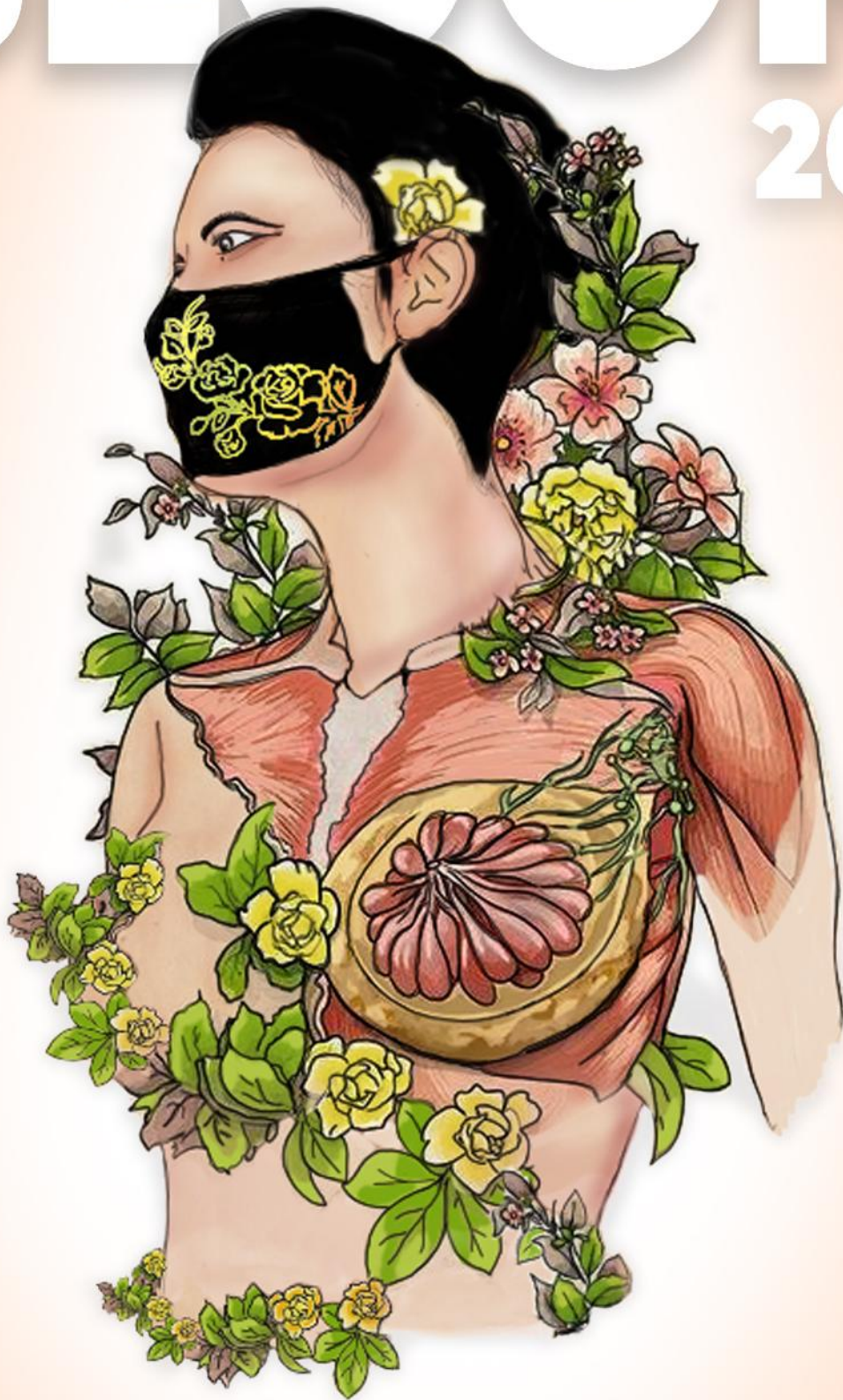


BLOOM

2021



- Unfurling the petals of imagination -

STUDENTS' CREATIVE COLLECTION

ENGLISH LANGUAGE UNIT, FACULTY OF MEDICINE, UNIVERSITY OF KELANIYA

Learning?

Zoom to life

Distant it is

Dawn to dusk

Bed to desk

Faces not seen

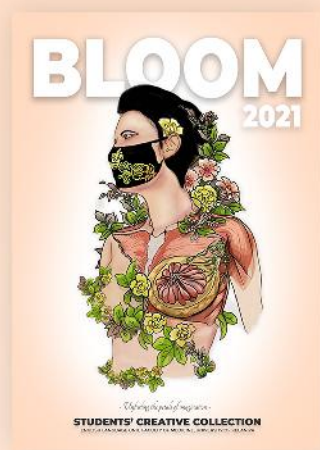
Feelings not felt

Learning, Is it?

For humans not

Kavinjith Peiris

32nd MBBS



BLOOM 2021

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Nilushi Karunanayake

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Minjur Paldon Dorji

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Chief Designer

Sanduni Herath

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Rashani kannangara
Tharushi Wijesekara
Zainab Ramees

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Pasindu Madhujith



Editor's Thoughts



Bloom 2021, was a ray of hope we happily embraced to reveal the imaginativeness and capabilities as students who began our higher education through online platforms during the pandemic. Even though we were initially functioning from a distance we always idolized putting together all our efforts as a team to build a wonderful and memorable collection of creations. Therefore, obtaining the golden opportunity to be a part of such an editorial team was indeed a great honour for which I'm always gratified.

Reflecting on our journey of bloom 2021, it was truly spellbinding, but we also had to walk through rocky roads where we made the best memories with priceless familiarities. Undoubtedly bloom became an exquisite experience that we'll cheerfully recall.

On that note, I would like to express our sincere gratitude to the Dean, Faculty of Medicine, Senior Professor Janaki De S. Hewavisenthi for granting this wonderful opportunity. I would also like to express our profound gratitude to Professor Madhawa Chandrathilake, Head of the Department of Medical Education and English Language Unit for the support lent in every possible way. I would also like to lend my heartfelt appreciation to Ms. Shehani Aluwihara and Ms. Nipuni Perera who've been our dearest advisors from the English Language Unit for always being with us and empowering insight.

I would also like to thank the academic and non-academic staff of the Faculty of Medicine, University of Kelaniya for helping us in several ways.

Last but not least, I would like to lend my special thanks to our Creative Director Pasindu Madhujith and Graphic Designer Ranujitha Somarathne and our incredible team of bloom 2021.

Alone we can do a little; together we can do so much.

Bloom 2021, was all about it to unfurl the petals of imaginativeness.



Nilushi Karunanayake
Editor-in-Chief
Bloom 2021

Message from the Dean

It gives me great pleasure and pride in writing this short message for the 8th edition of Bloom a collection of creative writing by the students of MBBS batch 32 and Speech and hearing Sciences batch 13.

Nearly eight years ago the English Language Unit of this faculty was devising innovative methods of making language teaching more interesting and enjoyable. One such activity was the production of a booklet of creative writing - "Bloom". Eight years ago "Bloom" was a slim booklet containing a few pieces of poetry, prose and short stories. Today it has grown to be a more extensive book which has been designed and presented with great love and care.

For this I wish to congratulate not only the students involved, but the teachers of the English Language Unit, Ms Nipuni Perera and Ms Shehani Aluwihare for having guided the advised the students in this activity.

The production of "Bloom" has also contributed to enhancing the soft skills of some of these students including organizational skills, leadership and team work.

I wish the team all the success and am sure that every one will enjoy reading "Bloom".



Professor Janaki De S. Hewavisenthi

Dean

Cadre Chair and Senior Professor of Department of Pathology

Faculty of Medicine,

University of Kelaniya.



Message from the Head of the Department



Humanities is the study of what it is to be human beyond what science alone can provide, and it develops a deeper understanding within students of how medicine works in society through the disciplines of philosophy, anthropology, sociology, psychology, history, and the arts. The role of humanities in medical education is to extend reflection on the institution's goals, beliefs, and priorities. It is also envisaged that it would have a utilitarian value in terms of refining ideas, attitudes, and behaviors that will increase future medical professionals' professional sensitivity and empathy.

The Faculty of Medicine has always aspired to generate healthcare practitioners that embodies the essence of humanity, empathy, selflessness, and dynamism, reflecting the Faculty's vision and mission of cultivating bright minds along the realms of creativity and innovation. "Bloom" is an essential factor in ensuring this goal for it encourages our students to exhibit their understanding and perspectives on society through creative skills, which are often limited due to time constraints and the considerable amount of workload that is concerned with their field of study. Furthermore, the magazine "Bloom" is an exhilarating experience for the students themselves since every creation in the magazine reflects the dedication, passion, uniqueness, and originality that have been enclosed in their contributions.

The artistic creations of the undergraduates from the 32nd MBBS and 13th SHS Batches are featured in the 8th edition of the annual students' creative writing collection, "Bloom 2021" magazine. I'd like to commend the committee on a job well done and for successfully launching this masterpiece amidst the numerous trials and tribulations they faced due to the pandemic. I would also like to extend my gratitude to Ms. Nipuni Perera and Ms. Shehani Aluwihare of the English Language Unit for the constant support and guidance given to the students to help make this magazine a reality.



Professor Madawa Chandratilake

Head, Department of Medical Education,
Faculty of Medicine,
University of Kelaniya.



Message from the Bloom 2021 Advisors



“BLOOM 2021” is a testament to the incredible work, passion, creativity and dedication of the two batches - MBBS 32 & SHS 13. Their relentless hard work and team effort brought this magazine to life amidst the many challenges they faced due to the pandemic. We are convinced that this magazine portrays the energy, enthusiasm, and quest for knowledge these students possess that will indeed take them to greater heights.

Our heart goes out in appreciation to the committee, the contributors of these meaningfully crafted articles, and especially the editorial team who made this journey an unforgettable one. As you flip through this beautifully compiled work of art , we request you to take time to enjoy the brilliant artistry and perspectives of the students and insight into the realities of life.



Ms. Nipuni Perera

Temporary Lecturer in English
English Language Unit
Faculty of Medicine
University of Kelaniya



Ms. Shehani Aluwihare

Temporary Lecturer in English
English Language Unit
Faculty of Medicine
University of Kelaniya



Message from a Graphic Designer



- Ranujitha Somarathne -
Sub-Designer

As the team behind designing the “Bloom 2021” magazine, it was a big challenge and a nice experience for us. We all got together to learn new things and improve ourselves, to make a magazine that can stand out.

As the Editor-in-Chief, Nilushi Karunanayake provided us the best leadership and support that we can have. And our Creative Directors Pasindu Madhujith & Primasha Perera supported us greatly along the way. Our Chief Designer Sanduni Herath guided us in making Bloom 2021 a success. Thank you all for the support you gave us.

Finally, my fellow Designers, Nethmi Kiridana, Sanduni Herath, Devruchi McShane, Chamod Ekanayake and Kavinjith Peiris, You all were the driving force behind “Bloom 2021”. Thank you for making this magazine a reality.


Bloom 2021 Committee




Front Row - from Left to Right

Nethmi Kiridana, Ranujitha Somarathne, Pasindu Madhujith, Minjur Paldon Dorji, Nilushi Karunanayake,
Dorji P Wangmo, Chamod Ekanayake, Lasitha Edirisinghe, Sanduni Herath

Back Row - from Left to Right

Thisari Dhawalasha, Tharushi Wijesekara, Shehani Bandara, Zainab Ramees, Devruchi Mcshane,
Udari Pabodini, Primasha Perera

In addition,

Rashani Kannangara

Kavinjith Peiris



LOVE



LIFE



HATE



MEDICINE



NATURE



LOVE

You by Pasindu Karunananda

I am not perfect, Yes, I agree.
But when you need me, I won't flee;
And for that, I don't need a fee.
You be my bird and I'll be your tree,
You can sleep or rest under me.
I won't even let you get disturbed by a flea.
And all I want is for you to always be in glee.

But Sometimes you eventually Ghost me,
I only lose trust, but you Lost a Key;
But do make sure you won't let me go free
Or else I will travel miles beyond the sea,
And you won't find someone else like me again.
Because we're made for each other and
it's something just between you and me

Pasindu Karunananda - 32nd MBBS

A Mother's Love

This world is so beautiful
When mom is beside...
Ever since we were in her womb
Bore us over ten months
With love and care...
She endured a lot of pain
And gave us birth...
Turned her blood into milk
And feed us with her unbelievable love...
Always together with us
In all our sorrows and joys...

Did not leave us at any time
Like a shadow together...
So, could the world not be beautiful
When such a loving mom
Is here with us...

Nishadi
32nd MBBS

Fading away slowly..

It didn't hurt me much
When you left me.
I was more hurt
When I'm with you.

I do long for you
But I am not sad anymore.
I do think of you from time to time
But I don't miss you now.

I don't know
If I should weep
Or if I should be happy
For becoming like this.

Dorji P. Wangmo - 32nd MBBS



Hera in my world

As the sun rises, you light my world
As brightening stars, you brighten my heart
As blooming flowers, you refresh my mind

Yes, my dad,
You are the one, who carries me to the top
If my life is a floating ship
You are the captain
who carries it on the right track
If my life is a lovely song
You are the composer
who adds more taste to it
There was a day, you took my finger
and guided me on the right path
There was a day, you took me on your shoulders
and showed me the world
There was a day, you held me in your arms
and taught me about the life

Yes, my dad,
you did that with a lovely heart
Fear will never come to me,
as you be with me
Anything cannot harm me,
as you are my shield
Tears will never fall from me,
as you are my strength
Happiness comes to me always, as you are my guide
Enemies will be beaten by me,
as you are the sword for the battle
The real love you gave me,
can never be given by anyone else

Navodya Nikini Perera

32nd MBBS

Mother

Mother gave the world to me
The warmth of her hug...
The care in her hands...
The encouragement of her words...
The trueness of her feelings...
& the energy of her great love...
Help me to win my world
There is no love like mother's
Because it is a miracle...
Her love is endless...
Not changing for all time
Flowers do not bloom without water...
Fruits don't grow without air...
Leaves don't grow without sunlight...
Like that everyone can't live without mother
So, my mother is the sunlight...
to a flower like me...
And all her heart is dear...
For all things unselfishly...

So...
I try so hard as much as I can...
To give her happiness...
And love you today...tomorrow...
&
Forever.....

Hansani Nawoda
(DEGREE)

The Promise I Couldn't Keep

Swinging my pink shoe-adorned legs dangling from a high chair close to the window, I count the rainbows on my printed dress. I hear the echo of the ticking pendulum in the hall and the distant hum of a fan. To the first sound of footsteps, I jump off, almost crashing onto the floor, and dash across the hall and down the stairs, barely missing a step. In the blink of an eye, I'm at the tall black metal gate. Outside, there he stands, grinning, with an orange yoyo in one hand and a pack of colourful candy in another. I climb the metal grid and open it. No picturesque creepy forests, lush green fields or treehouses for us to make our hideout. We make our way to the farthest end of the huge gloomy old house and there it is our blue walled, cobweb-covered, diesel-smelling old storeroom. Our kingdom. No one to tell us what to do and what not to. We gobble down the candy right away and he starts telling me tales about Titans, battles, apparitions, and made-up stories from the games he played. A beam of sunlight lightens up his sweet raven head and I get lost in the shiny animated brown eyes and unwashed hair and feel light. His blushing chubby snot covered face is one of the loveliest sights on earth. He becomes the heroic warrior to this friendless little lonely girl. We play till our clothes get damp and laugh till our throats go dry. A distant growl of an angry voice, and we snap into reality. From the wire mesh high on the wall, I can see that it's dark. Emerging from our little safe haven, our dust-covered heads get a good painful blow from my grandpa and he gets chased out.

Nothing could stop us. He is at our gate every day, with a fluorescent green tennis ball one day, a pack of cards stolen from his brother on another, and all sorts of little presents that give me inexplicable ecstasies, every day. Then comes the day we sell the house and we have to move out. Looking from the shutter of the moving car I see him bouncing a ball, lost in thought; the boy next door who never disappointed me.

A couple of years pass and when he's almost out of my mind, we visit them for Christmas. There he is, all grown up and smart, and I miss my chubby snot-faced friend but his face lights up with a smile and I get the best bear hug I ever have received and I feel loved. I leave the place with the same euphoria I had when I shared candy with him back then, and I promise to come back.

Come back I did but to white flags and a mourning cold crowd. The numbness I felt still persists. I stayed back in the car, not wanting to see any of it, falling deep into a bottomless dark hole. What I wanted to remember was his twinkling eyes, heavenly voice, and safe shoulders, not a pale lifeless body covered with miserably arranged fake flowers and the smell of loss. We were just fifteen. Gone with him is a part of me, but you will never be forgotten; Puma, the boy who I will always love.

Vindya Karunarathne

ME/2019/184

NOTE TO DAD

Though it was tough when I was little, to blame for a mistake, there is no one else who was as worried about the little things and looked after me... Growing up I realized just how much love that was, no one else can find... I have seen how much you love me now to the point of not seeing anything wrong.

This is about you, Dad.

Minoli
32nd MBBS

Photograph by:
Chamathi Nihara
32nd MBBS

LET
ME
FEEL
YOU

Even when I close my eyes,
I can see you in the dark.
Even when I close my ears,
I can hear your voice.

Even when you are not with me,
I am reminded of your gentle touches.
Even when you don't feel the same way as I
My feelings for you keep growing.

For a while,
You bemuse my subdued mind
For a while,
You relieve my chaotic mind

Let me feel you
Let me love you.

Chandima Abeysinghe
32nd MBBS

My darling one..

Before I met her,
I felt that I couldn't love anyone
But that all has changed
When I met my darling one

She holds me when I start to cry
Makes me smile with just her eyes
Shares my hopes, dreams, and fears
Wipes away all my tears

I love her with all my heart
She is my now, my is, my was
When she calls me I feel sparks
The way she loves me beyond anything I can have

At first, I thought we would just be friends
A little we did know, our friendship bend to a Love
A day without her is a day without Love
No worries because she will always be mine

She took my heart and I let that happen
She is what I've been searching for years
If it's not with her, not with anyone
Always and Forever, We will be together

A.PV Jayasinghe
32nd MBBS

I HATE
NOTHING
ABOUT U



MOST POWERFUL CREATURE IN THE WORLD

She is the most beautiful creature
I have ever seen....
She is the most wonderful creature
I have ever seen....
We can't live without her spirit
Without her breath....
I like to stare at her the whole day....

She is not alone
She has lots of children
Around her
She loves all her children
But if they are walking in the wrong path
She never hesitates to punish them
That's her love...

Maleesha Rathnayake
32nd MBBS

She is everywhere
In the sun, the wind, the rain,
and everywhere she walks
By looking at her children
She protects the good ones,
She punishes the bad ones
And she vanishes the worst ones

Nobody can cheat her
She knows what we are doing
She is the most powerful creature
In the world....



If the world was to end tomorrow

We thought it was alright meeting halfway as broken souls and letting each other fill our empty spaces. We thought it was so much fun to sneak into your parent's apartment at midnight and drink cola mixed with wine. We thought we could be more with each breathtaking moment in our laughter. And maybe, somewhere in between 2 am talks and meeting up for a cigarette or some poetry book, we thought we were falling in love. Two broken kids who had once told themselves that they would never let the world touch their vulnerabilities had grown up to again believe in being conciliating lovers and fighters. For the ache under our rib cage made promises to watch the sun till the world collapsed to the last of its remains.

But, we were wrong. To think that we were meant for each other.

Even if what we felt was so right. It wasn't something that would last till death. It was some reckoning magic of a flying moment that caught us breathing the same air and watching the sky at 11:11. Even if seeing each other made us fall even deeper. Even if we talked about futures that were never ours and named planets after your favourite songs. We knew we weren't made for each other. And it is okay. It came in like an earthquake,-

-eventually splitting the continents into fragments, and drifting us oceans and oceans apart. It came like a storm and wrecked away our beautiful home.

I haven't been better for the last few years. And I know, you are also somewhere there, watching the same television show and drinking cola mixed with wine, thinking of me in every sip that intoxicates you, while I lay on the living room sofa and think of the stars that I can never touch. And it is okay. Because we are not the only ones living and existing like this. We are not the only one brooding over the star-crossed fate and the failing future ahead of us.

But if the world was to end tomorrow. Would you think of the earthquake that had split us apart? Would you think of me at tonight's 11:11 and pick up your phone to tell me that you also missed me? Would you then give me just one reason? If the world was to end tomorrow. Would you come and see me once, at least to say goodbye this time? And maybe then I can hold you for the last time and let my heart collapse with the sky.

Prena Subba
32nd MBBS

ONE LOVE

Inspired by Alex Turner's "A Choice of Three"

The sound of the whistle greeted me and informed me of what was to come. It danced its way towards my ear, slowly at first and then all at once. Trying so hard to create hope. The hope of mundanity. I lifted my head and tried to get a glimpse of the approaching train. As I saw it approaching, I got up and prepared myself for battle. A battle against the other anxious passengers trying to get in first to get a seat. The train moved towards us slowly, enjoying the expectant looks it was getting, lifting up and down to its own tune and having a great time. I stood up and quickly got into the train using the highest level of "acceptable violence" and the lowest amount of eye contact I could provide.

Immediately as I got in, my eyes started searching for her. Scanning every single seat in the compartment to see if I could find her. The last time I saw her she was on her phone, glued to it like it was the only thing in the universe that she was interested in, breaking contact occasionally to check if she had missed her stop and if people were giving her more attention than was necessary.

And the time before that she was sleeping, letting the setting sun have its way with her hair. Eyelids moving to announce the presence of her own private life in her head. I've always thought of people who sleep in trains or any public place, as very courageous people, it shows that you have a certain level of trust in other people, which I have a hard time believing that people nowadays have. Especially as a girl. She seemed to be the kind of a girl who said she loved her job and meant it. You can always filter out this group of the working crowd based on the number of crease lines they had on their forehead. It's no surprise that the number of crease lines you have is inversely proportional to your level of happiness. She also looked like a girl who did a lot of work sitting down. She had mastered the art of sitting down. Having seen her travel seated in the same route more than fifty times, I can assure you that she was one of the best "sitters". She sat with this "confidently comfortable" demeanour. That makes one not want to talk to you, fearing that they would not make a good first impression. That demeanour was considered equal to gold in the IT industry. So I assumed that she was probably an IT tech.

The train jolted to a halt. And she woke up, to the sun rummaging through the compartment. And immediately she smiled at thin air as if it was mandatory. She then slowly started collecting her belongings and arranging them in a way she felt would best help her maintain balance as she cautiously moved to the exit. That was when I realized that I was attracted to this woman. And that I would want to get to know her better. Like what was the last thought she had before falling asleep, why she still walked with caution inside a train when she had travelled in it for more than a year. I was willing to give up the happiness and comfort that not knowing had given me to get to know her better. The natural thing one would do in such a situation was asking her out. But there was one small problem that I had.

I was married, and I had two kids. Now is when the reader starts to hate me. I had a beautiful wife and two small, beautiful girls at home. And my wife, she was the type of woman who was painfully kind to anybody she meets. She had the kind of smile, that when you look at it long enough, you could feel it creeping onto your face too. Arms that could hold you with the correct mix of strength and vulnerability. She was the kind of pretty that when you looked at her you would not feel threatened, but in a way quietened by it. She was an efficient boss, a cool mother, and an awesome wife. But none of these things could deny the fact that I was utterly obsessed with a strange woman on the train.

And today she was not there, she was not there seated and staring intensely at the coconut tree outside as it rushed away from her view. She was not there holding on to the grab rails, her head bobbing to the music she was listening to through her air pods. She was not there trying so hard to put up a not so fake smile at the baby who was trying to poke her with a lollipop. And I felt myself saddening. At the fact that my newfound "mundanity" is being stripped away from me. So I slowly started moving towards the vacant seat that I had noticed while I had been screening for this stranger when I caught a flash of red hair. And that's when I saw her. She had entered the train from the next compartment and was moving towards the end of the compartment that I was in. I could see her red hair floating above the sea of heads and gradually reaching the left corner of the compartment. There she stationed herself next to an old lady. In a minute she got her phone out and started to intently read something on it. With newfound purpose, I moved as far as I could from her, so that I could get a much better view of her and also not get noticed.

As soon as I reached my calculated spot, I turned to look at her properly. She was still reading intently. One hand holding on to the grab rail with fingers tapping on it unconsciously. She was mouthing the words that she had been reading very silently. Which I was sure I would have understood if I had been close enough. Her thumb was moving up and down the phone in an effort to keep up with her speed. Since she had entered the compartment, she had not once looked up. There was a sort of familiarity to this action which soothed me, So I continued staring, occasionally looking at my phone so that nobody around would be concerned at the fact a middle-aged man was staring at a young woman.

But today it felt different, today it felt like cheating. I felt like I was cheating on my wife. This is not cheating right. cheating by definition was an action. And I was not acting. Action should have some sort of consequence. Just observing somebody had no consequence, so I was not doing anything wrong. I was just imagining how this girl's life would be. People do that all the time right. Imagine how people's lives are based on the small amount of information they get by interacting with them. It's even played as a car game. I was doing the same thing. Yet it felt wrong. I began thinking about my wife, and particularly about that one day when we had gone to the beach after work. She had just gotten off a stressful phone call with her boss. And had pretty much lost her job. She was on the verge of tears and was looking for a big enough excuse to cry. I had no idea what to do. I had just picked her up from work. So I just kept driving. The road was surprisingly free enough for us to move as slowly as we wanted. We kept moving and watching the moonlight up with everything at its disposal. The sky was painting everything beautiful with its omnipresent blackness.

We kept moving because if we stopped, it meant we had to talk and both of us didn't want that. Besides, we had a lot to think about. Sunitha had just turned two then, which meant Subha had to start looking for a new job as soon as possible. So that we would be able to continue supporting our children. She was the primary provider of our family, so if she was being laid off it meant we had to be more careful with our expenses. And watch what we spent money on. I remember feeling very tired, at even the thought of having to make such important decisions in the future. But surprisingly I didn't feel scared. My wife had lost her job, there was a high chance that she might not get a new one immediately. We had never been rich, but we've led a quite comfortable life up until then.

And I knew that would not be the case hereafter, that saddened me but didn't scare me. I had always been that guy who was scared of the unknown, and that meant I was scared every minute of my life. I would do what psychologists would call catastrophizing. I would revel in "what ifs" till it felt physically impossible to escape them. But I was not doing that at that time. I had not been doing that for a while now. I was anxious, true, but not scared. The future for the first time in all its nuances and terrifying uncertainties felt doable. Obviously, it's too simplistic to say this was all because of Subha, that she had become this saviour who had rescued me while I had been drowning in my own fears. But the fear had settled mostly because we were together. The constant gentle reminder of her presence in my life made me in a way feel invincible. Of course, I hadn't told her this. In all these years in which we were together, I had never told her that she made me feel this way. I had told her about how pretty she looked, how much I loved her. How much she made me happy, and how peaceful and content I felt in life because of her. But I never told her that she made me feel safe.

Why was I thinking about it now?. Why did I remember an incident that had happened more than two years ago? Now? When I was looking at this pretty stranger scrolling through her phone. While mulling over my own conscious thoughts and their unconscious reasons, I thought of all the reasons why I was attracted to this stranger and came to the realization that out of all the things I felt for her, a feeling of safety was not one. But that didn't nullify the other feelings that I had for her. I still thought she was pretty, and I still would want to go out with her. But I did not feel as safe and as committed as I felt towards Subha. We had two kids together, we had their future to help build. We had sworn to be committed to each other till the end of life but was that only enough? Although I and Subha still absolutely loved and cared for each other we had drifted apart and started living separate lives of our own.

Love, we think inherently would give us everything, it would give us mental, social, and physical comfort. And some people do. Those people are extremely lucky. But I was not one of them. If I got all of this from two different people, what am I supposed to do? At that moment she looked at me, she stopped scrolling and looked at me. And by looking in her eyes for just five seconds, I knew that she knew. No matter how hard I tried to be discreet while looking at her on the train every day. she still had found out. Maybe she had known from the first day itself. She understood that I had understood and smiled. I looked away.

Krishanni Prabagar
30th MBBS



MY LOVE

I was with my mom
until I met him...
He took care of me...
He loved me - I loved him too...

But, with time,
he was neglecting me
little by little...
I felt so bad...
I wanted to cry loudly,
but I did not...
I cried alone...

As time went by,
I cuddled babies...
He loved them, but not for me...
He forgot me...
My life was full of loneliness...

Years passed...
He came with some little kids
He was older and so weak
He hugged me lovely,
and said...
"Look, my grandsons,
I planted this mango tree
on my eleventh birthday"
God! He had not forgotten me!!!
I was happy after so many years!!!

W.M. Maleesha Warnasooriya
32nd MBBS



You are alive. And that's spectacular.

"Suddenly you are ripped into being alive. And life is pain, life is suffering, and life is horror. But my God..you are alive and that's spectacular"

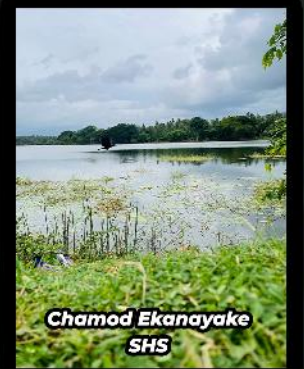
Joseph Campbell



Harshana Abeysinghe - MBBS



Ashen Dissanayake - MBBS



**Chamod Ekanayake
SHS**



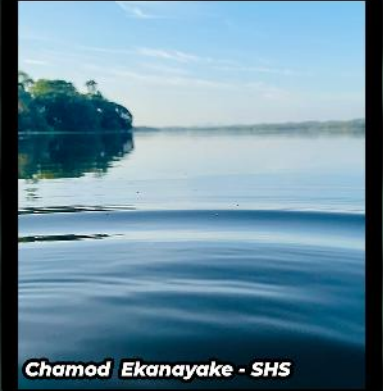
Rishfa M.M.F. - MBBS



**Jayani Sanjana
SHS**



M.A.F. Aska - MBBS



Chamod Ekanayake - SHS



Thakshila Warnasinghe - MBBS



Nirman Perera - MBBS



**Chamod Ekanayake
SHS**

2

It gets better.

“Just when you think it can't get any worse, it can. And just when you think it can't get any better, it can...”

Nicholas Sparks



Shaini Kavya - MBBS



Thisari Dhawalasha - SHS



Sasha Kavindi - SHS



Sudari Hettiarachchi - MBBS



**Achini Wickramaarachchi
MBBS**



Udari Prabodhini - SHS



Navodya Chinthanee - SHS



R.H.D.D.T. Hettiarachchi - MBBS



Udari Prabodhini - SHS

I'M IN LOVE WITH...

One day,
I ask myself
If I have ever been in love?
And I just realize,

I'm in love with this little boy across my house
stepping out into the front lane
despite his bruises reminding him of the pain,
to teach his little brother
how to ride a bicycle.
I feel his agony at times,
But he always wears a smile that radiates sunshine

NISHALI K.
32nd MBBS



A LITTLE PRINCESS

From the first day, I saw you,
you impressed me.
I felt that someone special
Had come to me.
I was attracted to you
Like a bee, who loves flowers
Day by day, I got close to you,
As well as you got close to me.
Then I realized that you
Found my heart's key.
And I can see that
You fell in love with me.

Your eyes filled with love,
And it melted my heart.
I knew that your presence would,
Inspire me even more.
But my misfortune could make me
Lose you; my soul mate.
Our love is unconventional, but
It's so much worth it for me.
I'll always love you whether
You belong to me or not.
But I realized that giving up on you
Is also, love.

Janitha Eranga
32nd MBBS



A SHORT LETTER TO MY FAMILY IN BHUTAN

My dearest mom and fam,

Being away from you all made me appreciate so many little things in life like a small random gathering, laughter, scolding, advice, and even those small talks we have during odd hours of the day. Many important realizations hit me; only after parting ways from you all. Sometimes, I regret the things I couldn't do with you all. I do agree that we have spent time together but now I only wish I had spent more time with you all.

I never said I love you and hugged you tightly even for once. It does not mean I don't care and love you but it's just that I lack the ability to express how I actually feel. Sometimes, I feel I should have expressed my feelings without hesitation so that you will know how much I love you all.

How funny it is to have found myself crying whenever I think of you all. I never knew I could be this emotional. I always thought that I'm that one hell of a girl who does not miss anyone or get attached to people easily. But coming to a different place, away from home proved me wrong. I was and am attached to you all stronger than I ever thought I would be. I even started missing those scoldings and the names that I get called by almost every day. Talking to you on the phone tears me up so I do not call you every day. But not a day goes by without thinking of you all and all the fragments of moments we had together. I must say there is a lot to be cherished and embraced.

But do not worry, I won't get weak without you all. Instead, I will try to become stronger and independent till we meet again. You all are the source of my strength that keeps me going despite the hardship I face. These few years of the medical journey will end in a blink of an eye and we will finally be together. Till then, I promise to brace myself and accomplish what I came here for; so, keep rooting for me like always. You all are my biggest flex and console at times.

I'm sorry for not being a good daughter, a good granddaughter, a good niece, and a good sister so far. But from now on, I will try to become the best daughter, granddaughter, niece, and sister there is. I will always love you and want to experience every rollercoaster ride with you all. This is because, with you all, my life does not seem hard and the problems don't seem to be just problems rather an opportunity to grow into a beautiful person. I must say I am living a life I never dreamed of without you. If given a chance, I will still choose you all as my family. I will always embrace you all in my good and bad times.

Thank you for making my life a lot easier and moulding me into a better person than I was yesterday. I'm honestly fortunate to have you all as my family. See you all soon. Till then, take care and stay safe.

With love,

Dorji P Wangmo, 32nd MBBS

Family
is a gift that
lasts forever



Dearest Daddy,

I was only five years old
When mom told me, you died
I didn't fully know what it meant
I felt numb, but I still cry.

I never knew how big a hole
Your passing would leave,
How much loneliness
I was about to receive.

As the years have gone by,
I've forgotten a few things,
Like the sound of your voice,
And how your laughter used to ring.

I can't remember exactly what
It was like when you held me,
But I do remember it left me with
a feeling of warmth and security.

We had your bike for a long long time
But no one else was there to teach me
And now I'm going to driving school
He screamed to me,
"You should have learnt it from your father."

There have been millions of times
when I've wished you were still here?
To celebrate all of my joys,
And help me calm my fears.

I've spent more of my time without you
Than with you, I'm sad to say, Daddy!
But I want you to know I still love you,
And I think about you every day.
Just a bit about what I really feel about my father,

Nobody else was there to teach me
how to shave in my very first shaving.
Somehow Mom taught it to me
but, in a girlish way

SHA AKIL SANTHUSH
32nd MBBS



Friendship

If I have a chance
to go back
Ten years
Recollecting
About our friendship
Between you and me;
That friendship will continue
Until the last moment
of my life;
If I have a chance
to meet you again,
At that moment
I wish to see you
As my old friend...

Poem and drawing by,
Y.P.I.Uthpala.Jayasinghe
32nd MBBS



To My Lover

When the moon rises in
that night sky...
It clears all dark in
Heart of mine...
So, I'll wait until you
Show up again...
Cause you are the moon
Of my heart sky...
You are the only one can
Lay me down...
You are the only one can
Lift me up...
You are the only one can
Make me feel...
You are the only one can
I love till death...

Samangi Deemanthi
32nd MBBS

Love

The inner urge to feel happy and to make the dynasty amiable is called "love." Love cannot ever be replaced with possessiveness and fallacy. It reflects the essence of intense coziness with the people, latched in the vault of our hearts. Humankind, our love might remain for a short-term period or life-long physically. But, the antiques of memories they left behind their footprints in the way they journeyed with us, last forever, even though they are no longer with us.

The joy, which is unveiled behind the screens, is felt when the essence of love begins to spread on air 360 degrees from us. Love is not a word; it is beyond expectations, arguments, inhibitions, humiliations, and lust. So that, it has plenty of power to heal the wounded hearts and also the cynics. I strongly believe that the charming face with a cute smile has the tendency of changing the frowning faces into wondrous ones. Because it extremely purges the souls and binds the bonds.

Love is the ever-living asset that lasts unerring, even the time changes in the whole universe. The rat-racing world will surely trail the fragrance of love when it is deluged with understanding, efficacy, and plenty of comforts. Because the purpose of love is always the inner purification of the soul. I extremely believe that everything will be recovering while the soul is filtered with LOVE.

Mubashshira Jabeer.

SHS





THE TRAIN DISAPPEARED BEHIND THE WHITE CLOUDS

Helen Blackthorn enters the room slamming the door behind ferociously. The cosmetics on her dressing table vibrated as if to demonstrate her feelings; anger, frustration and pain in her heart that kept hitting her like a persistent toothache.

She ripped off the clothes from her wardrobe and bunched them in a suitcase that lay on her bed. She called out loud, "Mary gets the children ready; we are leaving this place... forever !!!"

The obedient housemaid followed her mistress's commands and left for the children's room. She was worried; the fairy-tale family was breaking apart. Her mistress has discovered letters that her master, Sir Julian Blackthorn, had sent to their children's long-term governess Anne Lightwood. But these were not letters of gratitude for her services to the family but letters expressing love and affection. Mary wanted to do something but what could a maid like her possibly do.

Back at his office, Julian walked forward and backwards. He felt stupid and ashamed. Of course, he loved Helen and their three adorable angels, but he had no explanation, nothing at all when he faced his tearful wife holding tightly to a bunch of letters. He tried to console her, but he failed. He tried to soothe her, but he failed again. She screamed at him, "I will not stay with you any longer" and left him speechless in his room.

Helen looked at the mirror; her hair was a mess; her face was red with tears dried across it. Her eyes were swollen, lifeless and defeated. She felt cheated, betrayed, and rejected. She called for Mary who came rushing into the room piled with the children's belongings.

"The children are ready, Miss"

"Fine, take their stuff to the carriage: I'll bring them down in a minute." The maidservant obliged.

She put on a fake smile and entered the room. She told the children, "We are off on a small adventure so be good children and come along." As they entered the carriage; Helen embraced Mary and said, "You've been a good friend". And the carriage left for the train station.

The youngest of three, Niklaus asked, "Mommy why isn't daddy coming along with us." Helen couldn't bear it any longer and burst into tears. She hugged her three kids and held them tightly till they reached the train station.

Julian felt like he was drowning in a sea of shame. He wanted to go ask Helen to stay. But will she? And even if she did, will life still be the same again? At that moment he received a call. He answered and it wasn't good. It was their housemaid Mary and as she told what happened, the colour drained of his face. "She left home", he screamed. He put down the phone, took his coat and rushed to the carriage. The station was 15 minutes away and he prayed to the Lord that he won't be late.

Back in the station at platform 15, Helen found a porter to help carry their luggage to the train compartment. She wrote her love to Mary on a piece of paper and gave it to the carriage driver. The train was to leave in 15 minutes and the first call was made. But she withheld herself because deep down inside, she knew, she couldn't leave Julian. And that if Julian were to come and call her back, she would go back home, she wanted him to do so, but would he, did he still love her. She began to doubt so.

Julian jumped off his carriage and raced to the train station. The traffic was maddening. He entered the station, but he didn't know which train the children and her were to take. The trains on platforms 10, 12 and 15 were to leave in 5 minutes. He had to search them all. He rushed to the tent platform.

Helen still did not give up hope. She stared out the window hoping to see Julian running to the train. Hoping to hold his hands as he takes them back home. The final call was being made. "Is it all over", she thought?

Julian, his heart beating fast, sprinted to platform 15; he could find them on the other platforms. But alas, as he reached the platform, he tripped and fell to the floor. And, to his dismay, he saw the train disappear behind the white smoke...

M.S.M.S. MAHDI
32nd MBBS



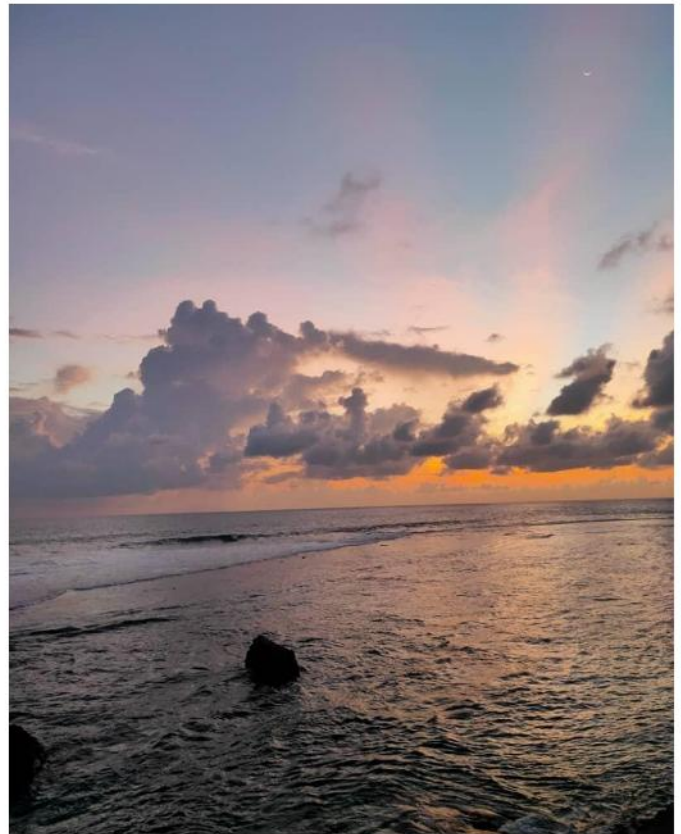
A NEW BEGINNING IN A NEW PLACE

Little did I know that I would be pursuing medicine in a completely foreign place. I know I had been dreaming this big dream for my entire life but when I did achieve that, I wasn't able to grasp the reality. The reality hit me when I signed the undertaking letter for pursuing medicine in Sri Lanka with my other friends. Anticipating the travel, my parents and I started packing. They urged me to pack dried vegetables, ezays (chilli paste), and yes; butter too because they were worried that I won't be able to adapt to a new place.

Then my journey of pursuing medicine started. I travelled 4046.8 km from my home country and landed in this completely foreign place. To my amusement, I was easily able to adapt to this new place. I completely felt at home in this foreign country whose name I only heard and whose pictures I only saw on google. Though the landscape, the food, the people, and the culture were completely different from ours, I still felt completely at home. The serene nature, the loving and hospitable people, and the scrumptious foods made the stay here even more unforgettable. This was just the beginning. My journey is yet to start.



My real journey started when I reached the faculty. I was very excited and was hyping about going to the faculty where I will be spending my next five years. The university provided us with amazing accommodation which was equipped with all the modern necessities. I was like a little kid who was amused at everything except for the fact that my parents-



-were not here with me to experience this excitement. Nevertheless, the absence of my family was partially filled by my seniors and my friends but I still missed them a lot.

I was able to feel and experience the real Sri Lanka when I went on a trip to the south. I didn't know that Sri Lanka was such a beautiful and mesmerizing country. A country that not only boasts exquisite landscape but also people who are beautiful in and out. I fell in love with the country more and more. This trip was one of the best trips that I had ever taken in my life so far.

The next stage was going to college physically and meeting new friends. I was anxious and nervous that my new friends might not like me as I looked different and acted differently from them. But all my doubts vanished when I met them in the faculty. They were awesome people. They made us feel completely welcomed and made us feel as if we were a part of them. And the lecturers were even more astounding. They rendered their help to us and made our stay here a marvelous one.

This is just the beginning of this new journey. By far, this was a stupendous start to a journey and I know it will be in the near future too due to all the wondrous people that I met and that I am yet to meet in the future. I am already excited about this journey!

Kinley Wangmo - 32nd MBBS



Dominance of light

By Binuri de Silva
32nd MBBS

His eyes so dark, darker than the night it seemed,
With not a hint of stars to be seen,
They thought his was the darkest,
Oh, how very wrong they've been,
As when she smiles with eyes so sweet,
Hers will drown you deep,
Deeper than the farthest point of black sea
Do you believe in destiny?
Yes, the one that let people come, wander and leave?

Guess you surely should be,
As darkness meets more darkness,
What else would it be?
Seconds, hours or days had passed maybe,
They held those eyes intense,
Neither promising they'd flee
Was it a mistake,
Or a glint that was never before could be?
They knew of course,
But who's darker, stronger they seemed to seek
Parted ways,
Well maybe that's how things should first have been
And maybe both were just as weak,
Hoped one searched once, they both had gleam

Where love is lost
Where expectations are lost
Where we lose ourselves
One thing that we see everywhere;
That's friendship
The thing that never ever changes

It makes us happy
Always put a smile on our face
Fight with us like a gun for fun
But it lifts us up
If any trouble arises

It has a beginning
But no ending
Somewhere in the heart
It will remain unchanged
Until the stars twinkle
In the sky
Friendship lights up lives
Like the rays of sunshine

Friendship

By Randika Kuruppu
32nd MBBS



BROTHER'S LOVE TO HIS LITTLE SISTER

Once upon a time, there was a girl called Ashini. She was about 16 years old. She was the daughter of a rich family. One day, she was leaving a private class. The time was around 5 p.m. She was waiting alongside on the road. She was alone. Suddenly a black van arrived and kidnapped her within a short time. Ashini's parents were informed about this by the office of the private class. Her parents were terrified and so was her brother. Her father went to the police station and informed them about this. At around 9.00 p.m. Ashini's father received a video call from an unknown person. There was his daughter Ashini in that video call. She was crying and afraid at that time. She was tied up to a chair. The kidnappers were blackmailing her parents via video call. Little did they know that her brother was recording every single thing in that video.

Her brother's name is Vishwajith. He was studying the video. He listened and watched it very carefully. He heard the sound of a train in the video. He also heard a lot of vehicle noises. He recognized there was a railway gate near them. Then he studied the background of the video. It was a little dark and the room was good. It was like a residential room. He didn't see a road or walls. It was like they were on the second or third floor. So, the building had many floors. After that, he calculated the time that kidnappers took hold of his sister. It was about 4 hours. So, he brought a map and found the location of the private class. After that, he found the railway gates around the private class. He knew they shouldn't have gone too far, because if not the police could have found them. So, two of the railway gates were out of the list. Both the other railway gates were related to the Veyangoda railway station. So, he went there and met the manager and asked about the trains that left the station at around 8.30 p.m. While the manager was finding the train schedule, he saw through the computer that the Yal Devi train had left the station at 8.45 p.m.

Then Vishwajith found there is only one railway gate, at around 9.10 p.m, for the train to arrive. He went to the place quickly and he looked everywhere for buildings that have many floors. Fortunately, there was only one. He called the police as soon as he found the place. But he couldn't stand there until the police came. So, he entered the building and searched every floor until finally, he crashed into the room where his sister was held captive. There were five men. Vishwajith was very angry and when he looked at his sister, she was crying and afraid. Also, Ashini's legs and arms were injured. That made Vishwajith feel like killing those men. Vishwajith was a black belt karate champion. He attacked every single one with chairs, tables and also with their knives. He broke 3 blackmailer's arms and legs. He knocked out everyone within 15 minutes. He quickly went to his sister and untied her and hugged her with a warm broken heart. Then the police arrived and arrested the kidnappers.

He saved his little sister and brought her to the hospital. Vishwajith was crying and his sister touched her brother's face and said "I love you so much brother and thank you, my hero." Vishwajith hugged her and kissed her forehead and said "I love you too my little sis". A few seconds later, the mother and father arrived at the hospital and hugged their daughter and son warmly. Their father told his son that,

"We are lucky to have a son like you. Without you, we can't imagine what will happen to us. Your sister is lucky to have a brother like you."





True Love

Often sacrifices everything,
But never expects anything.
Tolerates all the hardships,
Endures all the deprivations.

Despite being far or near,
Feels the telepathy within the tone instantly.
In spite of the path being tough,
Never gives up until the end.

Stays by your side,
As a friend who knows,
when you are lost and you are scared,
And through ups and downs.

Through an eternity,
Never sees all those sacrifices,
As an irritation, but only as a contentment.
Though it's scarce, it's esteemed.

It is TRUE LOVE!

Maleesha Rathnayake
32nd MBBS

Irene

Clatter. Clatter. Clatter. It was a sound that's been waking me up from my slumber for years. I have lost count of how many. As much as I hated, it also meant a good thing. The hospital attendant in charge of this ward was a short plump woman with her long dark hair always tied in a bun and she wore a white uniform. Her brown skin was slightly wrinkled, imparting a mature look to her round face.

"Take out your bowls and get over here y'all or y'all getting no food", she said in her hoarse voice as she hit the wooden spoon against the aluminium cart of breakfast she was pushing that made the clattering sound.

Gathering myself up from the rough straw mattress, I grabbed my plastic bowl from the rusty metallic shelf against the bed and rushed towards the attendant. The mob of female psychiatric patients in the ward encircled her, handing out their bowls, pushing each other in expectation of favouritism. The attendant dipped the wooden spoon in the cart and took out a spoonful of soup and filled the bowl she noticed first. After what seemed to me like ages, my turn finally came up and I slowly paced my way back to my bed with my bowl of soup, while those with empty bowls shot envious glances at me.

The soup tasted like salt in water as it had always been for the past years, to the point where it was barely edible, but this was the only feast that would save me from starvation till the afternoon. I gulped the soup and it left a burning sensation as it passed down my throat making a toxic salty smell reach my nostrils.

The hospital bed overlooked the sandy beach. Several coconut trees stood tall under the hot sun that shone directly upon the equator over South Asia. The crippling waves sounded furious every time they hit the stone edge guarding the sands mercilessly in regular intervals of time. It was a rhythm my ears have got used to, just like the ticking of the wall clock on silent nights. Dry hot winds swept across the ward where several hospital beds lay in a set of rows. The hospital ward was an open one with four short cement walls aligning an unkempt floor and several asbestos sheets for a roof.

I turned to face my next-bed neighbour as I laid my now empty bowl on my mattress. She was a woman in her late 50's and the only friend I made during my time here. Irene was sitting on her mattress, her legs stretched outwards dressed in the same long skirt that reached her ankles and her baggy khaki blouse that she's been wearing for over a month now. She was caressing her short and unhealthy grey hair with coconut oil that made her look a lot older than she actually was.

"You look happy today", I exclaimed as she turned to look at me.

Happiness was definitely not a sentiment that Irene encountered often. 'Depression' was a word that doctors in fancy white coats who pay seldom visits to the ward use a lot around her and my experience with her has taught me that it is natural for her to remain dull and sad owing to her condition. But today she looked different. She looked genuinely happy.

"Ah, Maggie! Why? Did I not tell you?" Irene seemed to be in a mood for a conversation, "Today my son will come to see me", she replied as a big smile spread wide across her face reaching her swollen cheeks creating faint dimples on them.

Unlike me, Irene has a family, or rather she used to have one, as I have collected from our daily chit chats. However, the sequence of events that made her end up in a hospital bed alone with no one to care for her and owing to depression remains a mystery to me. When questioned about her past life, she would recede to a corner, curl herself up in a ball and cry for days. Hence, I have given all attempts to dig her past out of mere personal curiosity. Nevertheless, this 'son', though I have never seen him for all the time I spent on a hospital bed next to Irene, was someone that she spoke highly of and was the only person she ever spoke about.

I couldn't have forgotten that this young man was finally coming to visit his sick mother. Irene has long anticipated his arrival and for the past couple of months, she has been counting days down with excitement. It was the only thing in her mind and she would continuously talk about him, to the point where my ears hurt.

He was a good-looking gentleman who graduated from the top schools in the island and is now making himself a fortune from the family business he was bestowed with, or so I have heard.

"He will for sure bring me a load of gifts too when he comes", Irene setting sky high expectations when it comes to her son was inevitable whenever we were on the topic. Her rich educated son and the fact that she comes from a rich family were luxuries that I was never fortunate enough to indulge in, not even for a brief time period of my pitiful life. Hence, I secretly envied her.

I took out a rose-colored pellet from the jar on the shelf and swallowed it. The doctors when they visit me would always ask me the same old question every day ever since the very day I got here; if I still encounter psychotic episodes. It was my habit to spurt out the short and the generalized 'yes' and then babble some nonsense if they seek details.

I used to have several different voices inside my head, some of them ordering me to do this or that and some of them talking bad right behind my back before I came here and I would always act irrationally when I heard them. This was probably the reason I was dragged into this state funded public hospital and this ward became my home ever since then.

With those pellets I took, the voices in my head got thinner and thinner over the years and became less often, to the point where they almost disappeared. However, my answer 'yes' to that same old question remained unchanged. The day I say 'no', I know for a fact that I will have to bid good-bye to this shelter I found and recede back to the crowded city streets. It was a risk I was not willing to take. The mere thought of it sent shivers down my spine.

Every day of my life was exactly the same. Out of routine practice, I got my piece of knitting and carried on with it while Irene on the next bed continued her bluff about her perfect son.

He was an epitome of morality in her eyes. She made a list of his extremely noble qualities. At times she even brought up stories of his childhood, laughing out of pure joy whilst narrating them. Irene's description of her son created a picture of him in the back of my mind; a handsome prince with dark hair, tanned skin and broad shoulders in his late 20's. I was overwhelmed with utter temptation to meet this young man. Irene's appreciation of her son knew no limits. Her eyes became radiant with maternal love as she talked about him.

"She's a mother by heart and soul", I thought to myself as I put away my handicraft and laid my back against the headboard slat of the bed.

"Mrs. Irene", the plump attendant called out as she hastily approached Irene in quick steps and then out of the blues, "There's a gentleman here to see you."

I watched Irene in awe as her eyes grew wider and her face lightened up. I couldn't believe my ears when I heard the attendant. Yes, I was finally getting to see her son. I was as excited as Irene. I set myself straight on the bed swiftly. My breath grew shorter from awaiting perfection to step through that door. We were both still and seated on our mattresses in a moment that lasted for an eternity, in anticipation of his appearance. And then finally at the point where I couldn't contain my longingness any longer, a man stepped in through that metallic door.

He had grey hair and appeared to be a lot older. To my dismay, he looked completely different from the picture of the youngster I had in my mind. He carried a plastic bag that apparently contained some clothes. I was possessed by confusion and turned towards Irene for an explanation. Her face held an expression of clear bewilderment. The man paced towards Irene in long strides.

"Mrs. Irene", he said in the most formal tone. "I'm Secretary Harrison", the man introduced himself with a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"Young Master wanted me to give these clothes to you" and he handed the plastic bag over to Irene. "I'm sorry that he can't come see you", he continued, "He's on a business trip overseas" and then walked out of the room leaving Irene with the bag in the next flow of motion.

I watched Irene as she laid on her mattress speechless, motionless. Her expression changed from confusion to disappointment. She held back tears as her fists clenched around the material possession she was given, tightly. And then even more tightly.

Haiku

Time for the sunset,
Letting moon to heist and paint,
Red-marble eve.

Humans caged in,
Nature tastes the freedom,
CORONA, freely roams.

Chashika Arampola
32nd MBBS

LIFE

Melancholy

By S. Diluxshi - 32nd MBBS

Little did I realize
that you were in pain,
Little did I know
that you went in vain,
Little was I aware
that I was to blame,
Only when I devoured your note,
was I stabbed with shame?

"I'm broken inside,
I feel utterly alone,
What's wrong with me?
Why do I hate myself?
Was I born wrong?

Slowly did the hatred to myself,
morph into depression- engulfed me.
I would yearn for my favourite lilies,
Every time you visit me at the grave.
It's hard to end things,
but I need to.
I'm sorry: no one's at fault."

Was it my ignorance,
That let you get wasted?
Was it the lack of my love?
That made you feel underrated?
Was it that I smiled not enough?
To make you warm and content?
Could I undo this by being devoted?
"Lend me a day more, my son".

Leaf coloured flowers

Who
Who am I
Before my parents
Who am I
Before my partner
Who am I
Before my friendship
Who am I
Before my relationship
Who am I
Before my siblings
Who am I
Before my feelings
Who am I
Before my attitude
Who am I
Before my ingratitude
Who am I
Inside me and inside of myself
Question are the same
But answers and arguments
Are changed
Are there any reasons
Are there any reaction
No one knows
What is happening

But facts are the same
All are estimated
By their behavior
On that moment
No one see
Their own standards
In any other situations
Changed responses
Changed reaction
Changed behavior
Changed attitudes
Changed thoughts
Are these the factors
Considered to assume a human
The world is what
Where does our world go?
Where does our thought go?
Where does our humanity go?
People bring someone to the heights
But he lives selfishly
People bring someone down
But he lives innocently
World is world
Human is human
There are no flowers
Showing their own colours
This is the world.

Mohamad Marzook Simtha Sheromy
13th SHS Batch

THE BIG PROBLEM

She watched the people pass by. Some pointed at her and exclaimed. Others stared in awe. She was used to all these expressions. A couple of people leaned on the railing of her cell. Some were eating a handful of salty-smelling, white & fluffy crunchy stuff from a red and white box. This made her mouth water and she wondered when her lunch time would be. The others made faces at her, though this did not anger her like it used to.

She had come to understand that a solid wall was present in front of her. She couldn't see it, which intrigued her even more. This explained how a white square with black symbols stayed afloat in the corner of her cell. It was probably attached to that wall.

As the people walked away, she moved slowly over to the water trough and thirstily drank from it. This would do till the person bringing her food arrived. She wondered if the man in white could come today. The fellow had treated her feet sores and did not forget to check if she was well. "I could have had a decent conversation with him," she thought.

Bored, she sat. She thought about her usual unanswered question. She didn't know why she was brought here nor for what crime. She swished her tail around and looked at her reflection on the invisible wall. She raised her trunk and trumpeted, hoping the feeder would finally hear her.

Anuki Gunathilake
32nd MBBS Batch

3

Beauty remains...

"I don't think of all the misery, but of the beauty that remains"

Anne Frank



Chamod Ekanayake - SHS



Shehani Hewawardhane - MBBS



Shehani Hewawardhane - MBBS



Thakshila Warnasinghe - MBBS



Vihanga Vinod - MBBS



Prabasri Jayathilake - MBBS



Sakunthala Peries - SHS



Yashara Nethmini - SHS



Udari Prabodhini - SHS

4

Every end is a new beginning.

"I don't pay attention to the world ending. It has ended for me many times. And began again in the morning"

Nayyirah Waheed



Kivaharani Santhiralingam - SHS



Kivaharani Santhiralingam - SHS



Areeb Ahmad - MBBS



Jayami Sanjana - SHS



Rishfa M.A.F. - MBBS



Chamod Ekanayake - SHS



**Tharuka Peries
MBBS**



Udari Prabodhini - SHS

BROKEN SOUL

I sighed so deep, sitting on the edge of the roof
Staring at the shining stars with an empty heart.
I overheard my own heart beating with a broken rhythm
Aggravating emotions into the verge of collisions.
I wiped off the tears rolling down my cold cheeks
Thinking about the bitterness and sweetness of life.
I realized the mere truth is accepting what we hold
Knowing that our flaws are just like stars above the sky.
May be that's why the edge of roof tops is always reserved
For the people who are broken inside out.
Gathering thoughts one by one, I closed my eyes
To feel my soul, with darkness by my side.
I felt the pain in my heart and the weight on my mind
Which gave me shivers under the starry night sky.
"Stay Strong and be positive" I whispered.
Just like all the lonely people struggling in the world.
At the end, I understood where I belonged
Somewhere in the circle, standing with a broken soul.



Sachini Senarathne

____ BATCH

Whispers of the Soul

Yonder yonder beyond wonder
The world thirsty of secrets
Without truths to unfold

Rusty bark embarks a crooked stick
Beautiful yet ephemeral raindrops
The momentary promising rainbows
Nature deceives us all

Struggling on my bare berth
Yet swaying to the hollow echoes of the train
Deep down the mountain's way

A mere coal sauntering on the be-gone ember
The whimsical to the sardonic
Condoning deeds to console self

Had the water run dry, still hoping for the darker
clouds
For the unfamiliar station to come any sooner
To accept where the journey takes
To appreciate where I am taken

Minjur Paldon Dorji
32nd MBBS Batch

Happiness

Happiness is a little word,
Lots of meanings within it
Sometimes it comes so easy
Sometimes it seems far away
But we spend all our life
Chasing after it

Journey to reach happiness
We feel all lost sometimes
All in dark with no light at all
Even in these hard times
We can find the happiness
From the people who love us so dearly!

Success, fame and money
Pretty face and perfect body
Will bring the happiness we think
But it is just an imagination
If no one is there with us
To share the success, we got

No wrong in keeping big dreams
But people we love are precious than that
Even after reaching the top at the end
Life will be alone and empty
If we don't have anyone to love
Cause happiness always comes with love

Githma Jayamanna
32nd MBBS Batch

Dear Beautiful Soul

As far as I grow
As far as I know
The loudest voices are not
Meant to be the wisest

As far as I grow
As far as I know
People who come in waves are not
Meant to be harbored in the shore

So,
Don't let your loudest voice
Grow within your heart core
Making a non-stop cacophonous echo
Don't wait for people who come and go
For they aren't meant to harbor in the shore.

- Dilakshi Pabasara

Rose Bush

A sweet-smelling small bud
Bloomed in the bush.
Sunshine in the morning
Her dew drops were bright.
Red rose she became
And so had the attraction.
Dancing in the wind
And singing under the sun
Flower she is now.
Surrounded with bees.
Oh, but as the time passed by
She started shedding.
Neither the nectar
nor the bees were around her
In the middle of the bush
She stood all alone
Everyone was gone.
A few days later,
Even her petals were gone too.



The world in 2050

By 2050, the world will be completely changed and developed in many aspects. Technology will be highly advanced and there will be robots helping people in many aspects of their lives. People won't need to do housework or cook meals because robots will do them all. Life will be more comfortable. Computers will play a major role in people's lives by then and along with the help of technology, we won't need to go to school anymore. You can just stay at home and learn everything via online classes. Time schedules will be more optional according to the time and purpose that suits you. As we will be studying at home, people will use computers almost everyday which will make them much lazier and fatter.

Availability of water is a huge problem for all the countries in the world. This problem has a potential to grow into a world war by 2050. Along with the development of scientific advances, people will have more means of transport. Solar-powered & wind-powered cars which are much more environmental-friendly would be produced and used. There will be auto-pilot vehicles by 2050 and computers will be able to control the vehicles on the road. Road accidents will be reduced by this facility.

Traveling to other planets will become accessible to everyone.

However, there are also some more reasons to worry about life in the year 2050. The more modernized the world becomes and more advanced the technology will be, the more polluted the environment will become. My prediction is that the future environment will have much more environmental pollution. The tree density and forest coverage will be even lower than what it is today. Increase of the population density will be another global issue, and because of developing technology, people will be much more passive by 2050 than they are at present.

Chamika Ranasinghe
32nd MBBS Batch



A fine person to a cripple

A nobody to a lover

A lover to a hater

A good one to a bad

A bad one to a good

A poor one to a rich

A rich one to a poor

Yeah,

A moment can take you on a

roller coaster ride

leaving either with good experience

or a bad one

So, a moment will find you too...

A Moment

Lalithya Ranasinghe

32nd MBBS Batch

**Live
your
best...**

W.A.I.P.Wijesinghe

32nd MbBS Batch

The scars get filled,

The wounds recover,

The memories replace,

Life goes ahead,

Maybe tomorrow will get better,

Maybe it will get worse,

But life will not stop,

So, live and enjoy the life,

The best way you can...



Why Should I Work This Much?

So harsh, and so miserable
Being a medical student
Morning in the hospital
Evening at the lecture hall
Night at the library
Neither rest nor fun
Studying and cramming all the time
Why should I work this much?

Suffered and frustrated at the same time
The monotonous routine
I wanted to change,
So I closed my books and wore my shoes,
Went out to find some happiness

Where do I go now?
The Heaven hotel?
Oh! Yes that is the answer
Definitely happiness will be there

When I arrived at the second floor of the 'heaven'
People who wore pure gold
Were really enjoying their life;
Laughing, chattering and dancing
Yeah! It may be the happiness
I expected upon seeing

While I was having fun
With my favorite
Cheese cake and black cappuccino
What did I see?
Through the open windows
A poor lady in torn clothes
Who came slowly and awfully
Towards the back gate of the 'heaven'
She was followed by
Two kids who looked clumsy
Who pushed the wheel chair?
As the man without arms
Lied on it very uncomfortably

What did they search for?
I couldn't understand
Are they coming to heaven?
Do they have enough money?
I was really surprised
When my questions were answered
The lady opened
The covering of the garbage bin
Which was kept near the back gate
She stole some thing and vanished quickly
With her whole family

Is this the way of the world?
Reality is too far from the fantasy
Some have little extra
While others have nothing
Obviously it is not just

I asked God
"Why are you so unfair?
Why did you create
Poverty and helplessness?"
God replied me
"Yes, I made them
And I also made the solution
As I made you"

I went back home
As fast as I can
Opened my books
Started studying again
No more worries
I felt delighted
As now I know
Why should I work this much!

- Nimasha Lakshani
32nd MBBS Batch

ALONE

Even though lot of stars are shining in the sky,
Only one moon can shine in the sky.
The poets wrote poems to the flowers,
But everyday only one branch was left on the tree.
Ocean has many beautiful things,
But it is also very dangerous.
So many people are around you,
But in the end, you are the only one left.

K.G.Yashara Nethmini

IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE

Josh Hamilton was seeking the people on the street through the window of a coffee shop in order to see the face of his old school mate Sam Pennyworth. His mind ran, touching the memories in the past. He recalled how they played together in the same high school playground. He wondered about the probability of him to be a well-known lawyer and his friend to be a bar owner. At that moment his friend Sam sat on the chair in front of him, disturbing his thoughts.

“Hello my brother, I warmly welcome you to the city of Mexburge in the name of justice” Sam was welcomed by Josh.

“Thank you my friend. Hope you are keeping well” Sam asked.

“Apparently, in the name of justice my health is keeping good. Here are the documents of your prime land in our city” Josh replied with a smile.

“Let’s see.....Mmmm..... Isn’t this only for 10 perches? What about the other half?” Sam asked.

“Well my friend, in the name of justice everything will be fine, so don’t worry. Just rest for another two weeks. Let’s have a cup of coffee!” Josh replied.

Meanwhile on the other half of the prime land, an unmarried carpenter named Niall Stevenson, lived peacefully alone. He sold his own carvings which implies his pure & innocent soul. There was no heir for either his crafts or his property in the prime land. The next morning he came out from his house to have some fresh air before he started his daily carving routine. At a glance he saw a notice mentioning that the other half of the prime land was sold out. He suddenly remembered how he was forced to sell his land to the same buyer. He emerged from his deep thoughts and decided to complete the carving he was doing throughout the past week, which was named “World of Justice”.

He went inside his home and sat on his old chair and started carving his masterpiece. As he reached the last step of his carving the sunny sky became gloomy. A moment before he gave the final touch to his carving, some cops showed up and handcuffed him.

'What's happening?" Niall asked with a great shock.

"In the name of justice you are under arrest for drug dealing" a cop replied.

"My lord, in the name of justice I request you to punish the defendant for his crimes" said Josh, the lawyer of the case.

"Considering all the proof and evidence that were found in the carving shop, I convey a life time imprisonment for Mr. Niall Stevenson. Order! The court is called" The judge decreed.

Outside the court, Josh met his old friend Sam.

"So are we going to have the same coffee we had last time?" Sam asked with great pleasure.

"As you have your whole prime land now, in the name of justice, just a cup of coffee won't be enough" Josh said.

"I know right!" Sam said while shaking both his friends' hands. Without the world knowing, bundles of dollars were exchanged under those four filthy hands.

Three months later, a grand bar was opened in the prime land named "Sam's Bar".

Imesha Keerthisinghe
32nd MBBS Batch

Emotions

She trudged wearily, the long hours at work, finally taking its toll. She moved slowly, aware of the pain in her feet. Her hands ached with all the luggage she was taking with her. A few minutes and then home.

She moved with renewed effort, thoughts of home driving her forward. Then something made her stop. She turned her head behind. An empty road illuminated by the dull street light stood to her plain view.

That was enough. Adrenaline kicked in and she walked faster. Just when she thought that she was safe.

Footsteps were heard behind. She felt fear consume her, a wave of fear washing over her from head to toe. Stranger plus night did not add up into an equation in her favour.

A new-found energy burned within her. She turned, running forgotten. The dark form drew closer and closer threatening her security. Then she raised her umbrella.

"Shiya, it's Kasu, your brother," the voice told her. As the dark form came into focus in the street lights, she sighed in relief. Her younger brother stood before her.

"Why didn't you say, such an idiot? I was so scared," she asked.

"If I did, I would have to carry your bags. I can't be bothered."

Relief faded away, replaced by immense irritation. She searched around her for a stick.

Realizing her umbrella was in her hands, she hit him with it.

Siblings were really.... incomprehensible.

Anuki Gunathilake

32nd MBBS Batch

A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

I look back at my past,
There are so many broken things.
But I stare
And I stay
Among the darkest moments.
Again and again,
I prefer to think of those days,
It gave me so many lessons.
Because of them,
I have become a stronger person
As far as I know.

S.J.S De Silva
Speech and hearing sciences (batch 13)
Student number: SH/2019/051



AWESOME CAPTURE

A pretty young girl in the zoo
Holding her mother's
Forefinger and
|
See her smile and cheer
Alas! She slipped in to a tiger's pit
What a nice movie!
Crawls and Shivers and Screams
Tiger!
Came to her
With shining black and yellow strips
Come nearer, A bit, Great!
|
Took the camera,
To click the awesome capture!
Counting the likes and comments.....

A. R. Sakunthala Peries
SH/2019/074



CALM WARRIORS

Hey girl!
Are you typical?
No, you aren't.

That Pride
Will be the power

That smile
Will be a magic

That care
Will be a blessing

Then you,
Are you the typical one?
No, you aren't.

Hilma Mubarak

AMAZING WHISPER

That's amazing...!
They neither smiled nor talked
Only whisper to each other...
Not even a friendly chat
And in the end, the two parted ways.
Life is in us...to live a life in which we must
learn

Rather than teach
The question is philosophical
But the answer may be brief
Laughter is life...
Whisper is a problem

Sheik Hisham
32nd MBBS Batch



A SEED OF EDUCATION

When the bell was ringing, Usha woke up Nithiya from sleep. She opened her eyes and slowly looked at the clock and it showed her as 6 am. That day was an important day for her as well as the children who were eager to learn like her.

While she was recalling this, she had a bath, prayed to God, and left the house in excitement. After she got into the car, she gave the address of Nithiya's School to the driver. The car moved fast like a jet.

The road led through a hillside, there was a dense forest with tall trees on both sides. When she was looking at these scenes, old memories waved in her mind.

There was a village situated in the south of the forest. A beautiful waterfall on the border of the village was overflowing through the rocks. The people who had lived there had a leader and they had obeyed his words and lived happily.

Thatched huts around the leader's house, the uniformly designed clothes without imbalance among themselves, adults and children practicing to shoot an arrow with a bow, some were trained to fish, to collect the harvest of honey, and to hunt animals, the days they had fought to catch fish from the river to eat, dance around the fire at night. All these memories came across her mind and tears rolled down her cheeks automatically.

People who lived in the city nearby the village came there for hiking, picnicking and also for research. When Nithya was 10 years old, she used to go near them and hide behind a bush to observe them. She was quite excited to watch them better than writing, reading books and papers. But she always kept a distance among them as that was an order by their leader. One day, as usual when she was there to watch them. She came out of the bush to take a look at a book, which was full of colourful pictures with big letters when there was no one. Suddenly someone came near her and touched her shoulder. She got frightened and tried to run away. Meanwhile, that strange girl who looked like her with rosy cheeks and a ponytail stopped her with a cute smile. She held both her hands to be calm.

Slowly she asked whether Nithiya needed to read that book. And she knew that though Nithiya wanted to read the book, she was unable to do so as she was not educated.

At first, Nithiya hesitated but after some time she nodded her head. So the girl named Usha just explained to her about the book which was in Nithiya's hand.

Nithiya was listening eagerly even though she didn't understand the language properly. Usha enjoyed the evening with Nithya and she wanted to bring her home. So she had told Nithya she would give more books if she came home. Nithiya also agreed at once without even getting permission from her parents. She was dreaming about the books.

Usha hid Nithiya back in the car and as soon as they arrived home she introduced Nithiya to her parents. First, her parents rejected her suggestion to have Nithya with them.

But Usha tried her best and they agreed to keep Nithiya with them with the permission of her parents.

But when they had gone to the village, the leader did not allow Nithiya. He was angry and scared that the villagers would be influenced by the city people. As he had not allowed them to educate themselves thinking that it would affect their culture.

But after convincing the leader, Usha's parents took Nithiya to their home and treated and educated her like their own child.



15 years later, the biggest company near the village decided to destroy the village and build a shopping complex. When Nithiya heard about that, she worked very hard and gave her maximum effort to stop this construction and finally she succeeded as she was educated. The leader and the villagers were overwhelmed that their village was saved by Nithiya. They understood the value of Education. They thanked her and accepted Nithiya as their member. She wanted to educate the villagers through her suggestions and opinions. She wanted all the children who were in the village to come forward in life like her. And although she was offered many job opportunities, she had chosen a career to serve her village. "Ma'am! We have come to our destination" said the car driver. She, at once came to the present. She saw the school which was named, "NITHIYA SCHOOL" nearby her village. And that day was the most memorable in her life, as that day was the grand opening of the school to BLOOM Education in their lives and Nithiya was the SEED of their tree of Education.

THE END

by Mohamed Yafih Hafsa



STREET CHILDREN

Man always says; 'help the helpless',
'And never try to condemn others',
'Somehow attempts to be selfless',
'And be sensitive to others suffering'

Words limited only to sayings,
Man himself, is cunning always,
Run after a mirage to fulfil their dreams,
Not consider the poor! Only "themselves".

Road by road the 'kids' beg for food,
Man pretends they haven't seen, as they're shrewd

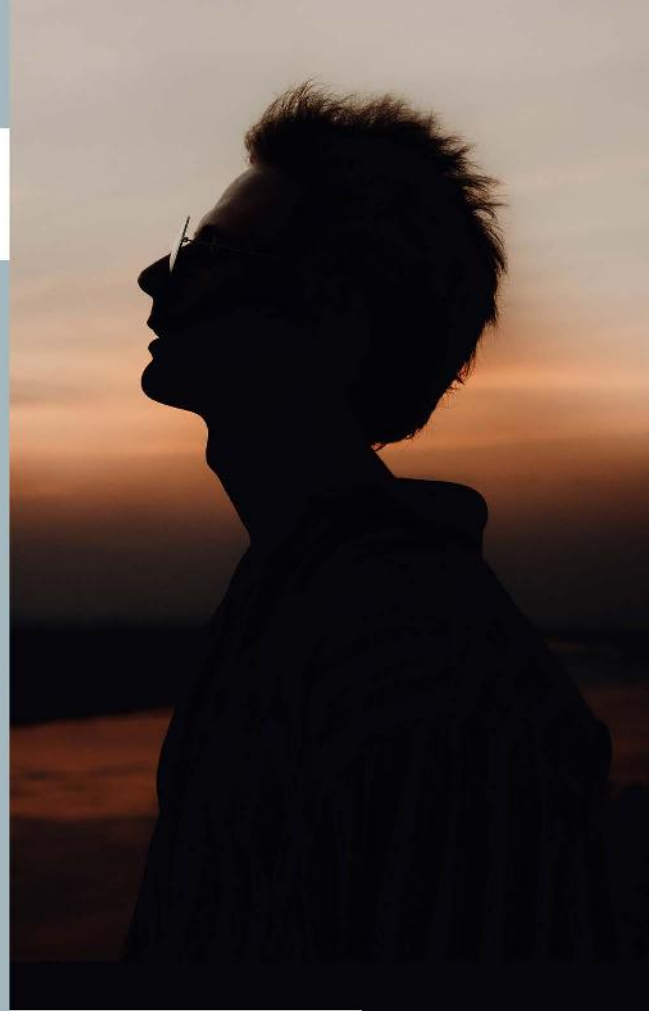
Nothing for 'kids' only sad mood,
Is the modern man this much rude?

No reputation, no connection,
Or no place for accommodation,

With no love and affection,
And no recognition and less attention.

Think a while, as they too are 'human',
Think as one mother's kind hearted children,
Think they too have rights and aspirations,
Give your hands to get rid of their chaos.

Navodya Attanayake



LIFE

Life is a place
Where we meet, talk, laugh
And eventually
We have to leave some day

Life doesn't act as you want
It builds itself, it controls itself
Enjoy it or suffer it
Choice is all yours

Blame to it, leave it or give up
Life doesn't care
It will move on
With or without you

We are here now
We live at this moment
Live in it, make a memory of it
In the end memories are all we got.

Kavindu Gihan
32nd Batch

Beautiful nothings

A moment of nothing
This normal, this common
This everyday

The mundane and small
Creating no purpose
Yet, existing as
The minutes pass by

Aware, although am I?
Changing yet the same
Nauseating yet blissful
But, for how long?

Is this it?
The place I've worked so hard to reach ?
Travelled for years
And I'm finally here
But, for how long?
Does it matter ?...

"QUICK!", I tell myself.
Before it escapes from my fingertips
A desperate attempt
To hold on before
It is no longer mine
And I fall into the sea
Of Oblivion

Sanduni Herath
32nd MBBS Batch

Her Dusk

Hardly breathing
Still lives my mom
Expecting a light from the world
At the end of her life
Asking for a relaxation

Recollects her
Things happened for the past seven decades
Grievances and happy smiles
Disappointments and victories

She sighs
Exhausted and bedridden
She does cry
Remembering her children
Loses hopes
As her life can never
Win anything again

Like defeated
Spends the dusk
On her bed
Faded desires
To be gathered and to blossom
Left for her children

Ovini Premathilaka
32nd MBBS Batch

5

Being alive is a special occasion.

“Don't ever save anything for a special occasion. Being alive itself is a special occasion”

Mary Engelbreit



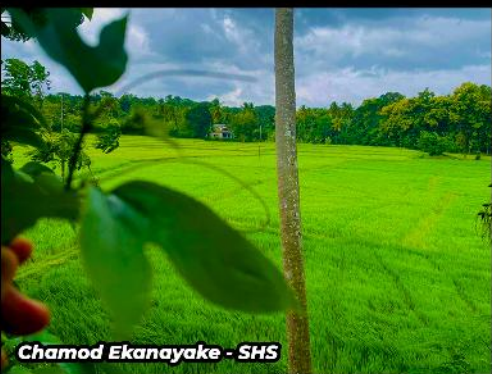
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Sasha Kavindi - SHS



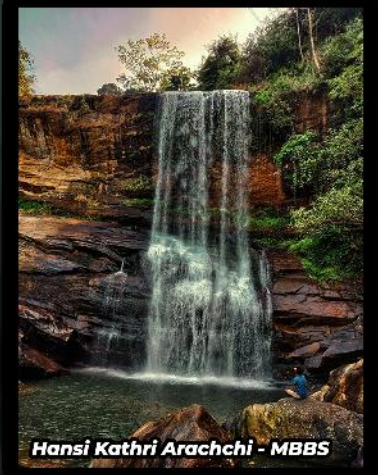
Sakunthala Peries - SHS



**Dulshani Hettiarachchi
MBBS**



Harshana Abeysinghe - MBBS



Hansi Kathri Arachchi - MBBS

6

Love is worth Everything.

"There are four questions of value in life. What is sacred? Of what is the spirit made of? What is worth living for? What is worth dying for? The answer to each is the same. Only love"

Johnny Depp





COMMONALITY

Birthday celebrations, attend age motivations
Crucial examinations, reach for higher education.

New friends in action, at last convocation
The sole intention, to get the highest possession.

Job applications, wedding invitations
My aspiration, car and a house from an auction.

Fiancees' expectations, children's protection
Definitely confusion! Limits my relaxation.

At last,
Only the religious intention, brings me towards consolation
Only the 'gained reputation' will last forever
After my cremation.

Navodya Attanayake
32nd MBBS Batch

Think

Two things...
Falling in love with the
Pencil,
One is an Eraser
Other one is a Cutter
Hurts the Pencil
But,
Helps to write...
The Eraser,
Don't hurt the pencil
But,
Erases thee written
Think...
Think.....

Nimesha Shehani
32nd MBBS Batch

The Spirit Who Saw Herself

Her soul was amongst the greatest oceans
Who punched the heavens that came upon her
The dark night glaring his teeth upon her
Letting the storm to march towards the spirit
To gift her to the afterlife

She raced against the unstoppable time
A fine day, came upon her reflection
Her frowning face masking her beautiful soul
That stood in the blissful surrounding

Wondering why she had to be sad
When happiness comes from a longing soul
Sauntering on her remnants of a lively soul
She smiled to tomorrow
Like a free caged bird

She felt the sand relaxing between her toes
Waves kissing the heavens that showered her
The gloomy night once again welcoming the moon's parade
A small voice whispered to her,
"You are the sun"

Minjur Paldon Dorji
32nd MBBS Batch



Artwork by:
Fathima Naslun - 32nd MBBS

An extract from my diary...

By Malithi Gunathilake - 32nd MBBS

Friday 11th

5.35 pm... Rainy

5.42 pm... Is it always raining in this city?

5.54 pm... Ok...I'm early. Not a soul in the study hall.

6.16 pm... where is everyone? Am I in the right place?

6.17 pm... great!! It is due 7 and I'm an hour early.

6.44 pm... here comes the first one. Thank you, G..... no wait
.... there's another.... Ah.... everyone is coming.

6.56 pm... That backpack seems familiar.

OK dude... you got the same backpack as me....

6.57 pm... wow...we have the same phone too?

Wonder what else we have in common?

7.07 pm... OK stop it now you're staring at some
random guy....

7.08 pm... he's wearing blue I like blue.

7.09 pm... do I have that colour in my wardrobe? yeah, I
think that blouse with polka dots is of that colour...I should
have worn it today.

7.14 pm... he's wearing a football wristband? ...does he
like football...? Shi ...I can't recognize the team... Red and
gold???? What is it ...? Gryffindor???

7.34 pm... Brazil is famous for football.... right?? or is it
soccer they have in there..?

7.36 pm... there's some guy in Brazil who is really cute
.... the one with that luxurious golden hair What's his
name Kristen??? Christian????

Oh! shi..... I can't even remember a name....

It definitely has a Christian part.....and then last name
is Reynolds.... I think....

7.42 pm... Cristiano Renaldo

....

7.43 pm... Is he from Brazil?

7.44 pm... nope he's from Portugal.....

And it is not Cristiano I was looking for

7.46 pm... search Golden hair + football + Brazil.....

7.51 pm... love the look of Neymar

7.52 pm... he's a Silva... Is he around here or is the name
de Silva common around the world?

7.53 pm... search de Silva

Photograph by:
- 32nd MBBS



7.54 pm de Silva means of wood ... So are they made of wood??
wait there's something called silver wood ...
search silver wood....
7.55 pm..... they have silver wood in India... we have silver wood here
7.56 pm..... they use silver wood on railways, right? Search... Nope those are called sleepers...they're made of oaks... They help to reduce vibrations coming from rails.
7.58 pm..... I like trains... when is the last time I travelled by train I do love the sound of their hornit reminds me of ships ...
7.59 pm..... Titanic is a shipwho's that actor from Titanic The one with all the memes.... Leo DiCaprio ...
8.01 pm.... wonder what his latest movies are.... 8.02 pm..... He was in Once a upon time in Hollywood.... it's a shame I passed that movie on my watch list 8.03 pm Hey, wait a sec... What movie is that meme from? the one with the wine glass Search.....

8.04 pm....The Great Gatsby...I should definitely add that to my watch list This is going to be the first of my weekend movie marathons.
8.06 pm.... Leo reminds me of that boy from Kingsmen who was he that one with the pug..yeah.... Eggsy what kind of name is that ... It makes me hungry.... Wonder what we have for dinner..
8.08 pm..... should I order fish or meat? ... or is it going to be eggs? Lol eggs.....
Wait a second, what are eggplants??
8.09 pm.... search... why are they called brinjal, eggplant in Europe
8.10 pm...." The Europeans started calling it egg-plant because they resembled goose eggs"
OK, do they have white brinjals in Europe? Search...
8.11 pm....apparently, they do.... they certainly do look like eggs.
8.12 pm..... my god ... they're asking me a question.... What do we have for this session?...
Egg white does have albumin, so they give positive results to the Biuret test...
That was a close one Hey wait a second, how did I end up looking at eggs in the first place ...
Note to myself: To avoid distractions, turn on flight mode on all your devices during study sessions.

**B
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Never imagined
Never expected
Never fancied
The sorrow which melts in the heart
Trusted
But broken in the end
All dreams are made in heart
But darkest nightmare
Is denying the truth
What is seen?
What is heard?
Is it to be accepted?
But not all the time
Not everyday
One will be deluded.
Seasons change
Everything changes
Scars remain
Time is a better hope

Primasha perera
32nd MBBS batch

The strength of the bonds
depends on trust
a person's love and respect rely
upon trust
Sometimes people build a bridge
by force
A second's people try to fabricate
The bridge people endeavor and
Sacrifice to create, is a bridge of
trust
A second's enough to be
shattered
Where the bridge of trust is like
a shattered glass
That could never be brought
together without a crack.

**R
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Kavishka fernando
13th SHS batch

WHY IT'S ALWAYS ME ?

I am in half-sleep,
my mind is whispering
a familiar melody,
melody of "SWAN LAKE"
Every time I heard it,
my legs begin to dance
out of my control

But no more...
When I opened my eyes,
I were on a bed
not comfort as one at home
A smell appeared that I never felt
"The hospital odour"

I realized I'm not at home
felt something was wrong
I tried to sit in bed
But my legs were numb
I tried again and again
But no more....
Even not a finger

It hurt my heart
My eyes were red
Cheeks were wet
I wanna cry again and again
But no more tears left

I slept all-day
Ignoring day and light,
joy and happiness
I was in dark
until I saw her

She is little, maybe seven or eight
She was chasing a puppy, maybe hers
When I saw her naked feet,
I felt jealous but
it's for a while
until I saw her hands

I realized something
that I've never taken by heart
we do not get everything,
as we wish
So don't think too much
"Why it's always me?"
Accept this is my fate
And be a challenge
for your life challenges

Ganguli Ekanayake
32nd MBBS Batch

The Voice

Tik - tik - tik - "the time; it's running up..."

"I know..." i can only agree.

"Wings of mercy is not its choice... it fascinates stallions' gallop..."

"Can i ever disagree?"

Tee wee wee - tee wee wee -

Brightened, "oh, hello dear fledged spirit"

Making an attempt of despair, for the attention of a usual robin.

"Aren't you just admiring your wildest dreams she possesses without a bit?..."

Can i agree less?; "Can you stop nagging?"

Whizz - whoo -swoosh -

"o' mad storm, why so suddenly!"

Searching for the new friend who has gone to nowhere, so instantly.

"There you see, better to let go beforehand, deliberately..."

"Yes... but, can't i still embrace them ignorantly?"

Chirp chirp chirp-

"Oh, those crickets, how amusingly they can be so annoying yet so alluringly"

Forgetting the rest, i drift off into a typical wonderland dream.

"You are missing the message of nightfall, crickets' gave so heartily..."

"O' dear, you are correct!" I can only scream.

Ding - dong -ding -

"there cries the town bell..." sang the voice.

"How come? This quickly? How can it be so malicious!?"

Mumbling in disbelief, though with no ability to dwell nor any other choice.

"The time; it's up..." whispered the voice of conscious

To smile through tears

A cactus flower that sprouts on barren earth, a lotus flower that
blooms through swampy ground,
A caterpillar that turns into a beautiful butterfly,
A sandstone that converts into a valuable pearl,
If such a beauty could be achieved amidst so much curse and insults,
Why can't a woman stand like a big mountain.

N.P.R. NETHMINI
32ND MBBS BATCH

VARIOUS SHAPES

*The great stillness bears you in the clouds
Cooling mind is just a sight to behold
When the delicate ripples flow, the beauty is discovered
That is to say, different clouds will be shaped more than before
The ripples are nothing more than subtle one by one
More chances of a drop of water falling
If the day does not come a bunch of pipes but no wishes I saw the black clouds
flowing and thought indifferently
Drawing waterfalls are falling
Sadness is soothing fresh sweetness
But seeing an unwanted downpour fall soon
Away from the rain before the seekers come together
If you know the meaning of a moment in the sky
Ignore if the previous pipe was also blown If an artist feels at a desired moment
subtle brushes are invited to create a gorgeous drawing*

S.S.D. Wickramasinghe
32nd MBBS Batch

THE UNIVERSE LIVES WITHIN YOU



Since the beginning of time, humans have been fascinated by the dazzling stars of the night sky. These mystical structures have evoked a sense of reverence and awe within us for millennia. While some have worshipped and developed entire religions around these enigmatic objects, others have dedicated their lives to understand them. This has led to the realization that we are after all comprised of these very structures. We are stardust. Giant clouds of dust and gas in the universe known as nebulae give rise to stars. These giant clouds collapse under the influence of gravity and split into numerous smaller clouds, many of which eventually form stars. The core of these structures continues to collapse until they reach a temperature capable of nuclear fusion. At this point, the collapsing cloud is able to resist its compression. A new star is born.

When stars run out of fuel, they reach the end of their lifespan. While smaller stars fade away, giant stars go out in huge explosions known as supernovas. As they die all of the elements within them is released in to space, some of which combine to form newer stars. This continuous process, which has been going on for billions of years is known as galactic chemical evolution.

The remaining elements can combine in different proportions to form a myriad of structures ranging from microscopic compounds to giant planets. They can form gases, minerals, water and eventually life itself. The death of stars fuels the origin of life. Almost all of the elements in our body, excluding hydrogen and helium (these formed during the big bang) were forged within a dying star. The carbon in our dna, the nitrogen in our proteins, the oxygen in our fat, all probably came from different stars that may have died billions of years apart, but within us they have come together in a perfect sequence to create an organism conseious of itself. We are the universe personified, and within our cells lie imprinted the secrets of the vast cosmos that originated over 13 billion years ago.

In the words of neil degrasse tyson, "after all what nobler thought can one cherish than the universe lives within us all?"

M.N.M. AKEEL
32ND MBBS BATCH

The torn page of his novel

Aaahh!!! What do people say?... Am i happy?... Have i found success in my life? No... No... To others, it may seem like i have succeeded in my life. But i never felt like that. Even though there are many people around me, my heart feels lonely. Why?... Why?... Alas, it feels like my head is scattering. Why?

"Because you are not a good son to your mother," his mind said."

Mom...Mom..." He entered home with the sound. He is the protagonist of our story. His name is adrian. He is a handsome and talented person. What is the use of these? Nothing. The poor boy lost his father at an early age and now lives only with his mother. Their property is a small hut only. His mother worked as a day laborer and made him study.

Adrian's heart sank every time he saw his mother's suffering. They just didn't have money, but they had a lot of joy.

From an early age, he and his mother lived like a bird's nest, sharing happiness only with each other. Adrian is very smart in his studies.

Always gets first place in his class. So, all the teachers like him very much. Everyone has many goals in life. But adrian's goal is very different from that. Which is to buy a gift for his mother with his first salary.

One day his life goal came true. That's why now he is calling his mother like a repeating alarm noise. "Mom, look here. I have a piece of good news for you. Your wish has come true mom. Yahoo..." He shouted."

Behold, your son is standing in front of your eyes as a big businesses man," said adrian.

His heart had been filled by the generosity that fulfilled his mother's desire." Is it enough that only your wish came true?" Said he and turned his face away with fake anger. Then again, he said," my wish and ambition also have been fulfilled, mom". Look here is the gift i bought for you; the gift which i bought for my loving mother from my first salary is a diamond necklace. Mom see," he said eagerly. It fit his mother when he kept that necklace around his mother's neck. Then again adrian said," mom! It is so beautiful" and hugged his mother happily. But what is the use of it? She has no movement...

Then he heard the voice of someone nearby. That man said," brother!

How long will you be like this? The time has come. Look at the rituals to be done after this". Yes, his mother was dead. He had been talking with

her corpse for so long time. The moment he understood the truth, the tears were beginning to well in his eyes. The mother who could not bear his distress, today she was sleeping at peace that day. It was a permanent sleep!!!

He was worried that he had no one left. It was as if he had to hug his mother and shout, "don't leave me, mom..." Will she come only if he shouts? God had set his destiny like that. Now adrian finished reading the events of his life that he had written in the dairy. Finally, his mind blamed him for not making his mother happy. He could not bear it. Then he looked back as if someone was nearby. When he looked back, his daughter was standing there. She just looks like adrian's mother. She is his only consolation whenever he suffers like this. When he sees her, it appears that his mother has come and given comfort to him. Then he wiped off the tear and kissed her. Then the baby kissed him again and slept on his chest.

If we lose something in life god will compensate each and every one of our losses...

JAWATH FATHIMA JAFRINA BANU

13th SHS BATCH



HURRY
UP

Hurry up!

You must escape!

Now!

Pack the luggage

With your sweet memories.

Take some interesting books

You like

Hurry up! You must escape!

To make it more happier

Don't look back

They are doing hide and seek.

Throw your toy gun to the

Fire which comes from the educated weapons

"No, this is the victory, this is the freedom"

Oh! My poor little child, guns don't go with books...

A.R. Sakunthala Peries

13th SHS Batch

SIMPLIFICATION

Why is it so?

Being busy means being successful?

Why not being healthy and happy

Not considered as success?

Even if society's notion of success

Cannot be changed,

We can alter our perspective

Towards life for ourselves

And for our loved ones

DASUNI WICKRAMAARACHCHI

32ND MBBS BATCH

BROKEN ANGEL

Burnt alive Now on the ashes

You are a Phoenix

Rises from the ashes

Oh! Dear past

Please go away

Hello! Dear present

Give her a hope

Hey! Dear future Wait and see!

A strong and tough

Phoenix gonna rise.

ON HERE

**Dulmini Rathnayake
32nd MBBS Batch**



WHAT DID WE GAIN?

Seizing, tearing and wiping off; the colours of fabrics and tinkling trinkets,

The fumes of homely foods, in town streets;

Where the folks once used to laugh and children played,

Where women gossiped and mothers sang,

A deeply feared - long avoided clash arose -

Fabrics left, soaked in red tears;

Tinkles turned to thundering gunshots and booms;

Leaving laughter in moans and gossips in stuttering fears,

Covered with ashes of violence and fires of rage-

Once sweet homes filled with love and care;

Having holes on walls and no rooftops,

While once flourished cattle now roam in lifeless streets;

With no purpose nor anything else to hope -

What did they achieve? What did we gain?

A mother in pain, holding her arms up high;

Praying for her stabbed child,

A teen in swollen eyes, running around screaming his sister's name;

Whilst his heart knew, that there's no hope,

A young woman with smeared kohl, weeping over her love;

Resting under a white rag in peace, leaving all the torment behind,

And a soldier grasping his bloody wound, accepting a fate of gain and loss;

All destined to be history in scrolls of tears;

Leaving just the memory of agony with the beauty of ruthless scars.

SUVANI V. SAMARATUNGA RANDUNU
32ND MBBS BATCH

I happened to see her
While she was dancing
She is just like a princess
I recalled my childhood
By the end of ceremony
She was forgotten
Others were appreciated
However,
Equality is more important than sympathy.

MALKI LAKSHANI
13TH SHS BATCH

S YMPATHY OR EQUALITY

The Broken Little Fay

I talk, i laugh and play.
Sometimes watch them chat and stay.
And people use to think that
I am completely strong and gay.
But they never did know how
I cry and scream and pray
Inside me, whole night and whole day.
In silence and darkness and seclusion,
I chose to mend me like a broken little fay,
And to be the happiest outside,
As they always used to say.

HAFSA MOHAMED RAFEK
13TH SHS BATCH

7

Do it now.

“One Day you will wake up and there won't be any more time to do the things you always wanted. Do it now”

Paulo Coelho



Harshana Abeysinghe - MBBS



Ashen Dissanayake - MBBS



Kivaharani Santhiralingam - SHS



Harshana Abeysinghe - MBBS



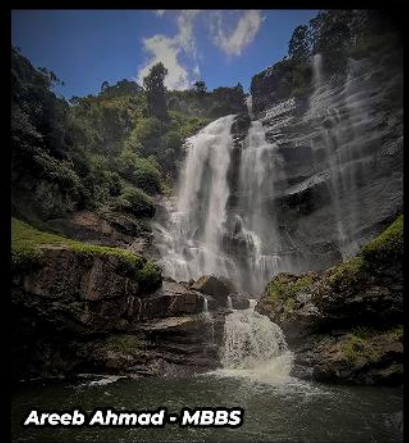
Dulshani Hettiarachchi - MBBS



Praboda Gunathunga - MBBS



Sasha Kavindi - SHS



Areeb Ahmad - MBBS



Tharuka Peris - MBBS

8

World is Beautiful.

" The most beautiful thing in the world is, of course, the world itself"

Wallace Stevens



Dreams

Sometimes,

dreams are the catalyst;

Increasing the rate of life's reaction

Sometimes,

Dreams are the vector;

Directing everyone to their desired path

Sometimes,

Dreams are the reagent;

That makes everyone concentrated with hopes and wishes

Sometimes,

Dreams are the tablets;

That makes you sleep deprived

Not all dreams turn into reality

Until you take the first step.

Take the catalyst

Decide the vector

Begin with the reagent

Take the tablets

Make your dreams come true.

VISHWANI JAYALATH

32ND MBBS BATCH

RICH

I haven't lot of clothes

Haven't enough money

Luxury house or jewels.

I have A heart like the sky

Full of kindness, aye!

I'm with smile

Without worries

I live on the road

Simple life

Hungry, foods

Only what I want

But I'm rich in thoughts

I'll help you

As I can

I'm rich

H.T.D.T.Hansani Kularathna
13th SHS Batch

Amblare
Dr. Swin

QUOTES THAT MAKE YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH LIFE

What is the meaning of life? Why do we exist? I don't think anyone has the perfect answers for those questions. Not even the greatest philosophers could explain the reason for our existence.

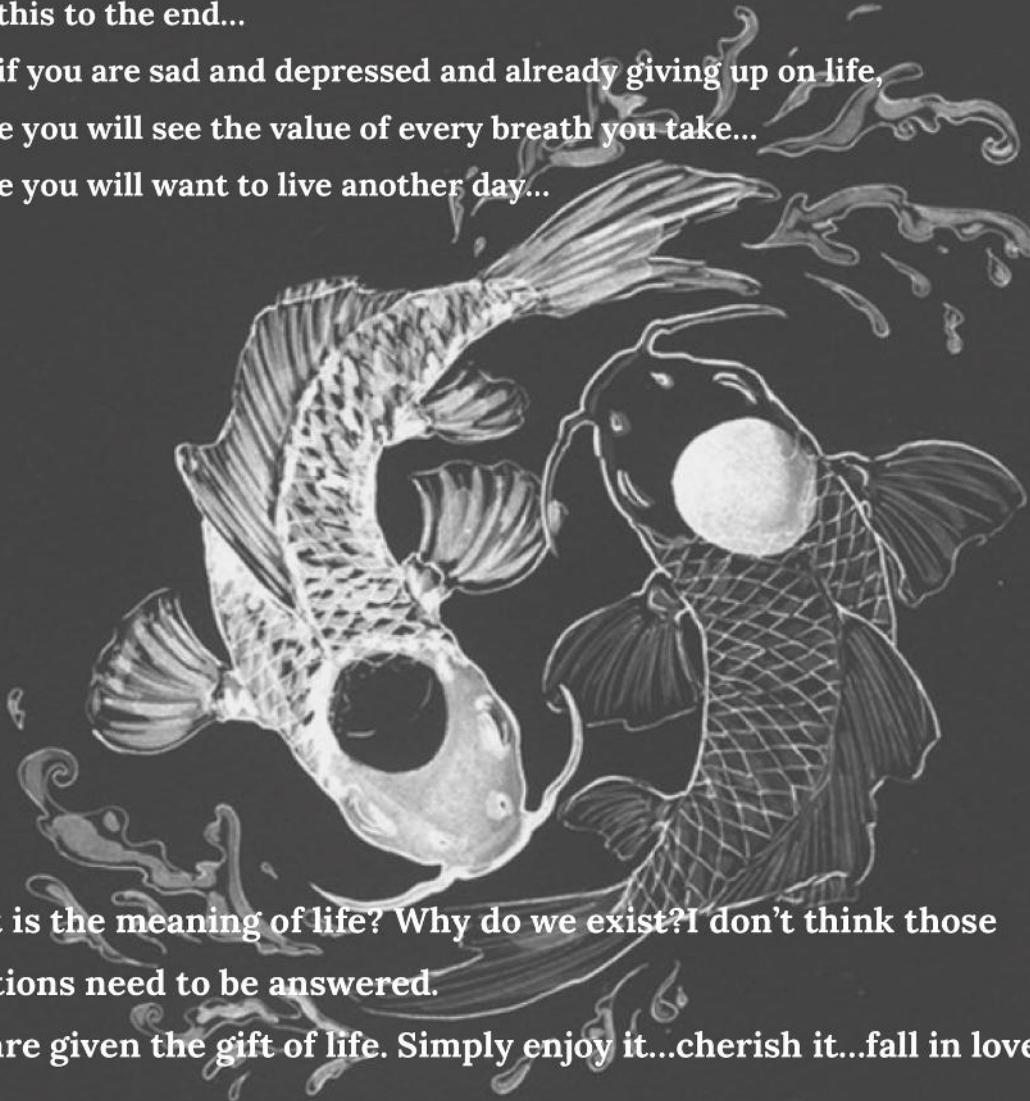
But despite all the suffering and tragedy and horror, i think life is still a beautiful, wonderful, magical thing. And i gathered up some quotes to prove that i'm not the only one who thinks so.

Read this to the end...

Even if you are sad and depressed and already giving up on life,

Maybe you will see the value of every breath you take...

Maybe you will want to live another day...



What is the meaning of life? Why do we exist? I don't think those questions need to be answered.

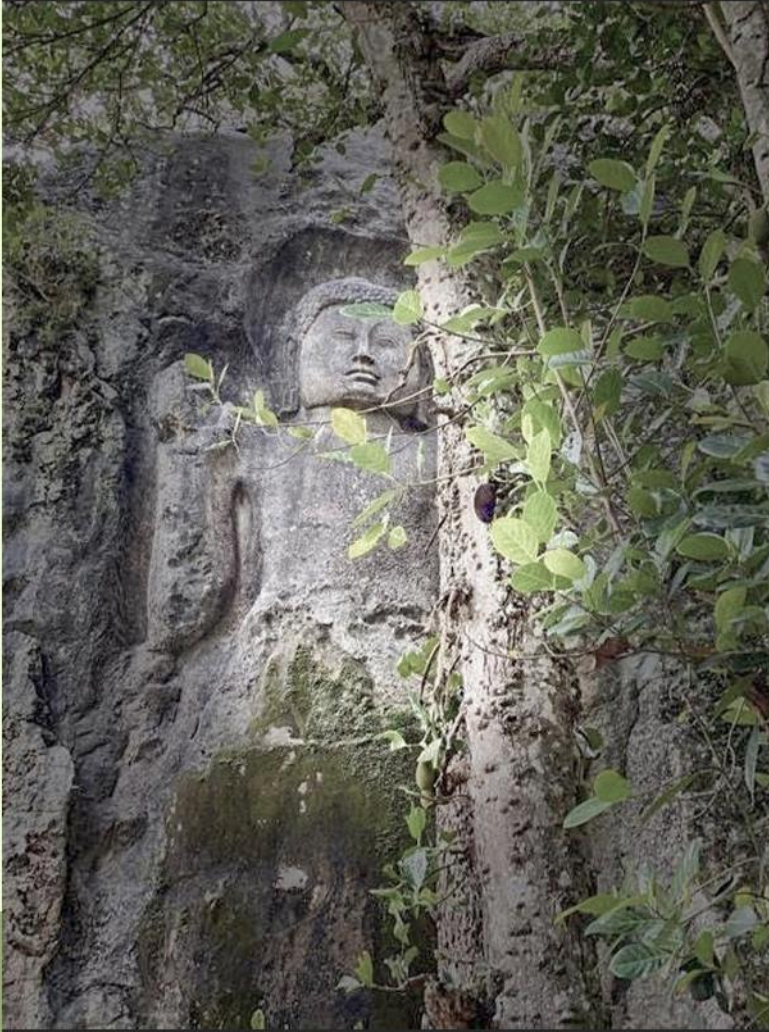
You are given the gift of life. Simply enjoy it...cherish it...fall in love with it...

And when you have to leave it, bid farewell as if you are saying 'goodbye' to an old friend.

Always remember that each day is a miracle. Remember that it's such a blessing, that we even exist...

Isisdara amashi gamage

32nd mbbs batch



Carved Tales

Through the trees
in a gentle breeze
standing tall though unfinished,
a tall image of Buddha
carved into
the Dowa rock face,
bears evidence
to the pride & splendor
of the fine sculptors
of our ancient days.

Photograph & verse by
Nethmi Kiridana
32nd MBBS

HATE

The Contended Mindset

A dumped mind
Totally hurt
There's no escape
To get elation
A peaceful mind
Floating in the space
While tolerating
Groundless accusations
And a solitary mind
Bearing loneliness
By wearing
A glamorous smile
A cheerful mind
Spreading joy
But hiding the pain
Underneath a fake smile.

Sachini Navoda
32nd MBBS

Lovable Cheater

You were blinded by her
And cursed by the god
But you fall at my knees begging
Just give me a chance
Once a cheater,
Always a cheater
But my love for you
Makes me give you another chance
Time has flown
And I am still your wife
But you haven't learnt anything
Cause you cheated me thrice
I have my Son, Daughter and my Family
But who would you have
Except three of us
My love is still as same as it was
But my trust and believe have dusted and gone
It always hurt being cheated by you
You don't at least feel sorry for me too
One small request and it won't be a big deal
Please come back HONEY and love me as you do

A.P.V Jayasinghe
32nd MBBS

The image is a vertical photograph on the left side of the page. It shows a close-up of a woman's face, focusing on her right eye which is looking towards the camera. Her hand is raised to her face, with her index finger pointing upwards. The ring finger of her hand is heavily smeared with bright red blood. She is wearing a thin, silver-colored ring on her ring finger. The background is dark and out of focus.

The Killer

"Sir, The medical report"

It was the 45th murder. Killed by a hockey stick. Only adults. Not for organs, Not for money, Not for power. Then why?

We only know that killer is middle-aged. I've never taken this much time to do an investigation. It took two weeks. It's a long time for a well-experienced investigator. I don't believe in faith and luck but for this, I had to believe them. Fortunately, we found a telephone conversation. The dead person had said that he was being given a lift by a gentleman. These were his last words. We checked the time, it was 7.30 pm. One of the peak hours in our town. Then my assistant came up with CCTV records of the day. We were able to take only the vehicle number and it belongs to Mr.A.G.S.Lalith Perera, a doctor. I went to his place. The vehicle was there. I checked it. No signs. I thought he had bought it recently. But no. When I asked about the dead person and lift he simply said he couldn't remember as he usually helps people. It was a very clean and nice house. So, I told him what we were doing and what had happened. It was just a misunderstanding.

I just wanted to visit the houses where the dead persons lived, for no reason.

"Is it time-killing, Sir? It has been a long time after the murders, Sir",

"It is enough time to be consoled if they've skipped anything at that time as they were emotional."

"You are right sir"

I went there and my assistant searched their avenues and neighbors as a civil person.

Unbelievable!

All the adults were parents. They were against their children for doing sports.

On that evening I had to drop my daughter for Badminton practice.

"Hello Dr.Lalith"

"Hello"

"I came to drop my daughter, she loves Badminton, Then you?"

"To do some exercise"

"Nice!"

"Glad to meet you"

"Glad to meet you too doctor".

A key fell. It belongs to Dr. Lalith. I followed him. I shouted. He didn't turn back. He was there in a new car. I called him by holding the key. A key tag with a hockey stick was hanging from the key. A new car, Hockey stick key tag... Hockey stick, New car.....Did I miss something? It doesn't match. Can doctors kill people? I was thinking until she came. I should go. I should go to the devil's place.

We had a plan. It was a drama. We did it well. We made one of our members scold his son in front of Dr.Lalith and we followed him when the killer was slowly and steadily ready to catch the prey. We slowly ambushed his house. His prey was half asleep. I followed him. He took our member to a room. The room was red and the walls were filled with newspaper articles and hockey sticks. There was a framed cloth on the wall.

Unfortunately, he turned down to pick the fallen hockey stick. He came to me. He might have seen my shadow. I'm sorry I had to use all of the techniques in self-defense to survive myself. He was a strong person.

He screamed,

"Kill me! Kill me!"

However, I had put on manacles and I released our co-member. Suddenly he tied up the person. He didn't stop the screaming.

I asked, "Why are you doing this?"

"To save lives"

"What? you don't save lives. You kill them. You are a killer.....

Devil"

"Whose clothes are framed there?" asked my co-member.

"My father's"

"Why"

"He killed me... by caging me in my room... Now he can see what I do...."

"Why?"

"He asked me to study instead of Hockey...And I eloped ...Stolen money... I was caught... He punished me..."

THE END

A.R. Sakunthala Peries

13th SHS



Lament of a weeping wife

No anger but a fear
Even if you haven't been home for days
Your sunken eyes told me your exhaustion
After struggling with thousands of patients

"Here's a scuffle between life and death
Would have visited you if I had a time"
Once you told me hugging me lovingly
But I no longer hear such things now

You did heal thousands with your loving hands
Didn't the God see your gentle care?
Why didn't anybody bother to care
Until you were on your last breath?

Who will listen?
To the weep of my heart?
Who will hear?
The cry of my soul?

Dear God,
Why didn't you give him enough strength?
To fight his battle?
Why did you take him away?
Leaving me alone here.
Now that he is with you
Tell him that I love him more.
And that I miss him.

ISURU JAYASEKARA
32nd MBBS



Virtue of Hatred

Yesterday, I saw that Man,
Who was driving a Van.
Rapidly, towards him, I ran,
In order to make him Ban.

Though, he had seen me
for a long, he didn't want to see.
Painful as a Sting of a Bee.
I would've just asked him a cup of Tea.

I stopped my pace in the Lawn,
For, he has just gone.
I didn't groan or moan,
For, my memory recalled our days of Bad Dawn.

I was aback, that, that was a long time back.
I gave a stare and returned to my stack.
I know it wasn't my luck but a Lack.
But, My Ego makes me to kick

V. Anathiriyar
32nd MBBS

A remembrance - with regret

In everyone's life, some incidents will be remembered forever. Those moments can either be joyful or tragic, and my remembrance is a heartbreaking one. This story is about my nanny, who took care of me from the age of two months. People come and go in our lives, but those who love us remain in our hearts forever. I cannot believe she is not here with me today because, I still feel her love, kindness, and compassion. She devoted her effort and time to me without ever caring about her. She has been instrumental in almost all of my successes today.

I hoped that I would be able to take good care of her when I grew up, but unfortunately, she left me exactly two years ago without giving me a chance to make my wish a reality. My mother couldn't often be with me when I was a kid because she worked. So, my nanny was always there for me. There is a lot to be said for her, but it is difficult to say it all in a few sentences.

To this day, I regret the fact that I didn't get a chance to treat her well for what she did for me. I wish I could, I cannot pay her back because she is not here with us anymore. What I learned from that was, regardless of our age, we need to get things done right at that moment without thinking that we will get a chance to do those better when we grow up. Because maybe it will be too late when we grow up.

C.P. Athukorala
32nd MBBS



O, Sinless Medusa

Vindya Karunarithne
32nd MBBS



Parting the soft shore sand,
With feet whiter than the moon,
Strides the fairest maid of the land,
Under a starry sky in June.

Ebony ringlets of ravishing hair,
Bouncing on her milky brow,
Awakens Poseidon in his lair,
In the ocean realm below.

With passion igniting like a spark of fire,
Lurks the majestic beast.
Her gait flares up his dark desire,
He then chased after his feast.

On the cold steps of temple Minerva,
She sobbed till her blue orbs bled.
O ravaged was the gorgon Medusa,
In that gruesome night of dread.

Under the holy dome was she cursed,
For Poseidon's crime so dire.
By Athena, wise but outraged,
But isn't it, pure satire?

Eyes so cold turning gods into stone
From each gleaming lock a serpent was born.
Medusa, her ravishing beauty gone,
Loathed the wretched universe thereon.

A gentle ode, may this be,
To wronged damsels in land and sea,
Injustice barring the bliss they seek,
Woebegone their dolour so deep.

Poseidon- Greek god of the sea
Athena- Greek goddess of wisdom
Medusa- beautiful girl turned to a monster
by a curse in Greek mythology



STETHOSCOPE

A little dreamer
With lots of hope
Receives a gift
With a toy stethoscope

The toy was for pleasure
Pretending to hear
The sounds she never heard
But was eager to hear

Namely a doctor
Helping the ill
Wearing a stethoscope
Was a beautiful dream

When growing up
The helpless grieve
Forced her dreams
Not just for prestige

It's been five years
She's working hard
To keep her word
To the patients she serves

She works all day and all night
But the curve on her face is always upright
The stethoscope is light but the weight is high
The feeble getting strong is the portion for her smile

Every day's gifted but
Where'd everything start
It was just that gift
In my little doctor kit

Nilushi Karunanayake
32nd MBBS

THE CFER

Hospital room, her eyes familiar with
Worries and sympathies, her mind filled with
Desperate coughs, her lips tired of
The struggling lungs will stop anytime.

On her birthday with all the air she got,
Blows the candle with great effort,
Her mother successful in hiding her tears,
Wishing her princess her life for another year.

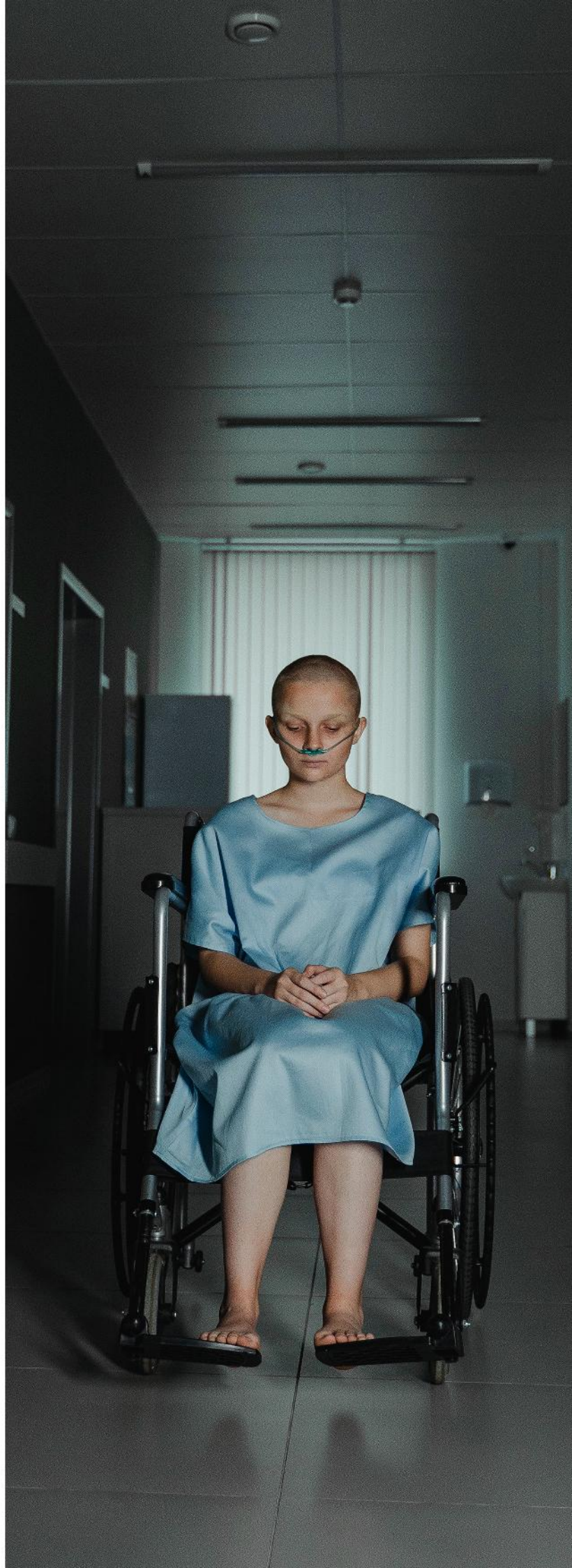
Treatments for hours, day and night
Still looking pretty with the vest worn tight,
Variety of pills crowded in her gut,
Busy with working to live the day of luck.

Stubborn lungs getting worse day by day,
More strength and power her family pray,
Satisfied with the life everyone was running from,
Yet something missing she feels, left unknown.

Intense pain once taught her soul,
To shout out the words with all her energy as a whole,
Promoted strength and motivation, divine
To all the CFers her voice was refined.

Her life not taken for granted,
Claire wineland the angel enchanted,
With her wings she left the cursed machine,
Finally, to breathe freely, her only dream.

Tharu Senanayake
32nd MBBS



The Prisoner of the Patient

Time was 11.30 at night. Rhythmic strikes of the clock made him awake. When he woke up, he could see nothing other than clear darkness. It was a small room - might be a storeroom with a number of stuff, covered with layers of dust. The only source of light was a small window with red-coloured broken glasses almost at the top of the wall. Rays of crimson light were trying to leap via the glasses. The house just seemed to be a gothic haunted house in English horror films. He was a doctor treating Covid patients in a hospital. But, all of a sudden, he became unconscious and when he woke up, he was there. He didn't know what made him unconscious. He was already sad as he found a lot of deaths within a short period due to covid.

Suddenly opened the door, with a slight creak. Increased his heartbeat. He also heard the footsteps of someone which increased the fear more. When the sound intensity of the footsteps increased, there was a little increase in the luminosity of the room. The Walker had a candle with him and he was covering himself with dark clothes with a white face mask which covered his whole face.

"Who are you....." asked the doctor.

He just saw him and remained silent.

Doctor asked again "Why am I here What do you want...."

He still remains silent.

The doctor tried to pick up an old ceramic flower vase that laid at his side to attack the kidnapper. Only then he realized that his hands and legs were paralyzed with a drug. He couldn't even move his fingers.

The kidnapper started talking in a husky voice, "I'm a devil... I am dead already."

raised his voice " I'm gonna kill everyone in this world...." and shouted aloud.

"You are a psycho...." shouted the doctor.

"No! I am not.... you all are! " he shouted again.

The doctor remained silent...and the kidnapper was also silent for a few seconds.

"Do you know what happiness is? It is nothing more than my wife and children for me but they are no more."

"But they are here now"

The doctor's look seemed to be confused.

"They ended their lives due to corona but their souls are with me....in this house..."

"It is a deadly virus....it is going to kill all of us.... going to devastate mankind idiot"

"You sound like a conspiracy believer..."

"If you call it a conspiracy, then I am"

"People are not aware of the importance of social distancing.... they even don't know the purpose of wearing a mask.... it is the conspiracy against mankind.... that's why I'm going to isolate myself from the world of stupid"

"You mean...?"

"I mean I am going to stay away from the world....in my world" he shouted and laughed.

"I may get infected if I go out and meet others. I don't want it to happen." the kidnapper shouted.

During the conversation, the doctor could feel that the effect of the paralyzing drug was decreasing.

To take complete advantage, he lengthened the conversation " then, why did you kidnap me?"

' I wanna check my health regularly... I want someone with medical knowledge to assist me in case of any emergency....as I'm not going to go out'
The effect of the drug seemed to be very low. He grabbed the vase and beat him very swiftly. And then, he zoomed and got out of the room. The kidnapper, who fell down due to the beat...got up and started chasing the doctor.

The corridor was lengthy and dark...he could find the directions only due to the lit candles placed about. He was running fast with an increased amount of adrenaline in his blood as the kidnapper was chasing him.... just behind him.... with an axe-like weapon.

When he was running, the doctor accidentally threw a mirror at the kidnapper. It fell on the ground and broke. But something unexpected happened. The kidnapper felt awkward when he faced the small ray of light reflecting from the mirror. He couldn't face it and he ran away.
'He is afraid of light too' the doctor said to himself.

The doctor was seeking ways to get out of the house. When he entered a room, he heard a great noise and got frightened. He shivered and noticed that it was from the TV in that room. The TV was kept on and it seemed to be sinister due to the reduced brightness. There was a phone on the TV. He quickly picked it up and typed a message to one of his friends ' I know you will be searching for me...I was kidnapped by a patient. He seems to be having a type of Agoraphobia, a fear to be with the people. simply, the fear of the crowd. He also seems to be having the fear of light...'. He sent the message along with the live location to his friend.

Again, the sound of footsteps began. Doctor glimpsed the room in search of any weapons to ensure his safety. The kidnapper was coming closer and closer to the room. The doctor could not find anything he thought to be. Suddenly, the kidnapper opened the door and when the doctor saw him, the kidnapper was zipping towards him to attack with the axe. Due to a sudden instinct in his mind, the doctor turned on the flashlight of the phone. The kidnapper couldn't face it and tried to run away. When he tried to escape, he fell down and became unconscious.

An hour later, the police arrived at the spot and brought the kidnapper to the hospital. First aid was given to the doctor for small injuries in his hands and legs.

His friend asked 'How was the experience? '

He just smiled and looked at the watch, the time was 4.30 a.m.

Again, the doctor heard a sound from the house. Suddenly, a shadow of a human appeared in the room where he found the TV. When he tried to stare at it, it vanished. He felt that something else was there in the room.....

M.M.Farwes

32nd MBBS





Don't blame anything

Don't blame anything, not even the corona virus

Because the real enemy is not the virus

The enemy is hiding within us

People who wear masks to cover their neck

The ones who forget social distancing

At least try to identify those enemies

And try to stay away from them

Or try to make them understand the reality

Let's fulfill everyone's responsibilities

And say goodbye to the Corona virus

Nethsara Gunawickrama

32nd MBBS

Life is frozen

WhatsApp groups and statuses

But never seen faces

Online zoom lectures

But never seen premises

We bind together by outlook

And not the way we look

When emojis showed our feelings

When texts shared our thoughts

Since we got news

Giving rise to our hopes

We spent hours, counting days

To see unseen faces

A few days with laughter

Moments of fond memories

Movie nights and parties

Sing-songs and chit-chats

Again, we are cooped

Not in home but soul

Caring memories are all we have

To relive when we're alone

Ama Premasiri

32nd MBBS



Some Controversial Medical Topics - For Your Concern

Controversy is a prolonged dispute, debate or contention on a clash of opinions, unfolding in public. A dispute over scientific evidence for the safety and efficacy of medical practices; whether it is inside the medical community or outside such as political and law issues are considered as medical controversies. To simply put it, anything in view of public that doesn't fit with basic medical ethics; autonomy, beneficence, non-maleficence and justice can cause controversy. This is a slight perception about some of the worlds most discussed medical controversies.



Euthanasia

Euthanasia; 'good death' in Greek is a practice of intentionally ending a life, to relieve pain and suffering, in a situation where a person is leading a terminally ill state with no possible treatment for better health. This can be mercy killing, where a patient is killed without their explicit consent or physician-assisted suicide (PAS), where a physician provides a patient with means to end him or herself.

Most arguments on euthanasia come under 4 main categories as morality and religion, ethics, personal choice and physician judgment. On a moral and religious basis, people can argue that mercy killing is murder and the ability to decide one's own death weakens the sanctity of life. Ethically, while some argue that Hippocratic oath encourages physicians to never harm the ones under their care, some argue that the oath supports PAS since it ends suffering. Personal choice too leads to euthanasia, in the basis of the 'Death with Dignity' concept, either because of not wanting to live a long painful life or not to be a burden to their loved ones. But whether this is a lawful reason is under debate. Physicians' judgment when doing a PAS is only legal if someone is mentally capable of making the choice. But it's peculiar for some as it's not logically being very

Animal experiments

Millions of monkeys, rabbits, mice and other animals get subjected to testings to develop new drugs or to check the safety and efficacy of existing drugs for humans undergoing the potential of torture and death for a 'greater good'. This is one of the greatest ethical dilemmas affecting modern science. In favour of this, people argue that human benefits are gained via this which couldn't be gained otherwise and suffering is minimized in all ways. In oppose to this, some argue that experiments on animals are always unacceptable because, it is animal torture and can use alternative options such as experimenting on cell cultures than whole animals, using computer models and studying human volunteers. As this is harm vs benefit case, to reduce the impacts or researches on animals, scientists are encouraged to follow the 3R concept; Reduce, refinement and replacement. What do you think? Should animal testing be totally illegal like in some countries or is following 3R enough?

Abortion

Abortion; deliberately ending a pregnancy before normal childbirth which is voluntary or induced termination of pregnancy, in other words, gives rise to the debate of whether the parents should be able to choose to end a pregnancy under prenatal illnesses or genetic disorder conditions. This is a morally and legally fought conflict in all times having a multidimensional influence on human life. Physical, moral and psychological life to religious life. Consequential, deductive and authoritative moral reasoning oppose via religions and traditions. If concluded that abortion is not morally wrong, it gives rise to the question that if it's the best thing to do in each particular case. If concluded that abortion is morally wrong, it is questionable whether the consequences are better than being aborted. Pro-life and pro-choice schools of opinion lead the disputes. In summary, this controversy rises due to the right of life of the fetus and because People particularly feel strongly about the potential 'victim'; the fetus, which is considered as an innocent and defenceless being without any ability to express an opinion.

Doctor-patient confidentiality

Respecting a patient's confidentiality and privacy are considered a patient's right. Disclosure of that information can threaten the particular patient's reputation, opportunities, and also dignity. This is generated based on the trust between the two parties. It is even an ethical and legal responsibility of physicians. However, in some cases, it may be required to be revealed by law or public interest. If the content kept in confidence is risking public doctor-painters like concerning healthcare services; such as how the limited resources should be distributed globally, concerning some controversial drugs like marijuana; whether it should be legalized for the ones in need or not, concerning other matters like laws and policies, as to whether a physician should be able to provide medicine to minors for the better benefit despite their parent's wishes. To develop moral based opinions are individual, up to you.





VISION OF THE SPEECH THERAPIST

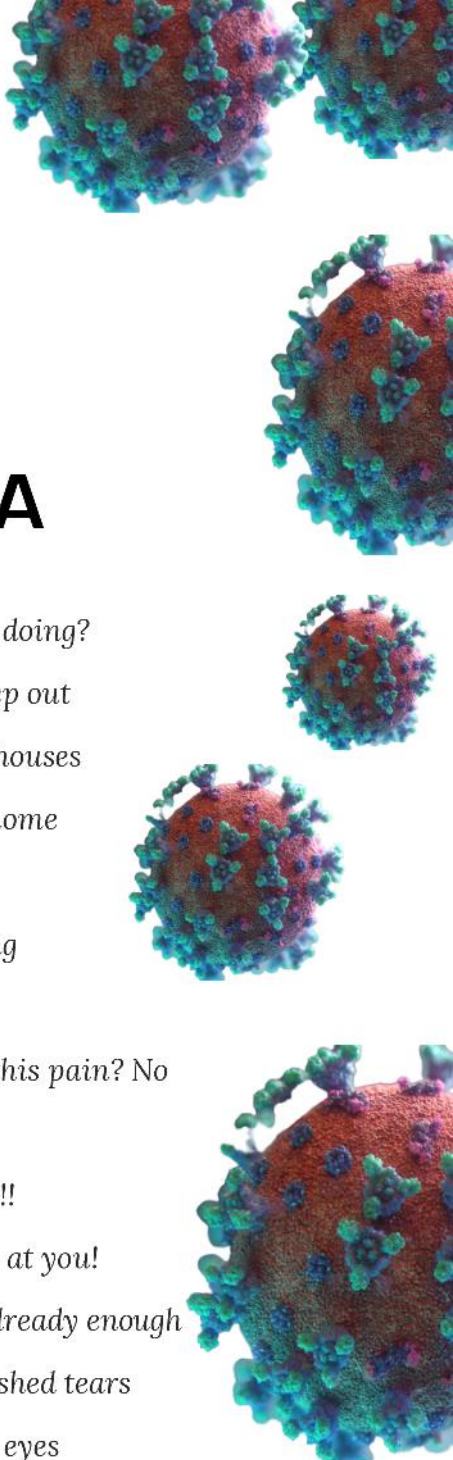
*I give them a voice
Help to spread noise
To share their feelings
To make their own choice....*

*I help them to find
What they want in their mind
Fly free in the life
That is the turning point....*

*It is a meditation
Rather than an ambition
A vivid imagination
It is my revolution....*

**O.V.S.P. MUTHUMALI
13TH SHS BATCH**

TO CORONA



*What have you been doing?
We couldn't even step out
From our tiny little houses
We were sent back home
Just because of you
The world is suffering
People are dying
Can't you even feel this pain? No
one but,
You are the reason!!!!
Yes, I am screaming at you!
This is suffering is already enough
Stop making people shed tears
From those hopeless eyes
Oh, please!
Leave this world alone
Leave this world alone*

**RUSIRU MANATHUNGA
32ND MBBS BATCH**

Effects of Smoking

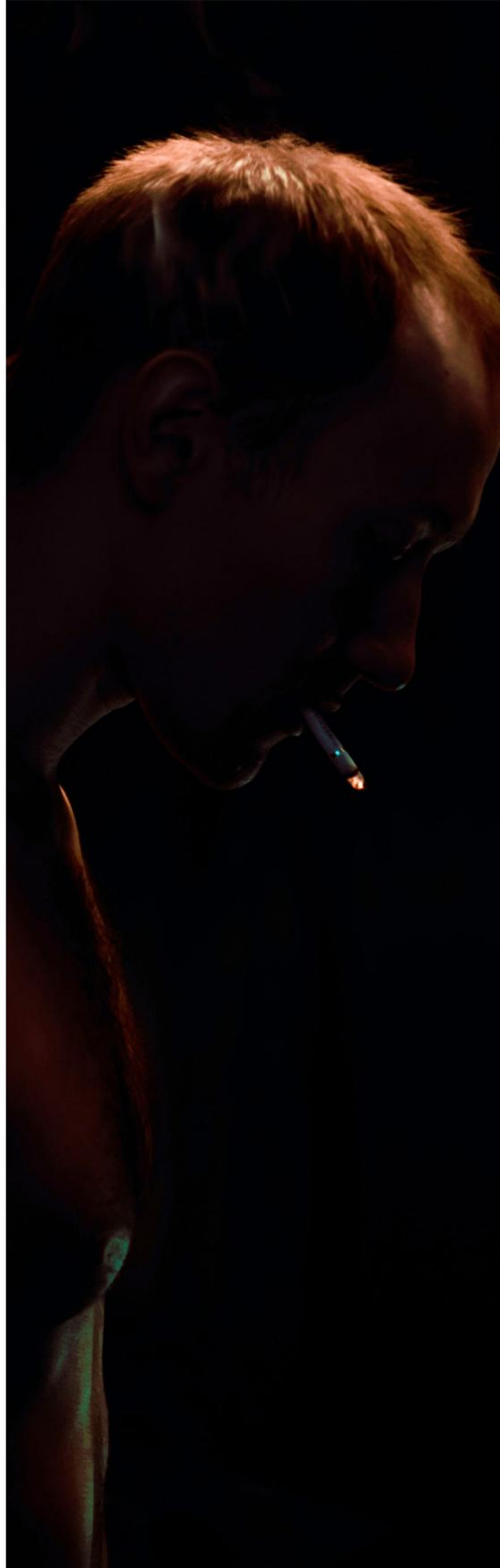
While we go through the topic effects of smoking there is no doubt about the fact that smoking is harmful. There are many effects of smoking. I am just dealing with the article with few points. They are health issues, financial issues, environmental issues and community issues.

Smoking causes lung cancer, heart diseases, stroke, diabetes, COPD, chronic obstructive pulmonary disease, asthma, reproductive effects in women, premature, low birth weight babies. Also, smoking increases the risk for tuberculosis, certain eye diseases and problems of the immune system including rheumatoid arthritis. As well as smoking is harmful to non-smokers who are surrounded by smokers because of second-hand smoke.

While we go through the financial issues; the obvious issue is the cost of cigarettes. But behind smoking, there are other issues such as the cost of health and life insurance, high health care costs for smoking-related diseases.

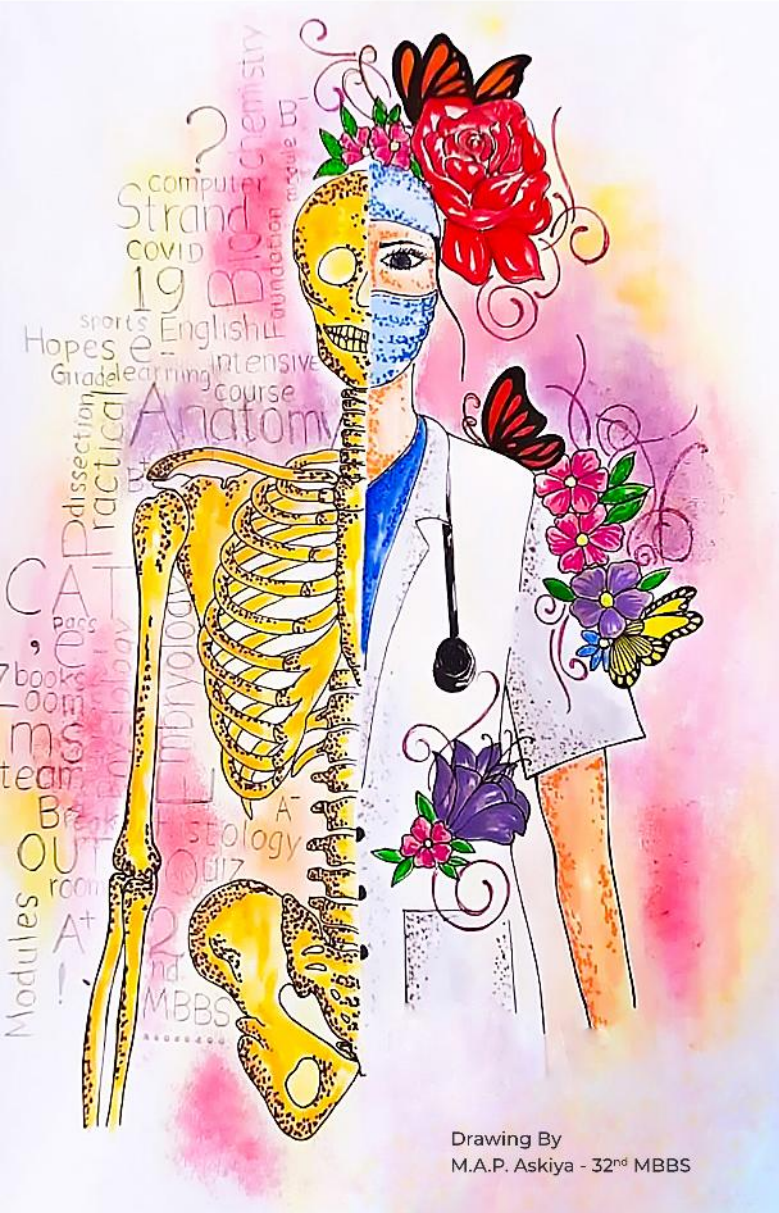
Smoking can cause environmental issues and it's harmful to other living beings too. Cigarette butts cause pollution by being carried, as they may run off to drains and from there to rivers, beaches and oceans. Preliminary studies show that it includes organic compounds such as nicotine, pesticides residues and metal. Seep from cigarette butts into the aquatic ecosystem, becomes acutely toxic to fish and microorganisms. Also, toxic air pollutions into the atmosphere cause atmospheric pollution. Conclusion to avoid these issues is smokers must stop smoking.

M.I.F. SAMEEHA,
32nd MBBS



"She stepped into the matrimony
 With the elegance of femininity
 Bearing all the burdens of life
 To carry on duties as a wife"

Jayani Weerasinghe
 32nd MBBS



Drawing By
 M.A.P. Askiya - 32nd MBBS

Hope

Change is the only thing
 That doesn't change
 Hope is the only thing
 That doesn't end

Language of wind
 Feathers of bird
 Beat of soul
 Yeah, that is hope

I've seen it
 Sprout on a dry wood
 Yes, of course
 It definitely says something

Hilma Mubarak - 32nd MBBS

NATURE

I am the sea

Maybe I should tell myself more that there are many more people in the world who would actually listen and understand. Maybe I should tell myself to pull my feet out of the sharp cold water and kindly immerse myself in the sand; accepting the impermanence of every anger or remorse that shatters the people I yearn to love. But then I realize, I have never been the visitor on this land that would one day sink like a dream. I have always been the sea, always the wave that never gets tired, always the flowing current that has forgiven for eons but has never forgotten about the wars that crumbled the mightiest ships and bravest men.

And here I stand, with a fear that I might drown in this fathomless depth or I might never get to see the passing lights of every ship that chooses to abandon homes like me. Here I stand with such a fear, regardless of knowing that I'm the sea myself. I drown myself and push the ships away. I'm the sea, I am brave but I'm not brave enough to hold up when the thunder splits me apart. I'm the sea, I never get tired of climbing onto the same shore, knowing that there is only emptiness on the other side. And no one is going to hold me and forgive me. I'm the sea. I'm the water. And I ache, because I don't know what it feels to not carry this weight and thoughtlessly lay on the earth without remorse. I'm the sea. I'm who I am...

Prena Subba

32nd MBBS



Im a river

From the mountain - That you know
Again, and again - High place to low

The sea is my gain - To where always I flow
Fulfill my dreams with rain - Every time without sorrow

The friends I meet - Come and go in my life
They cheer for my feat - And wish me flow safe

I see the transitory - Of this whole life
Everyone is temporary - That's the theory of life

This is my life adventure - Full of water and happy
I'm a part of nature - Who gives water to everybody

Tharushi Wijesekara
13th SHS

Wonder of the Night Sky

After sunset, take few steps outside and look up, you will surely enter a wonderful world. What is in the night sky? A common answer would be night sky means the nighttime appearance of stars, planets, our moon, and other celestial objects. But the fact is that no matter how much we think we know, the answer to this question is unknown. Until recently, for all human history, our ancestors experienced a sky with so many stars, that night sky inspired science, religion, philosophy, art, and literature. For some people, the starry night sky is a time of comfort and peace.

The night sky is the most beautiful thing to be seen without a cost. You can observe stars, constellations, the moon, and so many wonderful things and learn about them. When the sky is clear, no clouds are there, and the silent nature of night makes it so amazing. It makes you feel special and helps you to be relaxed. It makes us wonder about the meaning and purpose of human existence, wonder about our tiny size in the infinite universe, wonder about the beauty of the cosmos. Are we alone? Are others like us, or different than us? Is there a beginning and end? There are so many questions we want to know when we look at the night sky.

The night sky inspired imaginative creation stories and intricate mythologies. And it turned thoughts to religion and to science, to astronomy. Vincent van Gogh's 'The starry night' art is one of the greatest creations about the night sky. And night sky gives creative thoughts to poets all around the world.

There's a great saying "the greatest painting you can look at is a sky full of stars." The night sky is an overall mystery. It is a therapy to our mind. If you are stressed out about something, you can just look at the night sky. It will surely give peace to your soul.

Shehani Hansika
13th SHS



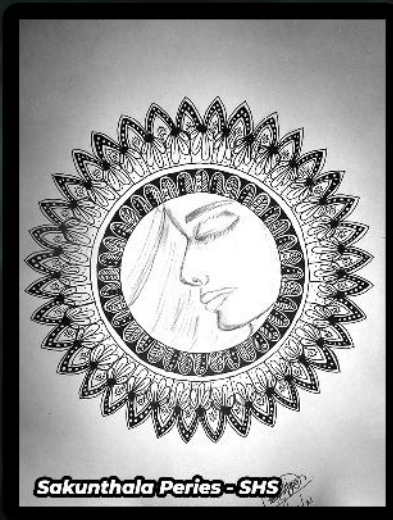
Universe holds that power.

“When you desperately want something, all the universe conspires in helping you to achieve it”

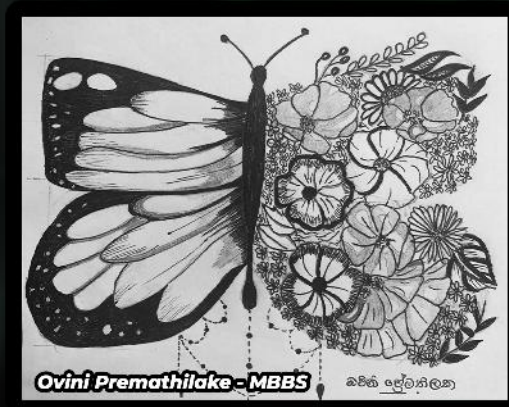
Paulo Coelho



Roshidi Balagalla - MBBS



Sakunthala Peries - SHS



Ovini Premathilake - MBBS

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Hilma Mubarak - MBBS



Dinithi Nirmani - MBBS



Dinithi Nirmani - MBBS



Dinithi Nirmani - MBBS

10

Inside you, there is someone you could love.

"When I took the pills, I wanted to kill someone I hated. I didn't know that other Veronikas existed inside me; Veronikas that I could love"

Veronika Deklava (Veronika decides to die by Paulo Coelho)

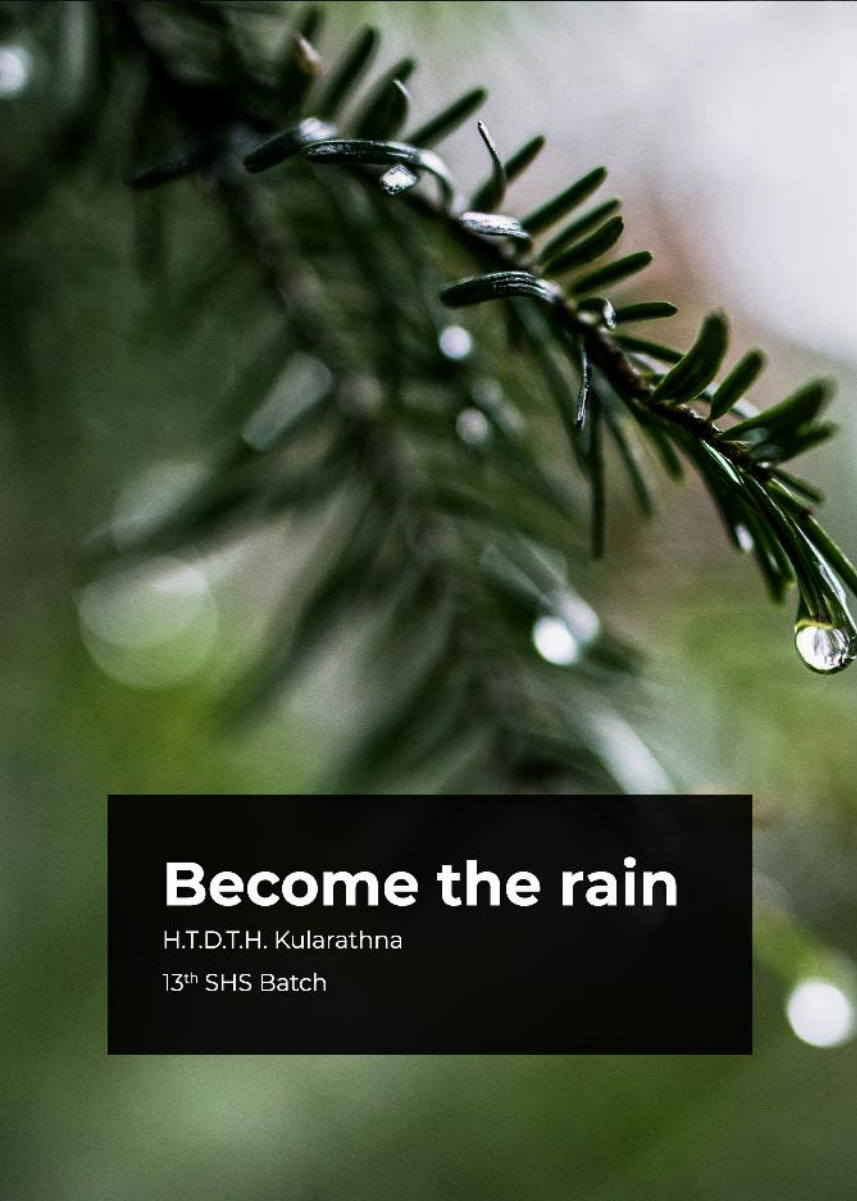


The sponge

Having seen a smile of mine,
Is it possible to proclaim that I'm fine?
When you only see the silhouette of my life,
How can you assume my feelings are nice?
When life is nothing but a pain,
A smile shows what cannot explain.
It is rare to find a soul just to listen and upraise,
And help them out without parroting to sustain.
The best thing to make your life's worries aside,
Is to be like a sponge just to abide.
Absorb them and just be heavy but steady for some time,
Once you find a soul to make you squeeze,
You will again be ready to love and shine.

C. Devruchi Fernando Mcshane

13th SHS



Become the rain

H.T.D.T.H. Kularathna

13th SHS Batch

I want to become the shower
I want to kiss the earth
I need to flow
everywhere I like
Why I like to become the rain...
Rain distributes raindrops
All are equal, neither
Wealthy nor poor
Powerful nor helpless
Falling in thought
On the head
On top of trees
On to small leaves
Crying together with you...
Give life to a broken heart
Come on get wet
Let the raindrops flow
All over your body
Wish it were raining
Giving life...
Even to deserts

A large, powerful blue wave crashing over a sandy beach. The water is a deep, vibrant blue, and the white foam of the wave is visible as it breaks. The sand in the foreground is light-colored and appears to be part of a beach. The overall scene is dynamic and captures the raw power of the ocean.

Tsunami

Warm wind grazed along the hairs of his skin; the wind that was humid and dense. Rough sand scattered everywhere, beneath the boy's slippers. His skin was pierced by the intense heat of the sun, which felt like his body was set on fire. It was a prosperous day for Aaron and his family to be at the beach. Everything seemed habitual to the boy's family, however for some strange reason, his conscience was telling him that his life was about to take a wrong turn. He stared into the sea. It looked peaceful and tranquil. The turquoise pigment of the muted water brushed against the surface of the broad inlet. The sea was too quiet; almost as if it were muffled by something sinister, so that the sea wouldn't alert anyone of its presence. Something was lurking about, eagerly waiting for its monstrous awakening.

Promptly, a deafening cacophony of various clicking sounds filled the speechless atmosphere. Silhouettes of diverse shapes and sizes departed out of the shallow sea, and onto the dense saturated sand that laid before the boy's feet. A swarm of crabs was now visible rising from the ground beneath, as they tumbled over each other, scuttling away from the sea and off the beach. They were escaping from the clutches of the ocean. The sea suddenly began to ascend up the beach, as if it were trying to engulf everyone on it. Yet again, it ceased and descended, creeping back into the unknown depths of the sea as if it were preparing to pounce on them once more. The red plastic cup that Aaron was holding, almost immediately started to shake. He tilted his head down frantically to take a glimpse at the orange liquid that settled within his cup. Ripples spread across it, vibrating at a constant tempo.

"What's going on?" he quietly murmured to himself. Abruptly, the ground shook. Aaron felt the oscillations from the loosened sand all the way through his dense bones and onto the cup that was now softly placed in between his quivering fingers. His head was bent low, still fixated on his drink. His anxious eyes twitched up and down, as he feared to look up, straight into the ocean's horizon. Nonetheless, his curiosity took over.

"How bad could it be?" he whispered in an unsure voice. His neck was starting to ache now. "I'm going to look straight ahead and there's going to be nothing there. Just the foamy blue ocean as far as the eyes can see". He looked up.

It was at that moment; he knew that his life was about to take a wrong turn. Time had stopped as everyone on the beach stared into the face of their impending doom. Colossal white waves collapsed over each other as they galloped like horses across the sea in the direction of the beach!

“Why won’t this car start?” the boy’s father yelled furiously. It was too late. The extreme burst of pressure strenuously broke through the glass windows as the temperate water suffocated the car.

A prolonged period of time had passed and the tremors from the tsunami had died down. Aaron’s car floated on top of the submerged city, like an abandoned boat. Air bubbles rose up to the surface of the water. A shadow from underneath the clouded water gradually emerged. The shadow opened its mouth as it reached out for a bit of air. It struggled. Eventually, it finally took a breath, the shadow now clearly visible. It was a boy. Somehow, Aaron had survived and now he was sticking out his hand, trying to hold on to a piece of bark as he gasped for another breath. Few moments passed as he stared into the reality that he wearily tried to comprehend. His eyes guided his sight as he saw destruction all around him. It was difficult to find hope for anyone’s survival.

Blood was smudged across the feculent floor like red paint brushed across the ground. The living screamed as they dived for shelter. Tears that once were filled with joy were now tears of tormenting pain. Smiles of contentment were now groans of anxiety. The old, dilapidated buildings crumbled like dried sponges. He watched, in prodigious agony, as the surviving bodies were ghastly pummelled and mutilated; revolved and bashed against rigid rocks; pounded and pulverized by tree barks... they had no mercy. The tsunami had played with its prey like a sadistic cat playing with a mouse. His parents were gone - his mind was blank. Nothing could end the antagonistic feeling that boiled in his veins, even though he knew he couldn’t do anything about it. He had lost everything, and still...

The boy was all alone.

Lasitha Edirisinghe

32nd MBBS



BLOOM 2021

*An inspiration to protect the little blossoms of creativity
to bloom into precious flowers that wouldn't wither
throughout our journey in life.*

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