire childhood wishing we were a part of, this film makes a situation that would otherwise warrant a visit from Child Protection Services ridiculously enjoyable. Being left alone at home seemed less of a nightmare after watching this film for the first time.

- **Love Actually:** A clichéd Christmas classic, but a classic for a reason nonetheless. Chronicles of people coming together and finding love in a season of sharing warmth the heart and never fails to draw tears.
- **The grand Budapest hotel:** Possibly one of the most visually pleasing films to ever exist, Wes Anderson's magnum opus tells the story of the Grand Budapest hotel, its charming concierge, and a murder; all set in the backdrop of a made up European country. The brilliant and sometimes shocking colour scheme in every single frame poses a sharp contrast with the blinding snowy backdrop or the deathly grey of the prison. Full of quirks and featuring an ensemble cast, the film is sure to entertain diverse audiences.
- **Dead poets society:** I have found myself ceaselessly quoting John Keating at any given chance, mostly in lively debates with science students and it goes without saying, I feel that Dead Poets Society is a film everyone should watch at least once in their lifetime. A celebration of life, of art and the joy it brings juxtaposed with the fragility of the human heart and fleeting nature of joy, this film was made to be enjoyed in soft winter sunlight with an extra box of tissues beside you.



This watchlist does not strictly adhere to a winter specific genre of films, but it lists some of the movies that feel like warm hugs and smell of comfort to me. Cinéma is a beautiful canvas for the skilled con artist, displaying the choicest portraits of this unforgiving season, warming up viewers from within, getting away with falsehoods because of how pretty the wrapping paper is.





It's Christmas Time

~Ayushi Banerjee, 6-A

Wreaths hung at every door,
Snow covering the garden floor.
Fat little snowmen with carrot noses,
Smell of gingerbread men among the garden roses.

Adults with glasses of wine,
You know it's Christmas time!

Stockings hung at the fireplace,
Grandma knitting a dress with fine lace,
Children writing down lists of gifts,
Waiting for Santa to bring his big, red sack.

Christmas carols are heard at the church,
Candles are lit with hopes and prayer,
Only faces full of joy are found,
On the day of birth of Christ,
That day is Christmas,
When prayers are answered.

Christmas

~Vania Jain, 9A

Winter is here- we have reached the end of yet another
year,
It's time to embrace all the ups and downs with a cup of
good cheer.

The red and green Christmas lights illuminate the city,
It lights up our hearts with the year's amazing memories.

Never has the weather been so calm and pleasant,
Never did the elves have to wrap up so many presents.

There's a jovial atmosphere everywhere we go,
It's time for family, for movies, for relaxing and more.

Everyone is included, be they young or old,
As we sing Christmas carols, the new year unfolds.

Red and yellow leaves lying on the ground,
The joy of winter is spread all around!



The Eventful Christmas Eve

~ Navya Nag, 6A



The sky was a very strange colour; almost pink. The grass underneath my bare feet was a perfectly pleasant shade of green and felt soft against my skin. I was looking around, wondering where I was when it started snowing. Delicate snowflakes the size of pillows fell to the earth, covering the ground with a white blanket.

I looked at myself in a white dress and a tiara, surprised with my outfit that seemed uncharacteristic of my usual style. The sky was a very

strange colour; almost pink. The grass underneath my bare feet was a perfectly pleasant shade of green and felt soft against my skin. I was looking around, wondering where I was when it started snowing. Delicate snowflakes the size of pillows fell to the earth, covering the ground with a white blanket. I looked at myself in a white dress and a tiara, surprised with my outfit that seemed uncharacteristic of my usual style. “Wait.....I don’t even like wearing dresses!”

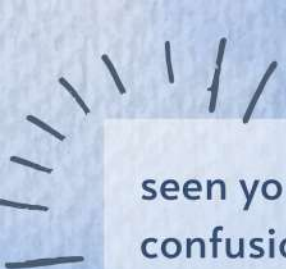
I was about to panic when I heard a faint noise coming from somewhere. It sounded like an ambulance, but what business would an ambulance have in this fairyland? The sound got louder and louder, until I was covering my ears with my hands and wailing for

the sound to stop. “WAKE UP!” A voice boomed from the sky. I shook my head, thinking that Zeus had probably cursed me. However, as I opened my eyes, my mother’s frowning face was floating in front of me - “Your friends are going to be here anytime now, get up!” I looked around, disoriented. My eyes fell on the clock hanging on my mauve bedroom wall. “Oh lord, they’re going to be here any minute now! I took a very, very short nap! How is this possible?” I yelled, tumbling out of bed and running to the bathroom.

Fifteen minutes later, I was all groomed and ready to meet my guests. Well, as well groomed as a ruffian like me can be. My mother rolled her eyes at me. “Clean your room, please. I doubt you want your friends to have no place to sit.” I groaned, but started picking up the piles of clothes littered around my bedroom. Then I moved to stacking all my books in neat piles, since my bookcase didn’t have enough space to hold all of them. Finally, I deemed my room presentable and wandered out of my cave to explore the rest of the house, something I hadn’t done since before I got my Heroes of Olympus books that kept me cooped up in my room all day.

The doorbell rang shrilly, and that in itself was enough to send the house into pandemonium. My brother was running around, trying to find a jacket to wear, my father started yelling about our lessening supply of coffee and my mother was nowhere to be found. My aunt though, cool as a cucumber, opened the door. I heard her introduce herself and help whichever poor soul had wandered into our home to hang up her jacket and open her shoes.

I slid on my sock-covered feet as I sprinted through the house into the hallway, panting. I skidded into the hallway to see one of my friends, Kiara, talking to my aunt. She stopped abruptly, looking at me. She burst out laughing and attacked me with a hug. “I haven’t




seen you in so long!” Kiara screeched. I looked at her with extreme confusion, “Kiara....you saw me yesterday.”

The rest of my friends trickled in by five thirty. We were all lounging around in my bedroom, messing around with each other when I decided to do a headcount. I was by no means the oldest one there even though my birthday was in January. I had a lot of friends even outside school, so peers of all ages and mindsets were present. However, they all got along like a house on fire, which I was happy to see.

Soon, my parents and aunt went out to spend some time together, which left the house to us. We immediately rushed down to the living room and put on a classic favourite of ours: Annabelle. The evening was wonderful; we played many games like Truth or Dare as well as Never Have I Ever. Everyone was in a good mood and they all praised our Christmas tree that I had decorated myself. We had dinner from our favourite pizza place, Domino’s. The seven of us finished off eleven boxes of pizza!

I suppose I should tell you who all came: Damini Bose; a close school friend who enjoys kicking footballs as well as my shin. Ruth Barua; I wouldn’t have been alive if it wasn’t for her. Upasana Bagaria; class topper and guitar extraordinaire. Debisha Bose; otherwise known as the mother of the group. Aratrika Misra; walking dictionary and over-excited number one. And obviously, Kiara Sarkar; my partner in crime and on her way to becoming the next Beyonce. After eating, we had enough energy to play hide and seek as my friends’ parents had not come to pick them up yet. When they were finally going home, I gave them a little parting gift – a sweater and a book each. After everyone was gone, I flopped down on the couch, tired, but grinning like a madman. “Well, that was an eventful Christmas Eve,” I murmured to myself.



Little Things I Love About Winter

~ Leela De, 8C

“Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way, oh what fun it is to ride on a one-horse open sleigh!” - For me, that’s the opening theme of winter. Whenever people think of winter, they think of ‘cold’, but in reality, there’s so much warmth to it. It’s the season of watching stereotypical Hallmark movies while sipping on hot chocolate, the season for snuggling into the corner of your bed in that treasured blanket,



with your favourite book and crying over the same ending for the thousandth time. It’s the season for exchanging gifts and pretending that you don’t know it’s your mom giving you the presents, although you’ve known it for the past ten years. It’s the time for realising that yet another year has flown by and for that age-old tradition of making New Year resolutions like the ones you made in December of last year, and the year before that, and the year before that. Christmas trees, carols, gifts, holidays, hoodies, fancy hot coffee, what’s not to love about Winter?



The Best Christmas I Ever Had

~ Ayushi Banerjee, 6A



It was Christmas time and my aunt had come all the way to meet us from Bangalore to Kolkata. As soon as we received her from the airport and reached home, I started hovering over her suitcase because I could smell something quite tempting from inside. My expectations turned out to be right! She had baked some ginger cookies and a rum fruit cake for me. I hugged her and said, "Thank you!". My aunt loves baking as much as I do and she is very good at it. She also gifted me a beautiful and dainty

pendant in the shape of a crown and a backpack she had bought from Singapore. I was so elated that I became speechless. After my aunt had changed her clothes and refreshed, I made her a cup of hot Dalgona coffee and a cup of hot cocoa and biscuits for myself.

After enjoying our refreshments, we went shopping. My aunt wanted to buy a saree so my mother took us to a famous saree shop where she knew her sister would definitely find what she was looking for. My aunt loved the sarees! She just couldn't make up her mind on which one to be bought. Finally, after two hours of deciding and being submerged in thoughts of confusion, she bought a navy blue saree with tribal art prints on it and an elegant, pink jute saree. After that we had lunch at a Punjabi restaurant. We enjoyed the food there and had a hearty meal.

Then we took a cab and went to a jewelry shop as my aunt wanted to buy some traditional, handmade jewelry. She bought a pair of bell-shaped earrings, a long necklace to match with the sarees she bought earlier and a silver choker.

The time passed by so quickly, that by the time we realized it, it was the end of the day and we were tired and weary. After the heavy lunch, we didn't feel like having dinner so we ate some coffee and sandwiches at Starbucks and French macaroon tarts at Cookie Jar. It was a wonderful evening and I will remember that day as the best Christmas I ever had.

Back To December

~ Jahnvi Poddar, 9A



It feels like it was only a week ago when my first term examinations were giving me anxiety. But before I knew it, I was back to December! As I sit by my windowsill wearing a soft sweatshirt and a warm cup of hot chocolate in my hand, fond memories of winter from past years come rushing in.

Whether it be café hopping with my friends and drinking steaming cups of hot coffee, or visiting the zoo early on Christmas morning with my family, the winter season have always been my favourite part of the year. Signalling the coming of the new year, winter always fills me with joy as I eagerly look forward to the holidays. This winter has been as fulfilling as the previous ones and I hope that the upcoming new year will be full of happiness for all.





The Wonder of Christmas

~ Sampriti Sen, 9A



"What is Christmas? It is the tenderness of the past, courage for the present and hope for the future."

- Agnes. M. Pahro

Whenever I think about Christmas, an event of the past comes to my mind: the story of the Christmas Truce. I remember reading about it on a wintry night, cosily tucked in my bed with a cup of hot chocolate beside me. The story starts on an unnerving note. It was 24th December, 1914, when a few English and German soldiers were present on 'No Man's Land' in the Western Front of France, loaded with arms on either side.

Now, a reader would think that a fire would follow along. But what happened next was totally unexpected. The German soldiers dropped their guns and approached the English for a

truce. They invited them to a campfire and began singing Christmas Carols happily. They did not want to fight with their fellow comrades a night before Christmas.

This made me realise that those soldiers in reality did not want a war. But because of their love for their country, they had to obey their captains' orders and fight a war. However, it did not stop them from enjoying Christmas Eve with their opponents. This itself is a wonder of Christmas.

This truce reflected the spirit of 'live and let live'. It in fact proved that peace is the way out of injustice and violence and a golden ticket to enter a new, brighter future for humankind.

With peace, we all can make a better and beautiful world.

