

Bloom

MAGAZINE



STUDENTS' CREATIVE WRITING COLLECTION
ENGLISH LANGUAGE UNIT, FACULTY OF MEDICINE, UNIVERSITY OF KELANIYA

Bloom

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Bloom

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FROM THE EDITOR



When times get rough, the world a little too much to handle, I often find solace among the pages of a book: either marvelling at the realms created by legendary thinkers or penning down how a girl crossed dimensions in search of her heart's desires. Hence, receiving the opportunity to be a part of this editorial crew was indeed a great honour which I welcomed with the excitement of a child on Christmas morning.

Starting the life of a Medical Professional as a first-year medical student was a festive as well as a daunting moment for all of us. Not knowing what the future holds, yet excited for adventures lying ahead, we stepped into the Faculty of Medicine, Ragama filled with hopes and dreams; setting our mind to keep our other interests on hold if needed. Hence, being able to express our creativity in this manner was a great opportunity we never expected to come across.

On that note, I would like to express our gratitude to the Dean, Faculty of Medicine, Senior Professor P. S. Wijesinghe for giving us the opportunity and supporting us in every way possible to make this project a reality. I convey our heartfelt appreciation to Dr. Pavithra Godamunne, Head of the English Language Unit for her constant assistance rendered throughout the process. Our sincere thanks is extended to Prof. Janaki Hewawisenthî and Prof. Madhawa Chandrathilaka, former Heads of the English Language Unit for their valuable and insightful wisdom provided to us at all times. I would also like to thank the Academic and Non-Academic staff of the Faculty of Medicine, University of Kelaniya for helping us in numerous ways.

In addition, I would like to appreciate the enthusiastic encouragement and patient guidance offered to us by Ms. Dinali Ariyasinghe, Ms. Sewwandi Kulathunga and Lecturers of the English Language Unit during this journey. I express our immense gratitude to Ms. Chamari Wijewardhana and Ms. Narmada Hettiarachchi, staff advisors for Bloom 2019 edition, who strengthened us in every step of our way. Last but not least, I thank my amazing team for working tirelessly and giving their best amongst the heavy workload to make Bloom 2019 an immense success.

The closest magic we got to perform was inspiring new thoughts in minds; which we did not know existed. Thus, with heaps of hopes piled, I humbly invite you to experience the Blooming magic these imaginative souls have created within the folds of the following pages.

BEPremaratne

Buddhima Premaratne
Editor-in-Chief
Bloom 2019



Bloom

Message from the Dean

It is with great pleasure that I write this message for the annual publication "Bloom" which has become a regular feature in the faculty.

It is heartening to note that this year too, the organizers have encouraged students to showcase their literary talents through their contributions to this publication.

This has become possible due to dedication of the students and staff. I congratulate them for their efforts in making this venture a success.

I wish all the contributors even more success in years to come and that the "Bloom" will go from strength to strength. I thank the organizers and reviewers for their untiring efforts in making this task a reality.

*Professor P S Wijesinghe
Dean
Faculty of Medicine*

Message from the head of the department

Science is central to medicine and allied health fields. However, promoting a culture of creativity among health care professionals can enhance their clinical decision making process and help them reach their full potential.

As the context of health care provision and the systems within which health care professionals work within becomes more complex, those professionals who have been provided with opportunities to explore new things and cultivate their creativity may be able to think and approach patient problems and clinical decision making in novel and unique ways.

The Faculty of Medicine, University of Kelaniya acknowledges the importance of creativity in a constantly changing world that requires people to rapidly change and adapt. Therefore, creative pursuits are actively promoted among the students of the faculty, and 'Bloom' is one such endeavor to encourage student creativity.

This annual magazine is an opportunity for undergraduate students of the faculty to showcase their English creative writing and artistic talents. Similar to previous years, this year's edition too contains the best pieces of writing and art produced by our talented students. I congratulate Ms Dinali Ariyasinghe and Ms Nilmini Sewwandi, the English Language Instructors of the Faculty, and the editorial board for producing such a high quality magazine for the sixth consecutive year.

*Dr.Pavithra Godamunne
Head,
Department of Medical Education*





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MESSAGE FROM THE ADVISORS

It is truly a privilege to extend our thoughts for “Bloom 2019”, the annual creative writing collection of the undergraduates of Faculty of Medicine, University of Kelaniya. In this edition: “Bloom 2019” creations of MBBS Batch 30 and MBBS Batch 29 are included along with the creations of SHS Batch 11.

English Language Unit of the Faculty of Medicine organize numerous activities, which stimulate learners to engage in language learning in novel aspects. Bloom is a milestone in our attempts to forge language learning expressive and meaningful. Bloom awakens the creative minds of students inspiring them to unveil their innovativeness through the art of thoughts. Bloom 2019 yields the 6th edition of the annual students' creative collection. We would like to convey our wishes to the editorial crew for shouldering this gigantic responsibility of launching bloom. As the famous American novelist Flannery O'Connor once said “Write to discover what you know while exploring the unknown.”

Happy Reading!

MS. DINALI ARIYASINGHE
TEMPORARY LECTURER IN ENGLISH, ENGLISH LANGUAGE UNIT



MS. SEWWANDI KULATHUNGA
TEMPORARY LECTURER IN ENGLISH, ENGLISH LANGUAGE UNIT





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Message from the Coordinators of Bloom

Without art and culture, we believe the human race would be an uninspiring and narrow minded bunch. Art is not merely a means for enjoyment and entertainment.

It is a catalyst for thinking, feeling and reflecting, and we would argue that art makes us both creative and empathetic. To see the world, through the prism of art, is to allow oneself to see a variety of perspectives to observe the world from multiple angles and broaden our horizons culturally and intellectually.

Creativity is not just an aspect of self-fulfillment, yet it is a mode of enhancing benevolence. Therefore, Bloom is a platform where the undergraduates are directed to enhance their innovativeness and creative writing skills.

We believe this will be a significant arena to reveal and enrich the hidden talents of the undergraduates. Further, the exposure renders the students to climb up to the top of the ladder of humanity. Finally, let this blooming buds discover their true talent and passion.

Ms. Narmada Hettiarachchi

Ms. Chamari Wijewardhana

GRAPHIC DESIGNER'S MESSAGE

"There are three responses to a piece of design – yes, no, and WOW! Wow is the one to aim for."

– Milton Glaser

Thank you, everyone, who helped me to achieve this milestone in my life as the designer of Bloom magazine 2019. I would also like to thank my PC, Keyboard and the mouse for letting me continue my work without any trouble. This Entire magazine was designed using Adobe Photoshop CC. Some background pictures and LOGO designs were taken from the internet to upscale the visual quality of the magazine and all of them belong to their original owners.



senura keheliya
SENURA KEHELIYA
30TH BATCH MBBS

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YELLOW BRICK ROAD

*I walked on a path well trodden
Leaving behind the life I've always known
In search of the famed city
At the edge of the yellow brick road
But little did I know then
Of the dangers that lay ahead
But still I started my journey
Along the yellow brick road*

*The path was winding from the start
With no end to be seen
But through the sleepless nights I made,
Losing track of the seasons
The troubles of my past now tempt me
As fear now sets in
But still the city beckons me
To the edge of the yellow brick road*

*At last, the end of the road
But Alas! Nothing to be seen
As the road now turns red
It suddenly dawns
Maybe it was never about the city
For ahead lay more brick pathways
Each with more life to be lived within them.*

*Janidu Karunarathne
30th Batch, MBBS*



MOCKING
BIRD



*Have you ever listened to a mockingbird sing?
Seated on a mossy branch of an evergreen
Mimicking all the notes it hears
Knowing not the feline unseen*

*It's the music of life, it sings
Flapping its feathers above the heath
And it dives down with spread wings
To the prying cat underneath*

*Have you ever seen a mockingbird dance?
Somersaulting in the open air
Whirling and twirling from stance to stance
Knowing not the gawking snare*

*Watch carefully the magic that occurs
When nobody's around
Something unexpected incurs
The cat preys the mockingbird!*

*Tasha De Silva
30th Batch, MBBS*

Burnt FOOD

*Burnt food and
Rusty metal
Isn't all of what
I remember
From the day I lost my brother
Falling from the
Top of an old train compartment
Wasn't the worst of it.
But lying there
Beside my brother
Just looking at him
Till the flicker in his eyes
Which mom loved so much
Faded away to nothingness
The helplessness I felt
Made me want to
Be the doctor I am
Help every man,
Women,
Child,
Every person who are
Loved by anyone ; everyone
To save them all,
To save them true
No one should be
As helpless as I was,
As shattered as I am
The reason for
Me wanting to be
A good doctor
Is nothing other than
That helplessness
Burnt food and
Rusty metal
Should not be
The last recall
Of your*

Doppelgänger

WISHWA WIJESURIYA
30TH BATCH MBBS

THE SEA

*I sit by the sea in the pouring rain
Oh! How I wish I were back again.
The noise is so loud, the weather is bad,
And when I reach home,
I'll be terribly glad.*

*The clouds drift along the sky's edge
Down to the horizon, a thick black
wedge.*

*For once in my life, I feel alone
Now I wish I'd never been born
At last, the time has come to go
I gather my bag, look around me and
though*

*I still remember how I loved you
How I played with you, "The Sea"
-But today?*

*It's proved,
The friendship you showed was false*

PASAN VIDURANGA
30TH BATCH MBBS

When I Close My Eyes.....

STEPPING DAINTILY WITH HANDS
OUTSTRETCHED
YET, STRUGGLING TO OPEN UP THE EYES
SUBMERGED SENSES SEEM TO STIR
WHILE THE EARS, INSTEAD OF EYES, WATCH
WILLING FOR THE BEST EVER SIGHT

STEADILY FLOWING BREEZE EMBRACES ME,
AS IF GIVING A WARM WELCOME :
ALWAYS THE BEST WAY OF HUGGING
WHILE LOST IN A LOUD BEE GLADE,
ROBIN'S CHIRPING SLIGHTLY DISTURBS,
MAKING NATURE'S BEST EVER SYMPHONY

WITH FEW STEPS FORWARD
A BREATHTAKING SIGHT :
GLITTERING WATER CASCADES DOWN,
AND LAKE IS LAPPING WITH LOW SOUNDS
BEAM OF SUN RAYS SHOWERS ME,
COMING FILTERED THROUGH THE GREEN
BRANCHES
CHERRY RED MANGOES WHICH TEMPT ME,
HINDER THE HUNGER AS NECTAR AND
AMBROSIA

GETTING ALARMED BY THE CRICKET'S
SONG
AND THE NOON'S PURPLE GLOW
SEEMS TO REMIND ME SOMETHING
GETTING HASTENED WITH THE THOUGHT
LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR SOMEBODY
NOT A FOOTSTEP FOUND
THOUGH GREATLY RELUCTANT,
UNSTOPPABLE CIRCUMSTANCES INSIST ME
TO STEP INTO THE UNDESIRABLE REAL
WORLD
NEVER I FELT THE SOOTHNESS I FELT,
WITH MY OWN EYES
AS I DID WHEN I WALKED WITH MY EYES
CLOSED
ON UNTRODDEN WAYS TO THE PARADISE

SANDANI **RODRIGO**
30TH BATCH MBBS

LOST

OVERWHELMED WITH THOUGHTS
UNKNOWN,
DESPERATELY LOOKING AROUND
FOR WHAT...
I DO NOT KNOW
PEACE!
MAYBE THAT'S IT,
I'M LOOKING FOR PEACE OF MIND,
SOMETHING TO CALM DOWN MY SOUL
SO I WALK BACK THE MEMORY LANE,
TO THOSE GLORIOUS MEMORIES
WHICH BUILT HEAVEN ON EARTH
AND I KNOW,
I SHALL FIND IT,
WHAT IT IS, I DO NOT KNOW,
BUT I SEE THE LIGHT...
AND TOWARDS IT I WALK.

UPEKSHA **FERNANDO**
30TH BATCH MBBS

CAPTURED BY

HAFSA
11TH BATCH SHS

RAVINI PREMARATNA
30TH BATCH MBBS



A Poem

HER FINGERS

*When I miss you
I close my eyes
Then I try to draw you in my mind
I draw your eyes, beard and lips
I see your wonderful smile
My heart is beating rapidly
Then I try to throw your hands
But I see,
Her fingers on your hand*



SUPUNI MADARA
30TH BATCH MBBS

The fair sex



Giving a blaze to the whole
world

By heating yourself,
When the pressure rises up
More & more
Blasting yourself
Burning
Will be no more
Forever

Dear bulb,
You are just the same as a
stubborn lady.

Navodya Umayangani
30th Batch, MBBS

P. Dilshan Gunarathna
30th Batch, MBBS

LOVE is..... SHORT STORY

Words of a doctor which change my life: "Your child is special" .

These words, having tied me together in a way that no other mother would understand, have made me one of the strongest advocates on behalf of my child. When he was born, I dreamt of his young years : having friends over, cricket matches, group studies, movie nights, phones ringing and band practices. I had even pictured myself looking at my husband when they would shout and run down the staircase playing catch, dismantling the house and smiling with the joy of such experiences.

Except now.

He is 18, yet the house is never noisy. He sits alone in his room, writing letters to the "Upper Hand": the one who common people address to as "God". Endless are the times I've been asked to post them in his presence. There is nothing I have said no to when he asked for it. During my child's life, milestone achievements like walking, talking, riding a bike, and making his first friends, have become miracles that ought to be celebrated on a doctor's record. As I mentioned, "he is special". When he was young, interaction was easier: he was comfortable with his friends entering his "domain". But things changed as he got older and his regulations of life became more multifaceted and difficult to comprehend. We just adjusted somehow.

CONTINUED.....

Conversations are never a part of our daily rituals. He prefers to remain undisturbed and alone. The most common rules like "smile back when someone smiles at you", "ask if someone is feeling okay when he looks sad", "look at a person's eyes when making a point" : which come with ease for most kids his age, do not come so easily for my child. There was a time I remember telling my husband, "I wish he would just call me his mom". So basic is the need to be able to exchange a few words, but sometimes he is so secluded that you can only see a part of it. And now, my son can say "Mom" several times a day, even while adding it to the most irrelevant places in a sentence. But those mistakes don't matter and I know how blessed my son is to be able to do something that people take for granted.

Of all the decisions I'd taken in my life, hardest were the once related to my child. There were numerous instances I've had to fight for services he desperately needed ; for the right of my child to receive an education; his freedom to make health care decisions; to speak up for my ill- treated child. There were many times when my son was taped to a toilet doors, dumped in a trash can or locked in a room with loud music that left him in a hospital for more than a fortnight.

I revel in the occasions which highlight the distinction between my special kid and a normal child. He was sixteen when rode a carnival ferris wheel. I sat next to him. When they put on the safety belt he was fine with it, but after a while he couldn't breathe. At the top, he was trying to pull the belt out of his ears and started to cry. We had to stop the ride and leave. Necessity to wear different types of clothes during different seasons drives him crazy- he would lock himself up in his room and avoid meals for the whole day. We've had to break in a numerous times and yank him from under the bed.

All these are difficult to endure, and for eighteen Long years there has not been any changes. His health demands are growing by the moment, but we never forget that he is 'special' My son is the essence of compassion and care. He is the most beautiful soul of humanity's representation. He fights for justice and righteousness.

Head injuries, fractures, having to sit in a wheelchair for about a week are common after a fight with the bullies to save the prettiest girl in school from trouble. He is 18 and has feelings like any other boy, but what makes him special is that he has understood that he can never love; hence rejects any feeling of love apart from that of his parents. There is not much room to make mistakes with our child. Every decision we take must be perfect. Appreciation, gratitude and thanks to the "Upper Hand" are all we have for this plan we have been made to carry on. My husband and I have run so far with our lives, with our child.

This run never ends and hoping for things to change is a waste of time. Our special child has made our lives special. This love truly is patient and kind and there are no boundaries or conditions.

Love is..... Raising a child with autism.

PRIYANJALA SUMANASEKARA
30TH BATCH, MBBS

JUST A NORMAL



*I'd like to think of myself as normal,
Just an ordinary girl.
But I'm not into butterflies,
I don't do ballet twirls.
I hate wearing make-up,
No eye shadow nor blush.
I don't have time in the morning,
As I'm always in a rush!*

WATHSALA ADHIKARAM
30TH BATCH MBBS

GUILTY Angel

*My little sister really winds me up.
She made me smash my mum's best cup.
And every time she kicks my chair,
I really wish she wasn't there.
My sister drives me up the wall.
She reckons that she's really cool.
And every night when we have our tea,
she kicks me hard right in the knee.
But when I tell mum, my sister will say,
"I DIDN'T DO THAT; I WAS TRYING TO
PLAY!"*

SANSANI SENARATHNE
30TH BATCH MBBS

BACKGROUND
CAPTU RED
BY AFRA
IRSATH
11TH BATCH SHS

The Lost Personality

*You don't sparkle every time,
Sometimes you are found at the
background
Either you're the soul of the party,
Or you're nowhere to be found.
People around you determine your
energy
And not everyone can comfort you,
Friends cheer you up and help you
breathe
But it turns out you need some peace,
You crave for space
Because social anxiety can devour you
So you just love to disappear
In fact it is your favorite magic act-
There is a part of you always out of
reach.
You're filled with ideologies
Which barely slips out of your lips.
You overthink,
You get intimidated,
You're underrated
But you are way more determined
And still authentic.
Those eyes are mistaken to be arrogant
and cold
But little did they know that you are good
and utterly lovable than you allow
yourself to be.
And not everyone understands how
unique you are!
But I do!
Because I'm you!*

HUDHA FALEEL
11TH BATCH SHS

CAPTURED BY
DUSHANI NAYANATHARA
30TH BATCH MBBS

SUNSET

Downpour

*Blowing wind carried the
fallen brown leaves,
Flashing clouds lightened the
gloomy sky
Rumbling sky broke the
deadly quietness,
Dripping clouds moistened
the stubborn earth*

*Showers poured
Gutters gushed
Trees washed
Chill arose*

*Reedy pattering faded away
Birdy chorus spoken softly
Miry flow touched by warmth
of the sun
Making her bloomed with glee
and relief...*

*Sachini Mirihagoda
30th Batch, MBBS*

*Sky is full of colours :
Red, orange and yellow
And the draping golden rays,
Paints the sea below*

*Wind blows to the land
Bringing sprinkles of the sea,
While those merry waves,
Kiss the gleaming sand*

*Helios, the golden globe
Sets in the western sky,
To sink in the deepest sea
Ending today's role.*

*H.S.W.Karunasekara
11th Batch, SHS*

AT THE SEA

CAPTURED BY
YUREK INDRAJITH
30TH BATCH, MBBS



AGAPE

PLAY

Speak your mind they said...
Did. Blunder. Commotion made,
The dogmas stood in the way
And from here on, judged each day

Tossed, turned,
Nights, Restless.
Trudged down the lanes,
Mornings, breathless.

REPLAYED.

On screen, Agape, notions made
But never did the ships, against the current, sailed.
Went by, each day...Belittled, disdained
They scorned, "Your presence in this world makes it mundane".

MUTE

Succumbed to the dreary thoughts
PAUSED...

STOPPED.

Silence, bought and sold.
Muffled, those who dare to be bold.
Does it have to take a life for stories to be told ?
Did you realise ? , Control over the remote you hold

Then

REWIND . PAUSE. PLAY

Can't we Agape?

Charindie Peiris
30th Batch, MBBS

After the JOURNEY

*The silence of the night
The vague outlines of the furniture
The distant noise of a passing train
Everything felt so alien, so hostile
A dithering voice echoes in my head
An invincible desire
To eradicate this burden of wretchedness
I could sense that invasive longing,
For "non existence"*

*I thought about that moment
That moment I lived
I was suddenly stunned,
By this strange realization
My mind stopped, but I was fully "conscious"
There were no more thoughts*

*A vortex of energy
Engulfed my whole body
Concealing every single cell and my soul
I felt the lightness of myself
I felt drawn into the silence of my mind*

*If a diamond could make a sound,
This is what it would be like
I open my eyes to the sound
I see the light of "dawn",
Filtering through the velvet curtains
I see everything
I see the incredulity of life
The miracle on earth
As if I had just been born to this world*

*After the journey
From being me to becoming myself
I see all of life
Not through the eyes of my earthly self,
That was born in "time" and lives in "time"
But rather through the eyes,
Of my soul, the true self
That lives "now", in this moment
Since I realize that all we've got of our true self,
The truth about our existence,
The only thing that no one can purchase is,
"This moment" we live.*

THE PAR ROT

*Not interested to write anything
Just writing for my mind's peace
There's something bad about life
What have I done!
And now what she is...*

*People say her mind changed her
But I say she changed her heart*

*There was a time when we're together
Now we've gone poles apart*

*A year has passed now
She's happy with her new friend
She has forgotten times we spent
Sitting Alone,*

*Here I'm wishing for my end
A day will come soon; it will
When she will walk nations*

*But here's a question
Why she left alone*

Me and my emotions?

BACKGROUND
CAPTURED

BY PUBUDUMALIE
WICKRAMARATNE
30TH BATCH MBBS

He is Coming Again...

A Fleur

*Where does he start,
A mere mortal with a heart?
Neither a writer, nor a poet
Is it time?,
Does he know it?
Let this pen be his guide,
And it's ink wash away his pride
For a flower like no other,
Bloomed before his very eyes
Tall and elegant
Snow white and pure,
A rose of such beauty
An enchanting allure
O flower! sweet fragrance exude,
Your charm is where your secret lies
As you danced in the breeze,
Unselfish and kind
He'll be patient ,
For thou art worthy
Your Petals and thorns,
Perfections and flaws*

NIRMITHA
29TH BATCH, MBBS

*"He is coming",
Whispered my little fellow
"From where?" I questioned him,
With a trifling hope
" He is coming from heaven,
Bringing love and life",
Said my little fellow
" Oh dear Robin..."
I thanked the messenger
And looked up to pray,
With my sleepy eyes
It' s unbelievable...
Delighted with the signs of the sky
Where dark clouds vanish,
And bringing glow
" Yes..he is coming again,
within a day or two"
Daffodils played and danced,
While jealousy crawled
In to my suffering mind
He left me...
Though I loved him,
Though he said
" You' re my little hope"
He left me in the plains
Should I look for him?
No, never...
He was the hope
Of every blossom
But...
Oh my handsome SPRING!
How can I forget you?
Little hope blossomed again,
Bringing past memories
Will he accept me?
Will he bring warmth to me?
Will he save me from this dark winter?
Please come back soon,
For your little Tulip...*

CHAMIKA PRIYASHANI
30TH BATCH MBBS

WALLS



**BY RAJITHA DISSANAYAKE
30TH BATCH MBBS**

**Walls bring protection
And sadness
Often they depart us
Making us friendless
A life is free, without any walls**

**I just wish if I could
Brief through the bricks
Away from the lies
And soul-binding tricks**

**I could then be a free bird
Whose wings are newly made
Soaring with a cotton weight heart
Above the walls down laid**

**Chamali Apsara
30th Batch, MBBS**

People of the modern world
Work independently
To light, motivate others achievement

Like a ladder
Being a core
Success is the theme

Passing all hurdles and
Fighting all fears
Passing days
Working hard with sleepless nights
Expectations of people's dreams
Come to light after
A dark journey
Will be "success".

R.Dineka
11th Batch, SHS

Since the day I was small
Till the day I became tall
Since I began understanding things
Till the day I got my own wings
Your love has never fallen short
You have been my only support
I want to hold you tight and hug you
I just want to say thank you.

N.Vithushan
11th Batch, SHS

DISABLED PEOPLE

Abled and disabled people
Are created by god...
They both look the same...
They both should be concerned the same...
Because they too are human beings...
But why???

Disabled are incarcerated!!
They have hearts to feel,
They might also be blessed with talents...

Are the abled
Hard hearted
To treat the disabled harshly...
With no love,
With no care,
With no protection...
But???

We could change the world
If we join hands...
Let's take great
Care, love, protection
So, disabled people also can,
Bloom like flowers
Shine like the sun
Twinkle like stars
Independence!!!

Sumaiya Ameer
30th Batch, MBBS

Dear Slumber

*Wrapped mountain of dreams
To succeed in the future
Walking through it not much easy...
As there are many obstacles on the
way...
Should I go back...
No way... I can't go backward...
Have to face them...
Dear sleep...
Can you leave me, at least for an
hour...*

T. KUMARASINGHE
11TH BATCH SHS

Hidden Love Of PRINCE SUN

*Tearing gloomy clouds are going to hide soon
By refurbishing the silent sky to say the
Last goodbye to the Prince Sun
The lament of weeping little birdies,
Petals of fragrant white lilies, falling down
To the murmur of cold breeze,
All are going to be the last witness, for The
Death of Prince Sun
Dearest prince son,
Why are you dying every single day by
giving your shine to the Princess Moon
Do you love her that much???
But why didn't you tell her that?
You never gonna say it?
She's shining because of you
World knows your Hidden Love to the
Princess Moon
Please don't die tomorrow...*

SHATNT HEWAPATHRANAGE
11TH BATCH SHS

CHAMPIONS

*When life gets you down
And things make you frown
Just pick yourself up
And try to make up*

*Stressful might be your thoughts
Just know that many have fought
The sadness that you feel
Cause wounds can quickly heal*

*For life is still beautiful
Even when it's sorrowful
Cause life is filled with meaning
Just like all of your feelings*

*So, find the strength in you
And let it shine anew
Then be heroes and heroines
For we are the CHAMPIONS!*

KUENZANG DOLKAR
30TH BATCH MBBS

BACKGROUND
CAPTURED
BY INDEEWARI
PRATHIBHA
30TH BATCH MBBS

EDUCATION

Poem

*A twist in life is a light that measures many
Talents and makes an Ordinary man into a
Unique man*

*Follow the shadow until The end -forever and
Everlasting wealth. Education can be a
Rewarding experience For others*

SINDUJA
11 TH BATCH SHS

BACKGROUND CAPTURED BY IMANJI RAJAPAKSHA
30 TH BATCH MBBS

FRIENDS

*Once we were little ones They said this to all of us
Friends who are in need Remember; they are
friends indeed But when we grew up fast
It's a question!..
Did the friendships all last?
Some have parted already They've gone with
the time steady But still!.. There are people who are
Around me always giving care Life is good
When they are here, To make sure
I'm a part of theirs*

AKILA WEERAKONE
30 TH BATCH MBBS

ENVIRONMENTAL POLLUTION

The environment is connected with the natural conditions in which people, animals and plants live. Our earth is the only planet in the universe which has an environment suitable for life. In a fast-moving, globalized world, unforeseen, undermined challenges have always frightened the wellbeing of the human race. Among many such unforeseen factors, environmental pollution resides as one of the top-level priorities to be addressed. Although it appears to be a grave problem of the present era.

Environmental pollution is one of the main threats to our planet. It refers to the introduction of harmful pollutants into the environment. It has a hazardous effect on the natural world and the activities of living beings. The major types of environmental pollution are air pollution, water pollution, land pollution.

There are many causes of air pollution such as the burning of fossil fuels, agricultural activities, exhaust from factories and industries and the smoke emitted by vehicles. Exhaust from factories and industries release a large amount of carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons, organic compounds and chemicals into the air thereby depleting the quality of air.

The smoke emitted by vehicles using petrol, diesel and cooking coal also pollutes the environment. Loudspeakers, plumbing, boilers, generators, air conditioners, fans and vacuum cleaners add to the existing air pollution.

Air pollution causes many effects such as creating several respiratory and heart conditions along with cancer, among other threats to the body. Another direct effect is the immediate alterations that the world is witnessing due to global warming. There are many causes of water pollution such as industrial activities, agricultural runoff, domestic and sanitary sewage. Today many people dump their garbage into streams, lakes, rivers, and seas thus making water bodies the final resting place of cans, bottles, plastics and other household products. Over 70% of oil pollution at sea comes from routine shipping and from the oil people pour down drains on lands.

Chemical waste resulting from industry can pollute lakes, rivers and seas.

Water pollution has created many effects. This has caused various harmful diseases, water sources which means that there is less fresh water available for drinking, washing, cooking and irrigating crops.

ENVIRONMENTAL POLLUTION

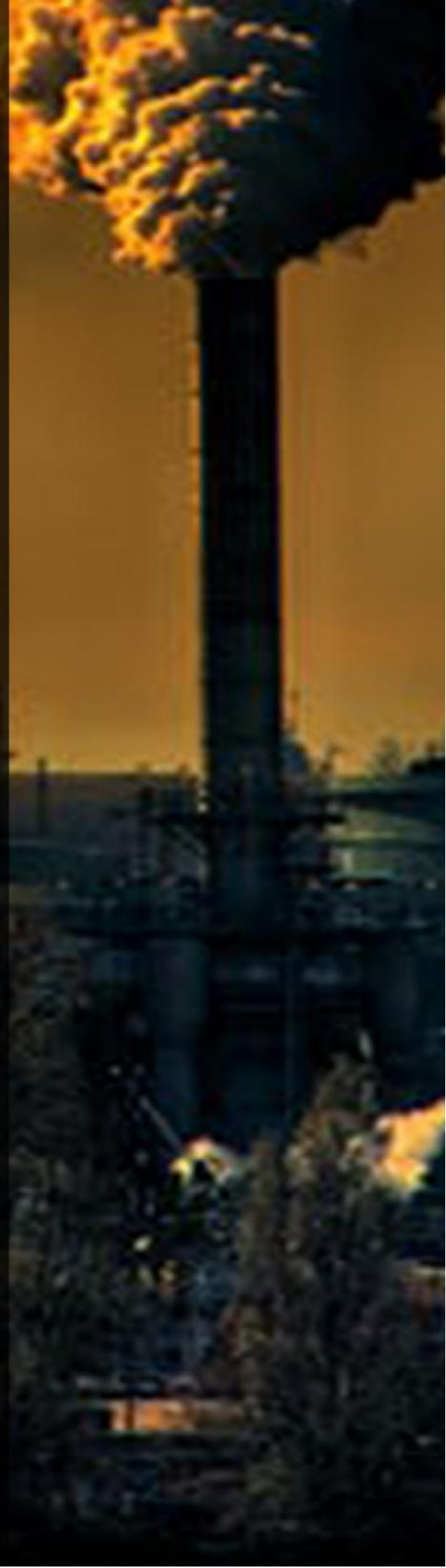
Land pollution has led to a series of issues that we have come to realize in recent times after decades of neglect. There are many causes of land pollution, Such as deforestation, soil erosion, agricultural activities and over crowded landfills. Deforestation carried out of the major concerns. With growing human population demand for food has increased considerably. Farmers often use highly toxic fertilizers and pesticides to get rid of insects, fungi and bacteria from their crops. It changes the climate patterns. It can lead to the loss of ecosystems. It affects human health. It leads to reduction of tourists. Inorganic foods creates diseases also. And it affects biodiversity.

We should reduce these pollutants. The government can make sure that future factories are setup at a distant place, an industrial complex away from the township. Researchers may find out how to avoid harmful smoke from running vehicles. Deforestation should be stopped and Forestry should be developed. Discharge of Factory wastes into rivers should be banned to make the river-water free from pollution. Do not throw away items that are of no use to you.

Understand the concepts of reduce, reuse, and recycle. We should do awareness programs in public places. The environment can be regarded as a gift of nature to man and animals. So we should protect the environment.

AARANI THARMALINGAM

11th Batch SHS



COLOURS

SHORT STORY

IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE. STREETS WERE LIT WITH STRINGS OF LIGHTS. TINSELS WERE WRAPPED AROUND STREET LAMP POLES. CHRISTMAS TREES WERE DECORATED LAVISHLY AND CHURCHES WERE GLOWED WITH THOUSANDS OF CANDLES. STREETS WERE FILLED WITH PEOPLE : SOME WERE SINGING CAROLS, SOME WERE RUSHING, SOME WERE WALKING WHILE SOME SAT IN THE BENCHES TALKING WITH EACH OTHER.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS HUGE CITY, THERE WAS AN ENORMOUS CHRISTMAS TREE, DECORATED EXTRAVAGANTLY. THOUSANDS OF STRINGS OF LIGHTS WERE WRAPPED AROUND ITS HUGE TRUNK, AND ITS LEAVES WERE IN DARK GREEN - DARK AS MIDNIGHT. COLORFUL CHRISTMAS BAUBLES WERE HUNG IN EVERY BRANCH. ON THE TOP OF IT, A HUGE STAR, AS BRIGHT AS THE SUN, WAS PLACED.

IT WAS A HAPPY DAY FOR THE STAR. IT WAS AT THE HIGHEST PLACE IN THE CITY, AND IT FELT POWERFUL AND PROUD. THE WORLD SEEMED LIKE A CARNIVAL TO THE STAR, AND IT LOVED EVERY MOMENT IT SPENT ON TOP.

PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVED SEEING THIS GRAND TREE AND ITS STAR. THEY GATHERED AROUND THE TREE AND WHISPERED TO EACH OTHER HOW BEAUTIFUL THE TREE WAS. THE STAR, FROM ALL ABOVE, HAD A HABIT TO LISTEN TO THEM. ALL THE WHISPERS OF AMAZEMENT AND ALL THE WORDS OF BEAUTY MADE THE STAR TO THINK THAT THIS IS A MERRY WORLD.

ON THIS CERTAIN DAY, AS USUAL STAR WAS LISTENING TO THE PEOPLE WHO ADMIRERED THE GRAND TREE. AS IT GREW LATE, CROWD SLOWLY DISMISSED AND IT BECAME MORE AND MORE PEACEFUL AND IT MADE THE STAR DROWSY.

"HERE WE CAME! WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT?" THE STAR WAS STARTLED BY A FEMALE VOICE. WHEN IT LOOKED DOWN, A LADY AND A YOUNG BOY WERE HOLDING HANDS AND WERE STANDING NEAR THE TREE. THEY HAD THE SAME GOLDEN HAIR. THE BOY - WHO LOOKED NO OLDER THAN TEN, MOVED HIS FREE HAND FORWARD AND BEGAN TO TOUCH THE TREE IN THE MOST SUBTLE WAY. HE NEVER LET GO OF THE LADY. UNLIKE OTHER PEOPLE, NEITHER THE BOY NOR THE LADY DIDN'T LOOK UP TO SEE THE STAR, WHICH ANNOYED THE STAR A LOT. STAR WAS THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION AMONG THE DECORATIONS, AND NOT HAVING THEIR ATTENTION MADE IT CONFUSED AS WELL.

THE BOY BEGAN TO TOUCH THE TRUNK, THEN THE STRINGS OF LIGHTS, TINSEL, ANGELS AND THE LADY RECITED NAMES OF EACH HE TOUCHED.

COLOURS

WHEN HE TOUCHED THREE BAUBLES, THE LADY REPLIED "BAUBLES! A RED ONE, A BLUE ONE AND A GREEN ONE!". THE BOY FROZE, AND PONDERED FOR A LONG MINUTE BEFORE ASKING "MOM, WHICH OF THEM IS THE RED ONE?" THEN THE BOY'S MOTHER, TOOK HIS HAND AND MOVED IT TO THE MIDDLE BAUBLE. AND WHEN BOY ASKED WHERE WAS THE BLUE AND THE GREEN ONES ARE, SHE MOVED IT TO THE RIGHT AND THEN LEFT. THEY BOY LET GO OF HIS MOTHER, AND BEGAN TO TOUCH THE BLUE AND THE RED BAUBLES. HIS MOTHER WATCHED HIM WITH SORROWFUL EYES.

"MOM HOW CAN YOU SAY THIS IS THE RED ONE?"

"WHAT DID YOU MEAN JAKE?"

"I MEAN.. HOW DID YOU SAY IT'S RED BUT NOT BLUE OR GREEN?"

"WELL... IT'S IN RED COL—" THE MOTHER SUDDENLY STOPPED TALKING AND THE STAR COULD SEE HER EYES SUDDENLY BEGAN TO FILL WITH TEARS.

"MOM.. HOW CAN I KNOW WHICH IS WHICH?"

THE MOTHER WAS LOST IN HER OWN THOUGHTS, AND THE BOY KEPT FROWNING WHILE TOUCHING THE BAUBLES, LIKE HE WAS TRYING TO REALISE SOMETHING.

AND THEN, MOM TOOK A DEEP BREATH.

SHE MOVED THE BOY'S HAND TO THE RED BAUBLE AND SAID "WELL, THIS IS THE RED ONE. RED.. WHEN YOU SEE SOMETHING RED IN COLOUR, YOU FEEL WARMTH. EVERY WARM THING IN THIS WORLD IS IN RED COLOUR. WHEN YOU SEE FIRE OR THE SUN, YOU FEEL WARMTH. RED IS THE COLOUR OF WARMTH, AFFECTION. IT IS SO VIBRANT THAT SOMETIMES IT IS USED TO INDICATE WAR."

THEN SHE MOVED HIS HAND TO THE GREEN ONE. "THIS IS THE GREEN ONE. GREEN IS THE COLOR OF NATURE. IT IS THE HUE OF COOL AND CALM NATURE. WHEN SOMETHING IS GREEN, IT SIGNALS THE BEGINNING OF SPRING, WHERE EVERYTHING BLOOMS."

AND THEN, SHE MOVED HIS HAND TO THE THIRD BAUBLE.

"THIS IS IN BLUE COLOUR. PEOPLE SAY PEOPLE WHO HAVE BLUE EYES HAVE GENTLE MINDS—"

"GRANNY SAYS YOU HAVE BLUE EYES!"

"YES LOVE, I DO"

HE HUGGED HER TIGHTLY. SHE TOOK HIS ARM AND LED HIM AWAY FROM THE TREE.

AND THEN,

"JAKE?"

"YES MOM?"

"WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE COLOUR?"

"BLUE"

THE STAR WAS SURE IT SAW HER SMILE.

AMANDA JAYASINGHE
30TH BATCH, MBBS

COLOUR
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LOURS COLOURS

COLOURS

COLOURS

A prize giving ceremony for *me*

BY 30 th Batch MBBS
M.S.E. Shamha

*So many days
So many times
I dreamed that
A fabulous party
will be arranged for me
Yeah! my dream came true!
I am there in my own style
With a cute smile
My school arranged a
Prize giving for the students
Who are selected for the
Medical universities
I am one of them
A sudden sound came
From the students and audience
I also thought that
The chief guest was coming
Behind me - No never
For the first time
My guesses were wrong
The claps and whistles were
Only for me, I was shocked
Again I checked
No one was there behind*

*Oh, Really!
I heard the students murmur
She is the first lady doctor in their area
The handsome announcer
Pronounced my name*

*With my initials
I kept my first step
In the step - and
Shook hands with
The chief guest - and
She gave a big gift to me*

*At that moment
My mother woke me up
And she said,
Good morning my dear,
Oh! God
It is just a dream
Again I closed my eyes
To continue my dream!*

Disability

Any continuing condition that restricts everyday activities of a person is called a disability.

Definition of disability according to the Disability Services Act (1993)- "As meaning a disability: Which is attributable to an intellectual, psychiatric, cognitive, neurological, sensory or physical impairment or a combination of those impairments."

Disability can be a physical or mental one and it may be a limitation imposed on people by the constraints of an ableist society. The related term that describes an individual's performance level is PFC(Psychological Functional Capacity).

It gauges one's ability to perform the physical tasks of daily life and the ease with which these tasks are performed and also declines with advancing age to result in frailty, cognitive disorders or physical disorders, all of which may lead to labeling individuals as disabled.

The discussion in the United States and United Kingdom in the 1970s challenged how the medical concepts of disability dominated perception and discourse about disabilities. In some countries, the law requires that disabilities are documented by a healthcare provider in order to assess qualifications for disability.

The list provided by the Employment Opportunity Commission includes, Deafness, Blindness, an intellectual disability, Missing limbs, Mobility impairments requiring the use of wheelchair, Autism, Cancer, Cerebral palsy, Diabetes, Epilepsy, HIV/AIDS, Multiple sclerosis, Muscular dystrophy, Major depressive disorder, Bipolar disorder, post-traumatic stress disorder, obsessive compulsive disorder and schizophrenia.

SHEHARI PERERA

11TH BATCH SHS

ARTIST

Life

*Life is a beautiful journey,
It has a beginning and an end.
Sometimes, life is a wonderful dream,
Which never meets with reality.
The life begins with a birth,
And it ends with a death.
This journey consists of a lot of
Beautiful and bad memories.
It teaches us how to fulfill our dreams.
Open your heart and
Choose the correct path to travel.
One day you can build
Your own dream world.*

SANJULA DILMINT
30TH BATCH MBBS

MY FRIEND

*I wandered through the horizons
But I met you
At this lovely place
The friendship
We began here
Floats like a cloud
But I feel
You leave me
Soon.....
Yet once again
Let's meet my
Sister
In this little land*

T.L.P. KARUNARATHNA
11TH BATCH SHS

UNFORGETTABLE

PERSON

BACKGROUND DRAWING

*You are the person
Who met me first
You are the person
Whom I couldn't forget
You are the person
Whom I love most
You are the person
Who loves me the most
You are the person
Who cares for me in your lifetime
You are the person
Who can't hate me
You are the person
Who is my first love
You are the person
Who gave me life
You are the person
Whom I call mom.*

SISARA PERAMUNA
30TH BATCH MBBS

BY PAMALEE
NIMAYA
HERATH
30TH BATCH MBBS

Fragrance

THERE'S A FRAGRANCE
IN EVERYTHING AND EVERYWHERE
WHAT IS THIS FRAGRANCE?

WHO FEELS IT?
OH!!!! OH!!!!

WHO DOESN'T FEEL IT?
ANYBODY CAN FEEL IT

CAUSE IT IS EVERYWHERE.
SOIL HAS A SMELL, PLANTS HAVE A SMELL
THAT'S THE FRAGRANCE OF NATURE
WHAT IS HUMAN FRAGRANCE ?

OH!!! OH!!! OH!!!!!!
DESPITE RACE, RELIGION AND SKIN COLOR
HOW CAN WE CAN FEEL THE FRAGRANCE OF
HUMAN?

WHICH IS NATIVE, HUMAN TO HUMAN.
YEAH.....

WE HAVE TO SPREAD THE FRAGRANCE OF
HUMANITY
TO FEEL EVERYONE

BE A HUMAN
LIKE A FLOWER WITH FRAGRANCE.....

O . D . S FONSEKA
11TH BATCH SHS

CAPTURED BY
CHATHURI VINDYA
30TH BATCH MBBS

Beauty of Life

*Life is the most beautiful thing
Made by god. It is a magical
thing*

*And a wonderful dream
It is a circle
That recurs
All human beings are
participants in it*

Life is like a teacher

Which teaches us how to live

*While we are living we have to
find out*

What is life?

*Life is the reality of this world
It is an itinerary
And we are the followers of it*

PIYUMI JAYASINGHA
11TH BATCH SHS

BACKGROUND CAPTURED BY DINITHI BOLLAGALA

A soft

REMINDER

*Don't attempt to cover people's mouths
Nor interfere with their thoughts
Don't attempt to put them into a vacuum
Nor deplete their rights and freedom
Let them express freely,
And let them walk steadily.*

*Humanity can't be made a blocked lake
In case, leaving the world at stake
The man-made pressure can be made endeavour
Destroying any dams
Or,
Even setting 'em on fire*

*Then,
Peace will cease,
Wars will rise,
While our precious civilizations regress*

M S G MADAWALA
30TH BATCH MBBS

An infant's Initiation

*She was an angel sent from heaven
She was hidden in the womb to fix her wings
And finally it was the day of initiation to
Witness the world through her magic eyes.
Oh noooo. something sorrowful
Was she unable to flatter her wings???
Creator's game..
Who else can be the winner??
He just stopped the beat
To get her back to the heaven..
Coz she deserves not the heat of the globe.
But the warmth of the heaven..*

ASHARA SANOON

30TH BATCH MBBS

SUCCESS

*All of you have made mistakes!
You may have thought About
Repented on your deed But. Can
You change it And make it right?
No. You'll never be able to
Change the things that happened
By thinking But, think about
What you can, do it Without a
flaw Then you'll find a successful
Person In your future! So don't
Be a prisoner in your past Just be
An architect of your future!*

GISHAN KASTHURIARACHCHI

30TH BATCH MBBS

MY LOVE

*Until the day I met you
I did not know for sure
If I could find love ever
So amazing, pure and true
All my doubts were put to rest
forever
For me, it's no one but you
I want the best and that's why
I Love You.*

DILAN SANJAYA

30TH BATCH MBBS

HE...

*He is the SUN, that is not going to
set
He Gives colors to my life ,he is
The RAINBOW
If I own a kingdom, he is the
KING
Name for sharing, caring, and
Passionate
Elysium in the dessert that is his
Compassion
His solidity is the sword in the life
Battle
If i had been created by a god, he
is the god, MY FATHER...*

B M M S M BASNAYAKE.

30TH BATCH MBBS

Addiction

*It's crazy how one person can,
Change your life
That's the fact about love
At first everything about it,
Seems to make sense
But the deeper you get,
More you realize,
You don't even know anything at all*

*Love teaches you
Love changes you
Love make you do things
You never thought you could do
It can bring out the best in you,
Or the worst
Love can destroy you*

*I was lucky to survive this,
Make it back to reality
Some people never escape
They just can't let go
Of their fantasies
But I learnt my lesson
I realized I'd been looking
For a fantasy
While the truth
Was right in front of me*

SAMMANILEE ABAYASEKARA
11TH BATCH SHS

CAPTURED BY
W.A. SANAA
30TH BATCH MBBS



BE PERFECT | FIRST OF ALL BE RICH HUMAN

CAPTURED BY HIRAN SACHINTHA
BACKGROUND 30TH BATCH MBBS

Way to SUCCESS

Being a hard worker only
Makes you have an upper hand
Then the more you get failure
It's not your last chance,
It's a step of victory,

So be confident
You will get better.....
The best lessons are
Learnt through pain and failure

Failure is not your only choice
In life-victory also,
Makes up your mind.....

Once ,twice or thrice- you should try
Fail -it does not matter
Try , try and try again.....
Try and try one day,
You will fly - it's not
Just a word - it's the truth
Only keep this rule in
View - you can feel reality.....

NIFLA ISRATH
11TH BATCH SHS

Containment...

All the edges of the
Demoiselle of the relatives of the sun, again will
come

The entire circle of pedigrees offered,
All the unbearable ignominy and eulogies
Accepting with the dominant form of the
equanimous laughter...

Annually, embraced, departed and separate
All, own, buds, when they
On the edge of the ear,
Clamour behalf of the entire world and simple

The well- beings as well
Being the idea alone with
Hearing the sorrow, prayers substantial
compliment
When they are helpless

When the sun
Throw away the stones and offer the flowers
Sometimes agitated but while eroposing the
glamorous identity
When the mentors misguided, exhibit approaching
Them having shown the correct path
Peaks of the infertile field
Stands with smile

Sachini Reshika

11TH BATCH SHS

Ocean

Short Story

"Because there's nothing more beautiful than the way the ocean refuses to stop kissing the shoreline, no matter how many times it's sent away."

— Sarah Kay

*Just one step at a time,
Come on Ocean you can do this*

But my legs are screaming at me to stop, my lungs are begging me to stop, my heart is threatening to come off though my mind keeps counting my next step.

One hundred and six. One hundred and seven. One hundred and eight

Just one more time and my body gives up on me. I collapse and darkness engulfs me and ironically a sense of calmness settled, despite the chaos around me. The calm before the storm. The sound of the waves crashing against the shore gently has always mesmerized me. You could look at it for hours and days yet it would still hypnotize. An incarnate of emotions. It speaks to you, reflects your emotions, like today it is a deep sense of calmness. It reminds me of life and how similar they are. It can be wild beyond bounds and serene beyond belief. Sometimes both at the same time.

'Ocean look! What I've got!' Startled I turn around as usual Ellias, my sister is excited at the pebbles the ocean brings to shore each day. Every day a new gift! She never gets tired of collecting them.

'ELLI -AS! How many times have I told you not to scream in my ears!' She walks away giggling like she did that on purpose. She has the most beautiful hair I've seen, cascading behind her in waves and the wind wrestling with it. It was a beautiful site. It's very hard to get angry at her even though she tries her best to be annoying. Shaking my head I return my attention to the beautiful picture before me taking in every detail, to my surprise, a completely new one each time and even more fascinating. Rustling from behind breaks my trance and brings me back to reality. I knew who exactly it was without looking back. A lean, short yet once a muscular figure settles down next to me trying not to disturb me and failing at the attempt. When you're that old, it's not easy to be graceful.

it has been our practice FROM childhood to sit by the sea, and let it unfold what it's got, in silence.

'The sea captivates you doesn't it? I hear him break the silence. Knowing that he knew the answer I smile still unwilling to look away from the ocean. A moment of silence passes. 'Ocean what a beautiful name, how appropriate' it was barely a whisper more like he said it to himself. If I hadn't been sitting so close I'd have missed it. I turn to look at him, but he doesn't seem to notice. He was lost deep in thought; I can see it disturbed him. After waiting for what seemed like ages I decided to ask him. 'What do you mean grandpa?' It turned out to be a whisper, for some reason I was afraid to know. Even though he heard me, he refused to acknowledge it.

Unexpectedly he turns to me and stares deep into my eyes making me look into his dark eyes which harboured an entire ocean of wisdom. 'Don't you EVER give up no matter what, no matter how dark the journey may seem, you'll find the light somewhere along it.'

Snap of a twig, bringing me back to my senses. My animal instinct immediately prepares me for "flight mode". But I've got no energy to move. Yet I drag myself quietly off the grounds ignoring the protest from my muscles. I reach for my bow and prepare myself and made a clumsy attempt at. Ignoring your basic needs could do this to you. "You need to take care of yourself ocean" I scold myself. I hear it again, this time just behind me before I realized what was happening a blow to my back sends me flying to the ground, back to where I started. I curse and groan with pain.

'You thought you could hit me, you little rat?' Ooh I'm so afraid of you!' bald head cooed and starts laughing hysterically. While he was too busy laughing I assessed my surroundings carefully calculating my escape. Obviously I can't take him on. I need to get away from this filthy giant.

Only If I could crawl up to the shrub, anywhere away from the bald head, I start dragging myself forward crawling despite my body being sore.

I hear footsteps and guessed more were coming, and hurried. 'Not so fast, little rat' he says with a smirk and drags me back by my ankle.

'Enough! Get her tied up' roared one of the men, who seemed like the leader.

Bald head ties me up roughly and I don't resist as it's not going to get me anywhere.

'Let's get you back to where you belong, witch!' bald head said. 'Just like your sister'

'What did you do with her?' I screamed fuelled with anger, biting his hand. He jerked his hand away screaming giving a blow on the head to counteract it. Darkness sucked me in and I was drawn deep into the dark ocean.

'Ocean you need to remember!' Grandpa paused; As usual we were enjoying the sea view.

Lately grandpa has been accompanying me more on these trips. More often than not he breaks the silence too frequently. I just look at him and wait for him to finish. He takes way too long and the wrinkles on his face catch my attention and the waves of wrinkle look way too similar to the ocean wave. He catches me staring at him and he looks deep into me like he can see through me and knows exactly what I'm thinking. He says it so quietly that I almost miss it. 'Your grandma was beautiful just like you.' My heart races. This is the first time in my entire life I've heard him mention her. I could see the deep sadness that surrounded him. We were told never to mention her in front of him. I was afraid to break the silence, afraid it'll shatter that fragile piece of glass of a heart. He looks away into the ocean 'She was killed Ocean, She was killed!' He let out a laboured breath. 'You're brave Ocean, don't you ever let them ever do that to you' I wasn't expecting that, fear and anger engulfs me 'who grandpa? Why? - A terrifying scream pierces the air.

'ELLISSA' We both ran as hard as we could. I could make out a figure in the distance. As I got closer, an arrow pierced through the air so fast. It was just a blur. I heard my grandpa scream. I froze in my tracks. I turned around and ran towards him he was lying on the ground with an arrow through his chest, soaked in a pool of blood. In his blood. "How could they? How dare they do this?" I don't remember how I got to him. I was on the ground beside him tears running down my face. 'Grandpa hang on there please? I'll go get a doctor, please don't leave me,' I choked. Everything will be fine grandpa, this will be over soon, we could go back to watching the ocean, please hang in there?' I couldn't stop talking. His breath

was labored, I could see he was in so much pain. He smiled at me with difficulty. He motioned me to come closer as if he had to say something. I leaned in.

'I'm sorry Ocean....., You have to do this alone....., You're brave, stay strong, my love' he coughed letting out a labored breath

'Your journey has begun, it has only just begun' heaved his final breath.

'Your journey has begun, it has only just begun'

Farook T.
11th BATCH OF SHS



I HAVE TO LIE IN YOUR LAP...
I SEEK MOTHER'S LOVE...

I often wonder and recall
Cherishing every moment
I had with you
From all my heart

I never forget to
Think about thee :
In every night
And every day,
When I go to bed
When I go to have
Lunch and dinner,
When I do studies
To fulfill thy expectations

Thou fed me milk
When I was a child
That was not milk
That was thy blood
Crimson in colour

Thou did not care about
Thy beauty
Thou not only gave blood
But also
Gave good behaviours
As well as good manners

I have been here
All alone,
Far away from thee
For two months

Ma'am,
Will thou hug and kiss me
When I come back
Home...?

Rinasha Zakariya
30th Batch, MBBS

footsteps

“Walk a little slower Daddy,”
said a child so small,
“I’m following in your footsteps,
and I don’t want to fall.

Sometimes your steps are very fast,
Sometimes they’re hard to see,
So walk a little slower, Daddy,
For you are leading me.

Oneday when I am all grown up,
You’re what I want to be,
Then I will have a little child
Who will want to follow me.

And I would want to lead just right,
And know that I was true,
So walk a little slower, Daddy,
For I must follow you.”

Nimza Nowfer
30th Batch, MBBS

OVERDOSE

*Dead but alive
Ask for more, they will
But,
Only one at a time!
For,
Both medicine and love
Overdoses kill*

HIRUNI SUBASINGHE
30TH BATCH MBBS

THE GOAL

*Each life aims a centre,
Expressed or still;
Exists in every human nature,
A goal*

*Admitted scarcely to itself, it may be,
Too fair
For credibility's temerity
To dare*

*Adored with caution,
As a brittle heaven to reach,
Were hopeless
As the rainbow's raiment
To touch*

*Yet persevered toward,
Surer for the distances
How high
Unto the saint's slow diligence,
The sky!*

*Missed, it may be,
By a life's low venture
But then,
Eternity enables the endeavoring
Again*

EVENTUALLY...

*One I was told,
That life is a poem,
Which no one can't understand
completely...
Later they said,
That life is a question paper,
Which no one can give proper answers...
Then I read,
That life is a stage,
In which everyone acts unwillingly...
But eventually I found,
That life is a mirror,
Which smiles if you smile at it...*

SACHINT DEWAGTRI
30TH BATCH MBBS

UDARAKA JAYATHISSA
30TH BATCH MBBS

ARE WE ALL LIVING IN ONE BIG TIME LOOP?

DID YOU EVER GET A FEELING THAT YOU HAVE DONE THE EXACT SAME THING BEFORE? WHAT IF THAT FEELING WAS TRUE? WHAT IF WE HAVE EXPERIENCED THE SAME EVENT BEFORE? TIME LOOP IS A VERY POPULAR CONCEPT USED IN MOST SCI-FI MOVIES. BEGINNING FROM THE POPULAR 90'S MOVIE "GROUNDHOG DAY" IN WHICH PHIL CONNER TRIES TO WIN OVER RITA'S LOVE BY RELIVING THE SAME DAY AGAIN AND AGAIN, TO THE RECENT HAPPY DEATH DAY SERIES IN WHICH TREE IS FORCED TO DIE ON HER BIRTHDAY AGAIN AND AGAIN, MANY MOVIE DIRECTORS HAVE TRIED TO USE THIS CONCEPT AS A PLOT DEVICE TO ANCHOR THEIR STORY FORWARD AND KEEP THE PLOT INTERESTING.

BUT IS THIS MERELY A FICTIONAL TOOL OR IS IT MUCH MORE? A TIME LOOP IS A PHENOMENON IN WHICH A CERTAIN PERIOD OF TIME IS RECURRING AGAIN AND AGAIN, AND AS A RESULT, A PERSON OR MANY ARE FORCED TO EXPERIENCE THE SAME SET OF EVENTS IN THE SAME WAY OVER AGAIN. JUST IMAGINE IF YOU MUST RE-LIVE THE SAME DAY IN THE SAME WAY AGAIN AND AGAIN. YOU'LL HAVE TO FACE THE SAME PROBLEMS, DO THE SAME MISTAKES AND PERFORM THE SAME DUTIES AGAIN AND AGAIN. IN MOST OF THE TIME LOOP-BASED MOVIES, THE HEROES ALWAYS GET EXHAUSTED RELIVING THE SAME DAY AND ALWAYS ENDS UP TRYING TO BREAK THIS TIME LOOP AND SOMEHOW ESCAPE IT. BUT WHAT IF I TOLD YOU THAT EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US IS IN AN UNBREAKABLE TIME LOOP AND EACH ONE OF US IS DESTINED TO LIVE THE SAME KIND OF LIFE AGAIN AND AGAIN? WHAT IF I TOLD YOU THAT SCIENTISTS HAVE ALREADY ESTABLISHED IT AS ONE OF THE THEORIES EXPLAINING THE EVOLUTION OF THE UNIVERSE? THIS IDEA WAS INITIALLY PUT FORWARD BY THE PRINCETON PROFESSOR PAUL STEINHARDT WILL. WHILE HE WAS SPEAKING AT THE PHYSICS CONFERENCE AT WARWICK HE PROPOSED THE RADICAL THEORY THAT THE UNIVERSE WAS STUCK IN ONE NEVER-ENDING TIME LOOP. HE CALLED THIS HIS "CYCLIC UNIVERSE THEORY".

WE ALL KNOW HOW THE UNIVERSE WAS FORMED, IT WAS FORMED BY A BIG BANG. SIMPLY PUT, THIS THEORY STATES THERE WAS NOTHING AT FIRST AND THEN THERE WAS EVERYTHING. 13.8 BILLION YEARS AGO THERE WERE NO STARS, PLANETS, PEOPLE, ATOMS AND TIME. AND THEN WITHIN MINUTES EVERYTHING WE COULD SEE AND TOUCH AND EVERYTHING WE CANNOT SEE OR TOUCH WAS FORMED. FROM THAT TIME ONWARDS THE UNIVERSE HAS BEEN EXPANDING AND SLOWLY COOLING DOWN. TILL THE 20 TH CENTURY, THE BIG BANG WAS BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST EVENT TO HAVE EVER OCCURRED IN OUR UNIVERSE. WHAT IF IT WAS NOT THE FIRST EVENT TO OCCUR IN TIME? SCIENTISTS PROPOSE THAT THE ULTIMATE FATE OF THE UNIVERSE IS THE "BIG CRUNCH". THE EVENT IN WHICH THE EXPANSION OF THE UNIVERSE REVERSES AND ULTIMATELY BECOMES NOTHING AGAIN.

WHAT IF SUCH A BIG CRUNCH HAD ALREADY OCCURRED BEFORE THE BIG BANG? AND THEN WHEN IT OCCURS IN THE FUTURE IT WOULD JUST BE A REPETITION OF THE PAST. BUT FOR A BIG CRUNCH TO HAVE OCCURRED, A BIG BANG SHOULD HAVE OCCURRED BEFORE THAT.

ARE WE ALL LIVING IN ONE BIG TIME LOOP?

THIS MEANS THAT THE BIG CRUNCH AND THE BIG BANG SHOULD HAVE BEEN OCCURRING IN A CYCLE. HENCE THE UNIVERSE IS BEING MADE, DESTROYED AND REMADE AGAIN AND AGAIN. THIS TIME LOOP OR "CYCLIC UNIVERSE" IS IN WHICH SCIENTISTS BELIEVE THAT ALL OF US EXIST.

SCIENTISTS ARE TRYING THEIR BEST TO PROVE THIS THEORY. THEY HAVE FOUND THAT IN THE PRESENT THE SPEED OF THE EXPANSION OF THE UNIVERSE IS INCREASING. THE REASON FOR THIS IS HYPOTHEZIZED TO BE THE PRESENCE OF "DARK ENERGY." DARK ENERGY IS THE ENERGY IN THE UNIVERSE WHICH CANNOT BE MEASURED, DETECTED OR SEEN.

THE DISCOVERY OF DARK ENERGY HAD LED SCIENTISTS TO SPECULATE WHETHER IT HAD BEEN FORMED DUE TO THE BIG CRUNCH WHICH WOULD PROVE THAT THE BIG CRUNCH HAD ALREADY OCCURRED BEFORE THE BIG BANG. RECENTLY SCIENTISTS HAVE ALSO DISCOVERED EVIDENCE TO SHOW THAT BLACK HOLES HAD EXISTED BEFORE THE BIG BANG WHICH AGAIN SHOWS THE PRESENCE OF AN EVENT BEFORE THE SINGULARITY. ALTHOUGH THE LINK OF SUCH EVIDENCE WITH THE BIG CRUNCH IS YET TO BE PROVEN, THIS EVIDENCE IS A START IN THAT PATH AND RESEARCH IN THIS AREA STILL CONTINUES.

HAVING SAID ALL OF THAT, THIS IS JUST ANOTHER THEORY THAT WAS PROPOSED BY SCIENTISTS AS MEANS OF EXPLAINING THE EVOLUTION OF THE UNIVERSE. IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THE TRUTH. BUT WHAT IF THIS THEORY WAS TRUE? WHAT WOULD IT ENTAIL? WILL IT MEAN THAT THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE IS PREDETERMINED? WOULD IT MEAN THAT WE HAVE ALREADY LIVED THIS LIFE WE ARE LIVING NOW, BEFORE? IF YES, HAVE WE TAKEN THE EXACT SAME DECISION BEFORE OR IS IT DIFFERENT NOW? IF TIME IS MOVING IN A LOOP, IS THERE AN ESCAPE? OR ARE WE DESTINED TO KEEP REPEATING THE SAME SET OF LIVES AGAIN AND AGAIN?. IF THE THEORY ENDS UP BEING TRUE WOULD THE HUMAN RACE STOP TRYING TO BECOME BETTER SINCE EVERY SINGLE EVENT THAT IS YET TO OCCUR HAS ALREADY BEEN PREDETERMINED? EVEN THOUGH WE DON'T KNOW WHETHER THIS THEORY IS TRUE OR NOT IT IS STILL IMPORTANT TO FIND ANSWERS FOR THESE BIG QUESTIONS.



PUBUDIKA JINADASA
30TH BATCH MBBS



MAREENASILVA
30TH BATCH MBBS



To the little DEVIL



*To you who was born three years after
an angle, to the same parents,
To you who reminds me to be careful of
what I wish for,
To you who annoys me on a daily basis,
To you who eats food I love when I'm not
around and makes sure to send me
pictures,
To you who calls me fat,
To you who hides things I treasure,
To you who plays certain songs knowing
that I'm not a fan,
To you who has a nice voice but can
hardly sing when I ask you to, but sings
on the top of your voice when I'm
desperately in need of some peace,
To you who shares everything with me,
To you who does silly things in order to
make me laugh out loud at tough times,
To you who sends me random texts and
memes,
To you who saves the last piece of cake
for me,
To you who picks me up when I fall,
To you who walks miles with me when I
want to clear my head,
To you who looks after me even though
you are younger,
To you who taught me how people
should care, along with amma and
thaththa,
To the person who is occupying the lock
screen of my mobile,
To the best brother in the world,
Here's to nineteen years of love and
friendship...*

NETHRA ALAHAKOON
30TH BATCH MBBS

RED APPLE

*In the middle of April sun
A girl was running for a bun
But ouch, she Said
When she stepped on a tiny thing
A red apple;shining in the spring
It was covered with mud and dust
No one cares -it never makes lust
But anyway,
The girl picked that tiny apple
Touching it really gentle
Hi!she said to that apple
Why did you come to me out of that
jungle?
Hey girl! The apple replied,
Just put me down
I'm rubbish and never your own
But when she stroke it with finger tips
It shined red like her tiny lips
And the apple didn't want to slip
Little girl held it in a tight grip
You
Are like that red apple-who are covered
with dust matter
No matter you try anyway- I'm not
letting you go away
I know all those buns are good
Maybe you-the apple is not
However you seem sweet-Even you're
sour indeed
That's my choice
You
And it's never gonna change*

Viweka Thalagala
30th Batch MBBS



for ever My
LOVE

*I came to this world
When you saw me...
I was with mom
You took me in your hand
And smiled with me ...
Since that day, You are with me always...
Held my hand, Taught me to fly in the sky...
You became my wings
And gave me strength
Always helped me to smile
Through my tears...
Thank you dad for everything...
No words to tell my love to you...
FOREVER MY LOVE,
MY DAD*

THILAKSHI RUPASINGHE
3 0 T H B A T C H M B B S

PURE LOVE

*Where ever you are
I know we are both
Under the sky...
It doesn't matter
We are far
We can see the same moon and sun...
And I know
I can't touch you
Because you are far
But every second
I touch your heart...*

27 W. P. CHANDULA
T H B A T C H M B B S

**DEPARTED
FATHER**

*Remembering the past
Tear drops come to my eyes
The way you slept
At our sitting room
Inside your home
For the last honour*

*People gathered, shed tears
Breathed quietly, went away slowly
Talked sadly
To respect you really*

*A friendly teacher, lovely father,
Hard worker, good adviser
A Kind hearted man.
Great helper, good commander*

*All these good qualities
I have seen through this
Unforgettable character*

*The words you uttered
The advice you gave
The courage you built
The command you lead
The love you made
The path you showed
The Way you guided
Still remains today
As sweet memories*

*It means to me
That
still you are in my life
My dear father*

YASURI KIRIELLA
11 T H B A T C H S H S



Beyond the **STEEL** BARS

*Outside the window a new day I see
How will it be?
Can be with busy streets with people
Laughing and chattering all day long
Just to imagine
Only a morsel of hope to survive on this
day,
But no thought of tomorrow*

*Shouting orders and confounding
screams given so loud
Reminds that the peace and joy are far
beyond
To wait for the visitors' time
with a quickening heart
To ensure that I'm not being left alone
Though that love departs
in a short moment of trial
What the hell does any of this hate
mean?
Even the soul is under arrest
But how can one negotiate with fate?*

*As I sit here in silence, staring off into
space,
Hiding the only sense of truth
Trying to regain my stolen dignity
The mind delusions me to think
These separating steel bars in front of
me
Has confined and prisoned all the rest
instead of me.*

AMASHA JITHMI
30TH BATCH MBBS

LIFE

IS A SERIES OF QUESTIONS

Life is a series of questions...

Life is a river

It has a start, and an end

Mean time, we laugh, cry, work hard, rest

But don't know what we are supposed to do,

What do we have to do?

What should we laugh about?

What should we worry about?

Do we do the right thing?

Don't we waste our time?

When will be the end?

If it ends now,

Are we satisfied with the path we went?

SHALINI LAKSHIKA
30TH BATCH MBBS

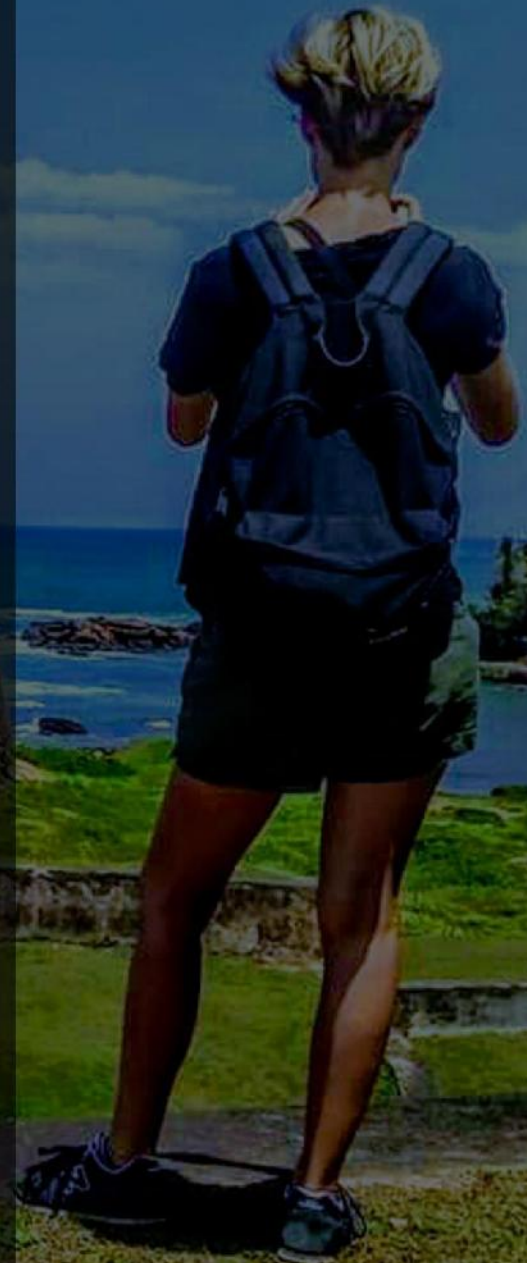
Broken Heart

IT'S OKAY TO CRY
WHEN THERE'S TOO MUCH
ON YOUR MIND..
WE ALL ARE BROKEN
THAT'S HOW LIGHT GETS IN...

THE CLOUDS RAIN TOO
WHEN THINGS GET HEAVY...
BUT THE SUN RISES MORE LIGHTLY AFTER A HEAVY
RAIN...

SATHSARANI SEWMINI
30TH BATCH MBBS

CAPTURED BY
HASNA HARIS
30TH BATCH MBBS



Secret of the blank LETTER

*We all receive a blank letter
From one to another we meet
Never read, but neglected
Because the ink and the paper
Both are of the same pale colour!
No words are found, full of sentiments
Which are burning inside, not outside!
If it's anger, the result is revenge
If it's sadness, the result is giving up
If it's a struggle of brain vs heart
The result is everybody having a secret!
Everybody, even you.....
Which will never be told!
All of us surrender to destiny
Nobody can escape from the end
Standing with a dead heart and a working brain
Pulling yourself into your own thrall!
Everyone thinks that they're living
But nobody does, it's only pretence!
The fire inside bursts after the climax
Then the downfall begins, the soul is settled
From there you'll live
Though it's after a huge thrash!
So, What's the point of writing those letters to
others? Nobody could read them
Each person has a letter of his own
Which is not read until their time comes!
So listen to your heart
To your own fearful throb
Reveal the secrets in you
Try to read your own letter
Then you'll begin to smile forever!
Then only you could read another's
And let them smile forever too
Then you'll get to know that
Loving and Living commences there!*

THEJANI HETTIARACHCHI
30TH BATCH MBBS



CAPTURED BY
SINITH & NIMESHA
30TH BATCH MBBS

JAYASRI MAHA BODHI

THE SACRED CITY OF ANURADHAPURA HAS BEEN NOMINATED BY UNESCO AS A WORLD HERITAGE. THE MAIN REASON FOR THAT WAS THE JAYA SRI MAHA BODHI. THIS SACRED TREE HAS BEEN PLANTED IN THE HISTORICAL MAHA MEGA VANA UYANA IN ANURADHAPURA. IT WAS PLANTED IN THE "UDUVAP MONTH" (DECEMBER). THE SACRED BODHI HAS BEEN CEREMONIALLY BOUGHT HERE BY ARAHAN SANAGAMITTA MAHA THERE WHO WAS THE FOUNDER OF AN ORDER OF BUDDHIST NUNS UNDER INSTRUCTION OF ARAHAN MAHINDA MAHA THERO. KING DEVANAMPITYATISSA WHO RULED SRI LANKA IN THIS PERIOD HAS PLANTED THIS BODHI TREE IN MAHA MEGA VANA UYANA. THE PRESENT AGE OF THIS TREE IS MORE THAN 2247 YEARS. IT IS CONSIDERED AS THE OLDEST LIVING HUMAN PLANTED TREE IN THE WORLD. THIS TREE BELONGS TO THE FAMILY OF FIG TREES. BOTANISTS HAVE NAMED IT FICUS RELIGIOSA. IT IS A SPECIES OF FIG NATIVE TO INDIAN SUBCONTINENT AND INDOCHINA THAT BELONGS TO MULBERRY FAMILY. LORD GAUTAM BUDDHA IS ESTEEMED AS THE GREATEST HUMAN BEING IN THE WORLD APPEARED ON THE EARTH. HE ATTAINED "SAM BODHI" (ENLIGHTENMENT), UNDER THE JAYA SRI MAHA BODHI IN BODHGAYA, INDIA. THE JAYA SRI MAHA BODHI OF ANURADHAPURA, SRI LANKA BEING THE SOUTHERN BRANCH OF THAT. THEREFORE, JAYA SRI MAHA BODHI IS ONLY SACRED RELIC ON THE WHOLE WORLD COMPARABLE TO THE LIVING BUDDHA WHICH HAS BEEN SANCTIFIED BY THE TOUCH OF THE LORD BUDDHA AND WAS SUBJECTED TO THE HOMAGE OF THE ESTEEMED ON HIMSELF FOR ONE WHOLE WEEK THROUGH "ANIMISA LOCHANA POOJA".

THE BUDDHIST IN THE ISLAND HAVE HAD A PRACTICE OF VISITING AND PLAYING HOMAGE TO THE MOST SACRED BODHI TREE. THE BUDDHISTS IN GENERAL HAVE A STRONG BELIEF THAT OFFERINGS MADE TO THE JAYA SRI MAHA BODHI HAVE PRODUCED SIGNIFICANT AND POSITIVE CHANGES IN THEIR LIFE. IT HAS ALSO BEEN CUSTOMARY FOR MANY BUDDHIST TO MAKE SPECIAL VOWS BEFORE SACRED BODHI TREE FOR THE SAFE DELIVERY OF BABIES, PASSING EXAMS, SUCCEEDING BUSINESS AND MANY OTHER CURSES. THERE HAS BEEN A LONG TRADITIONAL AMONG FARMERS AROUND ANURADHAPURA TO OFFER THE SRI MAHA BODHI THE RICE PREPARED FROM THEIR FIRST PADDY HARVEST. IT IS CALLED "ALUTH SAHAL MANGALLAYA". PEOPLE STRONGLY BELIEVE THAT SUCH OFFERING LEAD TO SUSTAINED PADDY PRODUCTION WITH LEAST SUFFERING FROM DROUGHTS AS WELL AS PEST ATTACKS. ONCE A YEAR BUDDHIST GATHER TO SRI MAHA BODHI AND OFFER THOUSANDS OF PICHCHA FLOWERS TO SHOW THEIR DEVOTION TOWARDS LORD BUDDHA. THE PRESENT WALL AROUND SRI MAHA BODHI CONSTRUCTED DURING THE REIGN OF KING KIRTI SRI RANASINGHE TO PROTECT FROM WILD ELEPHANTS WHICH MIGHT HAVE DAMAGED THE TREE. THE HEIGHT OF THE WALL IS 3M. THE FIRST GOLDEN FENCE AROUND THE SACRED TREE WAS CONSTRUCTED BY SOME BUDDHIST IN KANDY. THE OTHER FIG TREES THAT SURROUND THE SACRED TREE PROTECT IT FROM STORMS AND ANIMALS. TODAY JAYA SRI MAHA BODHI IS ONE OF THE MOST SACRED RELICS OF THE BUDDHIST IN SRI LANKA AND RESPECT BY NOT ONLY THE BUDDHIST BUT ALSO ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD .

SACHINTHA ANUPAMALI

BEFORE **THE CONJURING** THERE WAS

ANNABELLE



ANNABELLE IS A DOLL THAT IS CLAIMED TO BE HUNTED BY LORRAINE WARREN WHO WAS KNOWN AS PARANOMAL INVESTIGATOR AND DEMONOLOGIST.

THE STORY OF THE DOLL SERVED AS THE INSPIRATION FOR FILMS

ANNABELLE. LORRAINE WARREN DIED AT AGE 92 AT 2019. TODAY, THE DOLL RESIDES IN A GLASS BOX AT THE WARREN'S OCCULT MUSEUM IN MONROE, CONNECTICUT.....

HIRUNI KARUNTHILAKA
30TH BATCH MBBS

BACKGROUND CAPTURED BY

SUCHARI PATHINISEKARA

30TH BATCH MBBS

THINGS TOGETHER

Successful Life

*These days individuals are getting
self - focused; which never
becomes open to others; but yet, forgive
them.*

*when you are kind, individuals could
charge and accuse you of having selfish
motives,,*

Yet, continue to be kind.

*When you are active and outgoing,
you may win some wrong friends and
trustworthy enemies;*

*But don't be disheartened at their wrong
doings*

and continue to gain victory always.

*when you do good and have an open mind,
then they gull you;*

*but yet continue to be good and
open minded always.*

*What you spend years assembling,
Someone could demolish overnight;
Then assemble again.*

*If you see quietness and felicitous behaviour,
They may be jealous; but yet be happy.*

*The clever nature in which you act now,
People will usually forget tomorrow;*

But continue to do well,

*By utilizing all things,
granted by the earth,*

and in turn don't let it be lacking;

Make the planet the best, with all you have got.

You see, at the end of the day,

You and God will be there;

So have faith

And feel blessed,

*For this is not found among individuals
in most cases..*

PIRANAVI PARAMSOTHY

30TH BATCH MBBS

CAPTURED BY
SENALI SILVA
30TH BATCH MBBS

I was your

LITTLE PUP

Success

*In the shelf of opportunities
Lies the path to success
Choosing the right book
Decides your destiny*

*Visit many libraries
Reach out top shelves
It becomes all worthy
If only you persist*

*Once you get 'the' book
Choose a comfy sofa
Sit down, read it
Read it once more*

*Indulge in the book
Chapter by chapter
Before you turn the last page
Realisation will strike that,
"Success is not a destination
But a journey"*

*Shifnah Jauher
30 th Batch MBBS*

*I was a little pup in a little box
I saw a lot of pups but I was the best
You picked me up and ; took me home
I was mad because I missed my pups*

*I tried to ignore you whatever you did
I barked every time to make you mad
I slept every time when I got tired
But you were the best, who didn't get mad*

*I used to love you because you loved me a lot
I got a new family no matter what I missed
You said that I was a new member of your family
Then I knew I was the luckiest pup*

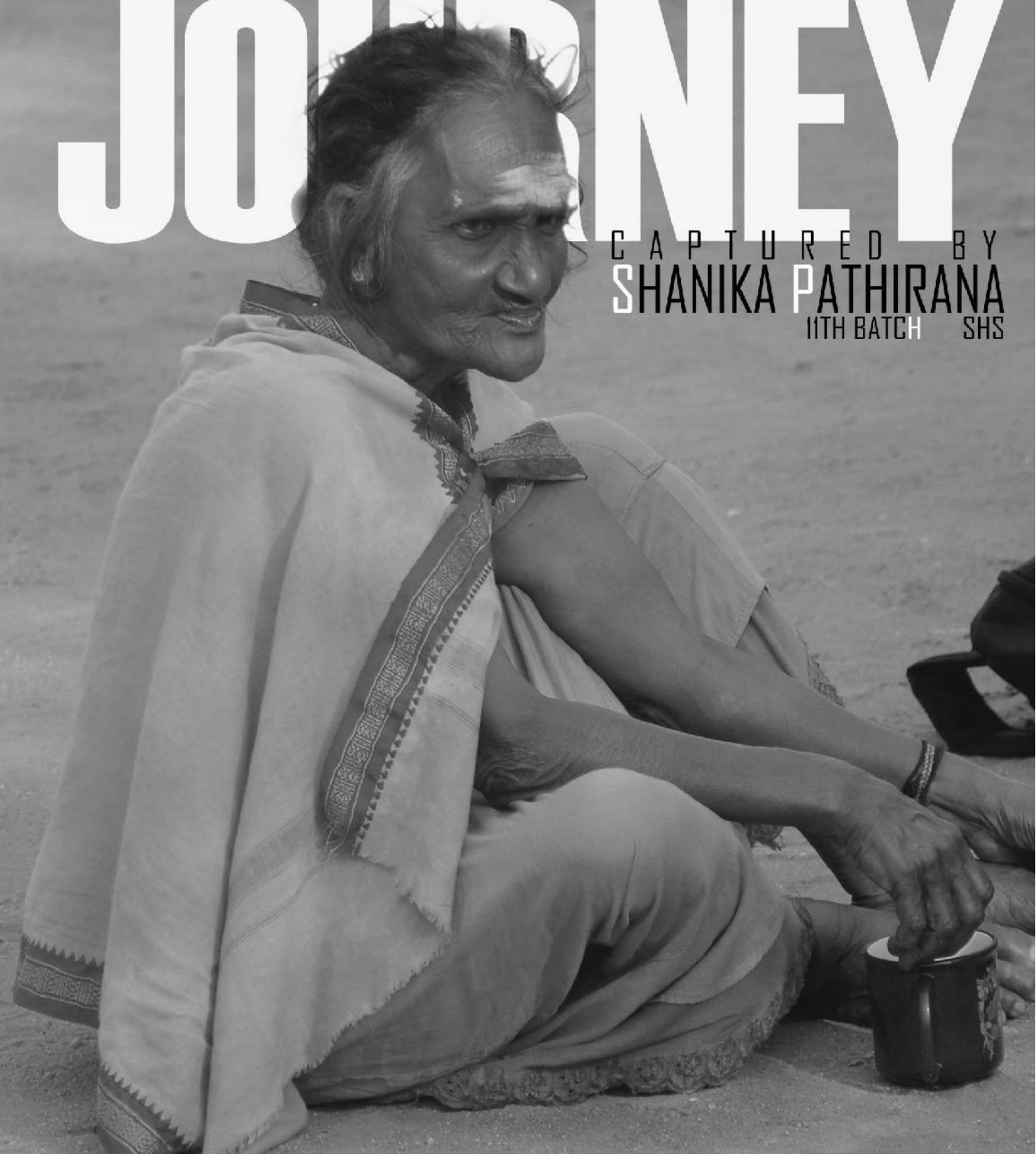
*I lay on your feet
But you gave me a chair
It was sweet
Even I didn't want to be there*

*You were scolded because of me
You were tired because of me
But you loved me unconditionally
No matter how silly I was*

*Nayanathara Amarasooriya
30 th Batch MBBS*

LIFE JOURNNEY

CAPTURED BY
SHANIKA PATHIRANA
11TH BATCH SHS



FATHIMA RUMAIZA
11TH BATCH SHS



LARVA

ARKE *Caterpillar*



INDURU HETTIVARACHOHI 3 0 T H B A T C H M B B S

CATERPILLARS MOLT THEIR SKINS 4 TIMES, GROWING BIGGER AND BIGGER AFTER EACH MOULTING. THE RESULTING FIFTH STAGE OF THE LARVAE ARE REFERRED TO AS INSTARS (JUST HATCHED-1ST INSTAR, AFTER THE FIRST MOULTING-2ND INSTAR ETC.), FINALLY AFTER GROWING TO THE FULL SIZE (5TH INSTAR) THEY STOP EATING AND OFTEN WANDER TO FIND A GOOD SECURE PLACE. LAY A SILK GIRDLE OR MAKE A GOOD COVER AND AFTER EVERYTHING IS OK, THEY MOULT THEIR SKINS FOR ONE LAST TIME AND BECOME PUPAE. SOME FALL IN THIS PROCESS AND DIE. UNABLE TO FORM THE PUPA.

THE SECOND STAGE OF THE LIFE CYCLE OF A BUTTERFLY IS THE LARVAL STAGE. THE ANIMAL AT THIS STAGE IS TECHNICALLY CALLED LARVA (PLURAL LARVAE) OR IN COMMON TONGUE THE CATERPILLAR. THIS IS THE STAGE PRECEDED BY EGG AND WHICH SUCCEEDS INTO THE PUPAL STAGE. MAIN PURPOSES OF THIS STAGE ARE TO EAT, GROW AND ACCUMULATE NUTRIENTS.

LARVAE OF ALMOST ALL THE SPECIES OF BUTTERFLIES EAT THEIR WAY OUT OF THE EGG AND FIRSTLY, THEY CONSUME THE SHELL OF THEIR OWN EGG. AFTER THAT, THEY START EXPLOITING THEIR HOST PLANTS OR IN SOME CASES THEIR PREY (APEFLY *Spalgis epius* LARVAE EAT MEALYBUGS), PLANT EATERS HAVE A WIDE DIVERSITY IN THE CHOICE OF THEIR HOST PLANT SPECIES AND WHICH PART OF THE PLANT THEY EAT. SOME EAT ONLY THE YOUNG LEAVES, SOME THE FLOWER BUDS, SOME EAT THE YOUNG FRUIT, SOME EVEN EAT ROOTS AND SOME EAT EVERYTHING.

LEPIDOPTERAN LARVAE HAS A WORM-LIKE APPEARANCE (SOME SLUGGISH LOOKING TOO) AND HAVE A TAGMATIZED BODY CONSISTING OF 3 TAGMATA NAMELY HEAD, THORAX AND ABDOMEN.

HEAD IS EQUIPPED WITH FINELY GRATED INSTRUMENTS WHICH ARE USED TO CUT AND SLASH PLANT MATERIAL. IN A LARGE LARVA SOME OF THESE EXTERNAL STRUCTURES ARE VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE. HEAD IS COVERED WITH A HARD SCLEROTIZED EPICRANIUM WHICH IS DIVIDED INTO TWO HALVES (RIGHT AND LEFT). TRIANGLE SHAPED FRONS, CLYPEUS BELOW IT AND LABRUM BELOW THE CLYPEUS CAN BE SEEN FROM THE ANTERIOR SIDE OF A LARVA. BEHIND LABRUM IS THE PAIR OF MANDIBLES, MAXILLA AND LABIUM. THERE IS A PAIR OF GALEA ORIGINATING FROM THE MAXILLA (MAXILLARY GALEA) AND THIS PAIR BECOMES THE PROBOSCIS IN THE PROCESS OF METAMORPHOSIS. LABIUM HAS THE TINY PROTRUDING SPINNERET ONTO WHICH THE DUCT OF THE SILK GLANDS OPENS. THE TINY PAIR OF ANTENNAE CAN BE SEEN BESIDE THE MANDIBLES. THERE ARE STEMATA (USUALLY 6 STEMATA ON EACH SIDE) ON THE VENTROLATERAL AREA OF THE EPICRANIAL LOBES.

THEN COMES THE THORAX. THIS CONSISTS OF THREE SEGMENTS AND EACH BEAR A PAIR OF TRUE LEGS (THORACIC LEGS) WHICH AGAIN (EACH LEG) CONSISTS OF FIVE SEGMENTS, ORDERLY FROM PROXIMAL TO DISTAL COXA, TROCHANTER, FEMUR, TIBIA AND TARSII. THIS MEANS THE LARVA HAS 6 TRUE LEGS. THESE ARE POWERED BY MUSCLES.

THORAX IS CONNECTED TO HEAD BY THE SMOOTH CERVIX (NECK). FIRST THORACIC SEGMENT OR THE PROTHORACIC SEGMENT, HAS A PAIR OF SPIRACLES ON EACH SIDE AND IN THE CASE OF PAPILIONIDAE, ALSO HAS THE REVERTIBLE OSMETERIUM (WHICH LOOKS LIKE A FORKED TONGUE). DORSALLY, SPIRACLES ARE THE OPENINGS OF THE INTERNAL NETWORK OF AIR TUBES WHICH ACTS AS THE RESPIRATORY SYSTEM OF ALL INSECTS (CALLED THE TRACHEAL SYSTEM).

LAST PART OF THE BODY IS THE ABDOMEN. IT IS MADE UP OF 10 SEGMENTS. 3,4,5,6 AND 10TH SEGMENTS HAVE ONE PAIR OF PROLEGS EACH WHICH MEANS A LARVA HAS 5 PAIRS OF PROLEGS. (10 PROLEGS IN TOTAL). THESE PROLEGS ARE NOT LIKE THE THORACIC LEGS. THEY HAVE HOOK-LIKE STRUCTURES CALLED CROCHETS AND WORK FROM THE FORCE THAT BLOOD PRESSURE CREATES INSIDE THE LARVA RATHER THAN DIRECT MUSCLE POWERED MOVEMENTS. FIRST FOUR PAIRS OF PROLEGS ARE CALLED ABDOMINAL PROLEGS AND THE LAST PAIR IS CALLED THE ANAL PROLEGS. 12,3,4,5,6,7 AND 8TH SEGMENTS HAVE A PAIR OF SPIRACLES EACH ON EITHER SIDES. AT THE POSTERIOR END IS THE ANAL OPENING.



THE
W
perfect

*I thought of a perfect world,
A world free of violence
A planet of peace and prosperity,
But it is just a dream of mine*

*I thought of perfect humans,
A country free of diseases and distress
A group, full of health and positivity
But it is just a wish of mine*

*I thought of a perfect life,
A journey without mistakes
A joyful and carefree living,
But it is just a hope of mine*

O

BY H.S.C
HETTIARACHCHI
30 TH BATCH MBBS

r

ld

BACKGROUND CAPTURED BY PUBUDUMALI WICKRAMARATHNE

Selfless LOVE

“Come in Doctor and have a seat, I was worried you had a problem on your way here” said Nishantha, who was in reality 35 years of age but seemed to be in his late twenties. The appointment for my visit was scheduled two days prior and I had a feeling this was not a matter to be discussed on the telephone. “Well Nishantha I did foresee this delay, and told you it’ll be past nine when I make it even though the appointment was for half past eight” I replied in an attempt to refresh his memory. “It must have slipped my mind, but oh! I agree that the Negombo road is despicable, I usually take a turn from Tudalla to the Hamilton canal road to reach Colombo; otherwise it’s a humongous waste of time”.

Nishantha was surely in some sought of a mental strain as at that instant, I recalled him warning me against traveling in the Negombo road during our brief conversation on the phone. “Ahem...Alright Nishantha let’s get to it, I need a complete disclosure of everything from A to Z, the absolute truth else treatment would prove difficult and this should not be taken lightly” I said assuming my professional tone. While he started his explanation he gave instructions to the maid to prepare some tea. The house looked clean and well kept. There seems to be no children in the house. It’s tough to keep your residence tidy with kids around and I especially knew this from experience. Even after 7 to 10 minutes time lapse from when he started talking his speech essentially consisted of endless compliments on Jayani. “Jayani is the woman of my dreams! She’s perfect! She’s one in a million!” and on and on he went. It seemed like Jayani was Nishantha’s wife, although such a statement was not made throughout his speech. If it was so; where was this Jayani? I took the liberty to interrupt him to clear my doubt and he confirmed my surmise subtly by including the phrase, “She’s more than just my wife she’s like my own mother” I then prompted him to continue whilst sipping the tea bought by the maid.

“But how can I bluntly tell the world that the problem is not with me but with Jayani! How can I stand still and watch her go through that..... I simply can’t do that to her. All these days we consulted doctors who were my own friends. I would almost fall on my knees in front of them. Beg, lament and beseech before them and alter the reports to indicate I was the one with the anomaly But one of these days it’ll all come out and I’m terrified that I’ll lose Jayani”.....

Even amidst the tears that started gushing from his eyes-tears that were repressed until now by his masculine disposition- the problem was not clear to me. I did however collect certain clues from his story, but at the end I politely requested for the reports mentioned earlier. This was not the time for speculation.

The report gave me a clear cut view into the problem and I didn't need any further clarification from Nishantha . It was evident that Nishantha loved his wife very much and didn't want to hurt her in any way imaginable. But the fate of these feelings and emotions when finally the truth was revealed after being kept secret for 3 long years, whether it'll all end abruptly in a disaster was doubtful. Surely she would be inundated with feelings of respect and gratitude towards her husband, yet at the same time be crushed with mortification and self-loathe for putting him in a tough position by her illness. This was the first time I came across a sensitive issue of this magnitude in my career and I was filled with excitement mingled with caution. I warned myself against arriving at conclusions too fast and realized I needed to think deep before I reply.

"Nishantha you may love your wife very much and in fact your entire conduct up to this moment is a testimony for the world that people are capable of selfless love.... But the situation at hand is dire and cannot be neglected. I understand you made yourself the scapegoat in this entire scenario by putting the blame on yourself with the help of your doctor buddies, just so that your wife will be spared of the humiliation. But I strongly recommend you to inform her as soon as possible....." Nishantha wasn't focusing on me anymore. His gaze was directed out of the window towards a scene of a branch where a bird was feeding its youngsters. "Doctor, I had so many dreams when I married at thirty just like those birds. Poor Jayani... such a wonderful human being... the best women I met after my mother....." Nishantha's words were filled with dejection and despair. None of my advice seemed to pierce the cloud of hopelessness that engulfed his mind. My efforts were in vain. The alarm went off in a loud buzz at the end of the allotted hour. I was amazed and surprised as to how an hour slipped past so swiftly without notice. "Well it seems my time is up Doctor.... I feel so relieved.... I've let out the bitter secret that was trapped in the bowels of my mind for three long years. I hope to see you again at our next appointment day after tomorrow". I found myself speechless and I just peered at his face for some time. "Cer...certainly, I...I look forward to our next meeting, we can think of our approach after revealing the truth to Jayani. There are many options out there; we can always go for adoption from an orphanage." I placed my empty teacup on the stool.

"I don't think we'll need that Doctor... I can look after my Jayani... I've made all necessary preparations for her comfort and protection even in my absence. I just need to vent it all out at least once a week and just let it all out of my system. Please doctor, keep visiting me in the future and do not worry about your fees." I picked up my car keys from the stool and walked towards my car parked in the compound. Nishantha was following me closely. Are humans capable of such feats fueled with nothing but love? I've met many young folk and almost all of them were disgusted with life and every aspect related to it because of love, which was the exact opposite of what Nishantha was going through. They were never hesitant to complain about their partner's weaknesses and other bad traits. Some were even driven to take their own lives, only because they suspected they were being cheated on by their partner. But Nishantha was the first individual I met who chose to be betrayed by his own volition because of love. Was this true love??? Or insanity devoid of all rational thought caused as a result of blindness by love?? I couldn't quite conclude. As I got in my vehicle and tried to get it into ignition I realized I haven't even inserted the key into the keyhole as a result of my reverie. I was flustered and quite out of my senses. Looking up I saw Nishantha waving at me from the veranda... Nothing, not his fame, his reputation nor status mattered more to him than his love to his wife. Who then dares to say that love is not a commitment??

Selfless
LOVE

P D VISHAN
29TH BATCH MBBS

I AM POEM

Sun and Moon

*Talk to the moon
Or even the sun
Both will tell you,
It's ok to disappear
When the situation isn't meant to be
Hang on to which is hard
And discomforting to tolerate further
But, also it will tell you that you have to
Come back again as before
With your entire strength to spread
The light for the world!*

SANDUNI VIRAJEE
30TH BATCH MBBS

*I am my self forever,
I wonder why the wind blows,
I hear the breeze flow,
I see the birds chirping in the trees,
I want a loving animal,
I am my self forever.*

*I pretend to fly around,
I feel like I'm off the ground,
I touch a soft blossom,
I worry for my family,
I cry tears of joy,
I am my self forever*

*I understand my self,
I say that I smile,
I dream of a happy life,
I try to learn about a lot
I hope I will get a pet,
I am my self forever*

LASHINI CHATHURANGIKA
30TH BATCH MBBS

Health Effects of Pesticides

Any substance, or a mixture of substances that prevents, destroys, or repels pests is termed as a pesticide. It may be a chemical substance, a biological agent, an antimicrobial or a disinfectant. The pesticides are used in a large number of industries. 85% of world pesticide production is used in agriculture to control the various pests that reduce the quantity and quality of food crops, while 10% of the total pesticides are used in public health activities, to control vector-borne diseases, such as malaria and dengue. The rest of the production is for water purification and pest control inside buildings, vehicles etc. These compounds have been classified according to the target organisms such as insecticides, miticides, herbicides, nematicides, fungicides, molluscicides and rodenticides. When considering their chemical structures, these pesticides can be classified into four main groups: organochlorines, organophosphates, carbamates, and pyrethroids. Also, these pesticides are classified according to the toxicity, which is mainly based on their toxic behavior in laboratory animals and by estimating the median lethal dose (LD₅₀) that produces death in 50 % of the exposed animals. This ranks pesticides from lowest to highest toxicity. Due to the toxicity of these pesticides, maximum residue levels (MRL) of these chemicals have been presented by World Health Organization. The maximum residue levels expressed in mg/kg, represents the maximal concentration of a pesticide which is permissible in food products. Although pesticides have been developed to eradicate and to control pests, they can produce harmful results in living organisms as well. According to estimations done by the World Health Organization, in each year between 500,000 to 1 million people are poisoned by pesticides and between 5,000 to 20,000 die.

Exposure to pesticides can occur directly from industrial, agricultural, and household use. Also, they can also be transferred indirectly through diet. There are four common ways pesticides can enter the human body: dermal, oral, ocular, and respiratory pathways. Dermal absorption may occur as a result of a splash, spill, or spray drift, when mixing, loading, disposing, and cleaning of pesticides. Oral exposure of a pesticide usually arises by accident due to carelessness of labeling and through food.

Due to the presence of volatile components of pesticides, the potential for respiratory exposure is alarmingly huge. The absorption of pesticides by eye is relatively high and may cause serious issues. Studies suggest that pesticides may be related to various diseases like cancer, leukemia, and asthma.

Pesticides can trigger cancer in a variety of ways, including disrupting hormones, damaging DNA, inflaming tissues and turning genes on or off. Studies show that pesticide exposure during pregnancy and throughout childhood increases the risk of cancer among children. Girls who were exposed to DDT before they reach puberty were found to be five times more likely to develop breast cancer in their middle age (Courtesy : President's Panel notes -UN) Numerous scientific studies have linked asthma to pesticide use. Moreover, children who are regularly exposed to pesticides are more likely to suffer from infectious diseases of the respiratory tract because of an increased risk of immuno-suppression. Research studies have found that pesticides disrupts the part of the nervous system that regulates the motor functioning of the lungs. Some pesticides (eg - Malathion) have been found to reduce pancreatic insulin secretion and induce fasting hyperglycemia. This situation increases the risk of diabetes. Some researchers predict that some pesticides might contribute to Parkinson's disease. For an example, fungicide benomyl is associated with increasing the risk of having Parkinson's, as it damages the brain by inhibiting an enzyme called ALDH, which normally helps to metabolize fats, proteins and toxins like alcohol. The studies show that maternal exposure to certain common pesticides during pregnancy predicts lower IQ, poorer working memory and perceptual reasoning in newborns. From the above mentioned facts it could be assumed that pesticide interferes with the cognitive development of children.

Conclusively, it could be said that although pesticides are used in almost all modern food production to improve crops yielded by controlling weeds, insects and other threats, they have harmful health effects. Therefore, it is better to reduce the exposure of pesticides. It is healthier and safer to buy organic and locally grown fruits and vegetables and to use non-toxic methods for controlling pests (bio controlling, integrated pest management etc) than continuous usage of pesticides.



THE ARTIST
PIYUMI PERERA
 30TH BATCH MBBS

When the days get gloomy
 And things go wrong...
 When your heart is broken
 And the hopes get shattered...
 When the happiness fades away
 And the darkness surrounds you...
 Just close your eyes
 And look inside your heart
 You will see a light
 Struggling with the darkness
 Surviving through the storm...

Trust that light
 It will lead to the paradise...
 Love yourself and sooth yourself
 Until the sun arise
 To brighten the days

When the days get sunnier
 And the rainbows appear...

When you reach the peak
 And conquer the world...

When life gets good
 And you glow with happiness...
 Just close your eyes
 And thank that light,
 That led you to the paradise
 Through the darkness

Peaks and troughs,
 Victories and defeats,
 Smiles and tears...
 Life goes on
 With ups and downs!

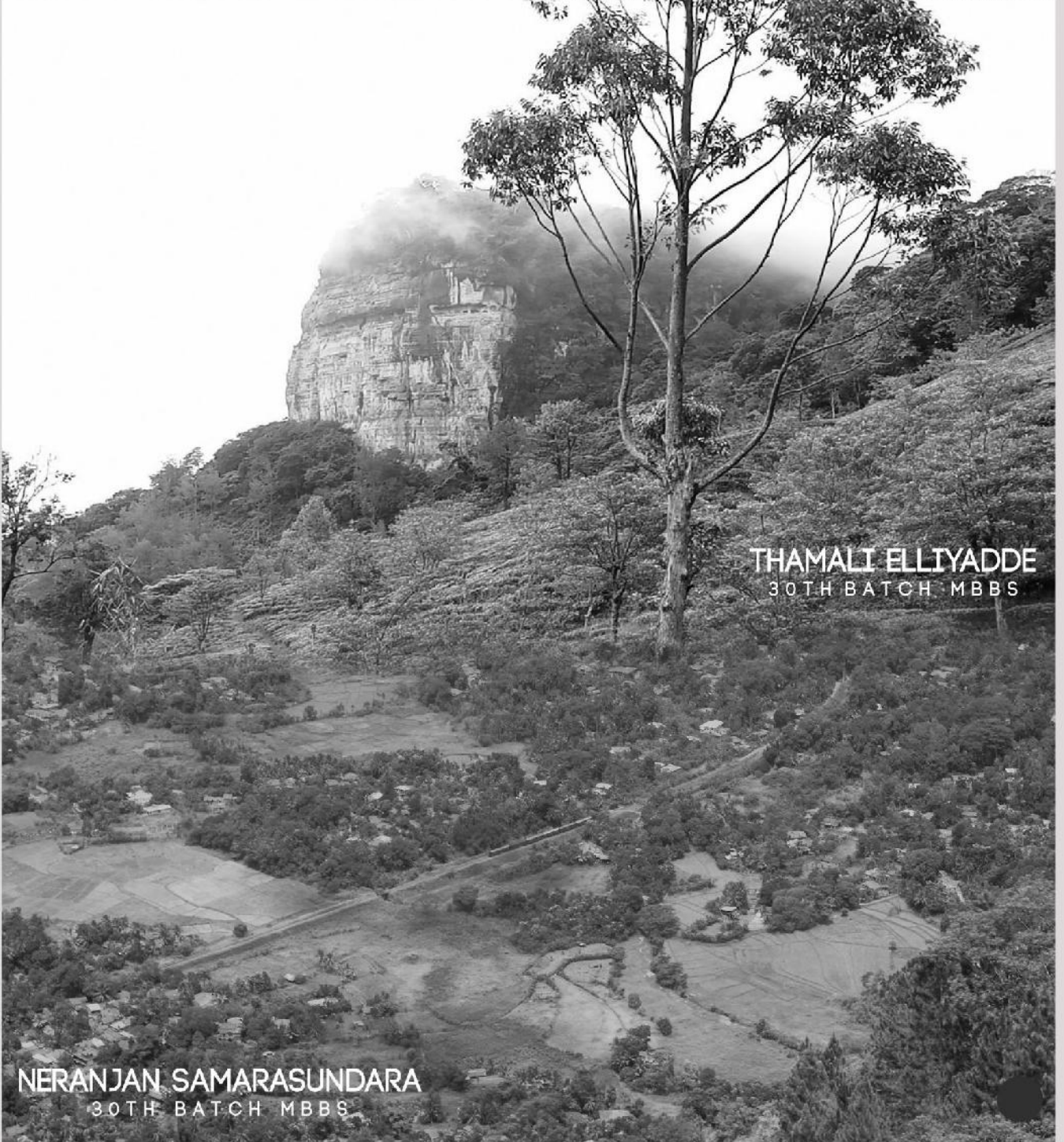
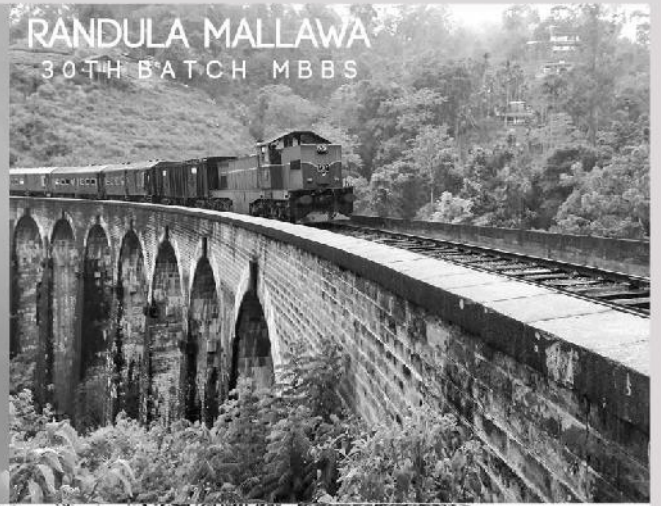
Stay humble and be passionate
 Love yourself and everyone else...
 Cherish every second with hope and faith
 You are worthy, just hold on till the end.

HIRUNI JAYATHILAKE
 11TH BATCH SHS

Hold on till the end...

SHERA WICKRAMASINGHE
30TH BATCH MBBS

RANDULA MALLAWA
30TH BATCH MBBS



THAMALI ELLIYADDE
30TH BATCH MBBS

NERANJAN SAMARASUNDARA
30TH BATCH MBBS

What is a STAR

There are thousands of tiny, twinkling lights visible to the naked eye every night in the sky. Each one is a star, thousands of lights years away and potentially the center of a solar system of its own, just like our sun.

The nearest star to our planet is the sun, and the second-closest star is Alpha Centauri, which is 4.3 light-years away. Stars produce incredible amounts of energy in the form of heat and light.

We classify stars and their spectra, which involves the elements that they absorb and their temperature. Although all stars are very hot compared to temperatures here on earth, they vary greatly. In order of decreasing temperature, there are seven main types of stars that we identify with the letters O, B, A, F, G, K and M. We also classify stars by their size and age. Mature stars shine because they are converting the element helium deep inside their core. This creates energy - heat and light - that looks like helium deep fire. Stars appear to be in different colours as they shine due to temperature, not to composition (what they are made up of).

The hotter the star, the bluer it appears, and the cooler it is, the redder it would be.

Stars are, in a way, big balls of burning hot gases. But they are quite important to us. Not only do stars play a big role in many human cultures, but all life on our planet also depends upon the sun. Without it, life would not exist.



AMANDA PEMMINI
11TH BATCH MBBS

SANDUNI CHANDRATHNE
30TH BATCH MBBS



B. M. V. U. THENNAKON
30TH BATCH MBBS





GUESS

ME

ONE SEES ME AS A PRIDE,
WHILE SOME FIND ME AS A RIGHT
ANOTHER SEES ME AS CHARMING,
YET MY MASTER PERCEIVE ME AS DULL

I'VE WITNESSED YOUR SUFFERINGS,
AND MANY RECOVERIES AS WELL

I WAS THERE WHE
N YOU WERE BORN AND TORN,
I SURELY WILL BE THERE
WHEN YOU ALL ARE GONE!

HUMANS, WHO ARE BORN TO SEEK,
"WHO IS THIS?", YOU ALL MAY ASK
CHILD, I MAY SEE, HEAR AND FEEL,
YET I SAY JUST "LUB" AND "DUB"

DINUSHI WASANA

30TH BATCH MBBS

A Dreamer's Dream

The brown-eyed girl looked up from the book she had at hand, an immediate look of recognition crossed her eyes. Sam's blood ran cold. 'You're late today.' If it wasn't for Sam's trained ear, she would've completely missed the girl's whisper. Sam looked around; they were alone in the garden. The girl was sitting on a chair, a few yards away from Sam. In front of her was a table laid down for tea. Her face was stoic, demeanour gaured; very different from all other countless times Sam had seen her before. By principle, the girl should not be able to see Sam. At least that's the way things had been until this moment. And now, the girl seemed to be addressing Sam. Sam's mind raced, trying to figure out what had changed.

It was the eve of her 18th birthday when Sam first came across her. Sam had worked late to cover up for the time she would take off the next day, and had made it to her new cottage by the river through sheer force of will. How she managed to get through the bath without falling asleep was a mystery to her. Sam was sure that she had a few hours of sleep before the dream started. It unveiled slowly, and gradually came into focus. The first thing she noticed was the strong aroma surrounding her. The smell of pine and coffee was distinct, coupled with several others. The setting was a closed space; with an opened door facing what she knew to be North, and windows: both open to the side. A wooden table stood against a wall and a bed occupied the center. On it, lay the most beautiful girl Sam had ever seen. She appeared to be sleeping, her chest rising and falling gently in time, with the whisper of hair that swayed. 'Sameen,' the girl murmured Sam's name. Sam held her breath waiting for the girl to continue, impatient to see how this dream would unfold. Never before had there been strangers in her dreams. Who was she? When seconds flew by and the girl seemed to be sleeping, Sam decided to take a look around the room. She had half a mind to wake the girl up and see what would happen, but her temptation to find out who the stranger was, won. Several books were strewn across the table. When Sam tried to pick up one of them, her hand went straight through it. First, she thought it was a trick of light: silver beams through the curtains were the only source. However, she soon realized that she could not manipulate the dream no matter how hard she tried. That had been very unusual, for she always had been in control of her dreams. By the time she woke up, she had been exhausted. She had felt as if she had been awake in someone else's dream. After that first time, every time she had slept, she had dreamt of this girl.

'Hi,' Sam was brought back to the present with the girl's breathy greeting. The girl stood mere inches away from Sam. She was wearing a yellow dress, which complimented her almond ochre eyes. 'I'm Kyra,' the girl stated, looking at Sam expectantly. Her brows furrowed when Sam said nothing. 'Kyra Lynn, It's a pleasure to finally meet you,' she pressed slowly after a while. With the evening sun shining on her, Sam could see the flecks of honey in her eyes clearly. Sam had never dared to be this close to her. She smelled of honeysuckle. Sam took a step back. 'Aren't you going to introduce yourself to me?' Kyra choked out when Sam continued to remain unresponsive. Her face was flushed with beads of sweat glistening on the forehead. Even though Sam's senses were taking in all the information, her brain was stuck, unable to process all the questions that kept popping up. Sam watched as a bead rolled down from her forehead, down her throat and settled between her collarbones. 'You're very beautiful,' Sam mused out loud before her brain caught up with her words.

A Dreamer's Dream

Kyra looked confused for a second before her eyebrows shot up. A slow smile crept in. 'The name would've been enough, but compliments also work. Thank you.' Sam could feel her cheeks burning up.

'How is this possible?' Sorting through her thoughts, Sam voiced out her most pressing question. Kyra seemed to relax entirely when Sam spoke. 'Magic.' Kyra said playfully. When Sam looked utterly confused she continued, 'come, have tea with me.'

First, the dreams had bored her. Her usual dreams had been entertaining. Simple, yet exciting. This new variety of dreams had had the same few settings and the characters. And the same caramel haired girl starred in each one. The other people in the dreams had called her Kyra. Being a hunter, Sam was used to a life full of adventure. And she had found it to be tiring to see similar scenes over and over again. To cease these eccentric dreams, Sam had once sought help from a priest. The priest had not known the cause or a solution, and had promised to research into the matter. After the first few months, the initial boredom had evaporated to be replaced with a mild curiosity. Sam had realized that she was following Kyra's life. Whether Kyra was real or not, she did not know. It was insane to think what's happening in a dream could be real. But as time passed, the dreams had become more and more realistic to Sam. Sam had become interested in getting to know her. During the day, while she was awake, Sam would often find herself wondering what Kyra might be doing. Kyra was an artist, and often she was surrounded with unfinished canvases. Her social circle was limited to four friends: three boys and a girl - her best friend, with whom she spent a lot of time together. Soon, Sam had started regarding Kyra as another actual person living in some faraway land, rather than someone she was dreaming about.

It was during this time the Priest had found a solution: sage leaves, which were generally burnt to ward off evil. 'No more troubled dreams', he had promised. 'Just make sure to keep the leaves with you all the time'. He had seemed to be worrying about Sam, muttering how there was great evil at play and that she must listen to him if she wanted to save herself. Even though Sam hadn't had a problem dreaming of Kyra, that night she had followed the priest's words.

Sam had slept dreamlessly that night after a long time. However, if she had thought not dreaming would bring her a peace of mind, she was proven wrong. If anything, she was agitated the whole next day, unable to concentrate on anything. Her mind kept wondering to Kyra and by the second day, she could only think of her, about how her day might have gone. What sort of a painting she might have left half done. And Sam had realized that she missed Kyra terribly. Kyra had somehow become a constant, important part of her life, without her knowledge in such a short period of time. Sam couldn't believe that she had first thought Kyra's life to be boring. That night, before she went to bed, she had burnt all the leaves and put the soot in the river. If there was any evil, now they would go away and with luck, she would see Kyra again.

Her dreams had returned the third night, with more intensity and sparkle. And Sam could swear they were more colourful than they had been before. She was no longer a mere spectator in Kyra's world. To her joy, she could do everything she could do in her own world, at Kyra's. She could pick up the books, even read them, she could sit down and she could even explore Kyra's world as long as she made sure not to move far away from Kyra. But, she was still invisible and Kyra didn't seem to be aware of Sam's presence in her life. Before long, seeing Kyra became the highlight of Sam's day. She was pretty, to say the least. While Sam had dark red hair which she always kept braided, Kyra kept her long caramel hair flowing around her. While Sam had deep-set green eyes which always looked cold and emotionless, Kyra's were warm and rich which themselves looked like pools of melted caramel. Kyra was a few inches shorter than Sam and was soft and curvy whereas Sam was lean and athletic. And every time Kyra would laugh, Sam's heart skipped a beat.

A Dreamer's Dream

As time went on, Sam could hardly remember that Kyra was not real. Sam found herself taking more and more naps at every spare time she could find. With that she saw Kyra more often, and in more and more different settings. Later, when the priest asked her if she was still dreaming of the girl, Sam had lied, for the first time in her life.

'You don't like tea.' Sam broke the silence. They were seated opposite each other around the table. On it laid several plates with cookies, cakes, and pasties. Kyra smiled warmly and made a cup for Sam. 'You love tea.' Kyra explained while offering a plate full of chocolate chip cookies. Whenever Kyra had gone out, she had always refused to take anything other than coffee. Had Kyra arranged all of this just for Sam? 'How did you know we'll get to see each other today?' Sam questioned. 'You became visible to me three days ago.' And Kyra didn't acknowledge her? 'I wasn't sure what to do.' Sam could understand that. When something, you knew had no chance of happening but have been dreaming of, materializes in front of you all of a sudden... it could be a little more than overwhelming. That was exactly what Sam was going through just then. Sam had longed to talk to Kyra for months. 'You didn't have to do this,' Sam commented gesturing to all the delicacies on the table. 'I also don't mind having coffee.' Being around Kyra for so long, Sam had started liking the coffee aroma which she had detested earlier. 'This is our first real meeting. I wanted it to be special.' Several months ago Sam had realized that both of them were seeing each other in their dreams. But they had never been visible to the other. 'You're going to tell me how this happened?' Sam inquired again. One evening, Sam had burnt sage leaves again in the hope that the dreams would progress as it had done the previous time. She had been very disappointed when that had changed nothing. 'I thought about it. I'm not sure what made us dream of each other at first. But I think every change that had happened since is linked with our decisions.'

The first time Sam realized she had developed feelings for Kyra; she had woken up in cold sweat in the middle of the night. Kyra had gone hiking with her family that day and towards the evening she had broken off from the group and gone wandering alone. Just like many other times, Sam had been glad that she was alone with her. When they were alone, Sam could imagine that the whole dream was real. That she was spending time with Kyra in reality. This time Sam had wanted more than that. She had wanted to talk to her. She had wanted to hold her. She had wanted to do everything she had seen other couples do, with her. And that thought had shaken her right out of the dream. Sam liking Kyra in a romantic way was wrong, on so many levels. First, Kyra was a girl. Sam could not fall for a girl! To sugar-coat the situation, in a community where the majority were heterosexuals, homosexuality was often frowned upon. Most openly hated such individuals and Sam had even seen people getting violent towards them. Some made fun of the subject and made comments which often resulted in people getting hurt. According to the elders of the society, it was immoral and was against human nature. Religion said it was sinful. Unable to come into terms with all her feelings and emotions, Sam had gone to the library. She had read at length about the religion's views on same-sex attractions. And all other related theories. During the next couple of weeks, she had carefully observed how the individuals engaged in such relationships responded to all the backlash from society. After a long time contemplating what she wanted with her life, she had finally decided that she was fine with being in love with a girl. She will be alright. Growing up she had always imagined having a family of her own but had never been attracted to any of the boys in her class or the village. It had bothered her in the beginning but with time she had convinced herself that she just hadn't met the right person. And that maybe she never will. When her parents had started bringing one marriage proposal after the other, she had moved out.

A Dreamer's Dream

It was in her opinion that love was more important for a relationship than anything else. And if love came to her in the form of a girl, who was she to complain? She was not going to let the society tell her that she doesn't deserve what all of them could have. Then there was the problem of Kyra being a girl Sam dreamt about. Sam always prided herself on her ability to be logical. Where was the rationality in this? When had dreams ever been true? One day whilst Sam was questioning her sanity, she had come across one of Kyra's sketchpads Sam had not seen before. It had had an intricate design on its beige outer cover and it had seemed to be worn from frequent use. Generally, Kyra's drawings soothed Sam and trying to get her mind to relax, she had opened the sketchpad only to be confused even further. The whole book had been filled with drawings of... her. Of Sam going about her day. Sam hunting, Sam with the priest, Sam dumping sage leaf soot in the river, Sam swimming in the river... Did this mean Kyra knew her? If so how? Or was this some other person? Could it be that she was also going through something just like Sam? After that, Sam had been extra alert while she was awake trying to feel Kyra's presence. And a couple of times she had felt her. The snapping of a twig even when there was no one else around, her belongings moving positions overnight, and even an occasional breath on her shoulder. And one morning, several days ago, there had been a bouquet of red roses on her bed in the morning. Was Kyra giving her flowers? Sam knew for sure no one else could get into her cottage without her knowledge. Could she dare hope that Kyra likes her back? Did she already know Sam liked her? The thought excited her and at the same time chilled her to the bone.

'So we're seeing each other because both of us wanted.' Sam wondered out loud. It made sense. To go with Kyra's line of thinking, sage leaves had had nothing to do with the dreams. She had stopped dreaming of Kyra because as she accepted the priest's advice, she had also decided she didn't want the dreams to continue. Later when she had burnt them, she had wanted to know Kyra. But, Sam had also wanted to talk to Kyra long before three days ago. 'What was your reason?' Sam asked. Kyra smiled in response. 'I think you already know what it is...' Sam's pulse quickened. Could what Sam had come to guess be true? Kyra took a sip from her cup. 'And, if I'm not very much mistaken yours is the same as mine?' She paused. After being deep in thought for a while she spoke again, 'I know this is crazy... Not the most ideal situation. It's insane in fact. But I really like y-' 'I'm a girl. Doesn't that bother you?' Sam could feel her heart pounding in her chest. It was with some strain she kept her voice neutral. Sam wanted to make sure that Kyra had really thought about what her words meant. 'No, we only get one life.' 'This is a dream. For all we know, I could be a figment of your imagination. Or you, of mine.' Sam commented. 'I'm in your dream, you're in my head, as long as we can be together, does it really matter?' Did Kyra actually know Sam liked her back? 'For the two of us, both of us are very much real. Isn't that so?' It seemed like she did. 'This is a mess.' A long silence followed Sam's remark. The sun was setting and Sam could already make out the moon. The evening flowers had started to bloom spreading their heady fragrances all around. 'I'd like to know how you feel?' Kyra asked finally. Sam took a moment to appreciate the tea leaves left in her cup. There were a lot of questions which needed answers. If the dreams became more and more realistic because both of them wanted them to be so, what about the first time they dreamt of each other? What had made that happen? What had made Kyra decide? Who was real? If both of them were, and if this was happening for real, what's next? Will one of them always have to be asleep to see the other? Will they ever get a chance to be together while both of them were awake? Was there some hidden purpose behind their meeting? After all, the universe did work in mysterious ways. All of these needed answers, but for now, Sam would concentrate on simply enjoying her first encounter with Kyra. She would not waste an opportunity given to her, sulking about these trivialities. 'Thank you, the flowers were lovely.' Kyra's eyes widened momentarily as the full meaning of Sam's words sank in. Smiling, she then took Sam's hand and kissed it. Thousands of butterflies took flight in Sam's stomach, caught in a whirlwind of sensations. 'I know it's scary, but thousands of people spend their entire lives not finding this...' Sam placed a finger on Kyra's lips and stopped her. They felt like rose petals. 'I know.' 'Is that a yes?' Gently taking her hand in hers Kyra asked. Sam raised an eyebrow. 'Are you saying yes, you will be my girlfriend?' Sam chuckled. 'Yes, it would be a crime to not give us a chance. I love you,' With her words Sam realized that she was ready to go through anything and everything that might stand in their way, so both of them could have a future together. 'And, I love you, let's explore this mess together,' Kyra whispered closing the gap and sealing Sam's lips with a sweet kiss; the first of many that were to follow. Later, much later, Sam would realize that that was the first time she had felt her heart trying to truly break out from its cage.

Lumiere

THE SPEECH CAMP

2019
PICTURE COLLAGE



BACKGROUND
DRAWING

PHGS
SANDARENU

11TH BATCH SHS



ISBN 978-955-704-095-0



9789557 040950

Bloom

MAGAZINE

