



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

Affiliated to the Council for the Indian School Certificate Examination | New Delhi (WB-470)

9434861122 / 8145730807 / 9474194997 | stvincentacademy.com | svaburdwan@gmail.com



Vincenza 2025



The Muse's Palette



Message from the Principal

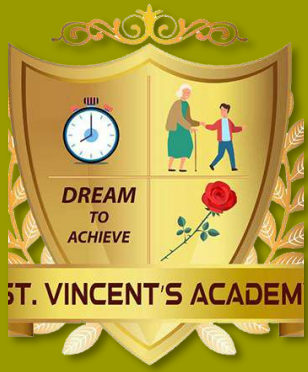
It gives me immense pleasure to convey my heartfelt gratitude to our supportive Management, dedicated teachers, enthusiastic students, and the editorial team for their collective effort in bringing out this edition of our first school magazine, 'Vincenza'.

Each page reflects the creativity, imagination, and hard work that make our institution a vibrant centre of learning.

In an age where knowledge is abundant, it is creativity that distinguishes excellence in education. May this magazine continue to be a platform where young minds express their thoughts freely and explore the joy of innovation and learning. "Creativity is intelligence having Fun."- Albert Einstein.

Warm regards,

Principal



The Muse's Palette

Time

Day by day, I grow older,
Or perhaps, day by day, wiser.
Why does time never halt?

Is it my fault?
Could we ever stop time,
Or would it be just a futile try?
I'm not quite sure,
But stopping time feels like a crime.
For then you'd be trapped
In the endless paradox of time.

In a mysterious world of other dimensions,
Where you're known to none, and nothing brings
joy.

There, you stand alone,
Crying out to be saved by your own.
But someone stands beside you—
Right there, by your side.

Guess who it is?
It's time.

Roddur Kazi
Class-8-A



The Muse's Palette

Games and sports are an important part of our life. They boost our energy and keep us healthy. The human body is like a machine, and a machine cannot work without proper maintenance. Similarly, our body also needs care, and a good way to maintain it is by playing games and doing sports.

We cannot perform well without exercise, games, and sports. They make us active and energetic. Playing games refreshes us and makes us feel lively.

Sports are necessary in our lives as they help us develop positive thinking. They teach us many life skills such as teamwork, discipline, and perseverance. When you play games, you feel fresh and energetic.

Indoor games are played inside a hall or room. The most common indoor games are carrom, Ludo, table tennis, and chess. These games improve our cognitive skills and increase the power of our brains.

Outdoor games are very popular and played by many people in open spaces or big stadiums. Cricket, hockey, tennis, rugby, and football are some of the most popular outdoor games in the world. They help us stay physically fit and healthy.

In conclusion, sports and games are essential for both physical and mental well-being. They keep us strong, active, and teach important life skills.

Subhadeep Tudu
Class - 5-A



The Muse's Palette

The Shadow

A while ago, five friends—John, Alex, Tiara, Maria, and Sonia—decided to go camping in a jungle. They were very excited and eager for an adventure. They packed their bags carefully and set off early in the morning.

After walking for hours, Maria said, "I think we are near the camping area. It's getting darker, and we should stop here to set up our camp before night falls."

Alex nodded, "You're right. We really need to rest and prepare for tomorrow."

They quickly started making a campfire, gathering dry wood and leaves. Since they were tired from their journey, they forgot to call their parents and inform them about their location.

Sitting around the campfire, they enjoyed singing songs, telling stories, and roasting marshmallows. Suddenly, Sonia spotted a strange shadow moving behind the trees. She screamed loudly, startling everyone.

John asked nervously, "What was that shadow? Did you see it clearly?"

Others saw the shadow too, and a quiet fear spread among the group.



The Muse's Palette

It was dark, and the forest felt mysterious. Tiara said bravely, "Let's stay together, hold hands, and take a torch. We should find out what that shadow is."

As they walked closer to the shadow, it started moving faster, and strange noises echoed through the trees. Everyone's heartbeats quickened, and their hands shook as they huddled tightly.

When they shone the light from their torch on the shadow, they closed their eyes in fear and screamed. But when they opened their eyes, they saw a small, cute rabbit ready to run away!

Maria gently picked up the rabbit, petting it softly, and said, "I'll name you Cupcake!"

Everyone laughed and felt relieved. They realized it was just a little animal, nothing scary at all. They returned to their tents smiling, their fear replaced by joy.

The next morning, they sent their location to their parents, who quickly came to join them with a picnic. Everyone enjoyed delicious food and played games in the beautiful jungle.

One of the parents asked, "So, which jungle will you explore next?"



The Muse's Palette

The friends shouted happily, "No way! We've had enough adventure for now!"
They all laughed together, feeling happy and closer than ever after their exciting experience.

Aradhyika Roy
Class-4-A





The Muse's Palette

FOREVER YOU

A glance in twenty-twenty-one I threw,
It was the very first sight of you.
You stood with charm and quiet ease,
Beneath the sun and whispering trees.
Joteram, where Damodar's breezes sigh,
You caught my heart — I knew just why.
Your gates flung wide, your arms so kind,
A second home where hearts unwind.
Then class six called — I arrived,
With dreams and hopes so much alive.
With mams and teachers standing tall,
Their lessons echoed through us all.
Books, blackboards, and bells that chime,
Each whisper held a rhythmic rhyme.
And wide there spread your stage so bright,
Your playground where songs take flight.
I sang my joy on Annual Day,
And danced my fears and doubts away.
With friends beside and teachers near,
You made each moment bright and dear.
St. Vincent's banner will ever rise high,
A promise written in the sky.
You taught me more than words can say,
And shaped the soul I bring each day.
So here I stand, with love so true,
My school, my pride — forever you.
No matter where my footsteps go,
Your light will guide me as I grow.

By Archit Dey, Class-7-A



The Muse's Palette

Myself as My Future

When I close my eyes, a flame rises within,
A light that shines bright, even when nights are dim.

Though the darkness surrounds me, I am never alone,
For I will rise with the sun, making my strength known.

When the sun dips low, and the moon takes its place,

I will flow like a river with steady, calm grace.

I wish to achieve my dreams, no matter the test,
To reach every goal and give my very best.

When my journey ends and I reach my last day,
May my story be honoured in a heartfelt way.

Though no one may bring me a rose at the grave,
I'll leave behind courage and the life that I gave.

*Sk. Ijaz Ahammed,
Class 8-A*



The Muse's Palette

I Want to Fly

I want to fly up in the sky,
If I'm scared to fall and cry,
I know my mother and my dad,
Will catch me quickly, good and glad.
They hold my hand and keep me near,
Their love is always very clear.

*Adriti Dan,
Class 1-B*

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY



The Muse's Palette

A Dark Night

It was pitch dark, and I couldn't see anything around me. It was raining very heavily outside, and I was alone at home. I was playing video games on my computer when suddenly I heard some sounds coming from the kitchen.

I went there with a torch, but I couldn't see anything. I came back, and then again, I heard a sound coming from upstairs. Now I was a little scared because no one was supposed to be upstairs, and I was all alone.

So, with my torch, I started sensing where the sound was coming from. I went upstairs to my mother's room and saw that a vase had fallen on the ground. I picked up the vase and put it back in its place.

I checked my father's, grandmother's, grandfather's, brother's, and sister's rooms, but no one was there.

Then, I heard a sound from the kitchen again. I ran towards it and saw a cat eating a fish. When I tried to catch it, the cat quickly ran away from the house. After that, I went back to my room and fell asleep.

Sucharita Modak
Class-7-A



The Muse's Palette

A Day in Class

I sat in class, my eyes half-closed,
As chalk dust swirled, and daydreams rose.
The clock moved slow—as if it stayed,
While I began to doodle, unafraid.
A dragon battling math so cold,
Yet I was listening—of that I'm told.
Though my mind drifted far away,
Caught in thoughts that chose to stray.
"Who can solve this?" Sitesh asked aloud,
A tricky problem, making us all proud.
My hand went up—with trembling fear,
And suddenly, a poem appeared.
A rhyme or two then softly came,
Just wandering through, without a name.

Chowdhury Farik
Class-8-A



The Muse's Palette

An Ordinary Girl

I have not just one name, but two—or maybe even more. Most people call me “Hey, you!” when they want my attention, or they ask, “What’s your name?” as if they don’t really care to hear the answer. That’s how I’m known to many, and sometimes, I feel invisible. But I have no one to blame for how things are.

Around me, I see many who shine brightly. Some are top of the class, dazzling everyone with their knowledge. Others are stars on the playground, winning games and earning cheers. There are those who paint beautiful pictures or write stories that people remember. They have names that echo, talents that make them stand out.

And here I am, feeling like just a shadow in the crowd, wondering if I am really useless—just flesh and bones walking through days, unnoticed. I sometimes ask myself, “Do I have something special inside me? A spark that’s only mine?” I want to believe that I do.

But most days, it feels hard. Hard because people don’t see me like they see others. Hard because sometimes, I’m treated like I don’t really matter. The words go unheard, and my presence feels like a whisper lost in a storm.

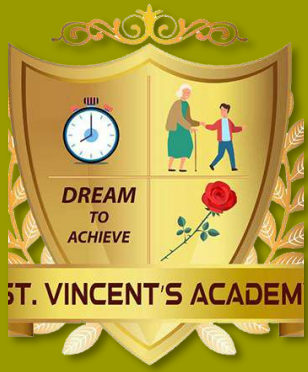
What I really need is simple—don’t ignore me. Don’t look right through me as if I’m invisible. Just pay me a little attention. A small nod when I speak or a friendly smile when our eyes meet. That kindness means the world to me. It tells me, “You are here. You matter.”

I am just an average, ordinary girl. I don’t have trophies or medals to show. I don’t have a voice loud enough to rise above the noise, but I have feelings, dreams, and hopes just like anyone else. Treat me at least like someone who counts.

Give me a name—a real name, something you like, something that belongs to me. But most of all, please make me feel human. Because beneath all the uncertainty, beneath all the silence, I am someone who longs to be seen, to be heard, and to know that I am not alone.

I may be ordinary, but that does not mean I am invisible. I am here. And I will shine—just wait and see.

Srija Saha Class 8-A



The Muse's Palette

My Magical Creations

My magical crystal ball,
As perfect as can be,
Made of bamboo gloss,
Where the future I can see.
Another one for seeing the past,
Of glass made by nature's art.
Between the two, I truly see,
The past and future, a magical part.
My magic crystal balls,
As perfect as can be,
But I only use them
To trick someone who's silly!
Now, my dear friends,
We must not forget—
I coded my crystal balls
On the Internet!

*Sabha Deep Ghosh,
Class 4-A*



The Muse's Palette

My School

My school's name is St. Vincent's Academy. It is an English medium school near my house. My school is a happy place where I learn new things every day.

It has a big classroom, a balcony, a library with many books, and a large playground where we play during breaks.

My teachers are very kind and help me with my studies. They always encourage me to do my best. I love my school very much because I have many friends, and we enjoy learning together.

Avirup Ghosh
Class-2-A



The Muse's Palette

Our Flag and Our National Song

Our India flag—saffron, white, and green—
Is the most beautiful I have ever seen.
How it dances and flutters high,
At the top of the highest sky.
When I sing the national song,
I feel proud and strong.
I belong to a nation big and wide,
I am an Indian, and I say with pride.

Ruhana Sekh
Class- 2-A

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY



The Muse's Palette

Teachers

Teaching is truly work from the heart.
You wake up early every day and often stay up late,
Planning lessons and thinking about each child in your class.
Even when you feel tired, you never stop smiling.
You wear that big, warm smile so you can teach
And touch the hearts and minds of your students.
You don't just teach—you make a real difference in our lives.

Rushika Basu
Class -2-A



The Muse's Palette

Little Jonak's New Friends

Little Jonak lived with his mother and father. Every night, when it was dark, Jonak felt scared. He did not like the darkness at all.

One night, while Jonak was lying in bed, tiny little lights appeared in his room. He saw many small glowing lights flying around. Jonak was happy and shouted, "Look, look! Who are these?"

His mother smiled and said, "These are fireflies. They are your new friends."

Jonak liked the fireflies very much. He said softly, "Good night, fireflies. Sleep well."

Thinking about his new friends, Jonak felt safe and soon fell asleep. The fireflies quietly flew away from his room.

From that night, Jonak was never afraid of the dark again.

Sharanyo Dey
Class -UKG-B



The Muse's Palette

Five Friends and a Mysterious Book

Hi, I am Jannati, and today I will tell you a short story that happened with me and my friends.

One day, we were at the library looking for books to study. Suddenly, Subhasree found a book with the title Mysterious Place. She called us over to look at it. I was with Subhasree, Ujani, Sucharita, and Nitri.

The book looked strange because it was completely blank inside. There was nothing visible on the pages. Feeling curious, I decided to take the book home.

I told my friends to come to my house in the evening. When they arrived, we made some noise and then sat together to look at the book again.

As soon as I opened the book, a bright light flashed from its pages! We were all shocked. The pages, which were blank before, now had glowing letters on them.

I read the first line aloud:

"To those who dare, this book will take you where others fear to go."

Suddenly, the room started spinning, and before we could understand what was happening, we found ourselves standing in a deep forest. It was dark, cold, and very quiet. The book had vanished from my hand!

Everyone panicked, but I told them to stay calm. Ahead of us, we saw a small glowing path and decided to follow it.

After walking for a while, we reached a strange old house covered with vines. The door creaked open on its own.

Inside, the walls were full of old maps, and a clock was ticking backward. We knew we had entered a different world.

Now, I keep asking myself—What will happen next? Will we find the book again? Can we return home?

This adventure had just begun

Jannati Khatun , Class -7-A



The Muse's Palette

Summer Sunshine

The sun shines bright in the summer sky,
Warming the earth as it passes by.
The days are long, the nights are light,
A perfect time for fun and delight.
We play outside, run and cheer,
Enjoying summer every year.
Making memories, sweet and bright,
With ice cream treats and pure delight.
Joyful beats that make me smile,
Summer sunshine, bright and worthwhile.

Shirsha Modak
Class –5-A

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY



The Muse's Palette

The Copycat

Detective Jameson stared at the crime scene, his gut twisting with a mix of frustration and determination. The latest victim, a young woman, lay on the ground with a single bullet wound to the head. The modus operandi was clear—this was the work of the Phoenix, a serial killer who had terrorized the city five years ago.

But the Phoenix was behind bars, serving a life sentence. This meant one thing: they were dealing with a copycat. Jameson's team had been working around the clock to catch the killer, but every lead ended in a dead end. The copycat was good—meticulous, leaving no fingerprints, no DNA, no evidence. Yet, strangely, they were cocky enough to leave clues and messages at the crime scenes, almost as if they wanted to be caught.

Jameson decided to visit the Phoenix in prison, hoping to get inside the mind of the killer. As Jameson sat down in the visitation room, the Phoenix looked up with an unnerving cold smile.

"You're here about the copycat," the Phoenix said, voice dripping with amusement. "I knew they would come eventually. But you won't catch them, detective. They're too smart, too careful."

Jameson leaned forward, eyes sharp. "What's the meaning of the note left at the scene?"

The Phoenix chuckled. "That? Just a little hint. The copycat is trying to prove they're just as good as me."



The Muse's Palette

As Jameson left the prison, those words echoed in his mind: "The master has a new apprentice."

It wasn't until Dr. Emma Taylor, a renowned psychologist and expert on serial killers, called him that the pieces began to fall into place.

"Detective, I think I know who the copycat might be," Dr. Taylor said, her voice trembling. "It's my son. He's been acting strangely, and I fear he might be involved."

Jameson's eyes widened in disbelief as he listened to her story. Dr. Taylor had been teaching her son about psychology and criminology, but there was more she hadn't told him. When Jameson arrived at Dr. Taylor's home, he saw a mix of concern, anxiety, and determination in her eyes.

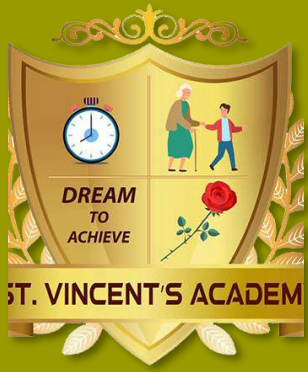
"Dr. Taylor," Jameson said gently but firmly, "you said your son is fascinated by cognitive psychology. Could his studies be linked to the copycat crimes?"

She hesitated, then confessed, "I didn't think so at first, but now I'm not sure. He's obsessed with the Phoenix case and has been acting very strange lately. I tried to talk to him, but he brushes me off."

Jameson trusted his instincts and started investigating the son's activities. Soon, he discovered subtle clues left by the son at the crime scenes—hidden messages pointing to his involvement.

Confronted by Jameson, the son broke down and confessed. "It was like a game to me," he murmured, voice shaking. "I wanted to outdo the Phoenix. I never meant to hurt anyone, but I got caught up in it."

Jameson made sure the son received the help and counseling he needed. The case was finally closed.



The Muse's Palette

Dr. Taylor was heartbroken but thankful. "I should have seen the signs," she said with tears in her eyes. "I should have stopped him."

Jameson comforted her. "Sometimes, the hardest secrets are hidden in the closest places. We will make sure your son gets the help he needs."

The story ends with Jameson closing the case file, a mix of relief and reflection on his face. He knew how complex the human mind could be—the thin line between fascination and obsession. But he was proud to have brought justice to the victims.

Arya Bhattacharya
Class -8-A

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY



The Muse's Palette

A War of Shakespeare's Times

Daggers, swords, arrows, and spears,
All dripping, forming rivers of blood and tears.
Brave men sleeping fully dressed in the mud,
Many crying for the loss of a loved one's blood.
Could be a father, a son, or a husband dear,
The echoes of sorrow ring loud and clear.
The atmosphere filled with remorse and pain,
Tainted with tragedy—a Shakespearean refrain.
All wishing that the battle were but a play,
Where none would suffer or fall that day.
Yet war's cruel grip holds tight and grim,
A sorrowful tale, dark and dim.

Adiya Pan
Class -7-A



The Muse's Palette

I Love My School

Every morning, when I think of my school,
It makes me feel happy and cool.
I wear my uniform with pride and charm,
Oh yes, I love my school.
I grab my ID card in a hurry,
Because going to school is always fun, never blurry.
I tie my shoelaces with a smile so bright,
I love my school, it feels just right.
Learning is fun with friends in the sun,
Lovely teachers teach us how to run.
I love my school, I love it so,
It's the best place where I love to grow!

Ayushman Samanta
Class-2-B



The Muse's Palette

Our Lovely Teachers

Our teachers are so kind and sweet,
They help me learn and take my seat.
They read stories, sing songs,
And guide me when I get things wrong.
They smile at me when I try,
And tell me, "It's okay, don't cry."
Our teachers open the learning door,
And help us grow and learn much more.
I like to draw and write with glee,
Because my teacher believes in me!
I thank her every single day,
For showing me the learning way.

Srinika Ghosh Hazra
Class-2-B



The Muse's Palette

Say No to Sugar

Sugar, sugar, everywhere,
In our food, it's hard to bear.
Cakes and cookies, sweet and fine,
But too much sugar isn't divine.
It hides with other names, it's true,
Making us slow and feeling blue.
It can give us tummy aches,
And cause our teeth to ache and break.
So, let's say no to sugar's sweet call,
And choose healthy foods for all.
Fresh fruits and veggies are the way,
To keep our bodies strong each day!
Let's be strong and make the choice,
To eat healthy and rejoice.
Say no to sugar—that's the way,
To stay healthy and happy every day!

Aarika Mukherjee
Class -5-A



The Muse's Palette

Dazzling

Dazzling lights shine so bright,
Filling hearts with pure delight.
Sparkling stars twinkle with fun,
Dazzling moments for everyone.
So free and full of beauty,
A treasure for you and me.
Dazzling joy is plain to see.

Alrin Sultana
Class –1-A

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY



The Muse's Palette

Technology and Gadgets

Technology

Technology is the use of tools, techniques, and skills that humans use to solve problems, process information, and improve their lives. Technology helps us achieve goals more easily. Examples include 3D printers, Artificial Intelligence (AI), smartphones, and more.

Gadgets

Gadgets are typically small electronic devices designed for specific, often convenient, tasks. They are usually portable and easy to carry. Some examples of gadgets are:

Digital CCTV Cameras

A digital CCTV camera is a type of security camera that captures video footage in digital format. Digital cameras offer higher resolution, better image quality, and advanced features compared to analog cameras. Resolutions range from HD (1080p) to 4K and beyond, resulting in clearer and more detailed images. Features include motion detection, facial recognition, object tracking, and remote viewing.



The Muse's Palette

Game Consoles

A game console is an electronic device designed primarily for playing video games. They connect to a display like a TV and use controllers to interact with games. There are home consoles and handheld consoles, which are portable with built-in screens. They usually have simple, user-friendly interfaces for navigating and launching games.

Robot Mop

A robot mop (sometimes combined with a robot vacuum) is an advanced cleaning device that vacuums and mops floors. It picks up dust, debris, and pet hair using suction, while also mopping hard floors. These robots navigate autonomously using sensors and mapping technology. They return to charging docks when battery is low. Some models have self-emptying and water refill features.

Smartwatch

A smartwatch is a wearable computing device, similar to a wristwatch, that offers many functions beyond telling time. It connects to a smartphone and provides features such as fitness tracking, notifications, and running apps. Smartwatches allow you to make calls, send messages, and control your phone from your wrist.



The Muse's Palette

Drones

Drones are remotely controlled or autonomous aircraft also called Unmanned Aerial Vehicles (UAVs). They fly using pre-programmed flight plans and GPS. Drones are used in many fields including the military, agriculture, surveillance, and delivery services.

Refrigerator

A refrigerator is a household or industrial appliance designed to preserve food and other items by keeping them cool. It works by removing heat from the interior and transferring it to the outside environment, thus maintaining a low temperature. This cooling is done using refrigerants and parts like compressors, condensers, and evaporators.

Md. Ruhan Kayes
Class –6-A



The Muse's Palette

A Dog and His Bath

Once upon a time, Vicky and Sonu were two brothers. They tried to give a bath to their family dog.

Vicky filled the bathtub with water and put the dog inside.

The dog got scared and jumped out of the tub, running all around the house soaking wet!

The wet dog's fur stuck to everything, leaving a trail of water everywhere.

Sonu chased the dog but slipped on the wet floor and knocked over a vase.

Finally, they calmed the dog down, but the house was a big mess.

Vicky and Sonu laughed so hard at all the chaos!

Aranya Bag
Class -2-B



The Muse's Palette

The National Library

The National Library of India is located in Belvedere, Alipore, Kolkata, West Bengal. It is India's largest library by volume and comes under the Ministry of Culture, Government of India. The library is responsible for collecting, preserving, and sharing public records and books from all over India.

Last month, I went to the National Library with my parents. My relatives live nearby, so we visited the library together.

At the library, a kind person showed us around. We saw many types of books, including rare and old ones, newspapers, and magazines. There are special sections for children with many interesting books. The library is very big and has different sections for all kinds of books.

People and students were reading books quietly in the reading area. Around the library, there were many plants and saplings, making the campus green and peaceful.

Near the library, there is also a playground where children can play.

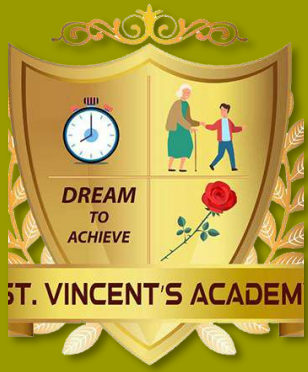
The National Library has more than 2 million books and manuscripts. It collects books in many languages of India as well as in foreign languages. It also preserves many rare and valuable manuscripts, which are hundreds of years old.

The library offers services to students, researchers, and the public. It has reading rooms, digital catalogs, and helps people find information easily.

Visiting the National Library was a wonderful experience. We learned a lot from the books and enjoyed the beautiful surroundings. It was a memorable day for me.

The National Library is a very special place for knowledge and learning.

Asmit Kundu Class 4-A



The Muse's Palette

The Boy Who Didn't Quit

There was once a boy—simple, silent, and often unmotivated. Deep inside, he had big dreams and fire in his soul. But life didn't seem to care about his dreams. He failed in studies many times.

He was laughed at and made fun of when playing football.

He was betrayed by the people he trusted the most. Even some teachers said, "He's just wasting his time. He will never succeed."

Each failure felt like a heavy stone thrown at him, making him feel small and worthless.

Many nights, he cried alone, feeling helpless and lost.

But on one cold night, when he was at his lowest, he made a decision. He whispered softly to himself:

"If the world won't believe in me... then I will believe in myself."

That decision was the turning point in his life.

From that day, no more wasting time.

No more waiting for others' support.

He woke up early every morning with determination.

He worked harder than ever before.



The Muse's Palette

He studied late into the night, practiced football with focus, and ignored distractions.

Days turned into weeks, weeks into months. Slowly, the boy's hard work started to show results.

The same people who once laughed at him began to notice his progress. Some even admired his courage and dedication.

The boy who was once called a failure became a powerful force — a storm that could not be ignored.

He did not want revenge on those who doubted him. Instead, his success became his answer to all the criticism.

His discipline and hard work became his voice when words were not enough.

And his incredible rise became a story that inspired many.

He learned that success is not just about talent, but about never giving up, no matter what.

Moral of the Story:

No matter how many times you fall, what truly matters is that you refuse to stay down. The world will always remember those who rise when no one expects them to. Believe in yourself because that belief is the first step toward greatness.

SK. Farhan
Class –9-A



The Muse's Palette

Dancing Heart

Who always dances with my heart,
And speaks to it from the start?
Who plays games with my scattered mind,
Every day, of every kind?
Who is the quiet friend who stays,
By my side in silent ways?
Who lives and feels deep inside,
Where shame and sorrow sometimes hide?
For whom does the flute softly play,
In secret tunes that never stray?
Which wise soul finds joy so true,
In hidden songs, known by few?
Why does sorrow come and go,
In the thoughts that gently flow?
This melody plays, both loud and small,
Inside me, outside—all—
A secret dance, a silent art—
That plays itself within my heart.

Riddhita Adhikari
Class –2-B



The Muse's Palette

Tree

"Do not cut me," cried the tree,
"Because I give you pain-free.
In my cool shade you rest,
Eat my fruits that are the best.
Take in my fresh smell,
Let me live my life well."

Aheli Mondal
Class –UKG-B

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY



The Muse's Palette

Riddles

What word contains 26 letters but only has 3 syllables?

Answer: Alphabet

What is the longest word in the dictionary?

Answer: Smiles (because there is a mile between two s's)

What kind of tree can you carry in your hand?

Answer: A palm

What is always in front of you, but can't be seen?

Answer: The future

It belongs to you, but your friends use it more.

What is it?

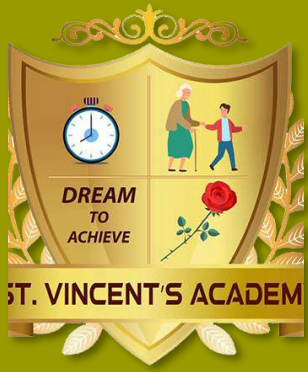
Answer: Your name

What two things can you never eat for breakfast?

Answer: Lunch and dinner

What is $\frac{3}{7}$ chicken, $\frac{2}{3}$ cat, and $\frac{2}{4}$ goat?

Answer: Chicago



The Muse's Palette

What goes up and never comes down?

Answer: Age

Jimmy's parents have two sons; Monday, Tuesday, and...?

Answer: Jimmy

Where does 'Today' come before 'Yesterday'?

Answer: In the dictionary

What invention lets you look right through a wall?

Answer: Window

What can you catch, but not throw?

Answer: A cold

What has 13 hearts, but no other organs?

Answer: A deck of cards

The more you take, the more you leave behind.

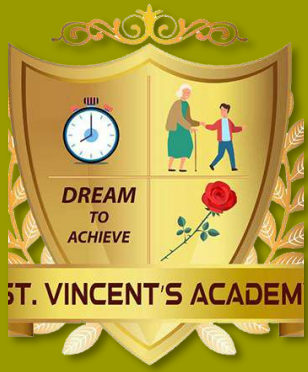
What are they?

Answer: Footsteps

Why did the math book look sad?

Answer: Because it had too many problems.

Arinjoy Chakraborty
Class -8-A



The Muse's Palette

Our Village

Our village name is Ghugia. Ghugia is a quiet village located near Sunur, Bhatar Police Station in East Burdwan district, West Bengal.

The population of West Bengal state is around 104 million, but in our village, there are only about 2,000 people.

In our village, everyone lives a simple and beautiful life. Most of the villagers depend on agriculture and are busy farming. There is a small river called "Khari Nadi" near our village.

Although our village is small, its education and environment are very good. There are also many facilities for healthcare.

Now, I end my story. I love my village very much.

SK. Nasim
Class -5-A



The Muse's Palette

We the Vincentians

We the Vincentians,
Citizens of a large and vibrant nation,
Proud to be Indians,
Born in a land of great devotion.
India grows fast, rich in culture and tradition,
With faith and strength in every religion.
These truths are nothing new,
But how many truly feel them too?
I am here to declare once more,
Love my country, deep in my core.
Love my school, my second home,
Both in my heart, together they roam.
As Bapu is to our nation,
So is St. Vincent's to our relation.
If asked to introduce and declare,
No hesitation, with pride to share.
We dream big and believe,
Our motto gives us strength to achieve.
Proudly we proclaim,
We are Indians!
Vincentians are we,
We, we, we—the Vincentians!

Solanki Sakar
Class –7-A



The Muse's Palette

The Museum of King Brahmos Das

I was sitting in front of the window, reading a newspaper, when suddenly Rahul, my grandson, came and sat next to me. I asked him, "What happened, Chim?"

"Grandpa, you know what? Our school is going to conduct a storytelling competition. It's an inter-house competition. Can you please tell me a story?" asked Rahul.

"What kind of story?" I said.

"I think it's better explained by me. A horror story," said Rahul.

"I will tell you the story only if you remain a good boy and don't interrupt in between," I said.

Here's the story:

In 1980, when I was in college, I had three best friends like you have now. They were Ram, Rekha, and Lakshman. There was a museum near our college. We all decided to go there.

It was Sunday, and no classes were held on that day. At 10 a.m., the four of us took our pass and went out. It took us about ten minutes to reach the museum.

The museum was not very big but looked very old. We bought four tickets, which cost twenty-five paise each.

As we were about to enter, a man appeared and said, "Don't go inside the museum, especially the first floor. Brahmos Das will kill you!"

He was the watchman of the museum. He told us, "Don't listen to that man; he is mad!" We ignored the warning and entered the museum.

Inside, we saw many old paintings, statues of soldiers, and other artifacts. Other people were also inside, quietly watching.

Rekha was looking at one of the paintings when someone suddenly pulled her hair! She tried to chase the person, running to a room on the first floor filled with old things.



The Muse's Palette

There was a painting of a person who might have been a king. Rekha tried to pull me along, but I fell against the painting. Nothing happened to the painting, but the lights suddenly went off!

The whole room suddenly looked eerie, with red marks on the walls. Rekha and I were very scared.

Suddenly, someone called out, "How are you?" We thought it was Ram or Lakshman trying to scare us. But when we turned around, we saw a person from the painting standing in front of us!

He came towards us, grabbed Rekha, and cut her head. I was terrified and started screaming, "Help me!" But there was no one to hear me.

I ran downstairs and saw the floor was full of dead bodies. On the other side, Ram and Lakshman were surrounded by ghostly soldiers. The ghosts killed both of them.

Then the king appeared and I asked, "Who are you? Why are you trying to kill us?"

"I am King Brahmos Das," he said. "Once I was the king of this place, but one day, a mad man poisoned me, and I died. My soul got trapped inside this painting. Anyone who touches my painting releases me, and I kill everyone."

"Your friends are dead now. You only have a few minutes left. I will kill you too!"

He started chasing me, and I thought it was the end. Suddenly, all the ghosts vanished. I ran out of the museum and decided never to visit such a strange place again.

"Grandpa, is this a real story?" Rahul asked. "Well, why not? Stories like these make life interesting," I replied.

"Maybe it's not real... who knows?" Rahul smiled.

Muhammad Aasim Class –6-A



The Muse's Palette

How should you take care of your dad in the absence of your mother and siblings?

- a. I can help dad by doing my mother's work when she is sick.
- b. I should listen to my dad all the time.
- c. We should take good care of dad.
- d. I will cook delicious food for dad when he is hungry.
- e. We should follow the rules of the house that our mother has told us.

Sohalena Pal
Class –4-A



The Muse's Palette

A Memorable Trip

Summer vacation is my favorite time of the year, as it gives me a chance to relax and explore new things.

I went on a trip to the Pink City, Jaipur, with my family. We traveled there by train and then hired an e-rickshaw to reach our hotel. After checking in, we all went sightseeing.

We were very excited to see the beautiful palaces and the capital city of Rajasthan. During our two-day stay, we visited many famous places like Amber Palace, Jantar Mantar, Hawa Mahal, and Jal Mahal. Jaipur is a popular destination and thousands of tourists visit every year.

Jaipur's historical art, vibrant architecture, and the lifestyle of the people left vivid memories with me that I still remember today.

Adriti Burman
Class -4-A



The Muse's Palette

My First Day in St. Vincent's Academy

On 27th March 2023, I was very excited because it was my first day at school. I wore my school uniform and boarded the school bus. The bus was very comfortable.

The school was very clean and tidy. Our teacher was very kind and asked us to sit in the classroom. I made many friends.

Later, we went to the playground and played cricket. I liked the school very much and enjoy coming to school every day.

Aishik Banerjee
Class –2-B



The Muse's Palette

The Morning Ritual of Focus

The alarm doesn't just wake you—it invites you to begin. The world outside is still quiet, half-asleep, but you rise before distractions claim your attention.

You walk to the window, pull back the curtains, and let the first soft light of dawn wash over your face. A deep breath fills your lungs. Cold water refreshes your skin. The day feels fresh and unmarked—a new beginning.

Before the noise of phones or the busy world, your body stirs. Ten minutes of gentle stretching, squats, or a short walk outside. Your muscles awaken, your blood begins to flow, and with it, your mind sharpens.

In the calm, you sit quietly, close your eyes, and focus on your breath. Thoughts race, then gradually slow. You remember that you're not just waking to another day—you're waking up to your life. Gratitude rises within you—for this breath, for this chance, for the path that lies ahead.

On the table waits a notebook. You write three simple yet powerful lines:

- What matters most today
- What can wait
- One thing that will move me forward

This page may seem small, but it is your map for the day.

In the kitchen, you nourish yourself with food that fuels your body and sharpens your mind—no rush, no fuss. The sun climbs higher. Outside, the world is beginning to stir. Inside, you remain centered and calm.

While others scroll through feeds and clutter their minds, you have already chosen your path. Your body is alive. Your mind is peaceful. Your focus is clear and unwavering.

You do not step into the day—you lead it with purpose and strength.

Dev Chowrasia Class –6-A



The Muse's Palette

Ghost of St. Vincent's

I am Soumyajit Roy from St. Vincent's Academy. My friends are Rajanya, Asmit, and Adrish.

One morning, we were all discussing ghosts. Rajanya asked who believed in ghosts. Almost all the students said no, but some of us said yes. So, I gave an idea: who wants to come to school at night to find out?

Rajanya said, "I want to come because I want to see if ghosts are real or not." Then Asmit and Adrish said, "We also want to go."

I said, "Everyone, please bring a bag with a water bottle, torch, tiffin, and a towel."

We planned the night visit but had one problem: Adrish lives far away. Asmit solved this problem by saying, "You can ask your mother to bring you to my house, then we will go by bus together."

Everything was arranged.

(12 hours later)

It was 12:30 am and we were all standing in front of our school. It was a night with no moon—a perfect night for ghosts.

We faced a problem: how to enter the school? Asmit joked, "We can cut the fence and come in."

We all laughed. Then Asmit said, "I'm just joking. Take your torches."

I asked Rajanya, "You live near the school, do you know a way to enter?"

Rajanya replied, "Yes, there is a way, but it is from the graveyard side."



The Muse's Palette

Soumyajit said, "I think I have seen that because my bus passes that way."

"Yes, the way is near the school construction site," Rajanya added.

So, we went that way and entered the school. To our surprise, the main door was open!

I said, "Maybe the uncle forgot to close the door."

Inside, we all felt scared. We went to our classroom in Std IV.

Rajanya switched on all the lights. Asmit said, "Let's eat our tiffin now." We opened our tiffins and slowly started eating.

Suddenly, the lights went off!

Asmit shouted loudly, "I am not well!" Suddenly, the lights came back on.

Rajanya said, "You scared us!"

Asmit said, "I was just joking."

Then Adrish said, "I want to go to the washroom."

When he returned, he was full of fear.

I asked, "What happened?"

He said, "I saw a white shadow in the washroom."

Asmit shouted, "There is a white shadow?"

I asked, "Where?" He pointed to the left side.

Yes, there really was a white shadow!

After that, I don't know what happened. Everything became dark and I lost consciousness.

We all were senseless that night...

I don't know what we saw that night—was it a ghost or something else?

Soumyajit Roy Class -4-A



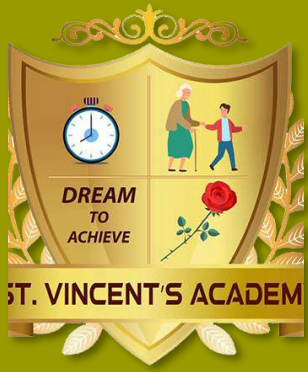
The Muse's Palette

Hope

Hope is like a little bird inside your heart,
Always sitting there, ready to start.
It sings a song without any words,
A gentle tune that's rarely heard.
Even when the storms blow loud and strong,
This brave little bird keeps singing its song.
Through the coldest places and the roughest seas,
Hope stays with you, bringing comfort and ease.
And no matter how hard things may be,
Hope never asks for anything from me.

Kazi Zarin Taslin
Class -3-A

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY



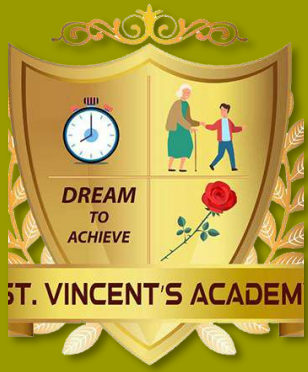
The Muse's Palette

Friends Forever

Friends are fun, friends are bright,
We play together day and night.
We share our toys and secrets too,
And help each other—that's what friends do!
Friends are like sunshine, warm and light,
Together forever, day and night!
We create memories, happy and true,
Friendship is a treasure made just for you!

Srujanika Panja
Class -3-A

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY



The Muse's Palette

My Tour to Vizag

My trip to Vizag was full of fun and an amazing experience. I visited Vizag on 26th December 2012 by train with my parents. It is a beautiful place in Andhra Pradesh.

There were hills on one side and the sea on the other. We stayed in a hotel near Ramakrishna Beach. On the first day, we visited Ramakrishna Beach and other sightseeing places such as the Aircraft Museum, the Submarine Museum, and the local market.

We walked along Ramakrishna Beach for some time and enjoyed the scenic beauty. I tasted roasted peanuts and bamboo chicken in Vizag.

On the second day, we took our luggage and visited Simhachalam Temple, the Zoo, and Kailasagiri Hill. There, we saw a beautiful view of the city and the beach. We also rode the toy train on the ropeway and enjoyed it very much. We returned to our hotel at 2 pm and had lunch.

The next day, we started our trip to Araku Valley by a bus. There, we visited the coffee garden and the Borra Caves. Inside the cave, we saw various types of rocks. At first, I felt scared by the atmosphere inside the cave, but gradually, I began to enjoy it.

On our return journey from Borra Caves, we saw three waterfalls. We got back to our hotel at night.

On the last day, we boarded the train and returned home. It was a thrilling experience. I will never forget this visit.

Ayur Dey Class -3-A



The Muse's Palette

The Missing Papa

Once upon a time, there was a husband and wife who lived in a city flat. They had two children named Riya and Siya. They were very cute. Riya was 8 years old, and Siya was 10 years old.

Their mother was a teacher, and their father was a doctor. One day, their father went to Mumbai for work.

The children came home from school at 12:00 pm but did not see their papa. They asked their mother, "Where has papa gone?" She told them papa had gone to Mumbai for work.

The children started crying. After one week, their papa came back home, and they were very happy to see him again.

Ridhima Mondal
Class -3-A



The Muse's Palette

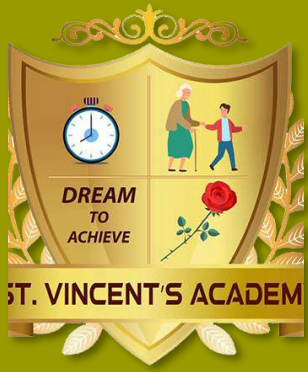
Embracing Challenges: A Journey of Growth

When I face a challenge, I don't get overwhelmed. Instead, I stay focused and determined. I break the big problem into smaller tasks and make a plan to handle each step one by one. I keep reminding myself that even small progress is still progress, and celebrating these tiny victories keeps me motivated and encouraged.

I have learned that overcoming challenges is not just about reaching the final goal but about the journey itself. This journey builds my strength, confidence, and ability to solve problems. Every challenge becomes a chance for me to grow and learn something new.

By staying positive and never giving up, I have managed to overcome obstacles and reach my goals. I have developed a growth mind-set that helps me face life's ups and downs with courage. I truly value the hard work and determination that lead to success.

Samriddhi Pal Class –7-A



The Muse's Palette

Hallways of Joyful Journey

School bells ring, a joyful sound,
Learning's journey all around.
Classrooms buzz with minds aglow,
Friendships form, and memories grow.
Teachers guide with patience and care,
Lessons learned with curiosity to share.
From books to labs and playground fun,
School life adventures, never done.
Recess laughter echoes through the hall,
Bonding memories, standing tall.
Dreams take shape as knowledge grows,
School life's magic always flows.

Ojaswita Ghosh
Class - 7-A



The Muse's Palette

Honesty is the Best Policy

"Honesty is the first chapter in the book of wisdom."

— Thomas Jefferson

In the village of Ratnagiri, there lived a poor young man named Raj. He worked tirelessly selling fruits and vegetables in his village. Although he struggled to make ends meet, Raj was known for his unwavering honesty and kind heart.

One hot afternoon, Raj was on his way home with an almost empty cart after selling most of his fruits and vegetables. Suddenly, he spotted a leather bag lying on a bench in the marketplace. Curious, he opened the bag and was shocked to find a large sum of money and an ID card inside.

This was a moment of temptation. The money could solve all his family's financial problems. But his conscience quickly reminded him of his parents' lesson: "Honesty is the best policy."

Determined to return the bag, Raj saw the ID belonged to a wealthy merchant who lived at the edge of the village. Raj went to the merchant's house and knocked on the door. The worried merchant opened it.



The Muse's Palette

"Sir," Raj said, holding out the bag, "this belongs to you. I found it in the market."

The merchant's eyes filled with joy and surprise. He counted the money, and the amount was exactly the same.

"How did you resist keeping the money for yourself?" the merchant asked.

Raj replied, "It is the good values I learned from my parents."

Impressed by Raj's honesty, the merchant gifted him the entire sum and promised to help grow Raj's business.

News of Raj's honesty spread throughout the village, earning him great respect. With the merchant's support, Raj's business flourished. He prospered, guided forever by his parents' teachings and his truthful character.

Honesty may not bring immediate rewards, but it builds trust and respect, leading to a more fulfilling and successful life.

Ayush Nandi
Class -8-A



The Muse's Palette

The Brave Choice

Arjun was an ordinary student in Class 7, known for being quiet and hardworking. One afternoon, the school organized a surprise mathematics test. As soon as the question papers were distributed, a wave of nervousness filled the room. The test was difficult, and many students struggled.

Arjun, too, was unsure about several questions. Suddenly, he noticed a small slip of paper sticking out from his deskmate's book. It had neatly written formulas and solutions. His desk mate whispered, "Take a look, no one will know."

For a moment, Arjun's mind wavered. His heart beat faster as he thought, "If I use this, I can easily score full marks."

But then he remembered his father's words: "True strength is not in winning by cheating, but in having the courage to stay honest. It is better to fail in an exam than to get the highest marks through cheating."

Arjun closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and pushed the paper away. Gathering all his courage, he stood up and walked to the teacher. In front of the whole class, he handed over the slip of paper and said, "Ma'am, I found this near my desk. I don't want to use it."



The Muse's Palette

The class fell silent. Everyone was shocked by his boldness. The teacher smiled and said, "Arjun, you may or may not get the highest marks today, but you have earned something far greater than that—respect."

When the results came, Arjun's score was not the highest, but his honesty and courage were praised during the school assembly. The principal said, "Marks will fade with time, but the courage to remain honest and disciplined will guide you throughout your life."

Arjun felt proud—not because of the applause, but because he had chosen the path of truth. Even though cheating might have earned him the highest marks, he listened to his father's words. His honest courage earned him respect and love from his teachers and friends.

Moral: It takes courage to be honest, but those who are brave enough to choose honesty shine the brightest in life.

Sourjya Roy
Class -7-A



The Muse's Palette

St. Vincent's Academy

St. Vincent's Academy, a heaven of learning and growth,
With infrastructure that shines like a beacon of truth.
Built just three years ago, yet already a gem so bright,
A place where knowledge and dreams take flight.
The teachers, a guiding light, with hearts so kind and true,
Nurture young minds, and help them see it through.
The campus, a beauty to behold, with every detail in place,
A haven where students thrive, and memories are made with grace.
With every step, a new path unfolds,
At St. Vincent's Academy, where futures are moulded.
Here's to our school, a shining star,
Where learning and laughter go far!
In classrooms filled with wonder, and halls of delight,
We discover our passions, and shine with all our might.
From science to art, and sports to play,
We explore, we learn, and grow each day.
With friends by our side, and mentors to guide,
We navigate the journey, with hearts full of pride.
Saint Vincent's Academy, a foundation so strong,
Empowering us to reach, and achieve our dreams all day long.

Tanim Chaudhary
Class –7-A



The Muse's Palette

The True Friend

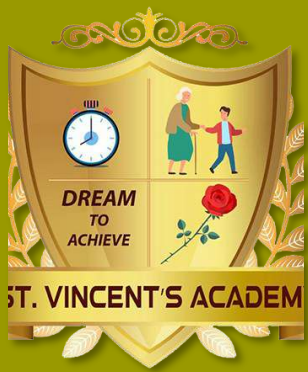
Once upon a time, there were two friends—a cat and a puppy. They used to live and play together. The cat was very sporty and always won their games. The puppy often felt sad and thought he was not good enough.

One day, it started raining heavily. The cat was in high spirits and began doing funny antics. Suddenly, he lost his balance and fell into a puddle of rainwater.

The cat called out to his friend, the puppy, for help. The puppy quickly came to his rescue. The cat climbed onto the puppy's back, and the puppy carried him to a safe place.

The cat thanked his friend for saving his life.

Ayush Nandi
Class -7-A



The Muse's Palette

The Crimson Fog

Author's Statement

Preface

There are places in the world where reason fractures—thin points where the veil between what is real and what is imagined begins to tear. Larkspur Hollow is one such place. Set deep in the forgotten hills of New Hampshire, this town is wrapped in shadows, both literal and historical. Generations of silence have allowed old secrets to fester. It is a place shaped by profound loss, where tradition mutates into sinister ritual, and sorrow becomes something far more menacing.

The Crimson Fog began as a simple procedural story—a detective investigating a string of strange, unconnected murders. But it quickly grew into something darker. What lies within this tale is not just a mystery to be solved, but a cosmic force to be confronted. The events don't unfold like a normal case; they unravel like a curse—slowly, insidiously, with no guarantee of resolution.

At its heart stands Detective Eleanor Wren: a woman of pure logic, hardened by years of grim criminal investigations, who is still chasing echoes of a trauma she refuses to speak of. Her journey into Larkspur Hollow isn't just an investigation—it's a descent into madness, a battle with the unknown, and a desperate test of what she truly believes. For in this town, logic fails. The fog isn't merely weather. The deaths aren't just murders. And the hour 3:33 a.m. isn't just a time—it's a threshold.

In writing The Crimson Fog, I sought to explore fear in its most primal form: the terror of being watched, of being known too deeply by something vast and unknowable. The spiral, which recurs throughout the story, is a symbol of that descent: inward, endless, and self-consuming. Inspired by folklore, cosmic horror, and the subtle dread of real-world rituals, this story weaves the procedural with the paranormal, the rational with the ritualistic.

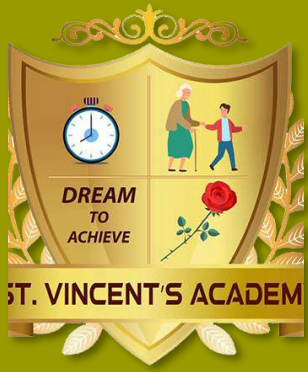
This book is not a traditional ghost story, nor is it purely a thriller. It is a reflection of how far someone might go to find the truth, even if that truth stares back with inhuman eyes. It is about what we sacrifice in the name of understanding, and the terrible dangers of uncovering what lies beneath the surface—both in the world and in ourselves.

And most of all, it is a warning:

Some things are meant to remain buried.

Some spirals should never be followed.

And some fogs... never lift.



The Muse's Palette

Core Themes

Theme: The Fracture Between Reality and the Supernatural

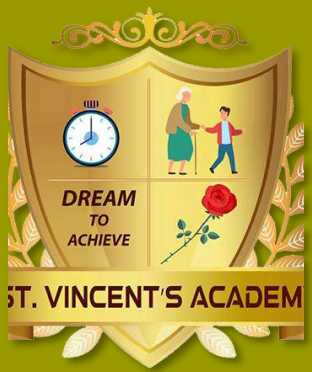
At its core, *The Crimson Fog* explores the collision between the rational world and the supernatural—a terrifying space where logic crumbles and belief becomes survival. Through the eyes of Detective Eleanor Wren, a hardened skeptic molded by years of confronting brutal reality, we confront the chilling question: what happens when the things we cannot explain refuse to be ignored?

This story masterfully threads together elements of mystery, cosmic horror, and psychological suspense. It taps into humanity's ancient fear of the unknown: the feeling of being watched, of patterns that defy reason, of times and places that behave as if they remember. The red fog that envelops Larkspur Hollow is more than an atmospheric detail; it represents a creeping, inescapable madness—the visceral intrusion of an otherworldly force into a world that pretends to be stable.

The spiral is a recurring, central motif, symbolizing a relentless descent—into obsession, into horror, and into an understanding too profound to survive. Every character who comes into contact with *The Eye* experiences a devastating change: Father Garvey abandons his faith, Mallory tragically succumbs to madness, and Eleanor is forced to confront her deepest-held beliefs. In this way, the story thoroughly examines how forbidden knowledge, once obtained, exacts a terrible and lasting cost.

Another core theme is the inherent danger of rituals: how belief systems, even broken ones, can become corrupted conduits for evil. Garvey's transformation and his use of ancient, unknown chants suggest that even well-meaning actions (like a baptism) can be fundamentally distorted by forces beyond human comprehension. Through Jonah's traumatic memories and Eleanor's investigation, the narrative offers a sharp critique of blind faith and questions the ultimate cost of trusting systems we don't fully understand.

Lastly, *The Crimson Fog* explores the concept of time and thresholds—specifically the haunting moment of 3:33 a.m., "when the world is weakest." This liminal hour becomes a terrifying portal for *The Eye's* influence, highlighting how certain boundaries (between day and night, reason and madness, life and death) are far more fragile than we realize.



The Muse's Palette

Ultimately, this is a story about vision—both literal and metaphorical. Characters lose their physical eyes, are cursed to see things they shouldn't, or are observed by something ancient and cruel. It's a chilling reminder: not all sight brings understanding, and some truths should never, ever be looked at directly.

Key Character Descriptions

Detective Eleanor Wren is the story's fierce central figure—a seasoned investigator from the Boston PD with a profoundly rational mind and a personal history that taught her never to trust in the supernatural. She is introduced receiving a strange call in the dead of night, immediately establishing her as calm under pressure and unflinchingly brave. Having discovered her first corpse at just fifteen and investigated dozens of grim cases since, Eleanor is hardened by experience. She carries a small silver crucifix—not out of faith, but as a symbolic reminder of her grandmother's belief in things "that hate the light." Through the story, Eleanor transitions from a skeptical professional to a haunted believer, fighting to survive a horror that defies everything she thought was real.

Sheriff Mallory is the gravel-voiced lawman of Larkspur Hollow, introduced through the eerie phone call that begins Eleanor's journey. Short, rugged, and clearly rattled, Mallory is an experienced local officer who is entirely out of his depth. The strange deaths and the suffocating crimson fog have shaken him to his core. Although skeptical at first, his fear is palpable, and as the story unfolds, it becomes horribly clear that something is mentally and spiritually eroding him. By the end, he tragically becomes a vessel for the very entity he fears—a grim, indelible warning of what happens when you look too long into the spiral.

Father Garvey, though deceased before the main events, looms over the entire mystery. Once a respected preacher of Red Hill Chapel, Garvey's transformation into a mad prophet is revealed through others' memories, his disturbing journal, and a chilling audio confession. After the death of young Owen Lorne, Garvey began chanting in alien tongues, sealing himself inside the bell tower, and ultimately becoming the first known link between the murders and the spiral cult. His spiritual fall is central to the story's rising dread, as he shifts from a man of flawed faith to a willing conduit for The Eye Beneath.



The Muse's Palette

Jonah, the quiet, wide-eyed chapel custodian, is introduced as an unlikely but crucial ally. Pale and nervous, Jonah is deeply sensitive to the unnatural presence haunting Red Hill. His innocence and trauma are apparent—he has seen and heard things no one else dared to witness. Despite his overwhelming fear, he assists Eleanor, guides her through the chapel's darkest secrets, and ultimately becomes instrumental in resisting the horror. Though fragile in appearance, Jonah's quiet courage proves essential to the story's climax and Eleanor's survival.

Owen Lorne, first mentioned as a tragic victim, later returns as something far more sinister. Once a young boy who mysteriously drowned in a baptismal font during a severe drought, Owen is revealed to be the first offering—or perhaps vessel—of an ancient entity. When he rises from the pit beneath the chapel, his body is still that of a child, but his eyes have become hypnotic spirals, and his smile reflects the terrible, empty bliss of possession. He becomes "The Thing That Wears a Face," a silent, relentless force that haunts Eleanor and embodies the Eye's will.

The Crimson Fog: Narrative Summary

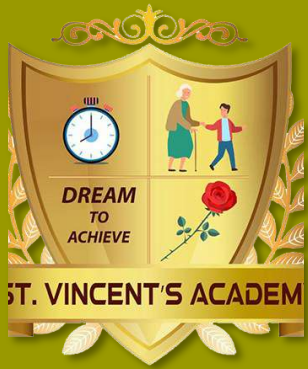
Part I: The Caller in the Mist

Detective Eleanor Wren had never believed in ghosts. Not when she found her first body at age fifteen, nor when her partner swore he saw a woman vanish into smoke at a crime scene in 2013. But when she got the call at 2:14 a.m. from the sleepy New Hampshire town of Larkspur Hollow, something in the static-laced voice of Sheriff Mallory made her heart sink.

"There's been a murder, but that ain't the strange part," he said, his voice rough as gravel. "It's the third one this week. Same as the others. No footprints, no forced entry. And all of 'em were found with their eyes... burned out."

A long, fraught pause. Then Mallory added, chillingly, "And there's this... fog. Blood red. It never lifts from the hill."

Eleanor closed the case file she'd been working on—a missing child from Boston, already presumed dead. The way Mallory's voice shook didn't sound like a local sheriff exaggerating a grisly scene. It sounded like he was truly terrified. And Eleanor had learned over the years: when the local law gets spooked, it's never just superstition.



The Muse's Palette

She packed lightly—two changes of clothes, a notebook, her service weapon, and a small silver crucifix that belonged to her grandmother. Not for religion, but because her grandmother once said, “There are things in this world that hate the light. Sometimes they even pretend to be it.”

By dawn, she was winding through the fog-choked roads of Larkspur Hollow. The morning sun bled crimson over the hills, but no warmth touched the earth. A sickly mist clung to the trees, and the air smelled of rusted metal and wet, churned soil.

Part II: The Red Hill

Sheriff Mallory met her outside the station. He was shorter than she expected, and he kept anxiously glancing at the thick fog that coiled around the edges of the forest like living, sentient tendrils.

“It started with a preacher,” he said, leading her inside. “Father Garvey. Good man. Lived up at Red Hill Chapel. Folks found him dead, smiling with no eyes. Just black holes and a grin like he’d seen God himself.”

Eleanor flipped open her notebook. “No signs of struggle?”

Mallory shook his head. “Door was locked from the inside. No weapon. Nothing on the cameras—just a flicker of red light at 3:33 a.m., and then static.”

“And the others?”

“Same time. Same expression. All found in locked rooms.”

“Any connection between them?”

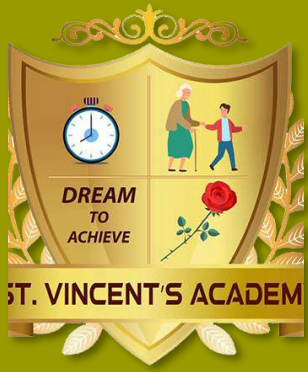
“Nothing clear. A preacher. A college dropout. And an old widow who never left her house.”

Eleanor frowned. “They didn’t know each other?”

Mallory hesitated. “That’s the thing. They all attended a funeral last month. For a kid named Owen Lorne. Died under strange circumstances. Drowned in the baptismal font of Red Hill Chapel. During a severe drought.”

Eleanor raised an eyebrow, the implication chilling her. “Who officiated?”

Mallory looked genuinely uneasy. “Father Garvey.”



The Muse's Palette

Part III: Something in the Water

The chapel stood like a bleached skeleton atop Red Hill. Its windows were stained with decades of rain and grime, and the bell tower leaned ever so slightly to the east. Fog curled around the graves like fingers of smoke. As Eleanor stepped out of the car, the fog thickened instantly, pressing in.

"Jesus," she muttered, wiping condensation from her face. "It's like it's alive."

Inside, the chapel smelled of mildew and stale incense. The altar had been undisturbed since Garvey's death. But as she stepped closer to the baptismal font, Eleanor felt the temperature plummet.

She knelt beside it. The water was still, black, and thick as syrup. It didn't reflect the light from the stained-glass window. When she reached to touch it, her fingertips tingled sharply.

"Don't," said a voice.

Eleanor turned to find a young man standing nervously in the doorway. Pale. Wide-eyed. Dressed in a custodian's uniform. He held his hands up defensively.

"I'm Jonah," he said. "I clean here. Well, cleaned. Before the... thing started."

"What thing?"

He swallowed hard. "There's something in the water. Something Garvey brought here. He changed after Owen drowned. Started locking himself in the tower. Chanting in a language I didn't know."

Eleanor narrowed her eyes. "What kind of language?"

Jonah shrugged helplessly. "It sounded wrong. Like it hurt to hear it. And sometimes the fog comes inside. I saw it slither through the cracks in the door. It's not normal fog. It whispers."



The Muse's Palette

Part IV: The Tape

Back at the sheriff's station, Eleanor asked for everything they had on Garvey. Mallory slid a box across the table—sermons, journals, a single cassette tape labeled Confession – 5/12.

She played the tape.

At first, just static. Then Garvey's voice, hoarse and tremulous.

"I saw Him. Not the God I preached about. Not the one of light and love. But the real one. The One Beneath. He has a thousand faces and none. He offers answers but demands sight."

There was a long pause, followed by wet, rattling breaths.

"I baptized the boy. And I felt it. The water was wrong. Thick. Hungry. It wanted more. And I gave it. My words weren't mine anymore. I speak them still, in dreams. In that tongue of ash and blood. He comes at 3:33. The fog is His breath. And He is watching through my eyes—"

A violent screech of distortion ended the tape.

Eleanor sat back, her mind racing. Mallory looked utterly pale.

"What do we do?" he asked quietly.

Eleanor tapped her pen against her notebook. "We find Owen Lorne's grave. I want to know what, if anything, is buried there."

Part V: Unearthed

Owen's grave was at the edge of the cemetery, where the fog was at its thickest. It wrapped around Eleanor's ankles like cold chains. Jonah came too, nervously holding the lantern. Mallory stayed behind, citing a "bad feeling in his gut."

The grave was shallow.

Too shallow.

"No coffin," Eleanor muttered, tossing aside a shovel.

Beneath the sodden dirt, there was no body. Just a bundle of soaked cloth... and a terrifying symbol carved into the wood below it. A spiral of thorns encircling a single, watchful eye.

Jonah recoiled. "I've seen that before. In Garvey's room. On the inside of the tower door."

A low, vibrating hum filled the air. The lantern flickered violently. Eleanor looked up—and the fog pulsed. Just once. Like a slow, massive heartbeat.

Then she heard it.

A whisper.

Not in English.



The Muse's Palette

Not in any language she knew, but a sound that resonated deep in her bones.

It made her teeth ache.

Part VI: The Spiral Doctrine

Eleanor backed away from the open grave, one hand instinctively on her weapon. Jonah stood utterly frozen, his face bathed in flickering lantern light, his lips moving silently as though mouthing a prayer—or a reciprocal curse.

"Jonah," she said carefully, "are you hearing it too?"

He didn't answer. His eyes were wide, fixed on something behind her.

Eleanor slowly turned.

A figure stood just within the tree line.

Not walking. Not breathing.

Just standing—tall, gaunt, and profoundly wrong. The figure's limbs were too long. Its face was blank, save for a massive red spiral burned into where its eyes should have been. The fog clung to its form like a gruesome cocoon.

When Eleanor blinked, it was gone.

Jonah collapsed to his knees, retching into the dirt.

"What the hell was that?" she demanded, kneeling beside him.

"Not a man," Jonah choked, shivering. "Not a ghost. It's Owen. Or what's left of him."

Part VII: 3:33

Back at the motel, Eleanor locked the door, drew the curtains tight, and laid her notebook on the nightstand. Every detail nagged at her: the spiral, the pervasive red fog, the time of death—always 3:33 a.m.

Coincidence? Absolutely not. Ritual.

She flipped back to Garvey's journal. One passage stood out, scrawled in feverish, frantic script:

"The Eye opens at 3:33. The hour when the world is weakest. The moment between breath and silence. That is when He sees through us."

She set a loud alarm for 3:25 a.m. and tried desperately to rest. But her dreams were full of spirals—twisting, endless, and red. A voice spoke in them, low and dry like wind whistling through bone.

When the alarm buzzed, she bolted upright. The room was too quiet. Not even the hum of electricity. Her phone was dead. The clock was frozen at 3:33.



The Muse's Palette

And the fog was inside the room.

It seeped from the walls, coiling in red ribbons. A cold, immense presence pressed against her chest, invisible but suffocating. Then she heard the whisper again.

But this time, it said her name.

"EIIIIleeeaaannnoooooorrr..."

She snatched the crucifix from her bag and held it up. The fog recoiled slightly, hissing as if burned. The cold presence faded. The clock jumped to 3:34. The lights flickered and came back on.

She sat in silence for a long time, watching the corners of the room. There would be no more sleep.

Part VIII: The Eye Beneath

The next morning, Eleanor found Jonah waiting outside her motel door. He looked different. Pale. Haggard. But also... unsettlingly calmer.

"I remembered something," he said, his voice flat. "Garvey didn't just find the Eye. He summoned it."

"Where?"

"The well beneath the chapel. There's a hatch in the crypt. Locked for years."

By noon, they were at Red Hill again. The fog was thicker now, a pulsating blanket of crimson. And it followed them.

The chapel crypt was carved deep into the hill itself—cold stone steps descending into utter darkness. Jonah led the way. At the bottom, a rusted iron hatch lay bolted shut. Eleanor knelt to examine it. The chilling spiral was carved into the lockplate.

Jonah handed her a small brass key. "Garvey's. I found it under his mattress."

The lock clicked open with a terrible, grinding sound.

What lay beneath wasn't a well—not anymore. It was a pit. Deep and wide. Its walls were carved with spirals and eyes and things that shouldn't have had names.

And at the bottom was a pool of black-red water, pulsing like a living heart.

"I think this is where Owen drowned," Jonah whispered, terrified.

"No," Eleanor said, dread settling in her stomach. "This is where he changed."



The Muse's Palette

Something stirred in the water.

Not a ripple. A shape.

Rising.

A hand.

Part IX: The Thing That Wears a Face

Eleanor drew her weapon and aimed it at the pit. The shape kept rising. Then, with a wet hiss, it stopped.

And began to climb.

A boy's body, thin and soaked, pulled itself from the pool. But the eyes... the eyes were utterly gone. In their place were spirals, endless and red.

"Owen?" Eleanor asked, though she knew better.

The thing tilted its head.

Then it smiled—the same empty, blissful smile the victims wore.

Jonah screamed.

Eleanor fired twice. The rounds struck its chest, but the creature didn't react. It kept smiling. Kept advancing.

She grabbed Jonah's arm. "We're leaving. Now."

They raced up the stairs, slamming the hatch behind them. Eleanor jammed her silver crucifix between the handle and the floor. It pulsed with faint, angry light, sizzling against the metal.

Outside, the fog was now pouring from the chapel—red as arterial blood.

The Eye was open.

Part X: Final Witness

They returned to the station, exhausted and terrified. Mallory was waiting.

But something was terribly wrong.

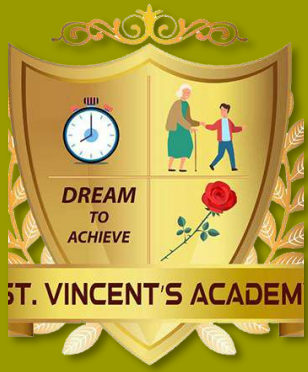
He didn't blink. His hands trembled slightly, and his focus was unnervingly fixed.

"You opened the hatch," he said flatly, his voice devoid of his usual gravelly warmth.

Eleanor nodded slowly. "We saw it."

He smiled—a wide, empty expression that didn't reach his eyes.

And then reached up and violently gouged out his own eyes.



The Muse's Palette

Blood poured down his face, and still, he smiled. "He sees now. Through me. Through all of us."

Eleanor knocked him out with a swift, necessary blow to the head. She and Jonah quickly tied him up in the evidence room.

"What now?" Jonah whispered, shaking.

Eleanor stared at the relentless fog curling around the windows. "We end it. We burn the conduit."

Part XI: The Spiral Broken

They returned to the chapel one final time, armed with fire.

Eleanor carried a can of gasoline. Jonah brought Garvey's last sermon—a document written in symbols Eleanor dared not read aloud.

At the baptismal font, they doused the entire structure with fuel.

The fog outside shrieked.

"Do it," Eleanor said, her voice strained but firm. "Now!"

Jonah struck the match. The flames whooshed high, licking the walls, crawling toward the pulpit.

The fog recoiled violently, but not fast enough.

From the pit below came a devastating roar. The creature rose again—but now its face twisted in genuine pain and fury.

"You brought fire," it hissed, its voice an echo of bone and ash. "You brought light."

Eleanor stepped forward, crucifix clutched in one hand, lighter in the other, standing on the edge of the inferno.

"You don't belong here."

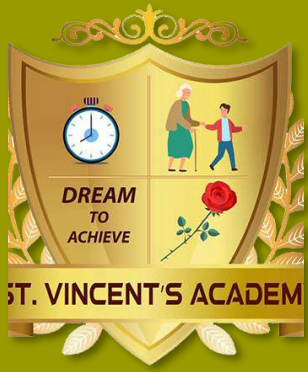
The spiral in its face began to unwind, screaming as it twisted into smoke and then vanished entirely.

The chapel collapsed behind them in a final storm of red ash.

Epilogue: Ashes and Silence

The fog lifted at dawn.

Larkspur Hollow was quiet again, the air tasting clean and cold for the first time in weeks.



The Muse's Palette

Mallory survived, though he would never see again. Jonah left town, changing his name and disappearing into the vast, protective anonymity of the world.

Eleanor returned to Boston. Her notes were extensive, chilling, and impossible. But she filed no report. Who would believe her?

Sometimes, at 3:33 a.m., she wakes in utter darkness. And in the corners of the room, she swears she can see a faint spiral turning.

But the fog has not returned.

Not yet.

Chirag Khandelwal
Class -9-A



**DREAM
TO
ACHIEVE**

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY



The Muse's Palette

The Moment That Changed My Perspective

The moment that truly changed my perspective was when I volunteered at a local orphanage. Seeing the children's smiles and hearing their stories, even though they faced tough circumstances, made me realise how fortunate I am.

This experience shifted my focus from what I lacked to appreciating everything I already have. I learned that happiness does not come from material things, but from the relationships and experiences we share. Volunteering at the orphanage taught me to be more grateful and empathetic, and it has had a lasting impact on the way I view life. Now, I make it a habit to appreciate the little things and find joy in everyday moments.

This experience was a humbling reminder to cherish life's small joys and to value kindness and appreciation.

It is the most valuable lesson that has stayed with me: to always find happiness in the simple, everyday moments.

Aditi Shaw
Class -7-A



The Muse's Palette

FROM DESIGNER'S DESK

As the designer of *VINCENZA*, I am thrilled to present this year's edition, a project that has filled me with immense excitement and pride. Balancing my role as a mathematics teacher with the creative responsibility of shaping our school magazine has been both challenging and deeply rewarding. Every page reflects the vibrant spirit, talent, and hard work of our students, and being able to bring their ideas to life has truly been an overwhelming experience. *VINCENZA* is not just a magazine—it is a celebration of our school community, and I am honoured to have crafted it with all the passion and dedication it deserves.

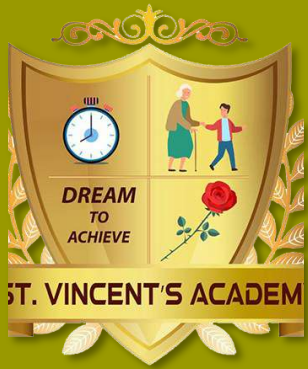
Shyam Mishra

Asst. Teacher

As the designer of *Vincenza*, I am delighted to present this year's edition, a vibrant tapestry of creativity, curiosity, and youthful expression. Each page reflects the enthusiasm, hard work, and unique perspectives of our talented students, who continue to inspire us with their ideas and achievements. *Vincenza* is more than just a magazine—it is a celebration of our school community, a space where voices are heard, stories are shared, and dreams take shape. I extend my heartfelt gratitude to all contributors, teachers, and readers who help keep this tradition alive. May this edition spark new thoughts, encourage meaningful conversations, and motivate every student to embrace their potential.

Puspendu Dey

Asst. Teacher



The Muse's Palette

FROM EDITOR'S DESK

In the cherished annals of St. Vincent's Academy, there resides an indomitable spirit—a beacon of hope and a wellspring of inspiration. This hallowed institution, steadfast in its noble vision and unwavering in its pursuit of excellence, stands as a testament to the sublime truth that to dream is but the genesis of achievement. Under the distinguished motto, "Dream to Achieve," St. Vincent's Academy has for decades inspired generations to transcend the bounds of mere aspiration, turning dreams into enduring realities.

Vincenza is more than a mere publication; it is a vibrant tapestry woven with the threads of our students' creativity, dedication, and voices. Each article, poem, and reflection within these pages captures the youthful exuberance and intellectual fervour that characterise our beloved academy. From evocative prose to insightful essays, from stirring poetry to thought-provoking reflections, the magazine stands as a living chronicle of the academic year's journey—showcasing the multifaceted talents and earnest efforts of our student community.

Vincenza also embodies the collaborative spirit that defines the St. Vincent's family. It reflects not only the students' hard work but also the nurturing guidance of our dedicated faculty, the encouragement of parents, and the diligent efforts of all who made this publication possible. Its pages resonate with a shared joy in learning, an embrace of diversity, and the collective pursuit of knowledge and excellence.

This edition of Vincenza is a vibrant showcase of the academic year's intellectual and creative journey. Within its pages, readers will find a rich tapestry of writings that reflect the diverse talents and thoughtful reflections of our students. From insightful essays and poignant poems to articulate articles and creative narratives, the magazine celebrates the myriad ways in which our students express their ideas and engage with the world around them. Each contribution is a testament to the depth of thought, discipline, and imagination that flourish within the family of St. Vincent's Academy. Beyond literary works, Vincenza captures the spirit of our institution's holistic ethos. The magazine highlights not only scholarly achievements but also artistic expressions, sporting zeal, and community service initiatives, illustrating the all-round development that our academy nurtures. Through these diverse contributions, the publication conveys the vibrant energy and collective aspirations of our student body, fostering a sense of pride and belonging and inspiring all readers to strive for excellence with compassion and resilience.



The Muse's Palette

FROM EDITOR'S DESK

Our deepest homage is reserved for our esteemed Chairman Sir, whose steadfast dedication and visionary leadership have, for decades, been the guiding light illuminating the path of Education and excellence. His unwavering commitment to providing the finest education has laid the very cornerstone of our institution's enduring legacy, inspiring us all to reach new heights. With profound respect, we gratefully acknowledge our Secretary Ma'am, whose fervent zeal propels our mission forward with unwavering passion, our Managing Director Ma'am, whose judicious stewardship ensures seamless harmony in all our operations; our CEO Sir, whose wise counsel guides us with steady discipline and vision; our Principal Ma'am, a radiant beacon of wisdom and kindness; and our Vice Principal Sir, whose unwavering dedication and insightful guidance uplift every academic endeavour with enduring allegiance.

With profound appreciation, we honour our devoted faculty, whose tireless dedication ignites the flame of knowledge and nurtures both the hearts and minds of our students. We also extend our deepest gratitude to the steadfast office staff, whose professionalism and care keep the functions running smoothly. Likewise, we acknowledge the vigilant maintenance teams, whose quiet diligence ensures the seamless upkeep of our academy's environment.

To the spirited students of St. Vincent's Academy, this edition of Vincenza stands as a luminous tribute to your remarkable achievements in writing, art, and thought. Your voices echo vibrantly through these pages, reflecting your creativity, dedication, and relentless pursuit of knowledge. May your inspiring efforts encourage many others to strive for excellence with passion and humility. We extend our heartfelt gratitude to all who contributed—whether directly or indirectly—to bringing this magazine to life. Your collective endeavour has crafted a publication that shines proudly as a beacon of accomplishment and pride for our academy.

May St. Vincent's Academy always remain a sanctuary of learning and enlightenment—a place where dreams are not the privilege of a few, but the cherished heritage of all. United in our purpose, let us move forward together with resolve and hope, continuing to **Dream to Achieve.**

Sabyasachi Mitra

Asst. Teacher



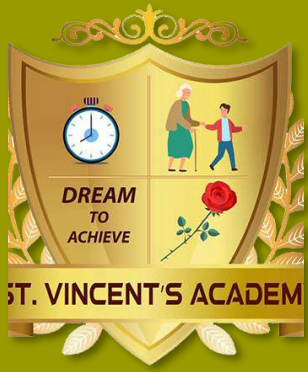
The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette

मेरा देश

मेरा देश है प्यारा सबसे
फूलों - सा खिले उजाले में।
नदियाँ, पर्वत, येत हरे,
रहते हम मिलकर प्रेम घने।

तिरंगा ऊँचा लहराए,
वीर सपूत सब बलि जाएँ।
एकता की शक्ति यहाँ,
गूँजे गान भारत माँ का ।

Sankrish Bhagat
Class -7-A



The Muse's Palette

ईमानदारी का इनाम

एक छोटे से गाँव में रवि नाम का लड़का रहता था। वह आठवीं कक्षा में पढ़ता था और बहुत होशियार तथा मददगार था। रवि की सबसे बड़ी खूबी थी उसकी ईमानदारी।

एक दिन रवि स्कूल से घर लौट रहा था तो रास्ते में उसे सड़क पर एक बटुआ मिला। बटुए में बहुत सारे रुपए और कुछ कागज थे। कोई दूसरा होता तो पैसे रख लेता पर रवि ने तुरंत सोचा – “यह किसी की मेहनत की कमाई है, मुझे इसे लौटाना चाहिए।” रवि बटुआ लेकर गाँव के चौक पहुंचा और वहाँ खड़े लोगों से पूछने लगा कि यह किसका है। तभी एक बुजुर्ग किसान घबराए - घबराए आएँ एवं बताया कि बटुआ उनका ही हैं कुछ देर पहले ही खो गया था। रवि ने बिना झिझक के बटुआ उन्हें लौटा दिया। किसान ने खुशी से आशीर्वाद दिया और कहा- “बेटा, तुम्हारी ईमानदारी ही तुम्हारा सबसे बड़ा इनाम है।”

Ishika Mishra Class -8-A



The Muse's Palette

तिरंगा

भारत की शान है तिरंगा,
भारत की जान है तिरंगा
भारत का सम्मान है तिरंगा,
हर शहीदों की शान है तिरंगा।
आसमान में ऊँचा लहराए तिरंगा,
हर देशवासियों की जान है तिरंगा,
हम सबका मान है तिरंगा,
भारत की शान – जान है तिरंगा।

Ayeth Deb Class -8-A



The Muse's Palette

माँ

हज़ारों गम हो फिर भी;
मैं खुशी से फूल जाता हूँ।
जब हँसती है मेरी माँ तो,
मैं हर गम भूल जाता हूँ।
माँ की ममता अनमोल रतन,
उससे रोशन मेरा तन-मन
दर्द छुपा ले मुस्काकर,
रख दे खुशियाँ बिछाकर।
माँ का आँचल छाया देता।
तेरे बिना जीवन अधूरी,
माँ, तू है सबसे प्यारी॥

Ayeth Deb Class -8-A



The Muse's Palette

बरसात का दिन

काले बादल छा गए,
ठंडी बूँदें बरसा गए।
पेड़-पौधे झूम उठे,
सूखी धरती चूम उठे।
गली-गली बल बहने लगा,
पंछी गा-गाकर कहने लगा-
आई है खुशियों की बरसात,
मिटेगी अब सबकी प्यास।“
कागज़ की नावें तैराई,
बच्चों ने धूम मचाई।
बिजली चमकती, गरजा आसमान,
मेंढक ने भी गाया गान ।
बरखा आई, ठंडी छाँव लाई,
धरती ने हरियाली पाई।
सुख-दुख सब भूल गए उस दिन,
कितना प्यारा था बरसात का दिन।

Nandni Gupta
Class -9-A



The Muse's Palette

कहानी का नाम: साँझ की छाया

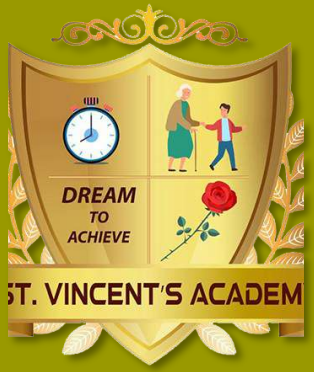
छोटे से पहाड़ी गाँव “शांतिवन” में हर दिन सूरज धीरे-धीरे ढलता, और नीली साँझ का साया घरों की दीवारों पर रेंगने लगता। गाँव की चुप्पी में केवल पत्तों की सरसराहट और कभी-कभी दूर से आती हुई किसी बकरी की घंटी की आवाज़ सुनाई देती।

इस गाँव में एक बुज़ुर्ग महिला रहती थी—सावित्री देवी। सब उन्हें “दादी” कहकर बुलाते थे। दादी का एक ही बेटा था, अर्जुन, जो कई साल पहले काम की तलाश में शहर गया था। जाते समय उसने वादा किया था, “माँ, एक दिन बड़ा आदमी बनकर लौटूंगा।”

लेकिन वर्षों बीत गए, अर्जुन न लौटा और न ही कोई खबर आई। सावित्री देवी हर सुबह अपने आँगन में तुलसी को पानी देतीं, और हर शाम दीया जलाकर कहतीं, “तू ज़रूर आएगा, बेटा।” गाँव के लोग उन्हें सांत्वना देते, मगर उनकी आँखें हर साँझ में उम्मीद ढूँढ़ती रहीं।

एक दिन गाँव में एक अजनबी आया। लंबा कद, हल्की दाढ़ी, थकी आँखें। वह सीधे सावित्री देवी के घर पहुँचा। दरवाज़ा खटखटाया।

दादी ने दरवाज़ा खोला, और कुछ देर तक उसे निहारती रहीं।



The Muse's Palette

“आप अर्जुन हैं?” उनकी आवाज़ में काँप था, उम्मीद भी और डर भी।

“नहीं...” वह बोला। “मैं कबीर हूँ... अर्जुन का दोस्त था।”

“था?” दादी ने जैसे शब्द पकड़ लिया।

कबीर ने आह भरी, “जी... अर्जुन अब इस दुनिया में नहीं है। दो साल पहले एक हादसे में उसकी मौत हो गई।”

सावित्री देवी जैसे बुत बन गई। वर्षों की आशा एक क्षण में ढह गई।

“मगर वो आपको बहुत चाहता था,” कबीर ने जल्दी से कहा।

“मरने से पहले उसने मुझे एक खत दिया था, कहा था कि आपको पहुँचाना है।”

दादी ने काँपते हाथों से खत लिया। आँखें धीरे-धीरे उस कागज़ पर दौड़ने लगीं:

> “माँ,

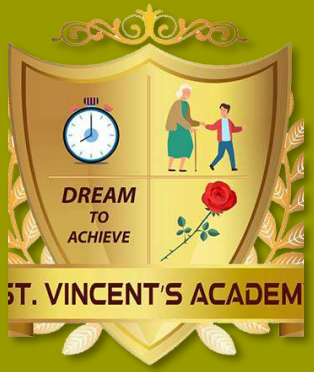
जब आप यह खत पढ़ेंगी, मैं शायद आपके पास नहीं होऊँगा। पर मेरी यादें, मेरा प्यार, मेरी साँसों की गर्मी आपके साथ रहेगी।

मैंने कोशिश की, माँ... बहुत की। पर शायद किस्मत में कुछ और ही था।

पर मेरा एक दोस्त है, कबीर। वो अच्छा लड़का है। आप उसे अपना लें, जैसे आपने मुझे अपनाया था।

वो अब आपका बेटा है।

आपका अर्जुन।”



The Muse's Palette

दादी की आँखों से आँसू गिरने लगे। उन्होंने चुपचाप कबीर को देखा। फिर धीमे से कहा, “बेटा, भूख लगी है?”

कबीर चौंका, “जी... नहीं माँ जी, मैं—”

“अर्जुन भूखा नहीं रहने देता था किसी को। चलो, खाना खाते हैं।”

वो शाम कुछ अलग थी। पहली बार इतने वर्षों बाद दादी ने किसी के लिए अपने चूल्हे पर खाना पकाया। कबीर ने भी चुपचाप खिचड़ी खाई, जैसे घर का पहला निवाला हो।

अगले दिन गाँव में चर्चा थी—“अर्जुन का दोस्त आया है... अब दादी अकेली नहीं रहीं।”

धीरे-धीरे कबीर वहीं रहने लगा। उसने पुराने खंडहर हो चुके स्कूल को फिर से ठीक कराया, बच्चों को पढ़ाना शुरू किया, और मंदिर की सफाई करने लगा। दादी की दिनचर्या भी बदलने लगी। अब सुबह तुलसी को पानी देने के बाद वो कबीर के लिए नाश्ता बनातीं, और रात में उसके लिए दुआ करतीं।

एक दिन गाँव की एक छोटी बच्ची, गुड़िया, लापता हो गई। सब घबरा गए। रात होने लगी थी, और बादल घिर आए थे।

गाँववालों के साथ कबीर भी जंगल की ओर भागा। उसने बच्चों के सारे छुपने के कोने याद किए। काफ़ी देर बाद, एक पेड़ के नीचे काँपती गुड़िया दिखी। वह डर के मारे चुप थी।



The Muse's Palette

कबीर ने उसे गोद में उठाया, अपनी जैकेट में लपेटा और दौड़ता हुआ गाँव लौटा।

दादी ने जैसे ही गुड़िया को देखा, तुरंत तौलिए, गर्म पानी और हल्दी वाला दूध तैयार किया। उस रात पूरे गाँव ने कबीर की तारीफ़ की।

उस घटना के बाद, गाँववालों ने कबीर को अपने जैसा मान लिया। और दादी ने तो जैसे कबीर में अर्जुन को ही देखना शुरू कर दिया। एक शाम दादी ने कबीर से पूछा, “बेटा, तेरे अपने माँ-बाप नहीं हैं?”

कबीर ने गहरी साँस ली, “थे। पर बहुत पहले चले गए। फिर अर्जुन से दोस्ती हुई, और वो मेरा सब कुछ बन गया।”

दादी ने धीरे से उसका हाथ पकड़ा, “अब हम हैं। तू मेरा बेटा है। अर्जुन जैसा।”

कबीर की आँखें नम हो गईं।

मौसम बदलता गया, पेड़ फिर से फूलों से भरने लगे। सावित्री देवी की आँखों की चमक लौट आई थी। वो अब मंदिर में भजन गातीं, बच्चों को कहानियाँ सुनातीं, और कबीर को ढेरों आशीर्वाद देतीं। गाँव में एक नई पहल भी शुरू हुई—कबीर ने एक छोटी लाइब्रेरी शुरू की, जहाँ दादी हर हफ्ते बैठकर बच्चों को किताबें पढ़ कर सुनाती। उन्होंने अपने अनुभवों से कहानियाँ सुनाई, और कबीर ने उन्हें लिखना शुरू कर दिया।



The Muse's Palette

कई महीनों बाद एक लेख पत्रिका में छपा—"साँझ की छाया"— जिसमें एक माँ के अंतहीन इंतज़ार और एक अनजाने बेटे की कहानी थी। लेख पढ़कर गाँव के लोग रो पड़े। एक दिन कबीर ने कहा, "माँ, ये कहानी आपकी है।" सावित्री देवी मुस्कराई, "नहीं बेटा... अब ये कहानी हमारी है।" वो शाम शांत थी, नीले साए पहाड़ियों पर उतर रहे थे। लेकिन इस बार दादी की आँखों में कोई प्रतीक्षा नहीं थी, बल्कि पूर्णता की शांति थी। उनकी साँझ अब छाया नहीं, एक नई रोशनी बन चुकी थी।

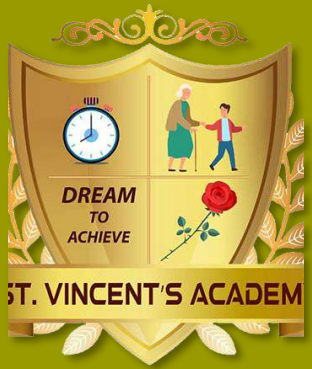
Chirag Khandelwal
Class -8-A

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY



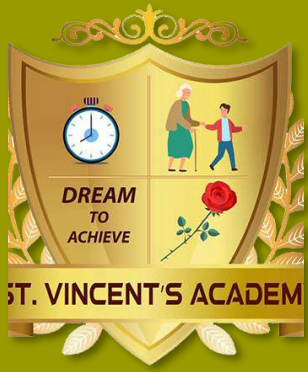
The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette

আমার বিদ্যালয়ের প্রিয় সময়

বিদ্যালয় হয় আমার দ্বিতীয় বাড়ি,
শেখার জায়গা যেন মজার হল্লাগাড়ি।
স্বপ্নের মত হল আমার স্কুল,
না গেলে হয় মন আকুল।
জীবনে করতে হবে লেখাপড়া,
পারব না আমি বাঁচতে এটা ছাড়া।
স্কুল বাসে হয় খুব মজা,
খাই আমি বিস্কুট আর গজা ॥

সোহালিনা পাল, চতুর্থ শ্রেণি

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY



The Muse's Palette

বিদ্যালয়ের স্মৃতি

আমার পুরনো বিদ্যালয়ের ফেলে আসা স্মৃতি আজও আমার খুব মনে পড়ে। সে কথা ভাবলে আজও চোখে জল চলে আসে। সেখানকার শিক্ষক শিক্ষিকা খুবই যত্ন সহকারে লেখাপড়া করাতেন এবং আন্টিরা খুবই যত্ন করতেন। মনে পড়ে যায় সেই ঘুম ঘুম চোখে মায়ের সাথে প্রথম বিদ্যালয়ে যাওয়ার কথা। আমার মত অনেক নতুন নতুন বন্ধু বান্ধবীরা দুচোখে জল নিয়ে দাঁড়িয়ে আছে। তারপর মায়ের হাত ছাড়িয়ে আন্টি আমাদের নিয়ে গিয়েছিল প্রথম শ্রেণিকক্ষে। আমি জানালার বাইরে তাকিয়ে দেখছিলাম, মা আছে কিনা! তারপর হঠাৎ দেখি মায়ের মত করে কোলে তুলে আমাকে অনেক আদর করছেন একজন, সেই ছিল আমার প্রিয় ম্যাডাম। প্রতিদিন বিদ্যালয়ে যেতে যেতে এক সময় একদিনও অনুপস্থিত থাকতে আর ভালো লাগত না। এমনকি বৃষ্টির দিনেও যেতাম। আমার বিদ্যালয়ের সামনে ছিল বড় খেলার মাঠ আর তার চারিপাশে ফুল গাছ। আজও মনে পড়ে শীতের দিনে রোদের মধ্যে আমরা কত কী যে খেলা করতাম আর মনে পড়ে বৃষ্টির দিনে ম্যাডামদের কাছে ভূতের গল্প শোনা। বাড়ি ফিরে সেই গল্প মা দাদুকে শোনাতাম। বিদ্যালয়ে আমরা টিফিন ভাগাভাগি করে খেতাম। আর সেবার সরস্বতী পূজোর সময় সব বান্ধবীরা মিলে সকাল-সকাল স্নান করে কাঁপতে কাঁপতে বিদ্যালয়ে গিয়ে একসাথে পুষ্পাঞ্জলি দিয়েছিলাম এবং খিচুড়ি খেয়ে বাড়ি ফিরেছিলাম। কী দারুণ মজা হয়েছিল। বিদ্যালয়ের এই ছোটো ছোটো স্মৃতিগুলো মাঝেমাঝেই আমার মনে পড়ে যায় এবং চোখে জল আসে। আজও আমি আমার বিদ্যালয়কে এবং সেখানকার শিক্ষক শিক্ষিকাদের খুবই ভালোবাসি।

রাজলক্ষ্মী ঘোষ, চতুর্থ শ্রেণি



The Muse's Palette

ওই দেশের লড়াই

ওই দেশে হচ্ছে লড়াই, “কখন থামবে সে লড়াই?”
সব রাজা রানী যুদ্ধ করছে যে ডাক দিও না ওদের!
ভেঙে যাচ্ছে বন জঙ্গল পাহাড় চূড়া ভেঙে যাচ্ছে কত কেল্লা।
ওই দেশে হচ্ছে লড়াই, “কখন থামবে সে লড়াই?”
লক্ষ্মী বাঈ, তাঁতিয়া টোপি করছে যে সব লড়াই,
কেন করছে লড়াই, থামাতে তো পারতো ওরা
করছে লড়াই আমাদের স্বাধীনতার জন্য যে,
ভারত স্বাধীন না হলে যে আমরা কেউ বাঁচবো না।
ধন্য করো সব রাজা রানীদেরকে ! ধন্য!
সবাই বলো, “বন্দেমাতরম” ! “বন্দেমাতরম” !
“জয় হিন্দ” ! “ভারত মাতার জয়”!

রাজন্যা দত্ত চৌধুরী, চতুর্থ শ্রেণি



The Muse's Palette

আমরা শিশু

আমরা শিশু ফুলের কুঁড়ি
আমরা দেশের প্রাণ ,
নাচবো আমরা গাইবো আমরা
আনন্দেরই গান ।

লাল নীল কত ফুল
ফোটে গাছে গাছে ,
শিখে নেবো আমরা
বড়দের কাছে ॥

অনুষ্ঠান সাঁতরা চতুর্থ শ্রেণি



The Muse's Palette

বৃষ্টি

কালো মেঘে ভরে গেল আকাশ জুড়ে
চারিদিক পূর্ণ হল ঘন অন্ধকারে,
হঠাৎ দমকা হাওয়ায় কেঁপে উঠল গাছ
চোখ রাঙিয়ে পড়ল কড়কড়িয়ে বাজ ।
ছাগলছানা ভয়ে কেমন তারস্বরে চেষ্টায়
মা বলে ওরে খোকা শিগগিরি ঘর আয়,
দরদরিয়ে মুষলধারে বৃষ্টি যে ওই আসে
দূর আকাশে বিজলী খিলখিলিয়ে হাসে।
তারপরেই ঝামঝামিয়ে বৃষ্টি দারুণ এলো
মনটা আমার কেমন যেন শীতল হয়ে গেল,
এবার তবে এই বৃষ্টিতে ভিজলে কেমন হয় !
না আছে বারণ, না ঠান্ডা লাগার ভয়।

ঘন্টাখানেক পরেই দেখি বৃষ্টি গেল ছেড়ে,
গরমাগরম তেলেভাজা এলো থালা ভরে।

অদिति মুখার্জী, সপ্তম শ্রেণি



The Muse's Palette

ছোট উপহার

মানু নামে এক মেয়ে ছিল। তার আজকে জন্মদিন। সে আজকে খুব খুব খুশি। তার মা পুরো ঘর বিভিন্ন রঙের বেলুন দিয়ে সাজিয়েছেন। সে শুধুমাত্র বেলুনগুলো ছুঁয়েই অনেক খুশি হচ্ছিল। কারণ ও যে নিজের চোখে দেখতে পায় না। দেখতে পায় না এই সুন্দর পৃথিবীকে।

আজ সে নতুন একটা ঝালর দেওয়া ফ্রক পরেছিল। সন্ধ্যা হবার সাথে সাথে ওর বন্ধুরা চলে এল। ওর সবথেকে ভালো বন্ধু রানু একটা ফুলের তোড়া নিয়ে এসেছিল। যেটার সুগন্ধ নিয়ে মানু বলল, “আমার ফুলের তোড়া খুব ভালো লাগে।” তখনই মানুর বন্ধু শ্যাম বলল, “মানু, আমি তোর জন্য ‘ছোট উপহার’ এই নূপুর বাঁধা বল নিয়ে এসেছি। এটাকে ছুঁলে এর ভিতর থেকে ছন ছন আওয়াজ বেরোবে।” মানু খুব খুশি হল উপহার পেয়ে এবং ওই বলটাকে হাতে নিয়ে বলল, “এই বলটা খুব ভালো।”

এবার কেক কাটার সময় হল। মানু কেক কেটে নিজের বন্ধুদেরকে খাওয়ালো। মানুর মায়ের হাতের রান্না করা বিভিন্ন খাবার খেয়ে বন্ধুরাও খুব খুশি হল।

এরপর সব বন্ধু খেলার জন্য মানুষের বাগানে গেল। সব বাচ্চারা বেলুন ছুঁড়ে ছুঁড়ে খেলতে লাগলো আর আনন্দ উপভোগ করতে লাগল। কিন্তু মানু একদিকে একা একা চুপচাপ দাঁড়িয়েছিল। এই দেখে মানুর বন্ধু রানুর একদম ভালো লাগলো না। ‘যার জন্মদিন



The Muse's Palette

সেই কিনা একা একা দুঃখী হয়ে দাঁড়িয়ে আছে' - এইরকম ভেবে সে ঘরের ভেতর থেকে নূপুর বাঁধা বলটা নিয়ে এলো আর সবাইকে ডেকে বলল, “ আমরা একটা নতুন খেলা খেলবো। সবাই নিজেদের চোখে নিজের নিজের রুমাল বাঁধবে আর তারপরে এই বলটা একে অপরকে ছোঁড়া হবে। এই বল থেকে বেরোনো ছনছন আওয়াজ শুনেই সবাইকে বলটাকে ধরতে হবে।” সবার এই খেলাটা খুব মজার লাগলো।

যথারীতি খেলা শুরু হল কিন্তু দেখা যায় নূপুরের আওয়াজ শুনেও কেউ বলটাকে ধরতে পারছে না। কিন্তু এবার যখন মানুষ দিকে বলটা ছোঁড়া হল সে সঙ্গে সঙ্গে বলটা ধরে নিল। আর সাথে সাথে সে চেষ্টা করে উঠে বলল - “আমি বলটা ধরে নিয়েছি।” এবার যখনই বলটা মানুষ কাছে আসে সে তাড়াতাড়ি করে সেটা ধরে নেয়।

মানুষ এই খেলাটা খেলতে ভারি মজা হচ্ছিল। এটা দেখে রানু মনে মনে ভাবতে লাগল ছোটো ছোটো কথা মাথায় রেখে আমরা অন্যজনকে বড়ো বড়ো সুখ দিতে পারি। উপহার যতই ছোটো হোক না কেন সেটা কারো কারো জীবনে সুখ এনে দেয়। তাই ‘উপহার’-কে কোনোদিন অর্থের মূল্যের সাথে তুলনা করা উচিত নয়।

অনুরাগ লাহা, সপ্তম শ্রেণি



The Muse's Palette

মানবিকতা

সাত বছরের পাপন স্কুল থেকে বাড়ি আসার পর তার বাবা বললেন, “জানিস আমাদের সেই পুরনো বাগানবাড়িটা কাল এক দুর্ঘটনায় পুড়ে ছাই হয়ে গেছে।”

পাপনের নিজের এক বছর আগেকার এক স্মৃতির কথা মনে পড়ে গেল।

গরমের ছুটিতে পাপন নিজের পরিবারের সাথে তাদের নিজের সেই বাগানবাড়িতে ঘুরতে গিয়েছিল। রাত্রিবেলায় সেদিন পাপন একটু তাড়াতাড়ি শুয়ে পড়েছিল। তার ঘুম ভাঙে ঠিক রাত দুটোর সময়। সে বিছানা থেকে উঠে জানলার কাছে যায় আর চোখে পড়ে পূর্ণিমার চাঁদের স্নিগ্ধ আলোয় বাগান বাড়ির পাশে থাকা জঙ্গলটা জ্বলজ্বল করছে। উত্তরে ধ্রুবতারাটা সেদিন একটু বেশিই যেন চকচক করছিল। জঙ্গল থেকে বাদুড়ের পাখা ঝাপটানোর আওয়াজ ও হাতির ডাক শোনা যাচ্ছিল।

পাপন বাবাকে ঘুম থেকে জাগিয়ে তাকে সব কথা খুলে বলে। বাবাও জঙ্গলের মধ্যকার সেই অস্বাভাবিকতা টের পায়। তখন সে বাবাকে বলল, “ বাবা, গার্ড কাকুকে গিয়ে একটা খবর দাও, আমার মনে হচ্ছে জঙ্গলে কিছু একটা হয়েছে।”

বাবা গার্ড কাকুদের সব কথা জানালেন। তখনই দুটি গার্ড সার্চলাইট নিয়ে তাদের পোষা হাতির উপর চেপে জঙ্গলের মধ্যে চলে গেল। তাদের ফিরতে ফিরতে ভোর পাঁচটা বেজে গিয়েছিল।



The Muse's Palette

ফিরে এসে গার্ডেরা পাপনের বাবাকে বলেছিল -

“ স্যার, জঙ্গলের মধ্যে যেতে যেতে সত্যিই একটা অস্বাভাবিকতা টের পেলাম। এক জায়গায় দেখি একটা গন্ডারের বাচ্চা গর্তের ভিতর পড়ে গেছে আর তার মা খুব চেষ্টা করছে তাকে উপরে তুলে আনার কিন্তু পারছে না। শেষে আমরা গিয়ে বাচ্চাটিকে তুলে দিলাম । অনেক জায়গায় তার কেটে গিয়েছিল, তাই কাটা স্থানগুলিকে ধুয়ে ওষুধ লাগিয়ে দিলাম । তাই একটু দেরি হয়ে গেল।”

পাপন ভাবতে লাগলো যে, জানোয়াররা কত ভালো। গন্ডারটা বিপদে পড়েছে বলে সবাই উঠে পড়ে লেগেছে তাকে সাহায্য করবার জন্য। এমনকি শেষপর্যন্ত নিজেরা পারল না বলে যেমন করে হোক মানুষের সাহায্য তো নিলো ! অথচ মানুষের মধ্যে তো এই মানবিকতা আর দেখা যায় না। কই কেউ বিপদে পড়লে তো এভাবে সাহায্যের হাত বাড়িয়ে দেয় না !

আচ্ছা, মানুষের মানবিকতাও কি ঠিক ঐ বাগানবাড়িটার মত পুড়ে ছাই হয়ে গেছে ?

ওজস্বিতা ঘোষ, সপ্তম শ্রেণি



The Muse's Palette

অসম্পূৰ্ণ চিঠি

হেমন্তে হাৰিয়ে যাওয়া এক চিঠি,
ফিৰে এলো বসন্তেৰ শুরতে গুটি গুটি।
চুপ! শোনো ওই হাওয়া কি বলছে,
সোনালী জ্যোৎস্নায় সন্ধ্যা মুখ ঢাকছে।
জানো, ওই চাঁদেৰ সাথে আমাৰ আড়ি,
ও যে আসে না আমাৰ বাড়ি।
তাৰ চেয়ে বৰং বৃষ্টি আসুক ধৈয়ে,
শুনবো তাৰ শব্দ, দেখব চেয়ে চেয়ে।
জানলায় বৃষ্টি এসে ভিজুক চিঠিৰ ওই তাক
অসম্পূৰ্ণ গল্পগুলো সুন্দৰ এক পৰিণত পাক।

আদৃতা চক্ৰবৰ্তী, অষ্টম শ্ৰেণী



The Muse's Palette

গোলাপ ফোটাৰো সকালে

সবুজ বিশ্বে
দামামা বাজছে
যুদ্ধের ।
এই পৃথিবী
গীতা , বাইবেল
বুদ্ধের ।
ধরণীর ওই
হরিৎ ক্ষেত্র
লালচে ।
অসহায় মানুষ
রঙিন স্বপ্ন
কালচে।
হিংস্র খাদক
লোলুপ দৃষ্টি
ধ্বংস।
মনের মাঝারে
লালিত করছে
কংস ।
এই দাবানল
রুদ্ধ করবো
শৃঙ্খলে ।
শীতল বসুধায়
গোলাপ ফোটাৰো
সকলে ।



The Muse's Palette

প্যান ফাৰ্টি

প্যান ফাৰ্টি নয় সকল রোগের সমাধান
উপায় দেবো করতে মুশকিল আসান ,
প্যান ফাৰ্টি মানে প্যানটোপ্ৰাজল
খেয়ে থাকি আমরা হলে গ্যাস - অম্বল,
আমরা দেখি শুধু সিম্পটম কিছু
নিজেরাই করি ডাক্তারি তাই রোগ ছাড়ে না পিছু,
মাথায় ব্যথা, বুকো ব্যথা প্যান ফাৰ্টি চাই-ই চাই
কিছু না হলেও প্যান ফাৰ্টিকে চোখে হারাই,
বুকো ব্যথা হলেই তা গ্যাস অম্বল নয়
থেকে যায় সেখানে হাৰ্ট অ্যাটাকের ভয়,
পেটে ব্যথা হলেই সেটা গ্যাস থেকে নয়
অনেক সমস্যা হতে পারে যদি পরীক্ষা না হয়,
তবে প্যান ফাৰ্টি খাওয়া নয় কোনো ভুল
অকারণে খেলে দিতে হতে পারে মাসুল,
এই উপেক্ষা করার ফলেই হয় যত সমস্যা
হারানো যায় না রোগ, ফেরানো যায় না ভরসা;
তাই শপথ করি অকারণে ওষুধ করব বৰ্জন
নীরোগ শরীর পেতে হব স্বাস্থ্য সচেতন।

আয়েথ দেব , অষ্টম শ্রেণি



The Muse's Palette

সময়

আসা-যাওয়ার দিনগুলো
ভুলিয়ে দেয় সবাই,
দিন রাত করি কাজ
নেই কোনো কামাই।
আমি যখন যাই চলে
কাঁদে আমার জন্যে,
সঙ্গে থাকলে আবার
জীবন ভরে লাভণ্যে।
চলে যাবার পরেই সবাই
বোঝে আমার দাম,
জন্ম থেকে মৃত্যু
সময়ই বড় নাম।
জীবনে অন্তত একবার
বোঝাই মূল্য ঠিক,
আমি থাকি বাঁ হাতে
করে যাই টিক টিক।
যে আমায় লাগায় কাজে
হয় সে খুব খাস ,
অপচয় করলে পরে
করি তার বিনাশ।
আমি হলাম সেই 'সময়'
সবাইকে আমি চিনি,
তোমার হলে আমার কাছে
চিরদিনের ঋণী।

সেখ ইজাজ আহমেদ, অষ্টম শ্রেণি



The Muse's Palette

অপরূপ প্রকৃতি

চারিদিক ঘেরা অন্ধকার,
আসাতে আসতে নেমে এল মেঘের ভার;
কালো মেঘ নেমে এল বৃষ্টি হয়ে,
এক হাঁটু জল যায় রাস্তায় বয়ে;
একটু পরেই রোদের ঠেলা,
সবার মুখে হাসির খেলা;
চারিদিকের অন্ধকার ঘোর কেটে গেল
গাছের পাতায় রোদের আলো,
তাই লাগছে দেখতে ভালো।
পাখিদের ওই মিষ্টি সুর,
যেন আসছে হতে বহুদূর;
উঠোনের জলে রোদ এসে পড়ে,
জলের উপরের স্তর চক্ চক্ করে;
কচি ঘাস জলে ডুবে আছে,
রংবেরঙের ফুল ফুটে আছে গাছে ;
এই তো মোদের প্রিয় জগৎ,
হৃদয় যার উদার ও মহৎ।

সৃজা সাহা , অষ্টম শ্রেণি



The Muse's Palette

ক্ষণিকের আলাপ

বর্ধমান এ পড়ার সুবাদে যাওয়া আসাটা বেশ ঘন ঘনই করতে হয়।

সেই সূত্রেই আজও সব কাজ সেরে আসানসোল ফিরছিলাম।

কিন্তু আজ জার্নিটা বেশ মনোরম ছিল। বর্ধমান থেকেই আমার সাথেই উঠলো একজন আমার ই সমবয়সী মেয়ে, এবং ভাগ্যক্রমে সে জায়গা করে নিলো নিজের আমার ঠিক পাশের সিটে।

আমাদের কথা শুরু হয় যখন সে আমাকে জিজ্ঞেস করলো, "তুমি কোথায় নামবে?"

আমি স্বভাববসত হালকা হেসে জবাব দিলাম, "আসানসোল।"

সচরাচর করিনা কিন্তু আজ প্রায় তখনই তাকেও আমি জিজ্ঞেস করলাম, "তুমি?"

সেও বেশ সুন্দর একটি হাসি আমাকে ফিরিয়ে দিয়ে বললো, "পানাগর।"

কিছুক্ষনের মধ্যেই কেন জানি না আজ হেডফোনে এর দেওয়াল তুলে পৃথিবীটা কে দূরে সরিয়ে দিতে পারলাম না। খুব অল্প সময়ের মধ্যেই আমার সহযাত্রীর সাথে গল্প শুরু হলো আমার। ক্রমে জানতে পারলাম সে আমার ই ইউনিভার্সিটিতে ফিলোসফি নিয়ে পড়ে, কিন্তু এখনও অর্ধ কোনোদিন, কোনো আনাচে কানাচে, ক্যান্টিন এ বা হাওয়া মহলে আমাদের দেখা হয়নি, বা হয়তো দেখেছি, কিন্তু তার মুখের সীমা-রেখাগুলো আমার মনে রাখার কারণ তৈরি করেনি বা সেও হয়তো খেয়াল করেনি আমার মুখের সূক্ষ্ম রেখা।

প্রায় আধ ঘণ্টার মধ্যেই আমরা নিজেদের খাদ্য দ্রব্য ও শেয়ার করলাম একে অপরের সাথে, কেন জানি না তাতে কোনো কুণ্ঠা বোধ হলো না। ততক্ষণে গলসি পেরোচ্ছি, জানলার বাইরে, মেঘ যেন তার সমস্ত দুঃখ



The Muse's Palette

আমরা দুজন সেই অবিশ্রান্ত বৃষ্টিপাতের চির সাক্ষী হয়ে রইলাম,
একসাথে। এক ই হেডফোনে শুনে নিলাম কিছু বৃষ্টি মুখর গান,
যেমন, “ভাগে রে মন কাহি” ও “জারা জারা মেহেকতা হে”। সে
ছিল সত্যি এক মনোরম সময়।

এই করতে করতে কখন যে পঞ্চাশ মিনিট পেরিয়ে গেছে বুঝতেই
পারি নি। মনে হচ্ছিল এই তো যাত্রা শুরু করলাম।

আমার সহযাত্রীর গন্তব্য চলে এসেছে, সে এবার নামবে।

কিছুক্ষনের মধ্যেই, সে এক উষ্ণ আলিঙ্গনের মাধ্যমে আমাকে
বিদায় জানিয়ে নেমে গেল। বলে গেল খুব ভালো থেকো, সাবধানে
যেও, আসি।

এই ভাবেই শেষ হলো সেই স্বল্প আলাপ।

ফোন নাম্বার ?

না তা চাই নি

ফেসবুক আই ডি?

না না তাও না

হোয়াটস আপ?

না সেটাও চাই নি ,

দুজনের মধ্যে আমরা কেউ। এমনকি নামটি জিজ্ঞেস করারও

প্রবৃত্তি হয়নি আমাদের দুজনের মধ্যে কারো, শুধুই একে অপরের
মুখের আলো ছায়া গঁথে রাখলাম নিজেদের মনে।

পরে আর দেখা হবে কিনা জানি না, ভাগ্যে থাকলে হবে।



The Muse's Palette

ফোন নাম্বার চাইলে যদি এই ক্ষনিকের পরিচয় অভ্যেস এ পরিণত হয়, তখন যদি তা সময়ের বেড়াজালে কখনো অপ্রিয় হয়ে ওঠে। তাই তো কেউ আর প্রযুক্তির সাহায্য নি নি।

এই ক্ষনিকের ভালো লাগাটাই মনে যে দাগ কাটলো, তা কি কম কিছু?? এর পর যখন ই একা যাতায়াত করবো, তার মুখটা কি চোখের সামনে ভেসে উঠবে না??

সে তো স্মৃতির এক রঙিন পাতায় লেখা থাকলো এই ক্ষনিকের আলাপ, এই ক্ষনিকের ভালো লাগা, তাই কি কম কিছু??

নাই বা গড়ালো জটিল অভ্যেস এ। ছোট ছোট ভালোলাগা গুলোর দাম তো তাতে কমে যায়না।

তাই হাসি মুখে বিদায় জানিয়েও, মনে মনে যেন বাকি যাত্রা টা আমি, বিগত এক ঘন্টার স্মৃতি চারণ করতে করতেই কাটিয়ে দিলাম।

তার ও তো দাম অনেক।

অমর হয়ে থাকলো আমাদের মনে।।

পৃথা সান্যাল , সহকারী শিক্ষক ইংরাজি বিভাগ।



The Muse's Palette

বৃষ্টিভেজা দিনের গল্প

এ কি আজও তুই স্কুলে !

মা বলল, 'কী আর হবে এটুকু বৃষ্টি ছুঁলে ?'
বললাম তবু 'মা গো একবার দেখো না চারিপাশে' -
মুচকি হেসে জানাল মা - 'ভাবনা কী, তুই তো যাবি হলদে
বাসে !'

অগত্যা তাই চলেই এলাম স্কুলে
জানলা পাশে বসে বৃষ্টি দেখব বলে।

মাস্টারও যেন গম্ভীর ভান করে
বলে, 'পড়ায় মন দাও, বসো নড়েচড়ে' -
সেও যেন আনমনা হয়
ছেলেবেলার হাতটি ধরে,
কোথায় সে সব খাতার পাতা
ভাসতো যারা নৌকা হয়ে !
কোথায় সে সব খড়ের কুটো
স্রোতে যারা যেত বয়ে...

ছেলে এসব ভেবে আবার তাকায় বাহির পানে,
ভিজে মাঠে বলটা পেলে কী করত কে জানে!



The Muse's Palette

হঠাৎ হঠাৎ ঠান্ডা হাওয়া খেলা করে গায়ে,
রেলিং ধরে বৃষ্টি ফোঁটা হাঁটে গুটি পায়ে;
ইশ্ ! যদি বাড়িতে থাকতে পারতাম আজ
পড়ত পাতে খিচুড়ি, বেগুন ভাজা
তা নয় খুলতে হচ্ছে বই
কষতে হচ্ছে অঙ্ক
এ কেমন দারুণ সাজা !

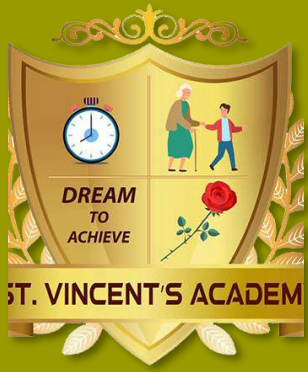
বড় হয়ে মাস্টারেরা সব পড়ায় এখন কষে,
তবুও কি মনটা তাদের আছে নিজের বশে ?
স্কুল-বেলা হলে আজ নাম ডেকে হত ছুটি
বন্ধুর সাথে সেই বকুলতলায় আসত এসে জুটি;
জলের উপর লাফিয়ে লাফিয়ে কাদায় ভরাত জামা,
মা বলত, 'এ কি রে তুই! দাঁড়া, ব্যাগটা একবার নামা !'
মিষ্টি হেসে বলত তখন 'মেরো না আমায় মা,
পড়ি পায়ে তোমার দুটি -
কালকে তো রবিবার বলো,
কালকে তো স্কুল ছুটি।'

গৌরঙ্গ মুখার্জী সহকারী শিক্ষক, বাংলা বিভাগ



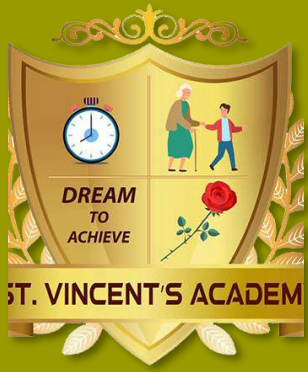
The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette



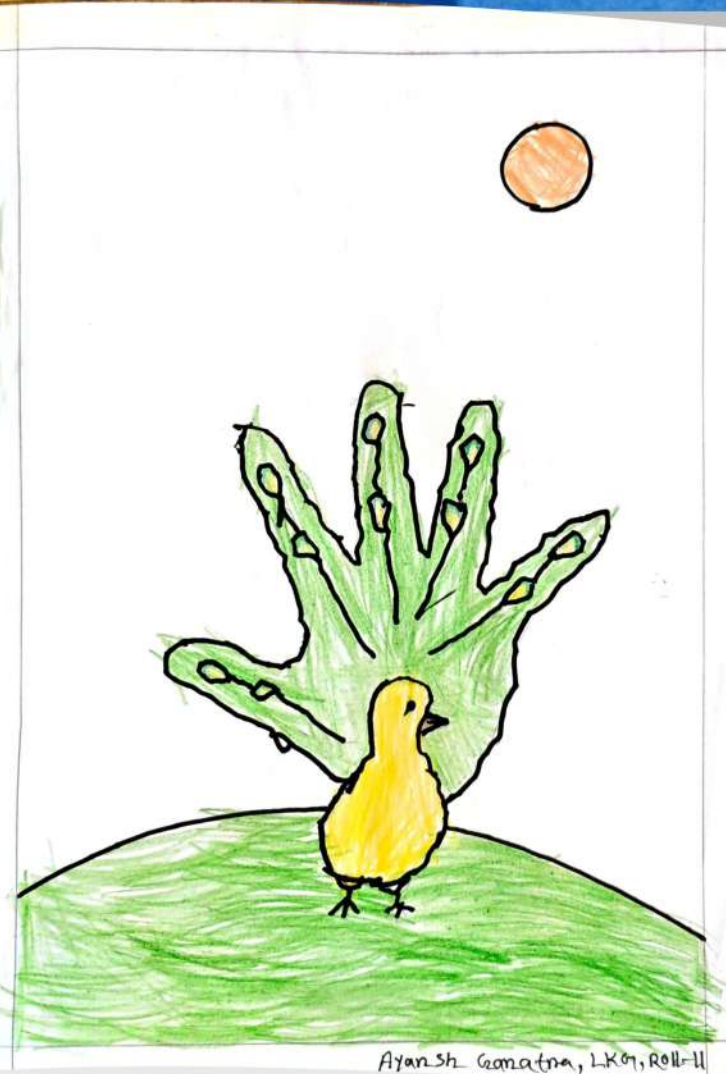


The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette



Ayansh Gomatra, LKG, Roll-11



Alana Samsi class-3B Roll-4



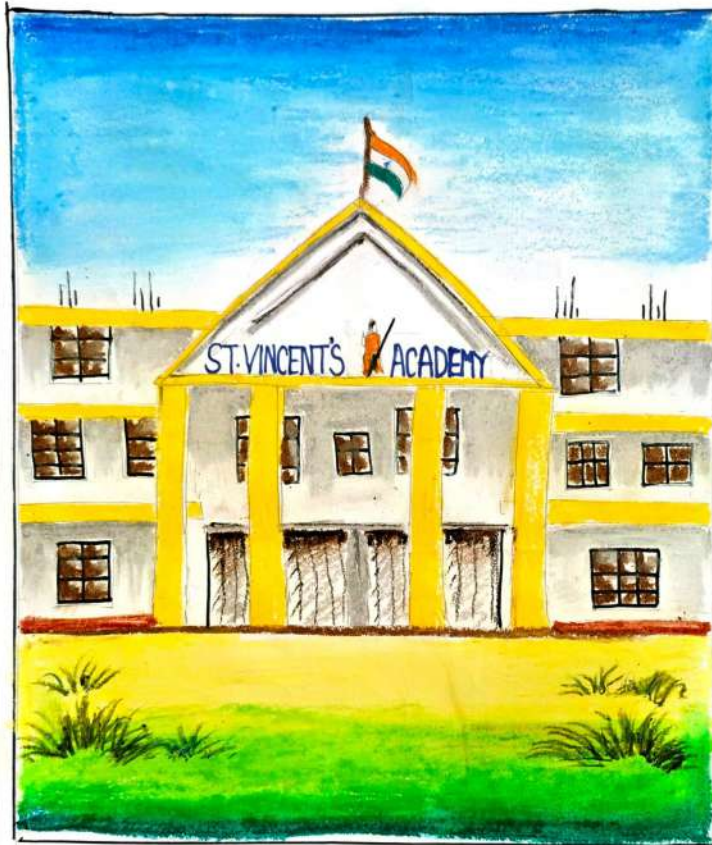
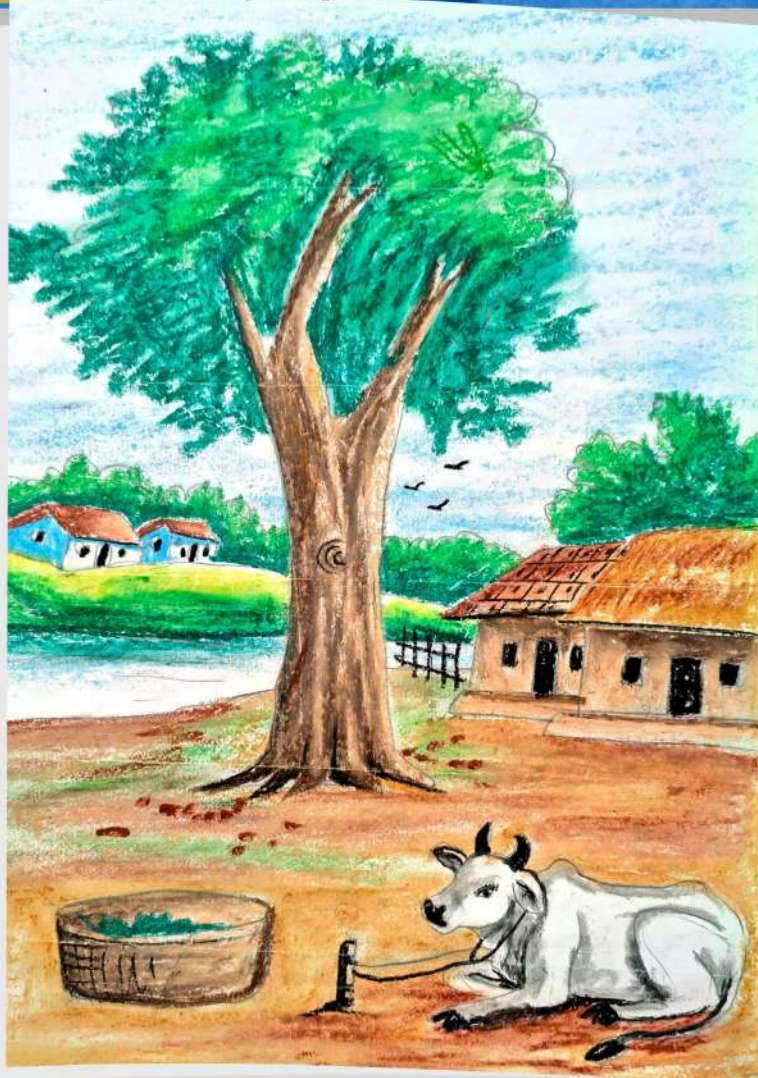
Name- Ayush
Rollno- 11
Class- 4



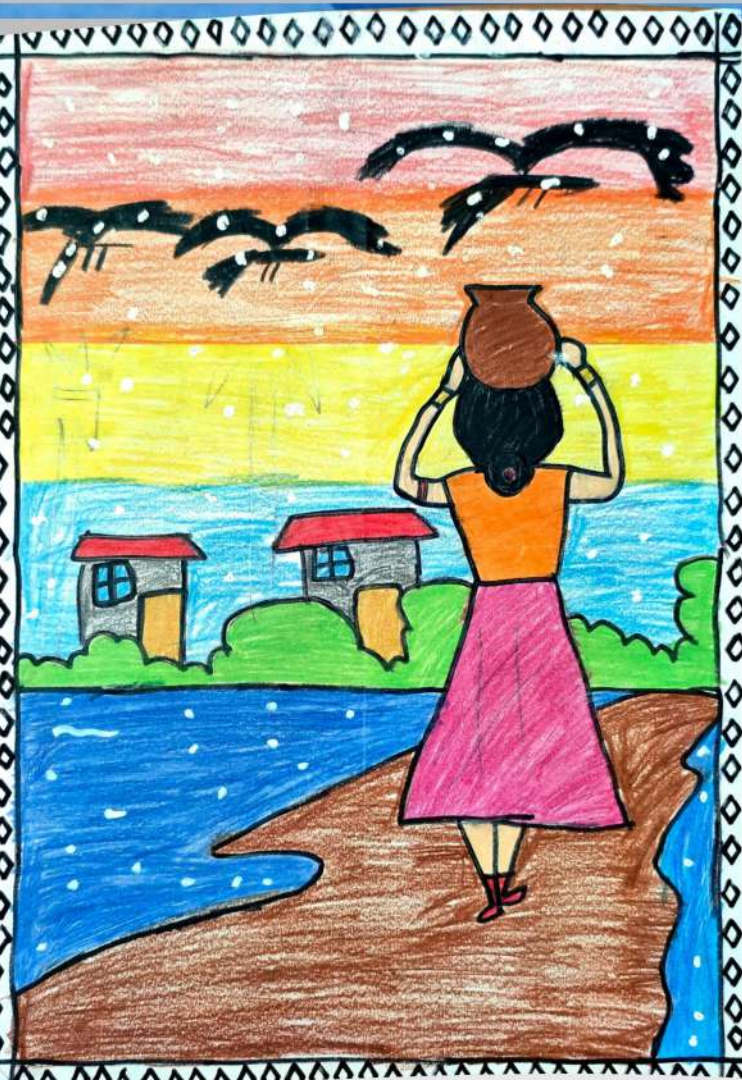
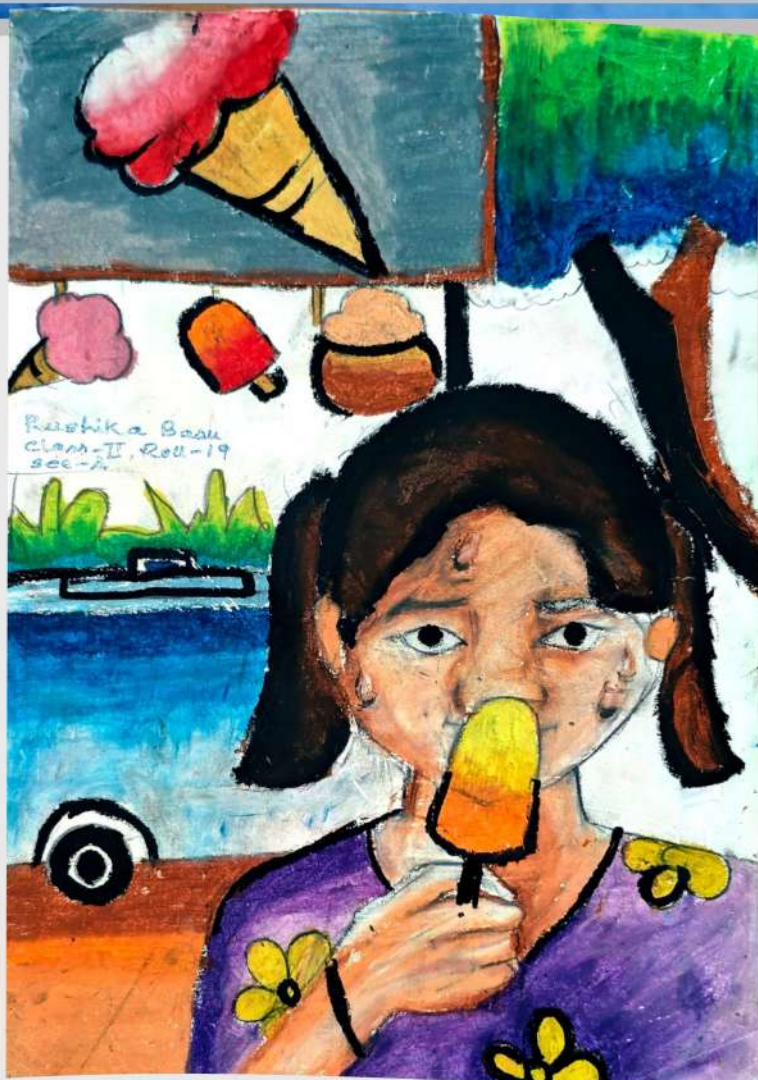
Rushika B
class- 2A
Roll- 19



The Muse's Palette



ROINEE SARKAR
CLASS - LKG, ROLL NO - 24

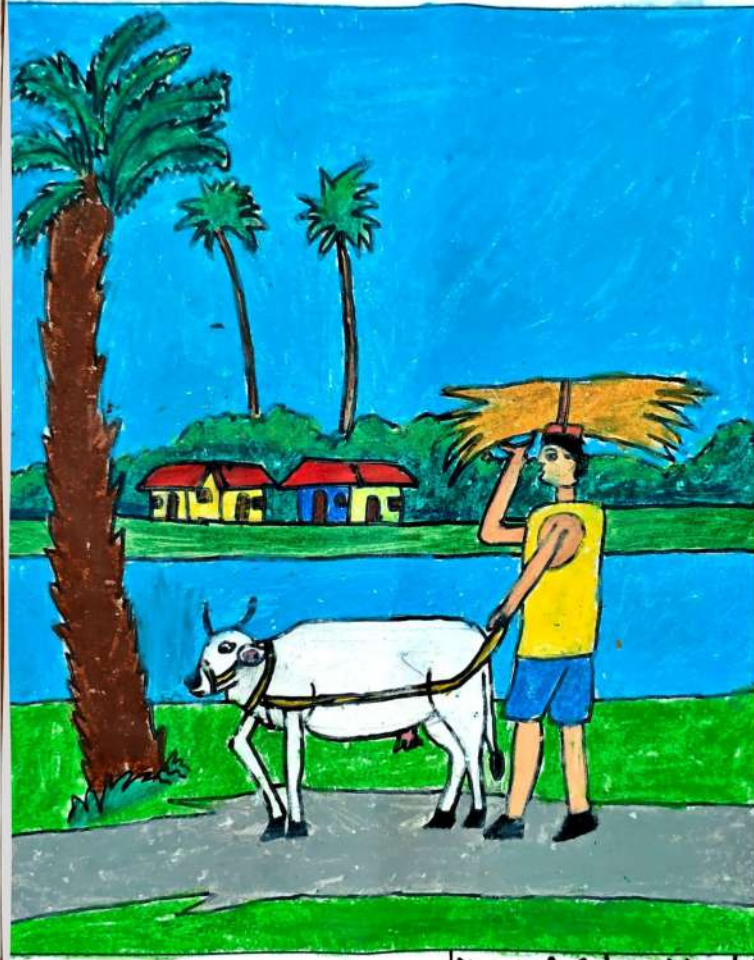




The Muse's Palette



PRONEEL GHOSH HAZRA
CLASS-I, SEC-A, ROLL-22



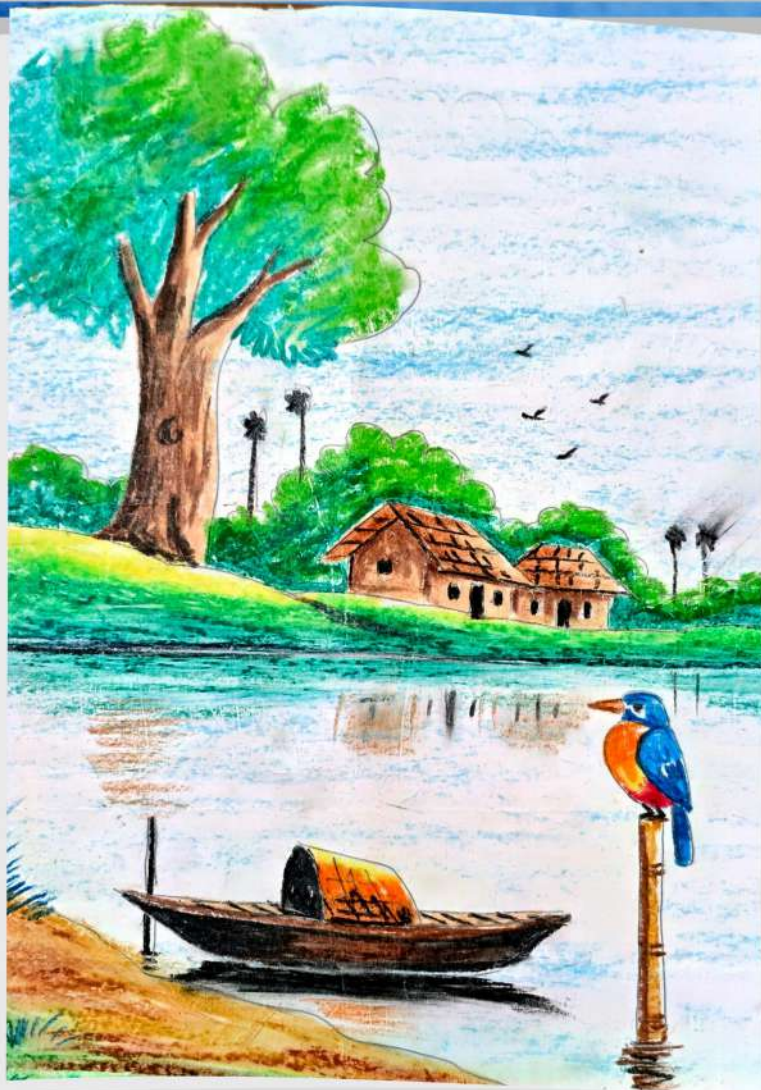
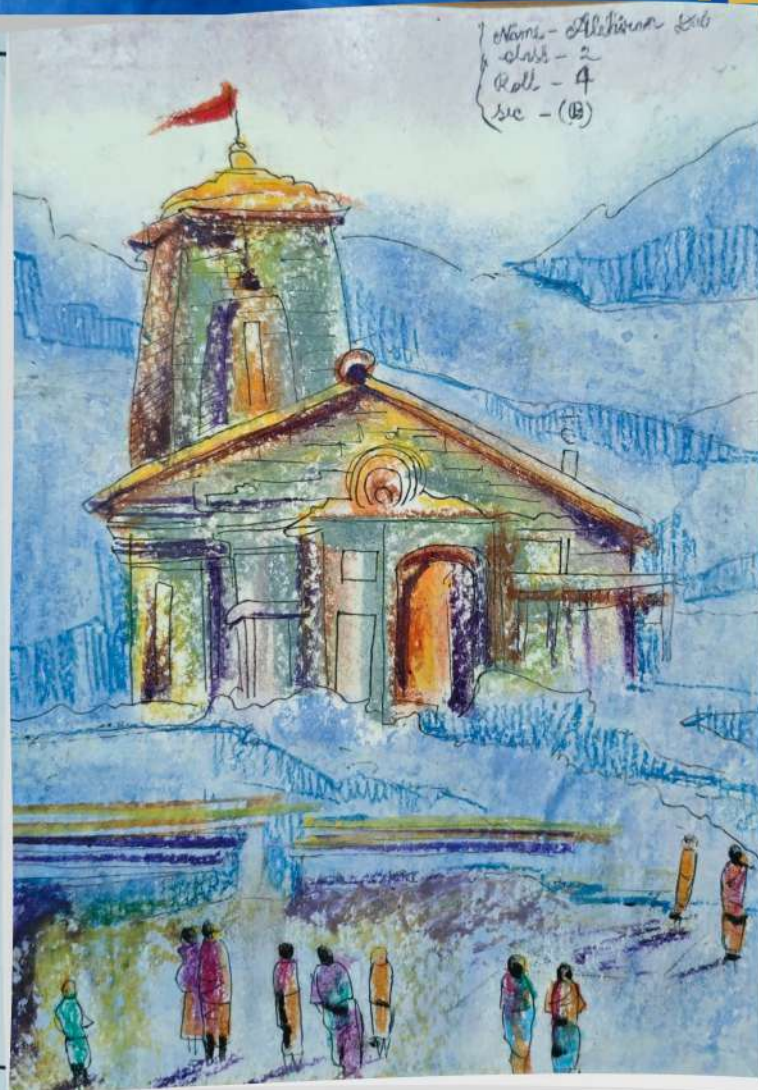
Name-Anirban Mondal
Roll-7 Sec-B Class-VI



Ashish Das
2



The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette



RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Name - Rishita Mandal / class - 10 / Roll No - 33

Drawing for School Magazine



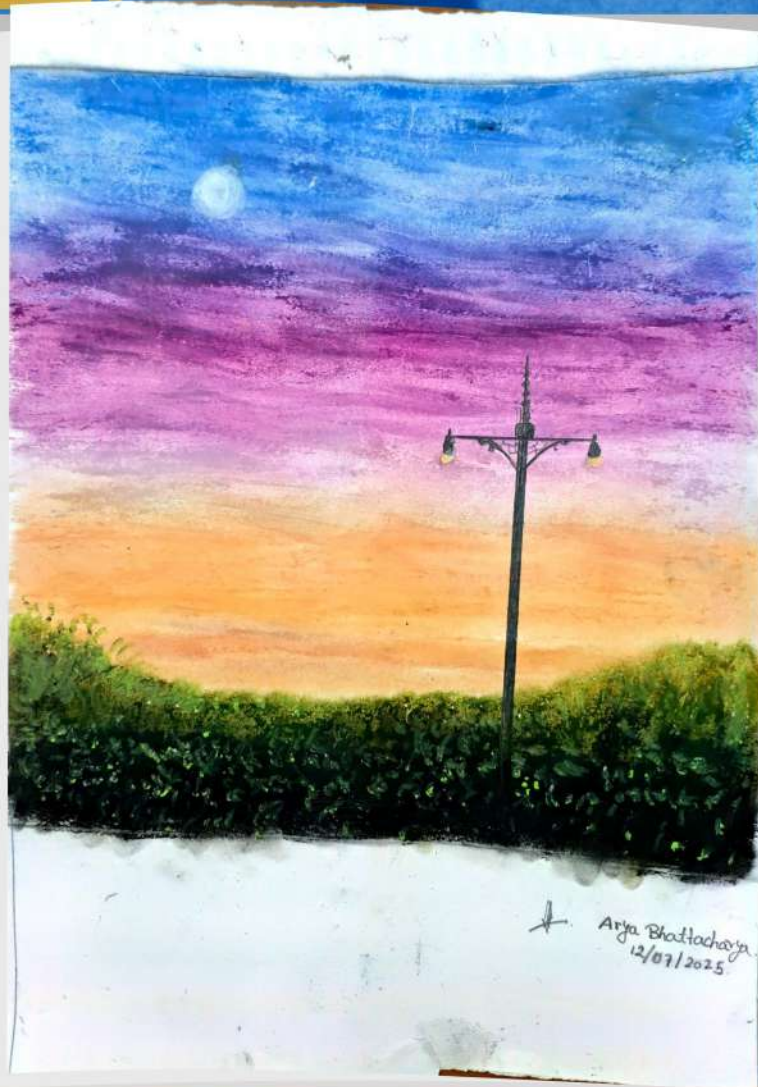
ARVIND GHOSH * IKG - 'B' * Roll - 10 *

NAME → SUBHRAMANYA DAS
CLASS → U.K.G, SEC → B
ROLL → 34





The Muse's Palette



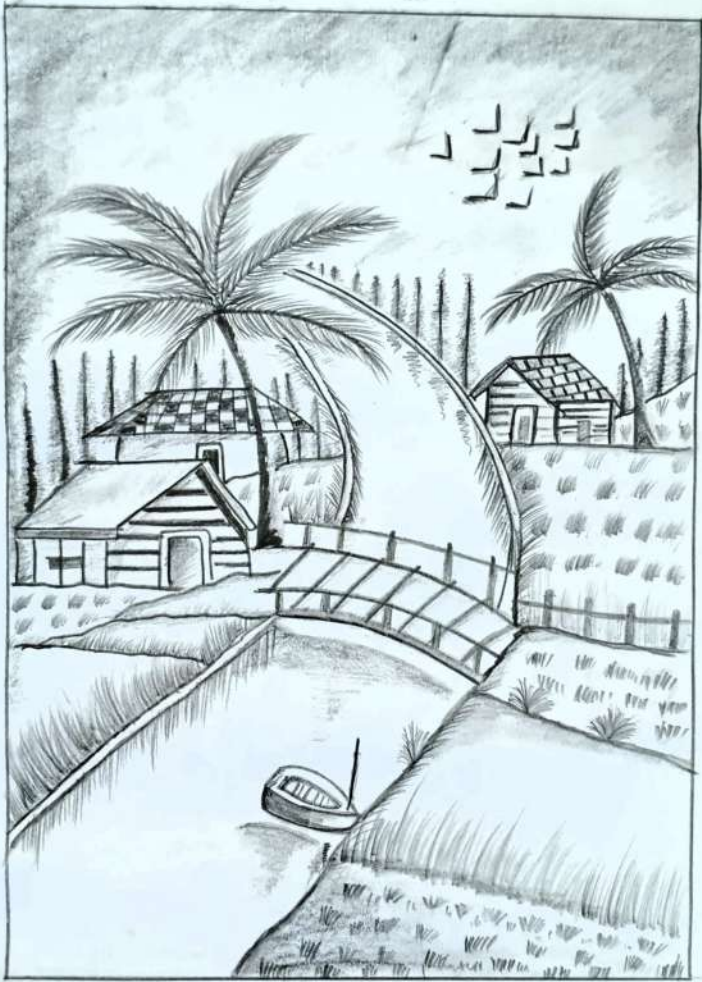
Activity for
Magazine.

Aarvi Mallick.
St-I-A. Roll-2



The Muse's Palette

Name- SIMANTIKA PANJA, CLASS- III-A, ROLLNO.-26



Tai Sri Krishna



Name= Chandreyee Datta
Sec= A
Class= III
Roll = 7

Name - Sahana Pal

class - IV

Roll - 23



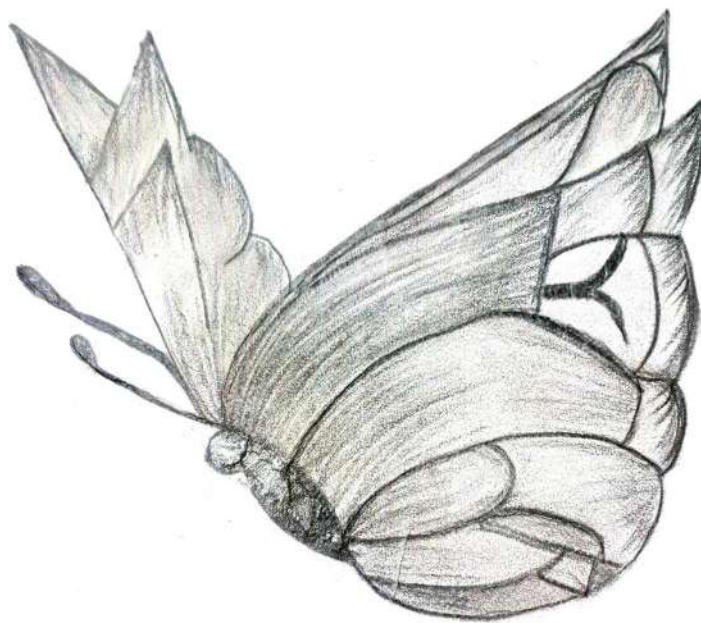
TANISHA Ghosh, Roll-36, STD-1, Sec-



The Muse's Palette



Sekh. Suhan
Roll-26 Sec-B
Class-III



Name - Jenejya Narasim
Roll - 12 Sec-B Class-3





The Muse's Palette



Name - Shrestha Pal Class - III Roll-25 Sec-(A).





The Muse's Palette

NAHIDA NOOR, CLASS - II, ROLL-13, SCE - A



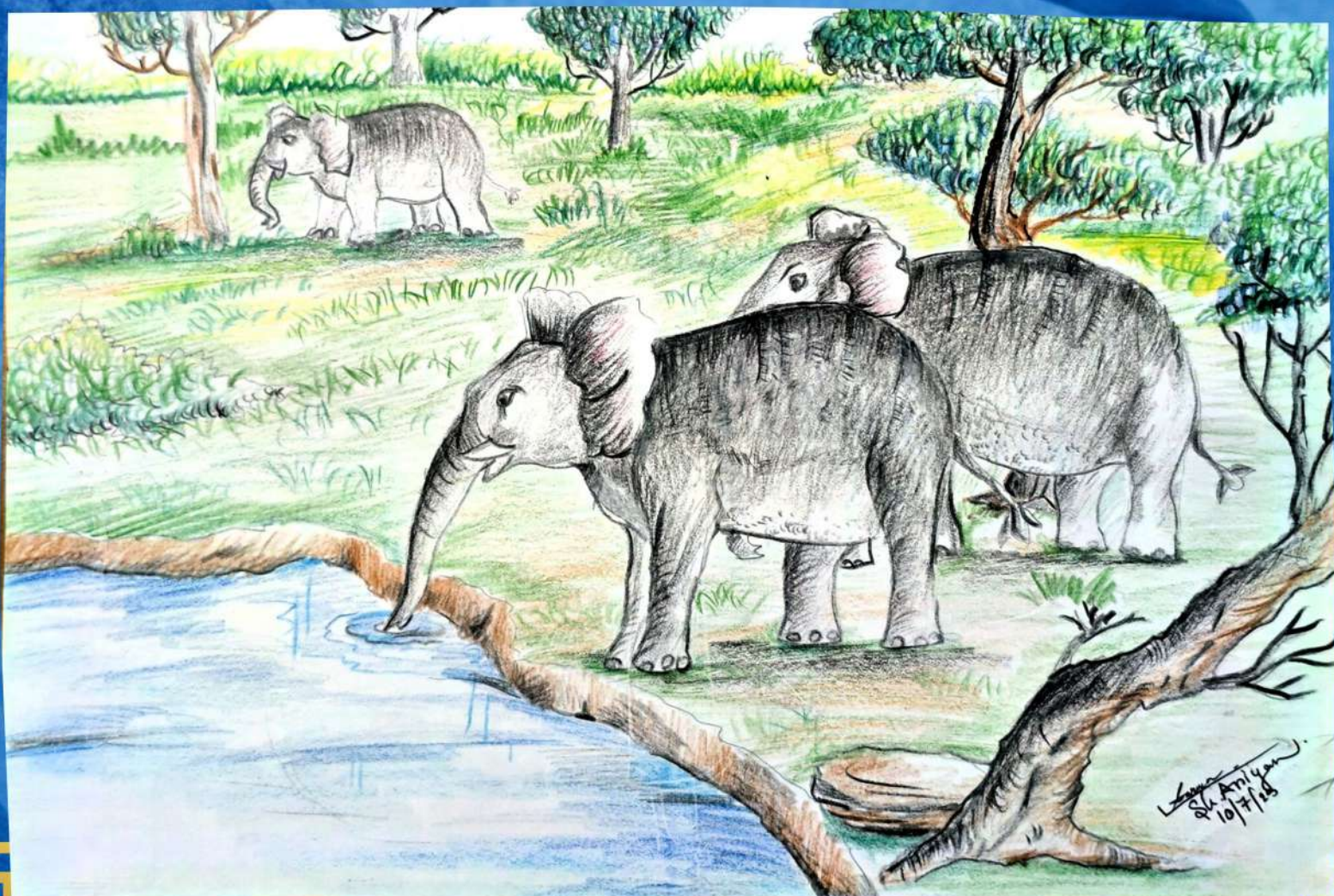
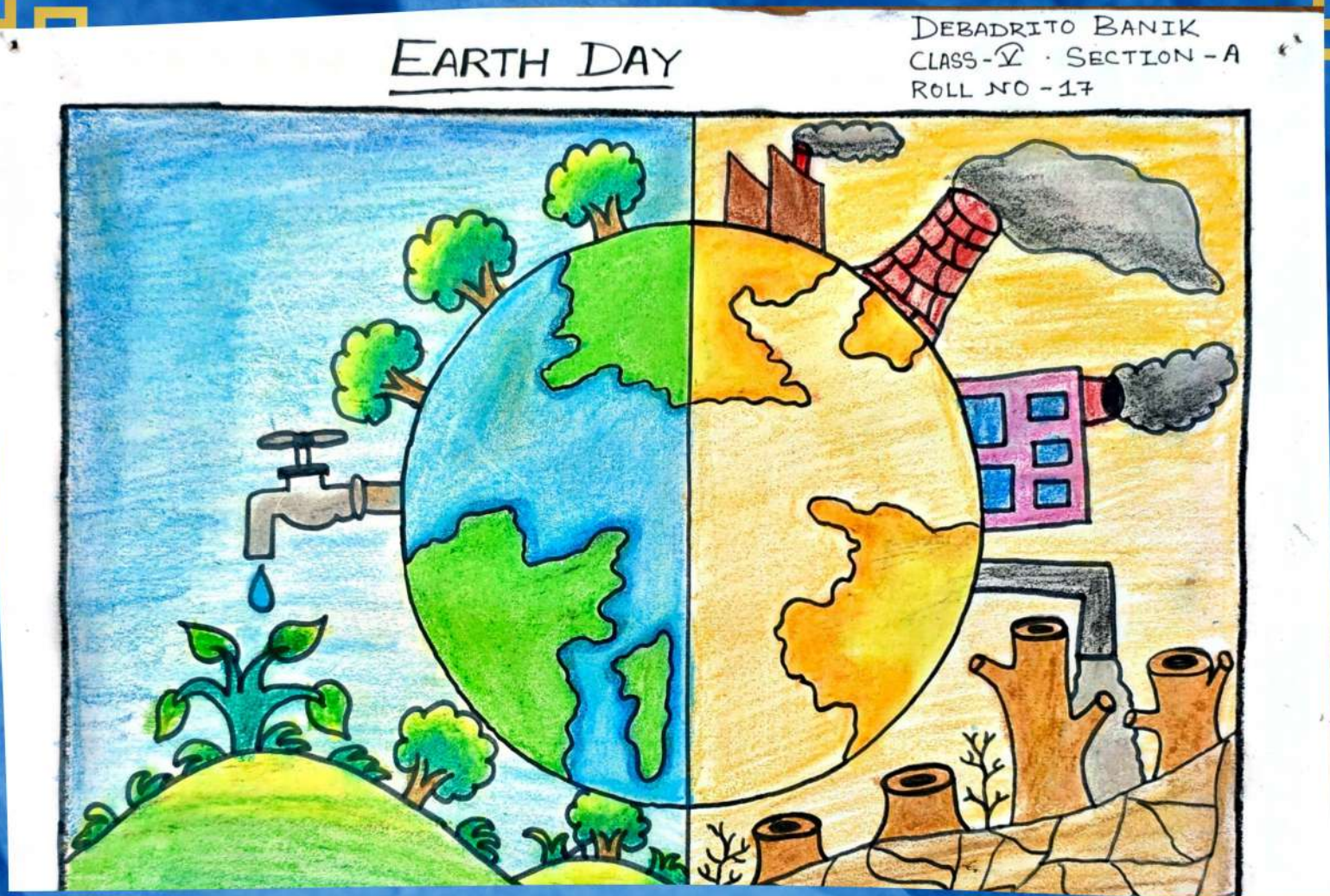


The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette





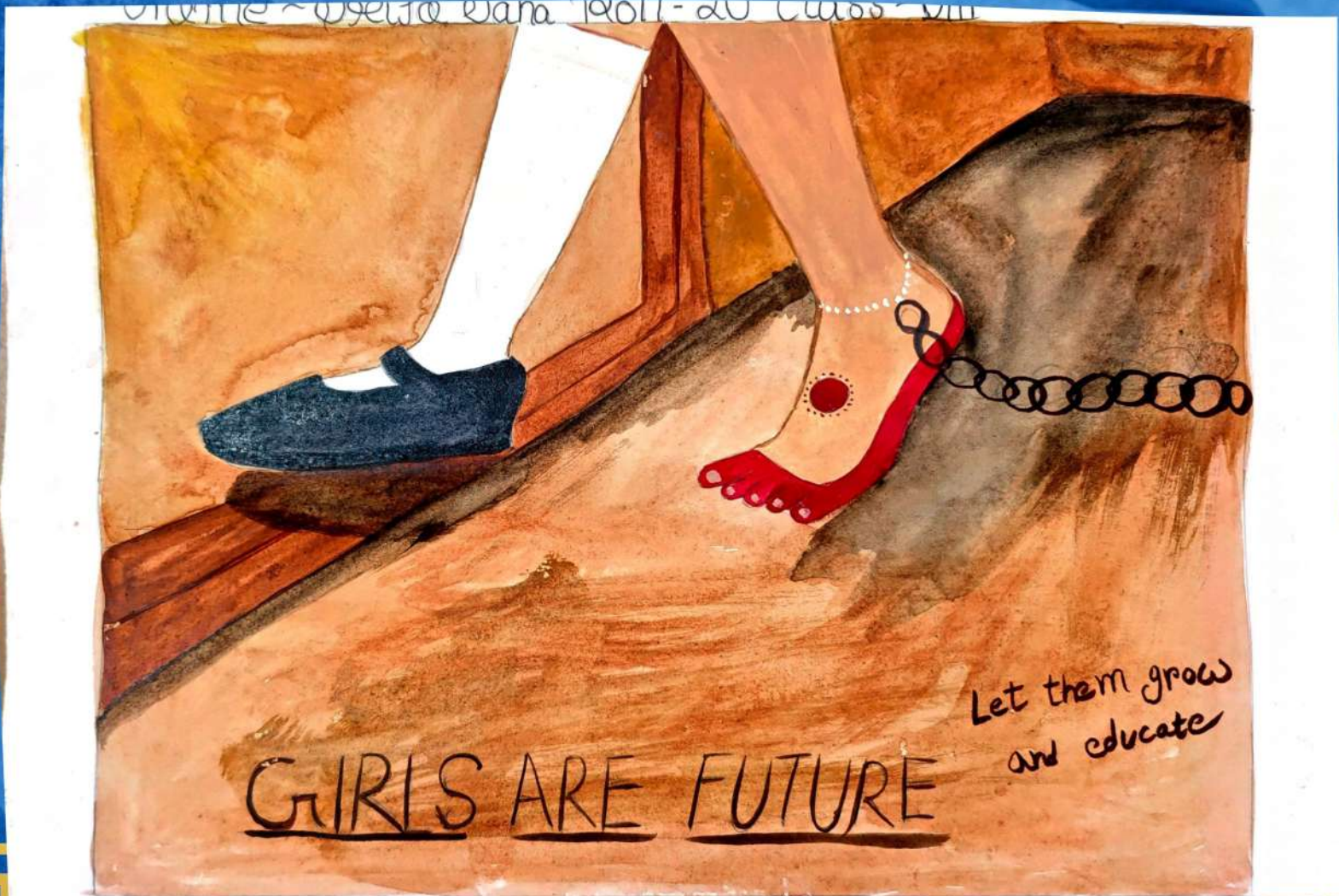
The Muse's Palette

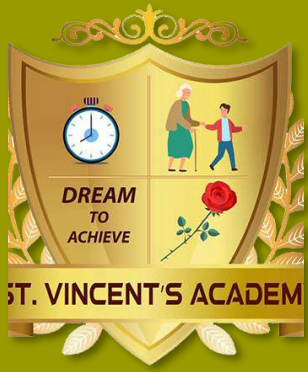


Rishabh marchole Class - 2 TT Sec - A



The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette



Name : Aradhya Nandi class- UKG B

Roll No- a



The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette



SANVI BISWAS CLASS-1B ROLL-27



টাদের বুড়ি
টাদের বুড়ি থাকে বজে
পিঁপিঁয়ে দেছে,
সেই চোখে ঘুম নেই
কুঁপুই ঘোঁজে ডাকে,



The Muse's Palette



Name - Ankur Bishnoi Class - VII Sec - B D.D. 20



Name - Subhadeep Jindal
class - V
Roll no - 46
Sec - cd



The Muse's Palette

Aheli Mondal
UKU - B
Roll No - 7



TADASANA

BHUJANGASANA

ADHO MUKHA-
SVANASANA

VRKSANA

YOGA DAY



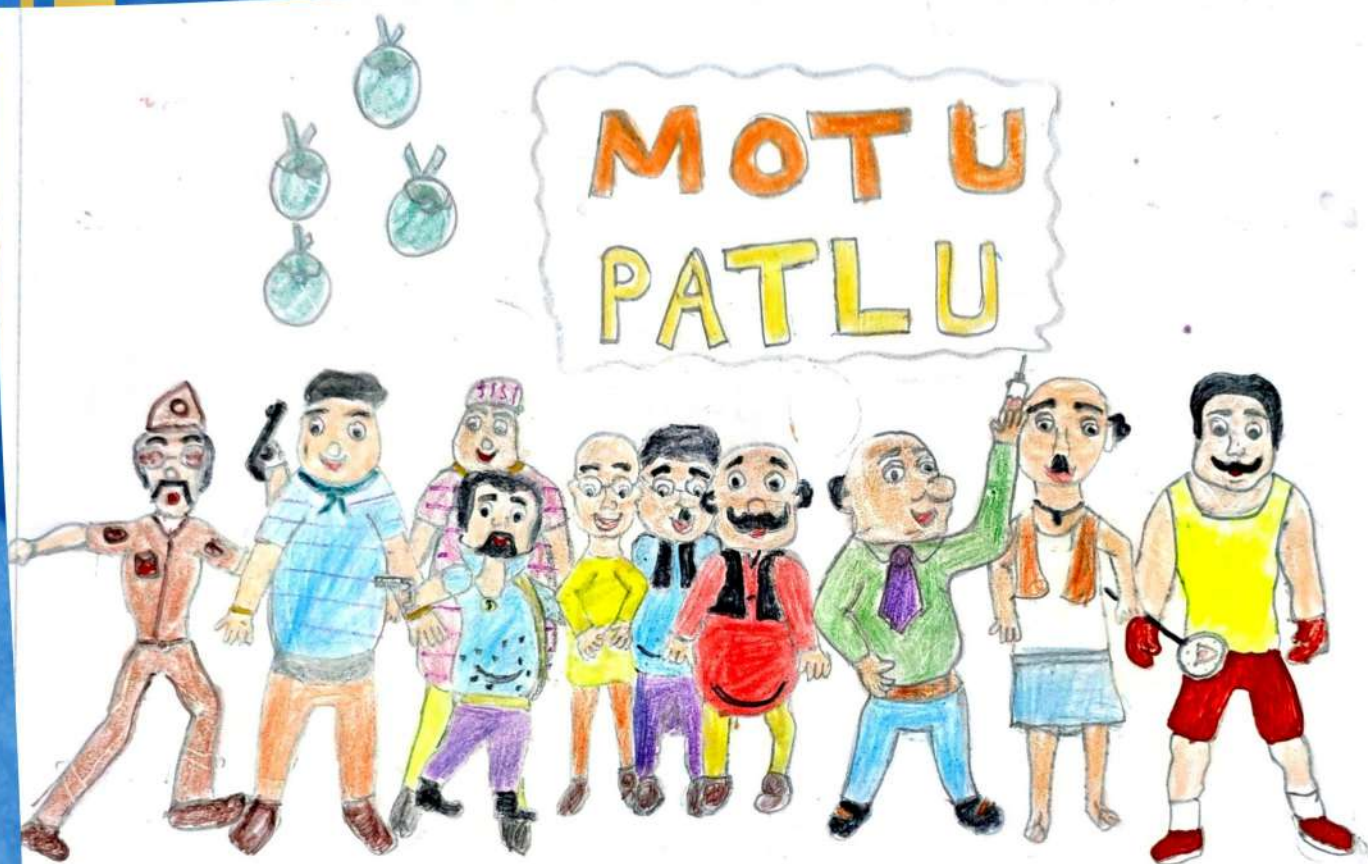
The Muse's Palette



ANURMEGA HAZRA CLASS IV ROLL 5



The Muse's Palette



NAME:-SAMPAD BHATTACHERZEE CLASS:-IV ROLL:-20





The Muse's Palette





The Muse's Palette



Ruhana Sekh
class - II
Roll No - 18
Sea - A



The Muse's Palette



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



HON. CHAIRMAN SIR, SECRETARY MA'AM, M.D. MA'AM, CEO SIR, PRINCIPAL MA'AM, V.P. SIR, ALONG WITH TEACHERS



The Muse's Palette



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



HON. CHAIRMAN SIR, SECRETARY MA'AM, M.D. MA'AM, CEO SIR, PRINCIPAL MA'AM, V.P. SIR, ALONG WITH OFFICE STAFF



The Muse's Palette



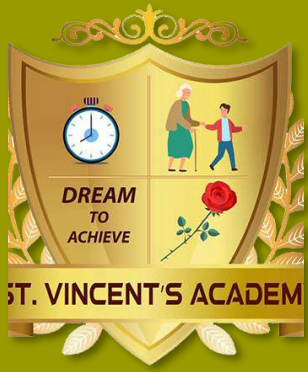
ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



HON. CHAIRMAN SIR, SECRETARY MA'AM, M.D. MA'AM, CEO SIR, PRINCIPAL MA'AM, V.P. SIR, ALONG WITH NON TEACHING STAFF



The Muse's Palette



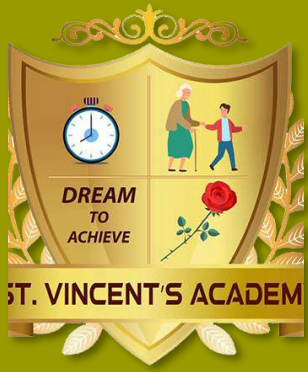
ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



HON. CHAIRMAN SIR, SECRETARY MA'AM, M.D. MA'AM, CEO SIR, PRINCIPAL MA'AM, V.P. SIR, ALONG WITH NON TEACHING STAFF



The Muse's Palette



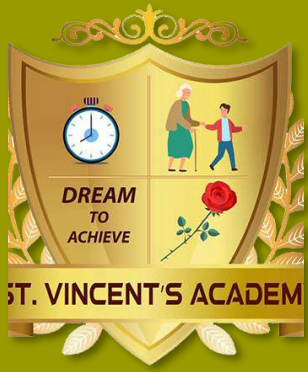
ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



HON. CHAIRMAN SIR, SECRETARY MA'AM, M.D. MA'AM, CEO SIR, PRINCIPAL MA'AM, V.P. SIR, ALONG WITH PREFECTS



The Muse's Palette



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



NURSERY



The Muse's Palette



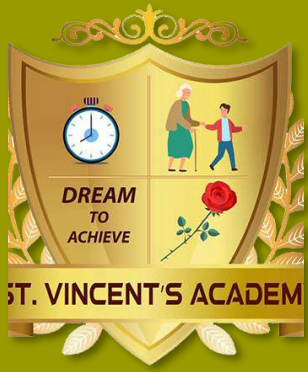
ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



LKG



The Muse's Palette



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



UKG - A



The Muse's Palette



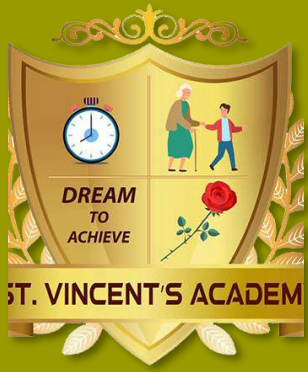
ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



UKG - B



The Muse's Palette



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



STD - I A



The Muse's Palette



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



STD - I B



The Muse's Palette



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



STD - II A



The Muse's Palette



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



STD – II B



The Muse's Palette



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



STD – III A



The Muse's Palette



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



STD – III B



The Muse's Palette



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



STD – IV



The Muse's Palette



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



STD - V



The Muse's Palette



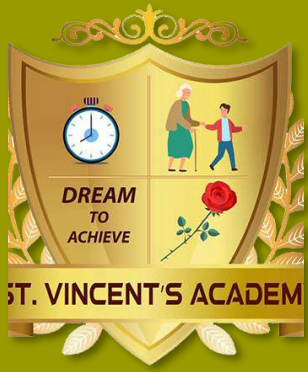
ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



STD - VI



The Muse's Palette



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



STD – VII



The Muse's Palette



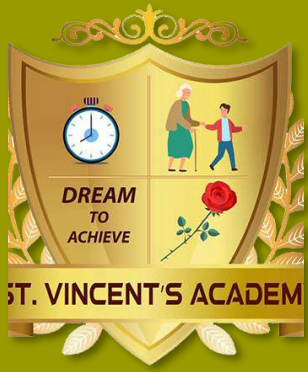
ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



STD - VIII



The Muse's Palette



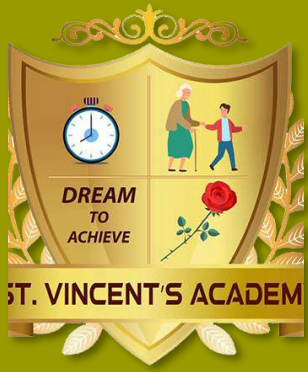
ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY

PURBA BARDHAMAN

2025-2026



STD - IX



The Muse's Palette

