



## Odes of Human Reality — a bend of art and humanism.

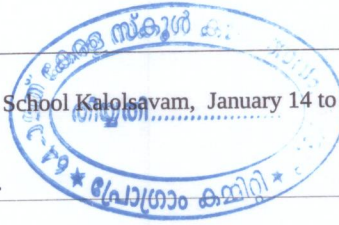
The faint beams of the new dawn filtered through the curtain wings like tides of wheat wine — fair and light. My senses seemed detached — too irrational. The lost summers and the late-night mist clung to my shaft like searing sensations.

The museum was quiet — too serene. The day shift was wearisome, but the silent murmurs and feeble footsteps never flared my isolation. The cabin was modest, the chapped leather notebooks, the soft smell of denial, and the gentle creaks of the coffee machine, each detail was a thesis to my new job.

"Done staring, youngman?", A sleek voice jolted me awake.

"Oh! Uh — I was just — just trying to understand, I guess?", I could feel my voice ~~shaking~~ trembling.





"Hey - easy, young man, its your first shift, right? ...  
Be confident.", The seemingly old lady patted my  
back. I tilted my head as a reply.

"Oh! I forgot, here, these are the security logins and  
overall maps for this museum, <sup>its from your senior,</sup> use this for your  
<sup>Don't let him scare you.</sup> reference.", the woman pointed to the dark brown  
leather notebook with a small grin. I chuckled. Senior?

"And, one more thing, good luck for your survival,  
young man", her footsteps faded in a haste.

I took the ugly brown tinted notebook from the  
table. It had dark borders on both sides, along with  
a thin leather band. The first two, three pages were  
filled with certain details, valid and neat, including  
the light settings, water pressure, electrical lines, and  
customer details. But, when I slid to the fifth  
page, there was a note, Keen and wild.





"A delightful welcome, hope this find you in a good mood. This is weird, I know. Does Rotheko looks different ~~at~~ during day?"

B. If you are tired, don't forget to grab a coffee."

- JV

The note made my lips curl - a bit. It was weird - too silly. I put the book back and beckoned to the grand hall.

The Monet was bright, the elegance of its grace glistened like an old fable. The soft laces, the sleek posture, the strong contrasts, each brushes were astound. And then came the Rotheko, stripes of desperation - ravishing remorse. The coloured blocks shifted with the light - woeful but contented. Yes, the Rotheko does look different in the day time.

"So beautiful, right?", A chuckle approached me.

"Yes, too real:", the man smiled <sup>at</sup> ~~to~~ my response.

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"New here, aren't you?", the slight sneer still adorned his wrinkled cheeks.

"Oh- yes, I'm -", an awkward smile glinted my face.

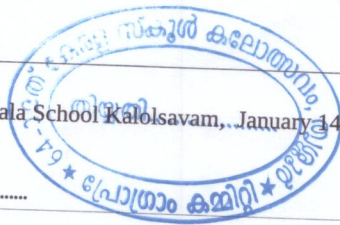
"You are in the right place, cub -", with that the man proceeded to the Van Gogh's."

My ~~strolls~~<sup>strollings</sup> were oddly quiet- I never expected this much of a calmness in an art museum. The starry night gleamed with an innocent energy. Desperate strokes and grave grazes.

It was my third round, a sudden groan caught my attention. It was a girl, perhaps, in her teenage. She kept staring at the Monet with wide eyes. Her mother, a ~~fat~~ woman in her late-thirties seemed to be pulling her. I could feel the tension and curiosity. She was incessant, so was her mother. The flint in her eyes was curiosity and maturity - a unkeel blend of

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human reality.

The noon came fast—faster than I imagined. The bright sun and marble floors—warm and weary. Mrs. Jane invited me to lunch, her pink cheeks lit up with my sudden approval.

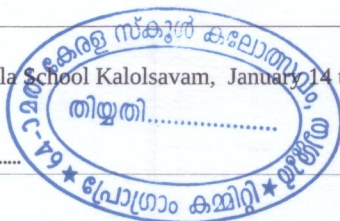
The lunch was simple, a warm-lit hall with a few wooden benches, and food that tasted like sweat and hardwork. The thirst invaded my throat like a sore sensation—dry and bleary. I strolled towards the water can near the Rothko. The sudden rush of <sup>the</sup> thin liquid broke the sterility with a bleak night.

I was drenched in the immediate relief when a meek whisper called me.

"Umm—Sir?", it was the same little girl, the same girl who stared at the Monet like it had invaded her entire existence.

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"Can I help you?", I tried to sound normal, despite my sore throat.

"I am lost. I can't find my mother." The plea was too pure — too innocent. Her cheeks were soaked in ~~the~~ hues of tears and regret. Her slow streams of hair fled under the helm of the soft breeze.

"Did she ask ~~asked~~ you to sit here?", I questioned as I bend down to her sight.

"No, she didn't. She asked me to go with her — but I — I refused." A sob escaped from her mouth.

"And now — she left me — I am so scared. Please help me find her.", The girl hugged herself tightly.

"Don't ~~panic~~ panic darling, we can find her, okay?" I tried to sound comforting. After all, I was never good at

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it: It had been an odd sensation unto me.

"Mmh-", Another sob kept her slight and grieving.

I took her to my cabin. She didn't seem ~~to~~ well - a pale hue draped her skin. I should have noticed, but ~~I~~ was too late. The sudden thud on the floor proved it right.

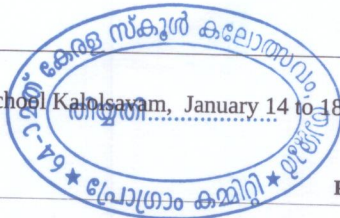
There she was - lying on the floor - her hair was a mess - her mouth, slightly open - her eyes were closed. She fainted. I quickly grabbed her, ~~the sound~~ ~~was~~ ~~loud~~ perhaps, the sound was loud, the other staffs also approached me.

They helped me take care of the girl. After a while of desperate ~~days~~ relief and care, the door was wide open with a loud creak.

It was the lady, the mother. She immediately grabbed her to the chest. A gesture of affection. Maybe

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affirmation? I never seemed to understand. The lady thanked me. I had never been used to consoling someone. It was odd to my ~~gerid~~ gerid chambers. She insisted on hugging me. I didn't refuse. Human perceptions were a tangle — a knotted bundle of threads that ~~had~~ always intrigued me.

The mob advanced to their casual tide with their usual silence. The child was taken by her mother. Perhaps, to the hospital. Fear had been an absolute grimace. It holds grails of insanity and despair. It might grant you with shivers and trembles. It might arouse flickers of falsehoodness. I had always been surprised — about the ways of its threats.

I quickly grabbed the leather note book. The pages were brittle — a little. I took the blue-black fountain pen — the one given by my grand mother. The ink stained the beige pages suddenly — without any falter — like a senile ode.





"The shifts nearly over. Yes, the Rattoke does look... different during day ~~time~~. During ~~night~~ day time, it act knows its being watched, so, it performs - like a wild cat. And during night time, it rests, it descends to its essence - real and alive. If you don't mind, can I ask you a question? Does fear enlighten you some how? Does it make you feel strange if you comfort someone? Aish - don't mind me. Human races and their plentiful ~~per~~ emotions. Guess what, the day could have ended differently."

PS: Your handwriting is good, by the way.

- FR

I gently closed the notebook.

"Your shifts over, young man, see you the next day.", Mrs. Jane shouted. ~~I only smiled at her.~~

I grabbed my satchel and beckoned to the threshold with a slight drooping. The first day, the very first day, it could have ended differently, somehow.