

BLOOM



STUDENTS' CREATIVE WRITING COLLECTION
FACULTY OF MEDICINE, UNIVERSITY OF KELANIYA

THE TEAM



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CHIEF EDITOR'S NOTE

It's a privilege and an honor to be the Chief Editor of this publication. This project has been a labor of love, and I am thrilled to share it with you all.

English is a universal language that bridges cultures and nations, and our magazine aims to do just that. We understand that language is not just a means of communication; it is a powerful tool for sharing ideas, stories, and experiences. Our team at the English Language Unit has worked diligently to curate content that encapsulates the essence of this diverse and ever-evolving language.

Our magazine is a celebration of the beauty of the English language. Within its pages, you will find a rich tapestry of articles, essays, poetry, and creative writing. Each creation has been carefully presented in a way so that its meaning, and creativity appears more enhanced and much less confined. The idea behind this is that it is a celebration of creativity, devoid of its ever-growing hidden confines.

Our contributors who are fellow batchmates from the MBBS Batch 33, SHS Batch 14 and OT Batch, bring a wide range of voices and experiences to our magazine, making it a reflection of the diverse English-speaking community.

As the Chief Editor of this magazine, my goal has been to foster a sense of inclusivity and diversity within these pages. We believe that every voice deserves a platform, and we have strived to showcase stories that are relatable, thought-provoking, and inspiring.

This launch is just the beginning of our journey. We look forward to evolving and growing with you, our readers. Your feedback and support are invaluable to us. As we embark on this venture, we hope to create a space where English language enthusiasts, writers, and readers can come together to appreciate the richness of this language.

I would like to extend my gratitude to the dedicated team behind this magazine, the designers who made the imaginary a reality, our advisers who were with us every step of the way, the writers who shared their words with us, and, of course, to our readers for being a part of this exciting endeavor.

We invite you to dive into the pages of our 2022-2023 edition of the Bloom magazine publication and explore the magic of the English language with us.

Thank you

Abhishek Kumarage
Chief Editor



MESSAGE FROM THE DEAN

Language is a powerful tool that connects people, transcending borders and cultures. It enables us to express our thoughts, share our stories, and understand one another on a deeper level. The Bloom magazine is a testament to our commitment to nurturing effective communication skills and embracing the richness of the English language.

I would like to extend my heartfelt appreciation to the entire team behind this magazine. Their dedication, creativity, and hard work have brought this vision to life. Through their efforts, we now have a platform that showcases the talent and linguistic prowess of our students and faculty.

This magazine serves as a testament to the diverse voices within our community. It provides a space for students and faculty to express their ideas, share their experiences, and engage in meaningful conversations. It is a reflection of our commitment to fostering a vibrant intellectual environment that encourages critical thinking and self-expression.

I would also like to express my gratitude to our students, whose contributions have made this magazine a true representation of our community. Your passion for the English language and your willingness to share your stories and perspectives have made this publication possible. I encourage each and every one of you to continue exploring the power of language and to use it as a tool for positive change.

As we embark on this new chapter, let us remember that language is not just a means of communication, but a bridge that connects us all. It is through language that we can break down barriers, foster understanding, and build a more inclusive and harmonious society.

I am confident that this magazine will serve as a source of inspiration and knowledge for our community. It will provide a platform for us to celebrate our achievements, share our aspirations, and engage in meaningful dialogue.

Let us embrace this magazine as a symbol of our commitment to excellence in language education and our dedication to nurturing the linguistic talents of our community and I hope everyone enjoys reading the 2023 edition of the Bloom magazine.

Professor Madawa Chandratilake
Dean
Faculty of Medicine
University of Kelaniya



MESSAGE FROM THE HEAD

I want to express my heartfelt gratitude to everyone who contributed to the creation of the 2023 edition of Bloom magazine. From the talented writers and editors to the dedicated team working behind the scenes, your hard work and commitment have breathed life into this publication. This magazine stands as a testament to our collective passion for the English language and our dedication to showcasing its beauty and power.

As a senior lecturer, I have had the privilege of witnessing the growth and development of countless students over the years. It has been truly inspiring to see the passion and dedication that each individual brings to their academic journey. Our institution has consistently strived to provide a nurturing environment that fosters intellectual curiosity and encourages personal growth.

This magazine serves as a platform for us to display the richness and diversity of the English language while also providing a space for creativity and intellectual exploration. Through the pages of this magazine, our aim is to inspire, inform, and entertain our readers with a carefully curated collection of articles, essays, and stories that cover a wide range of topics, from literature and art to current affairs and social issues. Our goal is to nurture a love for the English language and encourage critical thinking among our readers.

I extend my gratitude to our contributors, whose insightful and thought-provoking pieces have made this magazine truly exceptional. Your words have the power to ignite conversations, challenge perspectives, and inspire change. I encourage all of you to engage with the content, share your thoughts, and continue the dialogue beyond the pages of this magazine.

Together, let's celebrate the power of language and the beauty of the English language.

Thank you.

Dr. Pavithra Godamunne
Head
Department of Medical Education



ADVISORS: BLOOM 2022/2023

“Flowers in bloom are absolutely beautiful. However, behind that beauty is a journey through the tempest and favorable conditions to grow in.....”

To see the world, through the prism of art, is to allow oneself to see a variety of perspectives to observe the world from multiple angles and broaden our horizons culturally and intellectually. “Bloom 2022” is a testament to the incredible passion, work, creativity and dedication of the three batches; MBBS 33 SHS 14 and OT 01. By facilitating “Bloom 2022” where, a bunch of creative undergraduates from the faculty of medicine, unveil their potentials with creative writing skills; we aided them to explore a vast range of novel experiences.

Thus, we believe “Bloom” the annual piece of creative writing produced by the undergraduates is a significant arena to expose and enrich the hidden talents of the students. Thereby, through means of creativity, the students achieve self-fulfillment and it acts as a mode of benevolence in shaping a human.

Furthermore, we would like to extend our heartfelt appreciation to the committee, editorial crew, the designers and the contributors of the piece of art for producing a meaningful, insightful and inspiring output.



Ms. Anuththara Ekanayake

ENGLISH LANGUAGE UNIT

The birth of the English Language Unit(ELU) dates back to 2001 when an English course was first designed to prepare and train students of the Faculty of Medicine, University of Kelaniya to handle the undergraduate medical course and to make them proficient in all four English Language skills, with prominent emphasis on communicative skills required for them to become leading professionals in future, locally as well as internationally. Headed by Professor Sujatha Slagado, Cadre Chair and Professor of Anatomy at its commencement, the unit thereafter functioned under the guidance of Professor Janaki Hewavisenthi, Professor of Pathology and Prof. Madawa Chandrathilake. Contemporarily, Dr Pavithra Godamunne guides the unit as the Head of The Medical Education Department. The staff of the unit consists of two temporary lecturers in English.

The ELU is an embodiment contributing to all language needs of the undergraduates within the Faculty. The stratagem of learner centeredness caters to an open mind and a proper learning environment to the student and the ELU ensures that boundaries accumulated through a teacher centered class should be mitigated in order to develop the four skills pertaining to the language: reading, writing, listening and speaking. The doors of the ELU remain open for all those who need English Language assistance thus offering an array of courses: ESP, EAP, and EGP to address the precise language requirements of all undergraduates.

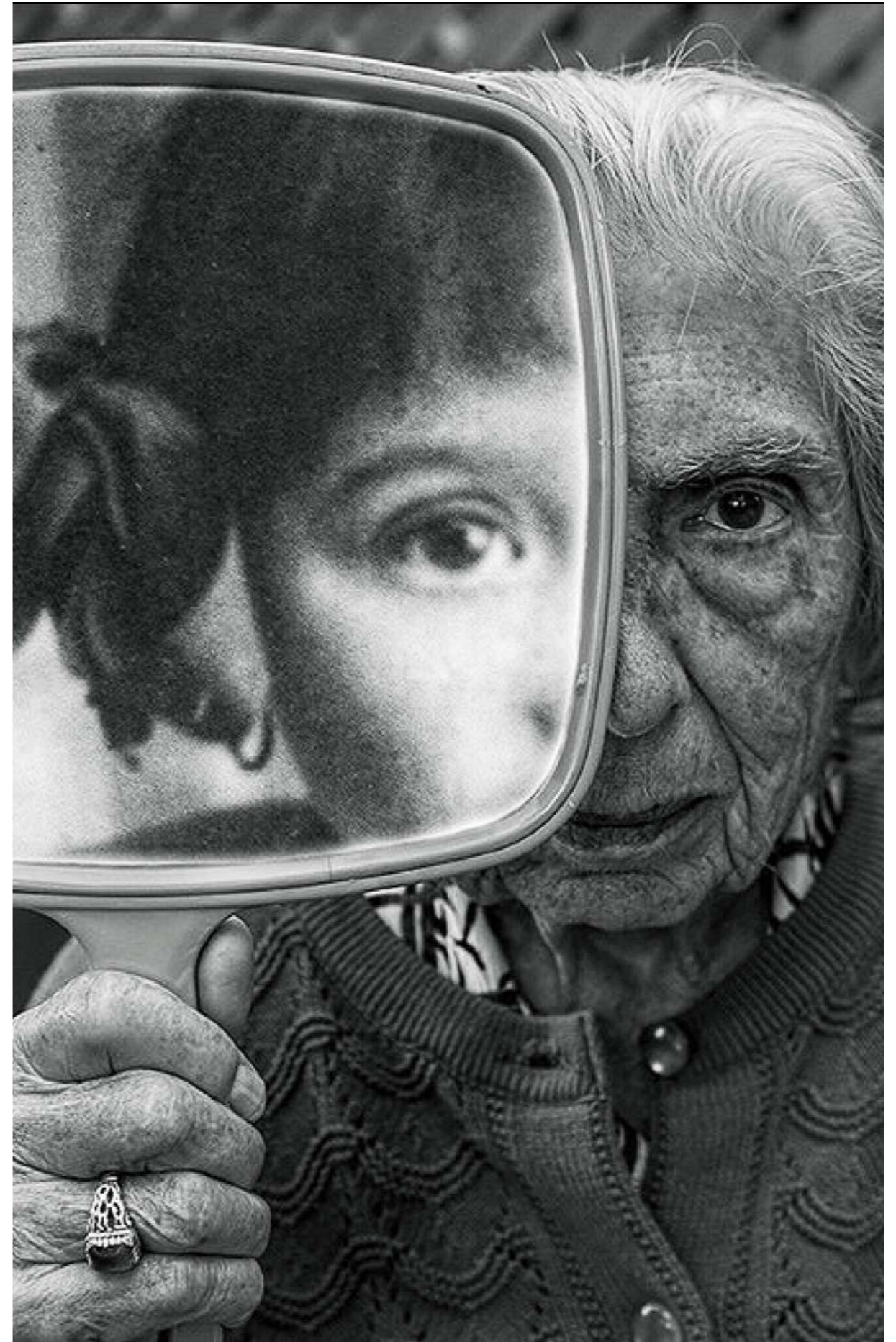
In addition to conducting several courses, annually, ELU conducts “Lumiere” on the basis of a speech camp to improve students’ speaking skills. “Writing clinics” initiated by Senior Lecturer Mr Hasitha Pathirana still continues to comment on writing skills pertaining to various courses whilst proving it to be a morale booster to enhance the academic writing skills of all students. The second project of the ELU was “Bloom”: the gateway to presenting an annual creative writing collection of MBBS, Speech and Hearing Sciences(SHS), and Occupational Therapy(OT) Students. The abundant success of the Unit is supported by the roles its representative lecturers ensure in foregoing through educational and mentorship traits. The ELU therefore goes that extra mile to ensure that its services are well delivered.

DIFFERENCE

One is weeping
In a starless dark night
Eyes filled with sad tears
Long breaths to the cold air.
Mourning relatives in blank faces.
Without bearing the death
Of a loved one
Sleeping in a black coffin...

Another is smiling
In a bright sunlit morning
With full of laughter
Cheerful words of relatives
Murmuring ear to ear
Seeing the birth
Of a new member to the family
In a soft, smooth velvet cot...

Chathuli Dehara
MBBS 33rd batch





H O P E

*They say hope dies last.
But for me, hope never dies.
Hope is the thing with feathers.
which I believe when I have nothing left to believe
Hope gives me the courage to stand up.
gives me the strength and power that I didn't know I had.
Hope shows me my destiny and hides my frustrations.
It fills me with warmth and courage.
Keeping me strong in times of misery
Hope is the only candle in the dark kingdom of life.
which shows the real path to see the light
Hope always guides me.
shows me the reality.
not to give up but to fight.*

Poem- W.M.S.T Wijesekara

Photo- Heli Wattegedara

MBBS 33rd batch

Talking EYES

It was a Friday afternoon. The city was fully crowded. Honking, shouting, clinging and bargaining filled the ears symphonizing with the growling thunder and pitter patter rain. Seeping through that symphony was an airy, humming, fragile melody coming from a wooden flute rested on dry lips. Under a shade of a closed shop his wrinkled fingers ran across the small empty holes of his flute enthusiastically. The rusted tin that lied beside his clutches had several notes of twenty rupees and ten rupee coins. His pleading shallow eyes couldn't have done anything more than that. Each and every head passing, hurrying in their own directions were too busy or too ignorant to notice him.

Then it started again. The pit pat turned into buzzing sound of angry bees. Large clouds shrunked themselves and whistled through the wind. People scattered searching for shelter. The hum of melody died. The roar of thunder shook the roof over his head. A car splashed muddy water which left his bag drenched. The tiny glimpse of light in his eyes dimmed and they focused on an empty space.

A sudden crackling sound turned his head immediately. His eyes caught a ball of black and white fur, struggling to sneak a peek at his plastic bag . And then a faint sound of meow. His pain, hatred and disappointment turned to a form of anger. His clenched fist almost reached the fur ball when a touch of warmth awakened his soul. The cat rubbed itself against him, now with a vibrating sound of purr. Its pink colored soft moist nose touched his rough wrinkled skin. Its eyes gave him the sense of home. Fingers of his clenched hands began to relax. His gunmetal eyes softened. His tired eyes with many uncried tears, moistened. Thereafter he found himself rubbing the fur ball while patting its head gently.

The rain stopped. The purr continued. The "meow "sounded more welcoming and sincere. It curled itself to his warmth without hesitation. His watery eyes rolled skyward and fixed on the beam of golden light peeping through the rainy clouds.

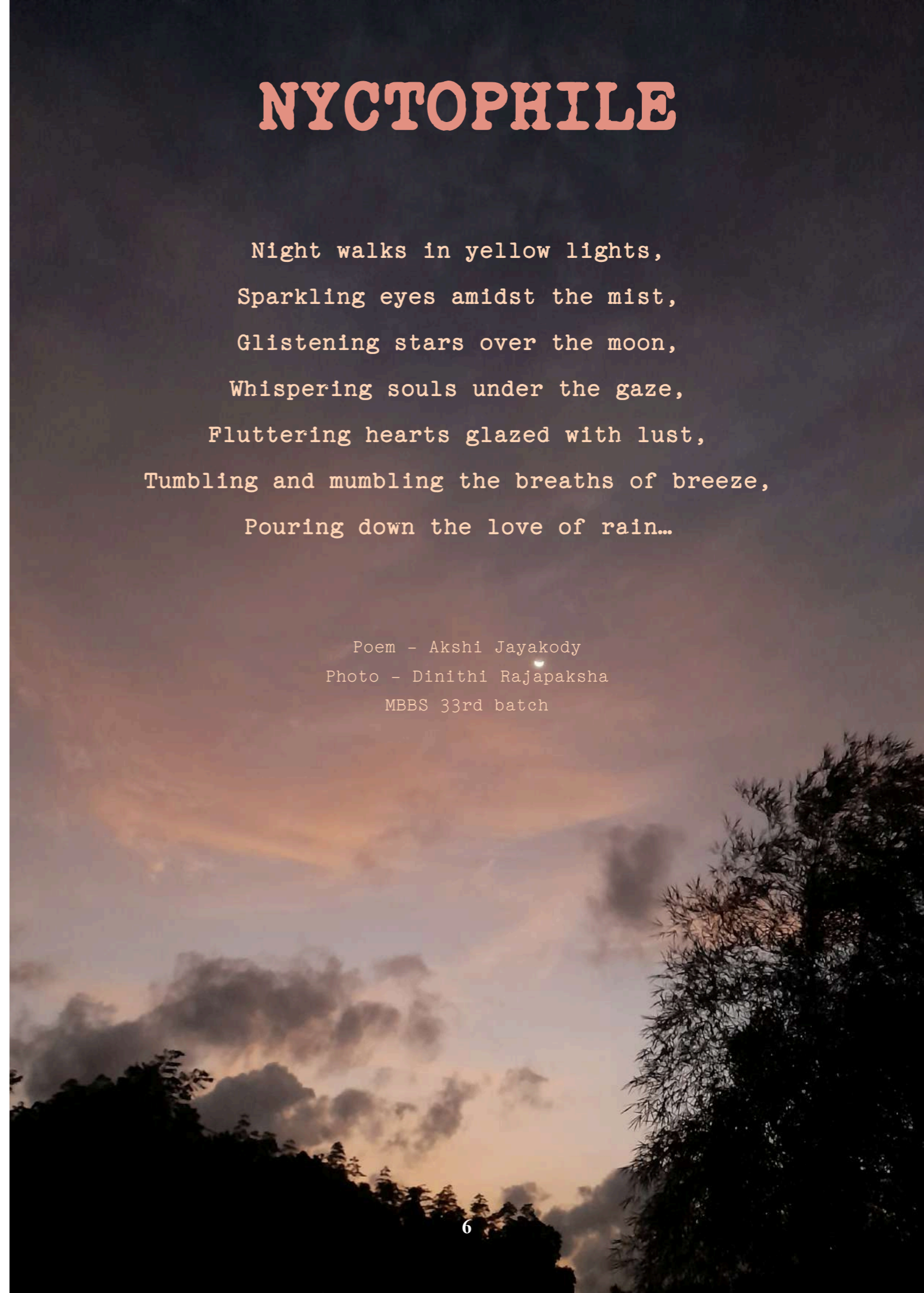
Dinithi Senevirathne
MBBS 33rd batch



NYCTOPHILE

Night walks in yellow lights,
Sparkling eyes amidst the mist,
Glistening stars over the moon,
Whispering souls under the gaze,
Fluttering hearts glazed with lust,
Tumbling and mumbling the breaths of breeze,
Pouring down the love of rain...

Poem - Akshi Jayakody
Photo - Dinithi Rajapaksha
MBBS 33rd batch



The Party

“Click click” camera shutter sound

A struggle to fix into the frame

Broad grins , tight embraces

Bunch of decent pictures

Showcasing their “togetherness”

And then,

Flash lights went off

Smiles got faded away

Bear huggers got parted...

Raising a toast to celebrate their “friendship”

Matching tattoos and matching dresses

Snapping & catching their moments together

Narrating their story with overflowing joy

The story of their “fated” meeting

That happened one month ago...

“Happy to see you” , “ you look good today”

Sugar coated words coming out of their lips

While their gaping eyes scan

You from head to toe...

Amidst the lenses eyes how to find the real ones

Amidst the senseless minds how to find the real ones

Amidst the dented smiles how to find the real ones

Amidst the scented lies how to find the real ones

“Be one to find them”

A voice whispered...

Sethna Ruwande
MBBS 33rd batch



THE

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VISIONS

A cold, foggy night in the outskirts of central London, the mist occupying most of my field of vision. I hear a thunderstorm rolling over, accompanied with glimpses of lightning through the thick fog. A lone door adorns the front of this massive three-storied mansion at the edge of an equally giant marsh. It was a novel experience for me, from the chilly London night air to the grandeur of the Victorian architecture. It was exhilarating. I finally got my big break.

There were rumors of a criminal case taking place at the mansion, apparently it was 4 murders which consisted of the now ex-residents of the gorgeous Victorian estate. It was a sad affair for sure, but it gave me my first murder case. No more are the days where I patrol barren streets for jaywalkers and illegally parked cars, no! Now... I am a detective, and my first case happened to be one that attracted the envy and ire of the more veteran detectives. It was also because of this ire that I was not assigned a partner nor any patrolmen for the case.



I was an atheist, I never believed in God or the supernatural but my beliefs that I had held steadfastly by were being crumbled in front of me all by two scrawled out words. It was at the same time humbling and absolutely terrifying. The guttural voices start again with a vengeance, the two words rumbling throughout my head like a crescendo reaching the pinnacle, I start to feel lightheaded again as the surrounding light dims down, my breathing slowing, I see through the little vision I have left two wilting pale white arms surround me, pulling me towards the being who is screaming in my ears. And then I felt nothing, I felt at peace. I realized why I was the only one at the scene of the crime, it wasn't because they didn't send anybody else but because they got here before me. I look back on my admittedly short, uneventful life and realize I could have done, been more, whether it be back at the academy or later in life. My eyes close for the last time as I am put into a dreamless slumber by the whispers in my ear.

However, that will not get me down. I walk up the marble lined steps to the front door with excitement in my heart and a skip in my steps, anticipating the promotion I will get from this case. The inside was in a word: bland, the hopes for a marvelous interior thwarted but my excitement was not quelled just yet. It was a giant, empty and in most parts decrepit hall that was littered with cobwebs and police caution tape blocking all the doors leading to the side rooms. The atmosphere was dark, dreary and a bit too humid for my tastes, however you'd never guess a murder took place in these halls. I dismissed the sounds as my mind playing tricks on me in the gloomy mansion, treating it as some sort of sick joke I was playing on myself and continued with my inspection of the scene. I went through it all from the blood splatters to the damaged surroundings looking for any clues and I couldn't for the life of me confirm that there were more than four people in this room at any given moment.

After my inspection I would sooner believe that the family committed some sort of unholy suicide pact than believe a fifth person commit the murders. Thinking about it further, this mansion does look like the kind of place where an occult suicide pact would take place; the walls screamed death. Screeeeech! My ears thudded from the cacophony of guttural screams flooding in from all directions. My knees buckled and I took a knee, the banshee-like screams drowning out any semblance of thought in my mind. It was indescribably painful, my ears ringing and I tasted iron on my tongue. I felt my consciousness fading, my eyes closing, slowly drifting off to a dreamless sleep... when it stopped. The screaming ceased while I had a flicker of consciousness left. I slowly opened my heavy eyelids to see something that I would never forget, a gargantuan "GET OUT" scrawled across the blank Victorian walls written in what I thought was my blood, the blood that the horrendous scream drained out of me.





“WALL OF MEMORIES”

Going along those walls
Smooth and perfect, washed in white
See the elegant dresses and shawls
Splendidly dressed but looks too tight
Elaborately curled loosely held hair
Rippled from under their smart gray hats
Happy moments that they shared
Laying on those old-fashioned mats
All those walls full of memories
Of all those who have passed away
Aha! I hope they'll see one day
A framed memory of my own days

Dinithi Rajapaksha
MBBS 33rd batch

philophobia

(p.) when love has departed
and your heart's left stranded
your days get darker
and your hopes get broken

when you're down at your lowest
and memories hit hardest
people will say
that love's just a torture

but when time heals your wounds
be enlightened by the truth
that love's not dejection
but a blissful heaven



Poem - Lakshan Appuhamy
Photo - Buddhika Ilukwaththa
MBBS 33rd batch

Life and struggles of university student

University life for most people is a major turning point and an enjoyable time of their life. If one were to ask an adult about their college experience, it is likely that many will express this time as their most memorable and exciting time. But if you ask a university student, their response would differ. Some might say that they are having a great time while others might say that they are having the most stressful time of their life. So, what is the reason for the diversity of opinion?

Most students are introduced to a whole new environment when they enter the university. It is different from school in many aspects. For some, it might be their first time away from home. During this period, they will face situations they have never dealt with before. Days will be challenging in their own ways and every experience is new for them. Most have never been to parties that last till 4 in the morning with the alcohol. Many are not accustomed to sharing a room with more than one person as well. With all the extracurricular work and other activities, the everyday life of a university student is a massive stress-filled with uncertainties of not knowing how to cope with it.

Many students try to hide their struggle and try to embrace it by getting used to bottling up all their emotions. With each passing day, the stress continues to multiply which makes one helpless and surrender to alcohol thinking they can escape reality. Not knowing it will only make things worse and make us vulnerable to toxic substances. This will leave the student with less time left to focus on their academics and fail to pass the exams. All because of not being able to resolve their present issues through the right channels.

Another problem faced by the students is the struggle to make the right choice of friends. As they are stepping into adulthood, the need for correction and social support is essential. But many find it hard to choose the right set of friends as they get adjusted to the demands of university life and living far from home. Not all are social so social anxiety gets the best of them and they are overwhelmed. The best ways to overcome this is provided by the university itself. Various events are given to the first-year students to organize which is of great help in building a strong bond among fellow peers. Thanks to these events, the anxiety also fades away and makes friendship come easily. The students should understand that the challenges of having to take care of oneself, academics and success solely depends on us. So, it's important to embrace properly. Many have a notion that college is filled with sunshine and rainbows so when they encounter hardships they fall back easily. Nothing is easy so it's essential to balance extracurricular activities, having fun, and studies. This will greatly help take your mind off these stressful situations and get through just fine.

Rashmika Molagoda
MBBS 33rd batch



Dear Reader,

*It is I who is speaking,
The little nightingale from the great works of Oscar Wilde,
Famous I am through out the world,
for giving my flesh and bones for love,
A love that you misunderstand,
as a love which was not mine,
A love according to the world,
was just a waste of time,
Oh! but dear reader,
you are greatly in wrong,
as what Wilde did not tell you was, I too was in love,
I fell in love with the single red rose tree,
In the season of bloom and shine,
I fell in love with her once again,
when winter took her bloom and shine,
But,
What Wilde hid from the world was,
This winter was my last,
My days were slowly ending, as the winter passed,
The one last wish of mine,
was to see my love bloom once more,
To see her grace and radiance flow,
which filled my soul right to the core.
My blood and song flowing deep into her,
Uniting our spirits forever as one,
The single red rose that she bloomed ,
was the creation of our love,
Thus ,dear reader,
I am not a fool who died in vain,
I am but a deep lover,
Who happily passed,
Seeing my love bloom once again.*

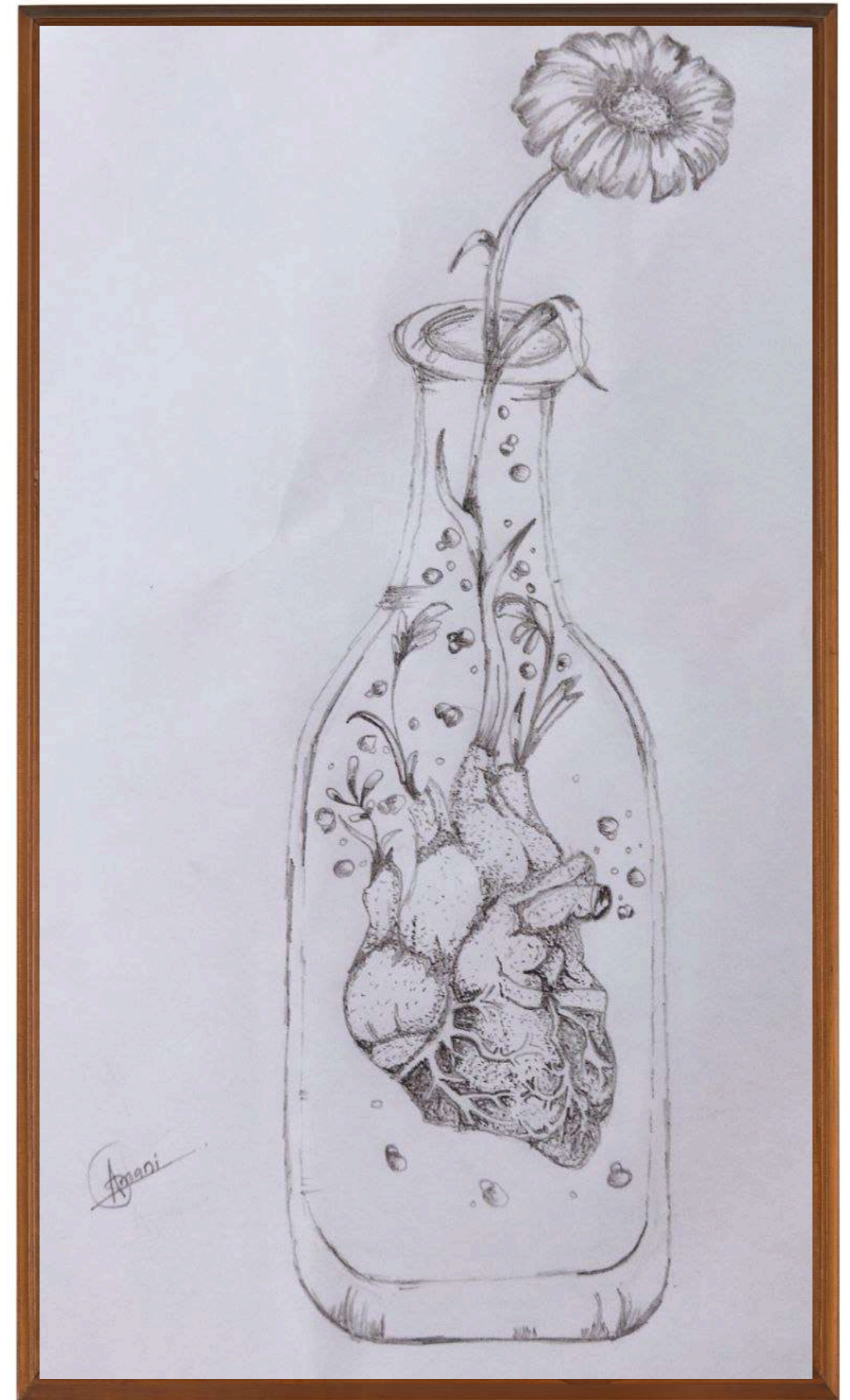
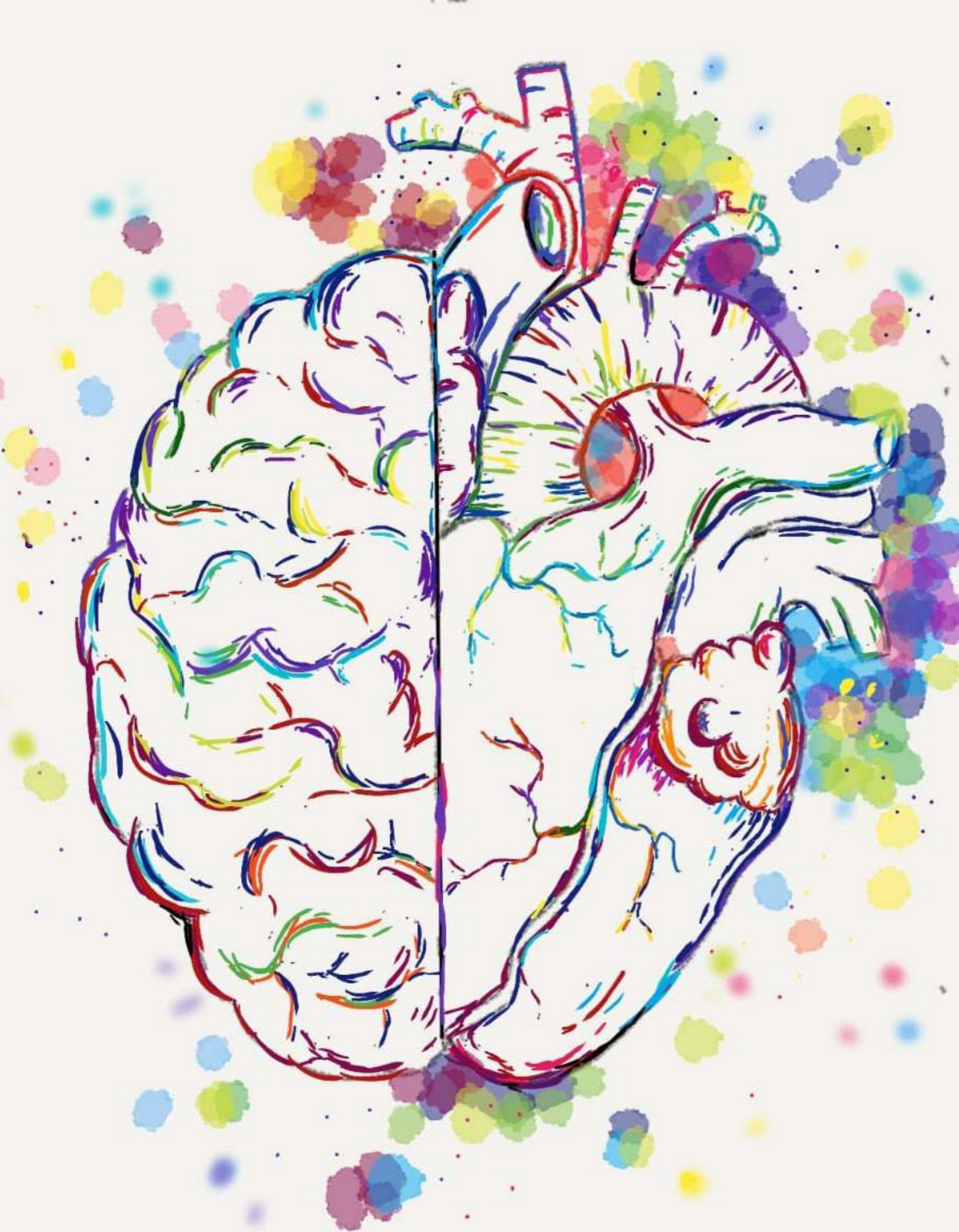
*Yours Sincerely,
Rashini Medagoda
MBBS 33rd batch*

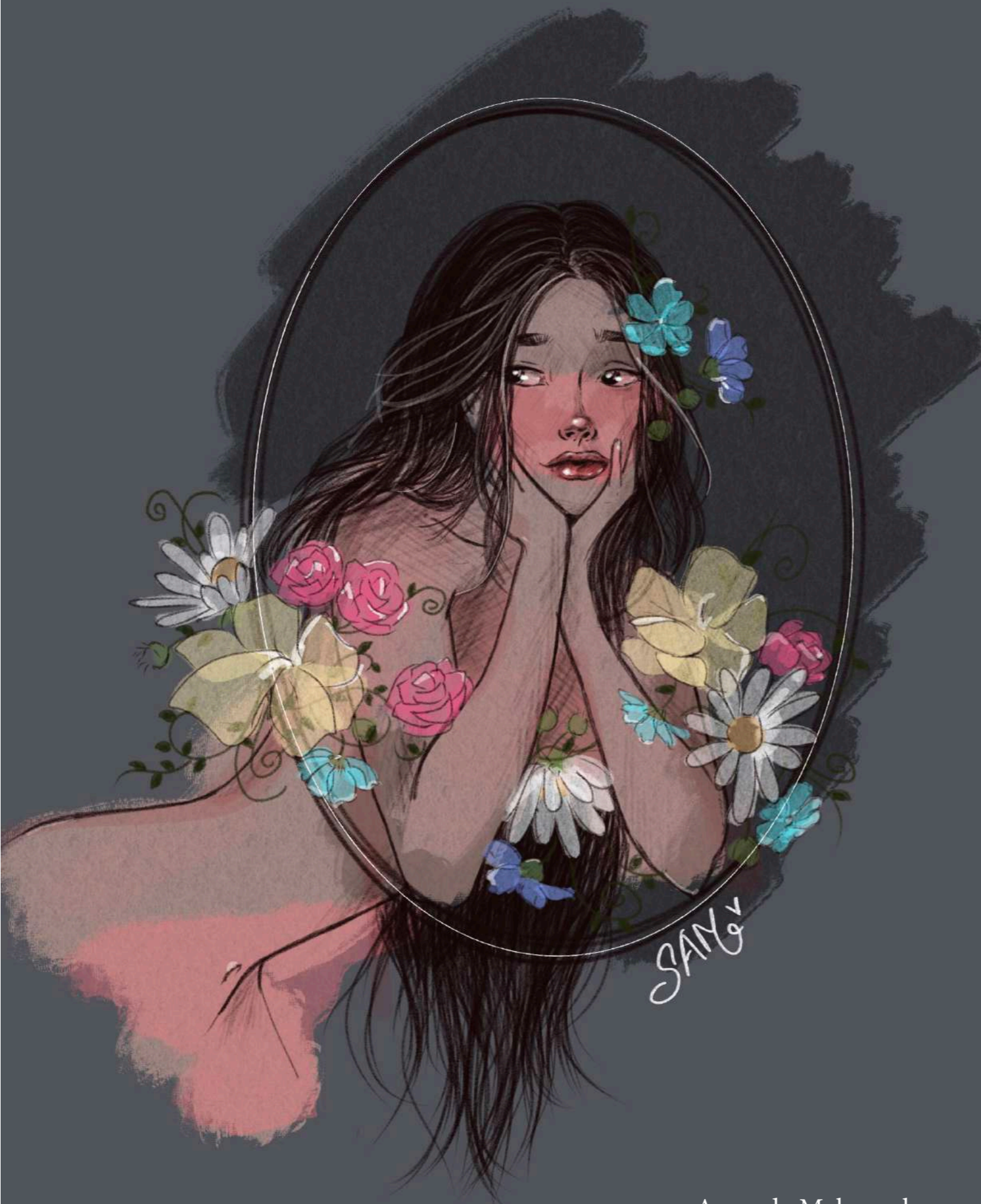
FROM THE HYPOTHALAMUS TO THE HEART

Please, Dear Heart,
I can not take this no more,
My people are complaining,
Of the excess workload,
I can not find the energy ,
to keep on changing my direction,
One minute you demand happy hormones,
The next, you're spilling tears,
I start to push out oxytocin,
And then I'm to make a crashing halt,
Paraventricular keeps on groaning,
Saying his axon arms hurt even more.

We know you are excelling,
In keeping us alive,
But sometimes we too,
need a little break in time,
So I beg you dear heart,
Please make up your mind,
Choose happiness always,
As it is always a choice,
Thus my dear Heart,
Spread love all throughout,
Even when you feel like crying,
Pour out even more love.

Rashini Medagoda
MBBS 33rd batch







DEAR DARKNESS...

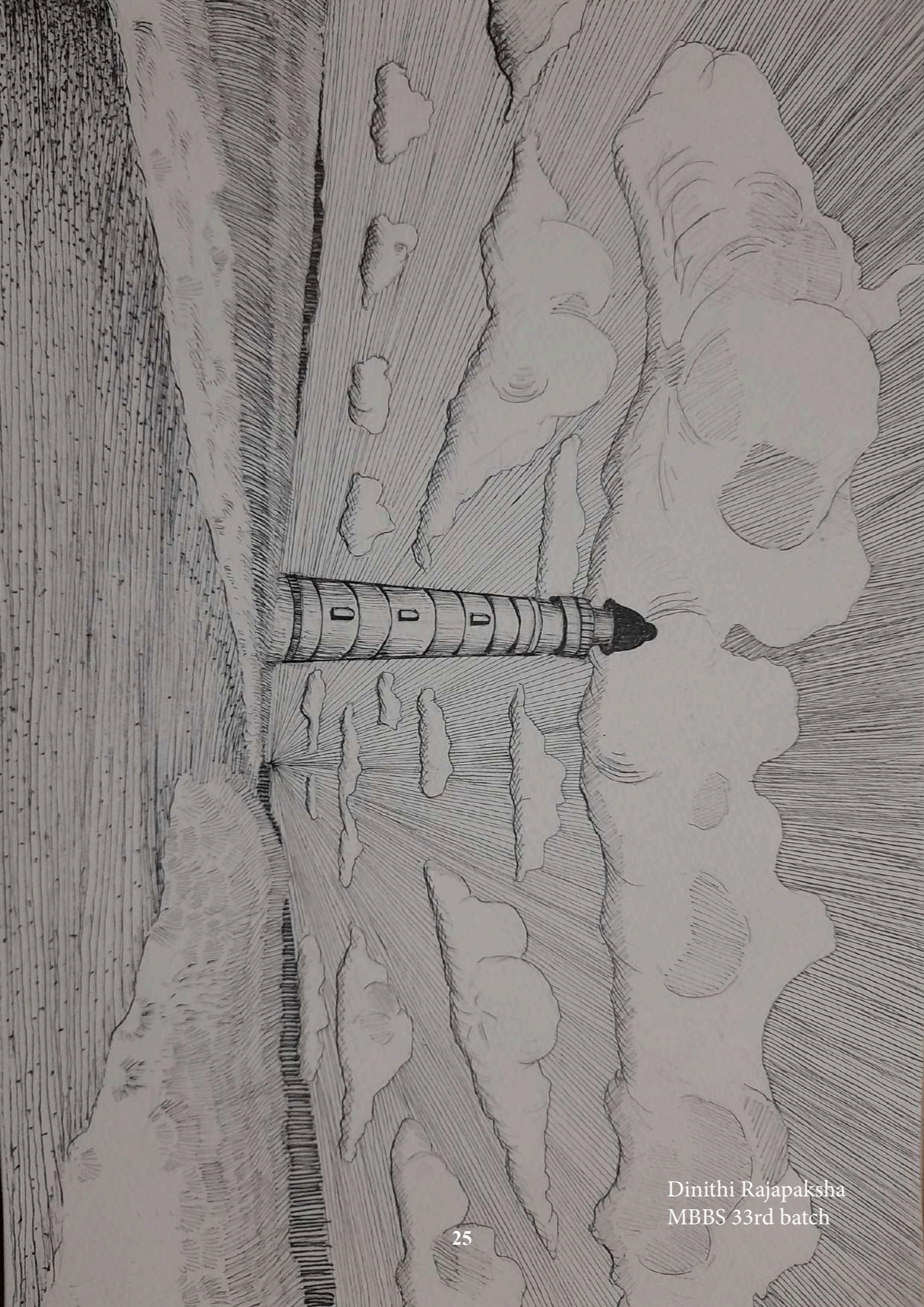
WHY YOU ARE SAD ALONE...
THE NIGHT YOU COME, ITS BEAUTIFUL
TO DREAM ABOUT THE LIGHT DIDN'T YOU SAY
THE ROAD? TELL ME...
SO MORE..
WHO HOW , LOVE TO THE LIGHT
SINCE YOU ARE GONE WHAT IS THE SUN FOR
THE WORLD

DULYA DISSANAYAKE
SHS 14TH BATCH



"Night Hunter"

W. Shyamini B. Colambage
SHS 14th batch



Dinithi Rajapaksha
MBBS 33rd batch



Dinithi Rajapaksha
MBBS 33rd batch



!!!! GRIP IT !!!!



By Gavesh Bandara, MBBS 33rd Batch



I love that phrase "Somebody said world peace was in our hands, but all I did was play Ping-Pong." Initially, after his visit to China, he sat down for an interview with John Lennon, where Forrest inspired John's wisdom in the legendary song "Imagine."

There's an interesting story about why Chairman Mao declared table tennis (TT) as the national sport of China. In the early 1900s, China held the title "the sick man of Asia," which reflected Chinese attitudes and mental and physical fitness in the early 1900s. But after the Chinese revolution, Chairman Mao wanted to cure the sick man. So, taking cues from Social Darwinism, reformers saw sports attribution as critical for self-strengthening. So Mao discovers that table tennis is a sport that requires equal use of mental and physical abilities. . Even in Asia, the Philippines and Japan were among the first to adopt TT. But after Chinese embrace the sport, they able to lead the Chinese domination in Ping Pong world. That's how the Sick Men became world champions. At the end I would like to say Adam Bobrow's phrase "Keep on Pongin" 🏓

Howdy readers!!

This is a 20th-century poster from China. This poster is known as "Table tennis spread friendship" or "Yinqiu Chuan Youyi" in Chinese. This poster was painted in 1972. As the name implies, once upon a time, Chairman Mao used table tennis to expose China to the world and make bonds with other nations. If I spoke about what we see in the picture, we might notice the large crowd in the indoor stadium, which could represent the entire world, or they could be Chinese people who had faith and hope. Those blossoms, I believe, represent the Chinese cultural revolution that led to the Beijing Spring. Smiling black girls and Chinese girls, I suppose, represent international love and bonding.

The eyes of the Chinese girl that were directed towards the black girl might represent the willingness of Chinese people to be exposed to the world. Also, these girls' racket grips show the two main grip types in table tennis. Black beauty is holding the "shake hand" grip and directing towards the backhand while Chinese beauty is holding the "pen hold" grip and directing towards the forehand side. Pen hold grip was so famous among Chinese players back in the day but in modern context only few of the world class players like Xu Xin, Dang Qiu . As you see, girls aren't wearing sportswear; they are just wearing popular fashions in their context, which might represent the common people.

If you are a movie enthusiast, you might remember a similar scenario from the Tom Hanks movie "Forrest Gump." "Forrest was used by the US government to make peace with China, because he became a self-learned Ping Pong pro.

Bed No. 23

Tanned, tired and old
His chest oscillates heavily,
Up - Down, Up - Down;
The only trace of survival.

He owned
Crooked fingers,
Drooping eyelids and
Trembling limbs.

Yet,
Droplets of sweat adorned his forehead.
And his lopsided smile,
Implied a tiny hope.

His hands were always,
Always in the air
Trying to reach,
Trying to hold onto a vacuum.

He had no FLASK,
No BLANKET,
And no BEDPAN
Like others did.
All he had was
A blue plate and,
A red cup.

And all he did was,
SURVIVE .

Zulaiha Sabri
SHS 14th batch

DAD

The first love of a daughter

The star of her journey

The superhero in her world

The backbone in her life

He taught her everything

How to be strong

How to be independent

How to be grateful

Whatever the situation is

Yes, you are a girl

But you can do a lot

More than you know

That's him who helps her to blow

She is just a girl to others

But she is his princess

He dreamed about her

Before she saw the world

He is never letting her

accept defeat

He's always there

To cheer her up

When she is in his lap

She can have a safe nap

The father daughter bond

It's like a magic wand

Dad, you are her everything

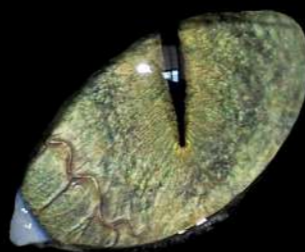
She loves you, her king

Pasadi Tharinya

MBBS - 33rd batch



THE NIGHT OF MEOW TERRORS



Maryam Hakeem
MBBS 33rd batch

On the recent 31st of October night, the night of terrors, it was storming here with thunder booming loudly and lightning flashing brightly with weird creepy shadows and rooms lit with only the candle light, my roommate and I decided to pull an all-nighter to prepare for the upcoming exam which sounds like a horror in itself if I'm going to be honest, so we spent most of our time in the living room instead of our respective rooms and the power trip would occasionally go off and we'd have to turn it back on due to the storms.

So just like every other time, the trip went off and we lost power exactly when my roommate decided to go to her room to pick some of her books and I was trying to get the power back on when she rushed out her room with a panic-stricken face claiming she heard a loud thud outside her window in the balcony.

I just laughed it off saying it could just be the storm but she swore that it was too loud to be some mere sound, she said it sounded just like someone jumping onto the balcony and knowing that

we don't live in too safe of a neighborhood really scared the two of us so we decided to wait a bit before alerting our landlord downstairs when we heard the exact same loud thud again along with a bit of shuffling outside. We quickly rushed to tell the people downstairs and the uncle was quite worried too so he got his flashlights and started to inspect the place and all our neighbors came out to see the commotion too.

Eventually, when we reached the balcony we heard some shuffling around and we were all ready with our bats and right when we decided to attack, we saw 2 fluffy cats staring right back at us. That's when we realized, fortunately, that it wasn't a human that we heard causing all the commotion but instead these adorable creatures.

Finally, everyone went back to their homes and my roommate and I decided to watch a horror movie to top the night off and slept, fearing a creepy doll would surprise us any second.



FIRST...

An attempt to walk the entire shore
An attempt to draw this higher soul
An ounce of ink for a crown and a ring
Forgive me ma'am for this feeble feat

You
The echo of her first cry...
Followed by
Flowing tears from her hurt eyes...
First tumble first fall
She stumbled she crawled...
Her way to you
You

Saw the first mumbling of her words
The first crumpling of her skirt
The first bundling of her nerves
The first bubbling of her pearls
In to your vocal folds she crept
In to your woven warmth she wept
In to your open arms she leapt
In to your swollen heart she slept

You're her crown you're her queen
You're his ring you're his dream
Never frown never weep
Forever be proud and be free
Be loved and be....

Poem - Abhishek Kumarage
MBBS 33rd batch



Heli Wattegedara
MBBS 33rd batch



Sulochani Wijerathna
MBBS 33rd batch



Pasadi Tharinya
MBBS 33rd batch



Nadith Rathnayake
MBBS 33rd batch



Hasitha Nayanajith
MBBS 33rd batch

I STILL REMEMBER

I still remember the first time
I realised I loved you
How my heart felt in my chest
I was scared it would rip out
and run away
Cause I loved every flaw of
yours

I still remember thinking I
was screwed
How everyone complained
about the way you ramble
I could listen to you talk for
days
Cause when you speak every
other voice blacks out

I still remember our first
fight
How painful it was to stay
angry
I felt my heart shattering to a
thousand pieces
Cause even when I was
wrong, you was to say sorry



I still remember the first time
you said you love me
How it slipped out so naturally
I knew it came from deep down
Cause your eyes spoke louder
than your words

I still remember our first road
trip
How careful you were to keep
me safe
I could flashforward my
whole future with you
Cause no matter where I
go, you are my home

I still remember you asking
why I loved you
How you kept saying that i de-
served more
I didn't mind you being a mess
Cause I saw your soul,
How amazing you were inside

I still remember falling in love
with you

Dewni Ranaweera
MBBS 33rd batch

Most critical health concerns we face in the 21st century

In the 21st century, we are facing many critical challenges globally such as increasing burden of non-communicable diseases, sedentary lifestyle and related health issues, increasing number of aging population and coping up with their health needs, increasing mental illnesses among youth population, the needs to keep a master plan to cope up with future epidemics and the increasing number of cancer patients and the public demand for advanced care etc.

Overall, non-communicable disease is increasing in number worldwide. Variable modifiable factors also contribute to this situation. This means healthcare workers need to increase the health awareness programmes, health promotion activities and the preventive measures by using multiple modalities.

Due to the improvement of health care globally, elderly people are getting better health care than ever and well controlling their chronic diseases. This leads to increasing number of total elderly population and is an important health concern for the health care system.

The new trend of sedentary lifestyle is a cause of multiple health problems such as increasing number of patients with the hypertension, type 2 Diabetes mellitus, obesity, hyperlipidemia and the “metabolic syndrome” etc. Negligence of regular exercise and increasing intake of fast food is also causing obesity in all the age groups. Therapeutic lifestyle modification is playing a key role in the management of “metabolic syndrome”.



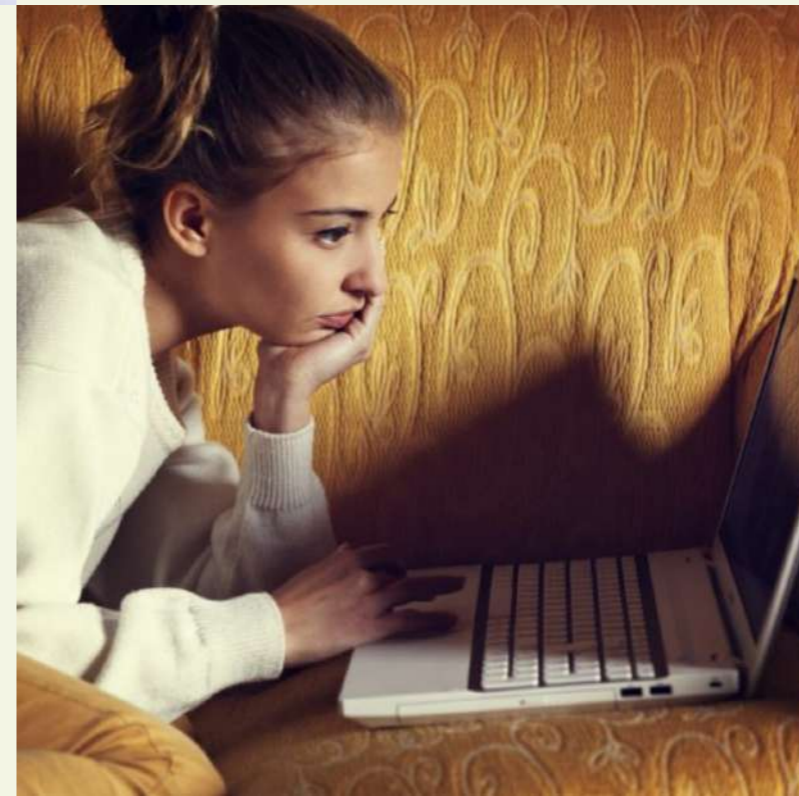
Another important concern is to keeping a proper master plan to overcome the future epidemics successfully and in the implementation of these plans. A good example of this is the COVID-19 pandemic. Although epidemiologists and health experts in infectious disease control were well aware of such possibilities and had already made guidelines in case of such an outbreak, setting the plan in motion was limited by the medical resources, health products and manpower to manage the sudden rise in demand for welfare of patients and the need to treat them.



More over due to the advanced diagnostic techniques, number of diagnosed cancer patients are increasing in number. More researches needs to be done on finding new ways on the health care approach in preventing, screening and managing of various types of cancer patients.



Nowadays youngsters are spending long time on electronic devices and using the internet for the prolonged periods-including watching violent cartoons, games and violent films etc. and due to these, they are more vulnerable to various mental illnesses and as the numbers are progressively increasing-it is one of the key health concerns of the century.



These are a few of some of the most critical health concerns we face in the 21st century. A lot of research and modelling is being carried out in hopes of possibly limiting the prevalence of these health issues. Of course, the real question is how can we, as medical students, contribute to make a positive difference in these prevailing trends?

Naufi Moulana
MBBS 33rd batch



Zenith

Grow up they say,
Don't cry they say,
Speak politely they say,
Always be the best they say,
But why do they never say, "I understand you know".

Put up the smile they wanted,
Built the achievements they expected,
Used the language they appreciated,
But why did I never feel "me" acknowledged?
Why did I never give "me" a chance to show?

Maybe docility is everything they expected?
The jewelry I had crafted for them, melted to mold my crown,
Now I take "my" hand, lift myself up, and start limping forward,
To the zenith in my life.

Pema Yangki
MBBS - 33rd batch

DISTANCE IS SWEET

**I SEE YOU IN A GALAXY...
IN FARTHEST FAR...
OVER THE MOUNTAINS - HIDING IN MIST...
I SEE YOU IN THE FARTHEST FAR SKY...**

**BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS...
HIDING IN MIST...
WINKING AND BLINKING YOUR SHINY EYES...
CALLING ME, COME TO YOU...**

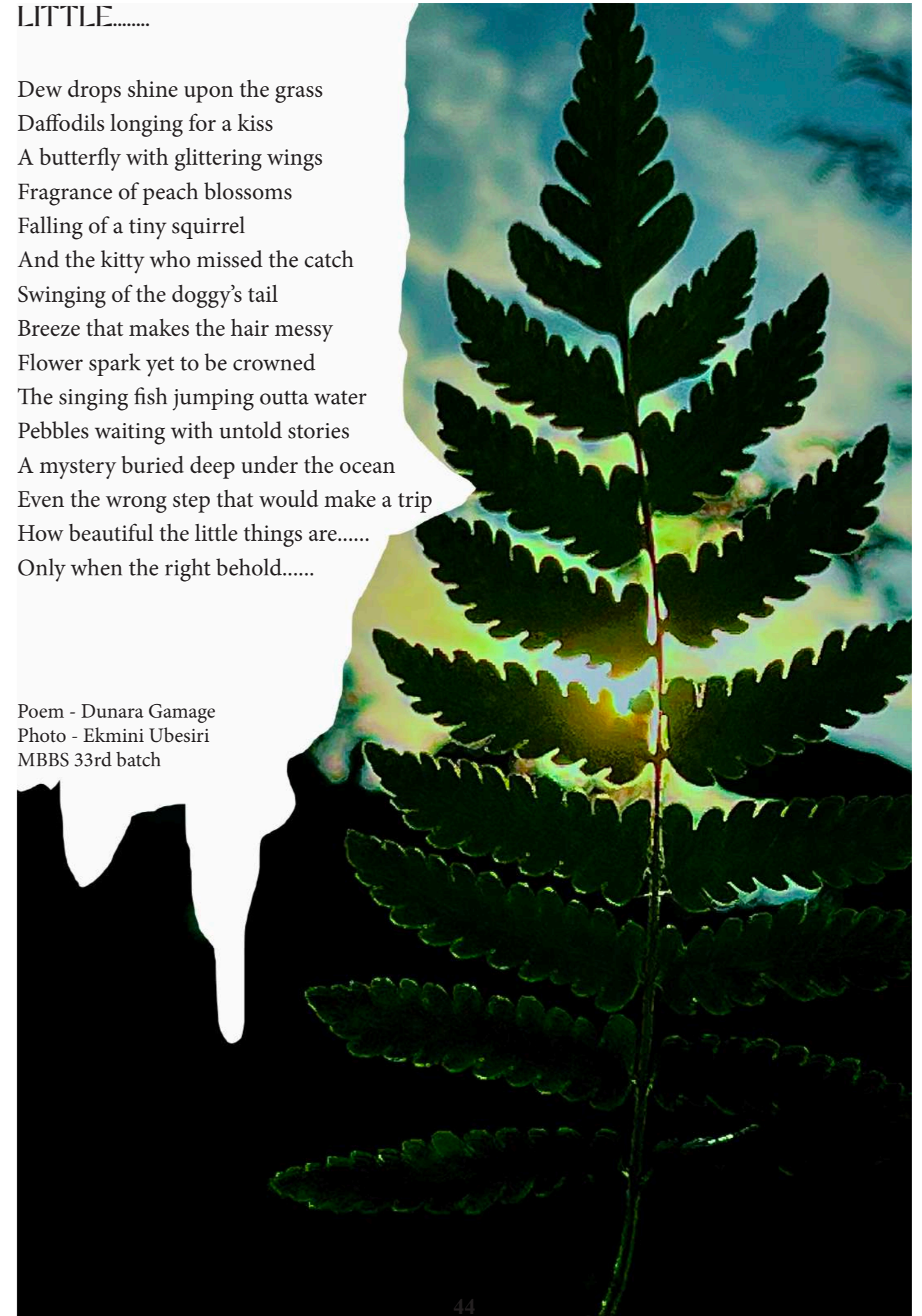
**I SEE YOU IN THAT WORLD...
WORLD THAT I DREAM TO LIVE...
ALTHOUGH I CAN'T COME CLOSER...
DISTANCE IS SWEET SOMETIMES...**

Poem - Kavindu Sasmitha
Artwork - Nithya Chandrawansa
MBBS 33rd batch

LITTLE.....

Dew drops shine upon the grass
Daffodils longing for a kiss
A butterfly with glittering wings
Fragrance of peach blossoms
Falling of a tiny squirrel
And the kitty who missed the catch
Swinging of the doggy's tail
Breeze that makes the hair messy
Flower spark yet to be crowned
The singing fish jumping outta water
Pebbles waiting with untold stories
A mystery buried deep under the ocean
Even the wrong step that would make a trip
How beautiful the little things are.....
Only when the right behold.....

Poem - Dunara Gamage
Photo - Ekmini Ubesiri
MBBS 33rd batch





SORROW

There's a mysterious sorrow deep in my heart
It keeps tears rolling down my cheeks
But clings to my thoughts, never leaving with them
Staining my cheeks, gradually consuming its colour
Until life seems more and more duller
This knot in my heart that never unwinds
Where emptiness and fear entwine
Engulfed in a timeless world
Here I lay on my bed curled
Fighting the hands that drag me down
Oh! But they are the hands of my own
A hand to lift me out of this pit
Oh! But a wish unheard



The Wilted Flower

Feelings were tangled
Soul was worn out
I was spacing out
And then...
A drop of water
Creeped through my roots
Moved upwards nourishing me
I was feeling as if
I was living and breathing
Today I'm pleading the sun
Not to snatch this
Drop of water away from me
And make me numb again

In a world of momentary
Can I believe the feeling
I am now
With all the future
To be unraveled
How can I know is it you
I was seeking for

Look in the eye
Do skip a beat at times
A crushed inner heart
Feeling strange
Certainly uncertain
To trust my gut
The outburst of butterflies

Let all the nightmares
Be hidden deep inside
No need for this feeling

CRUSHED

Even a bit
Enough pain was brought
last time
As I opened my heart

Many young people
I see
have fallen in love
With many years ahead of them yet
How did they see
how did they know
This is the one

How in the world Can I settle
Unknown
The future about to reveal
Would I be happy
with your presence
Or happier with another
I just don't believe
Love at first sight anymore

Vidarsha Fernando
MBBS 33rd batch



Great Expectations

We all as human beings have great expectations when it comes to our lives. Great expectations is the belief that something great might happen. The book "Great expectations" by Charles Dickens proves us that assumptions if not handled correctly might create our downfall.

Charles Dickens is one of the most popular English authors in the 19th century. His book "Great Expectations" is considered as a master piece for it's ironical representation of society's belief that money is "the key to happiness."

This story is about a young boy called "Pip", whose sister took care of him after the loss of his parents. The sister was married to a blacksmith by the name of "Jo" who was Pip's best friend and the only person who understood and cared for him.

One day young Pip gets the opportunity to meet a rich yet

mysterious woman called Miss Havisham, Pip was immediately attracted to Miss Havisham's young ward Estella, who although beautiful was haughty and treated Pip quite offensively as he was a poor uneducated boy who was not worthy for Estella's notice.

Yet Pip wanted to become a gentleman (educated and rich) in order to win the heart of Estella.

This desire was granted when a secret benefactor offers his money to make Pip a gentleman. Pip immediately takes this opportunity and leaves his home, and family. But his path to become a gentleman was not sweet and he does not manage to win Estella and at the end he was driven by debts and his expectations collapse before his eyes.

The main reason for his failure was that he built expectations for the wrong reason. Although becoming an educated person was good his main purpose

to do so was to impress someone who cares so little for him, his expectation should have been for his own good and not to impress someone.

Secondly after going to London he immediately cuts his ties with his village and family. He is under the delusion that his family is now not good enough for his social status. This is a common mistake of all human beings. They forget their beginning after achieving greatness, but they do not think that the past is the reason why they have achieved the greatness. If it wasn't for Pip's sister and Jo he would have died as after the loss of his parents the sister was the one who looked after him.

The third reason is that human beings should all be satisfied with what they have. Pip's desire to become a gentleman destroyed his happiness, later did he realize that the mundane life in the village is far greater than the luxurious life in the town.

Pip was too late in his realization of the true meaning of life, which is that happiness is more important than money. What is to

be learned from this masterpiece is that every prediction should be done with a clear mind, meaning decisions should not be made when we are emotional.

There is a famous proverb called "Don't bite off more than you can chew", This can be applied here, one must take small steps to achieve our goals. Pip's giant step to luxury also caused his downfall.

This great work proves,

Money can't buy happiness

Forgetting ones past is the path to peoples undoing.

Decisions should be made under a clear mind.

Not to bite off more than you can chew.

This is the beauty of great literature, it gives us a true understanding of the world and society.

I hope, that by reading this you'll understand the true value of life.

Senuri Galabadaarachchi
MBBS 33rd batch

Happiness

In psychology, happiness is a state of emotional well – being that a person experiences either in a narrow sense or in a broad sense. Happiness can be distinguished both from negative emotions and from other positive emotions such as affection, excitement, and interest. Smiling often co – occurs with happiness.

People from around the world tend to have a similar concept of happiness and can recognize happiness in others. When people are asked to list the things that are most important to them, happiness consistently tops the list.

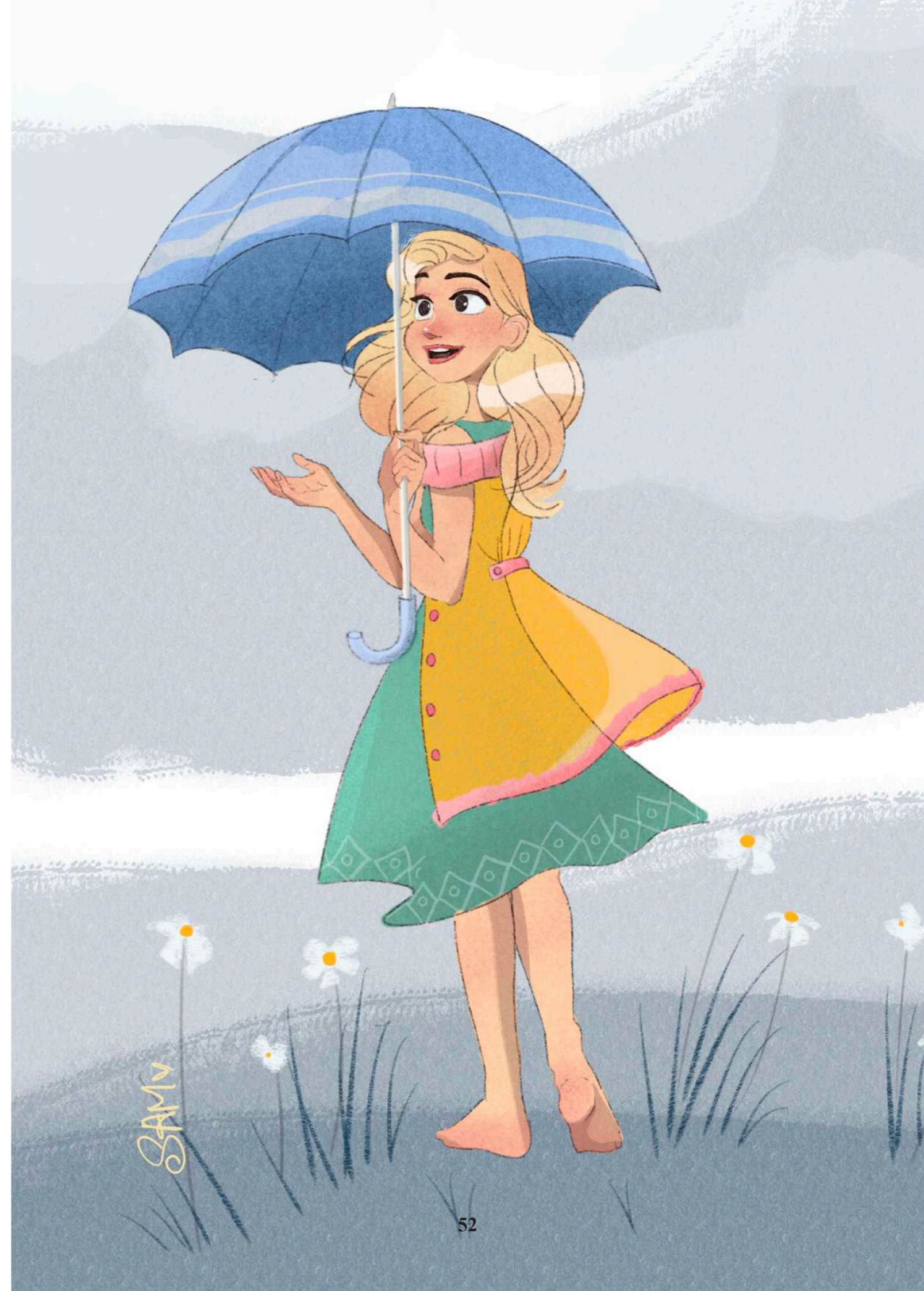
Psychologists have arrived at the conclusion that income is not strongly correlated with happiness. Wealthy people are happier than poor people, but the difference is not very large. So, happiness is not often correlated with the job or income people get but it is associated with the peace of mind and the freedom. High – paying jobs often carry more responsibility, so the freedom can be limited for those people. They lack peace of mind. People with low income who have more free time can be happier than these people.

Maintaining good mental health is a very important aspect because it is directly related with the well – being of a person. It is often related to happiness. If a person does not have good mental health, they tend to develop diseases like depression. Depression can lead to many consequences, and it can destroy someone's whole life. So, happiness is very important.

Happiness often comes with loving yourself and accepting yourself just the way you are. Loving yourself makes someone more confident and it will help to overcome their insecurities. This will eventually lead to happiness and good mental health. Staying true to yourself and being honest is also associated with peace of mind. Being simple and not having high hopes in life is also linked with this.

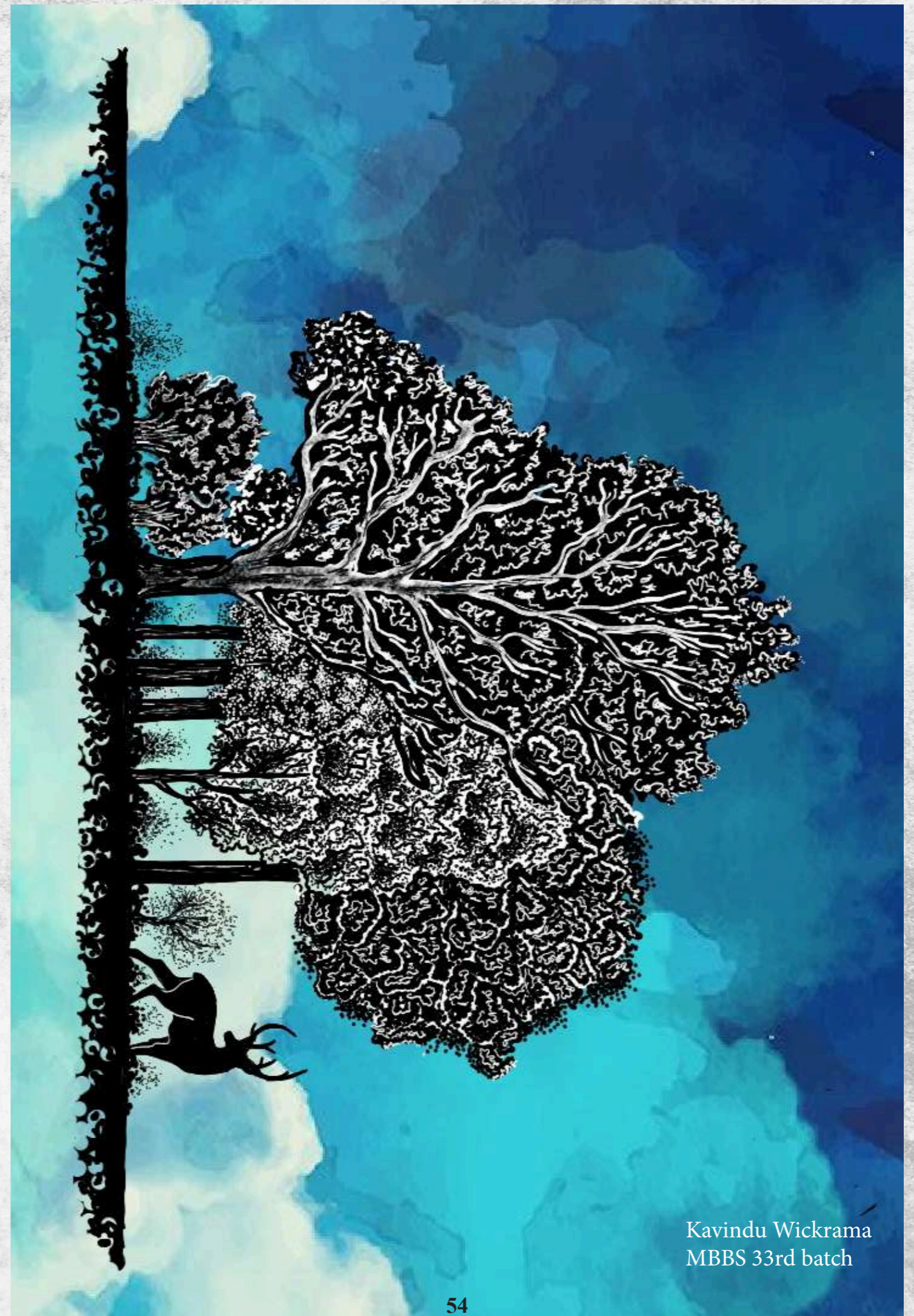
In my opinion, I think it is very important for a person to create happiness in their own way. Not every person is the same. They have different circumstances, life – styles and social backgrounds. So, people should always find their own ways to be happy and have good mental health.

Essay - W. Sayuri Nanayakkara
Artwork - Amanda Maheepaala
MBBS 33rd batch

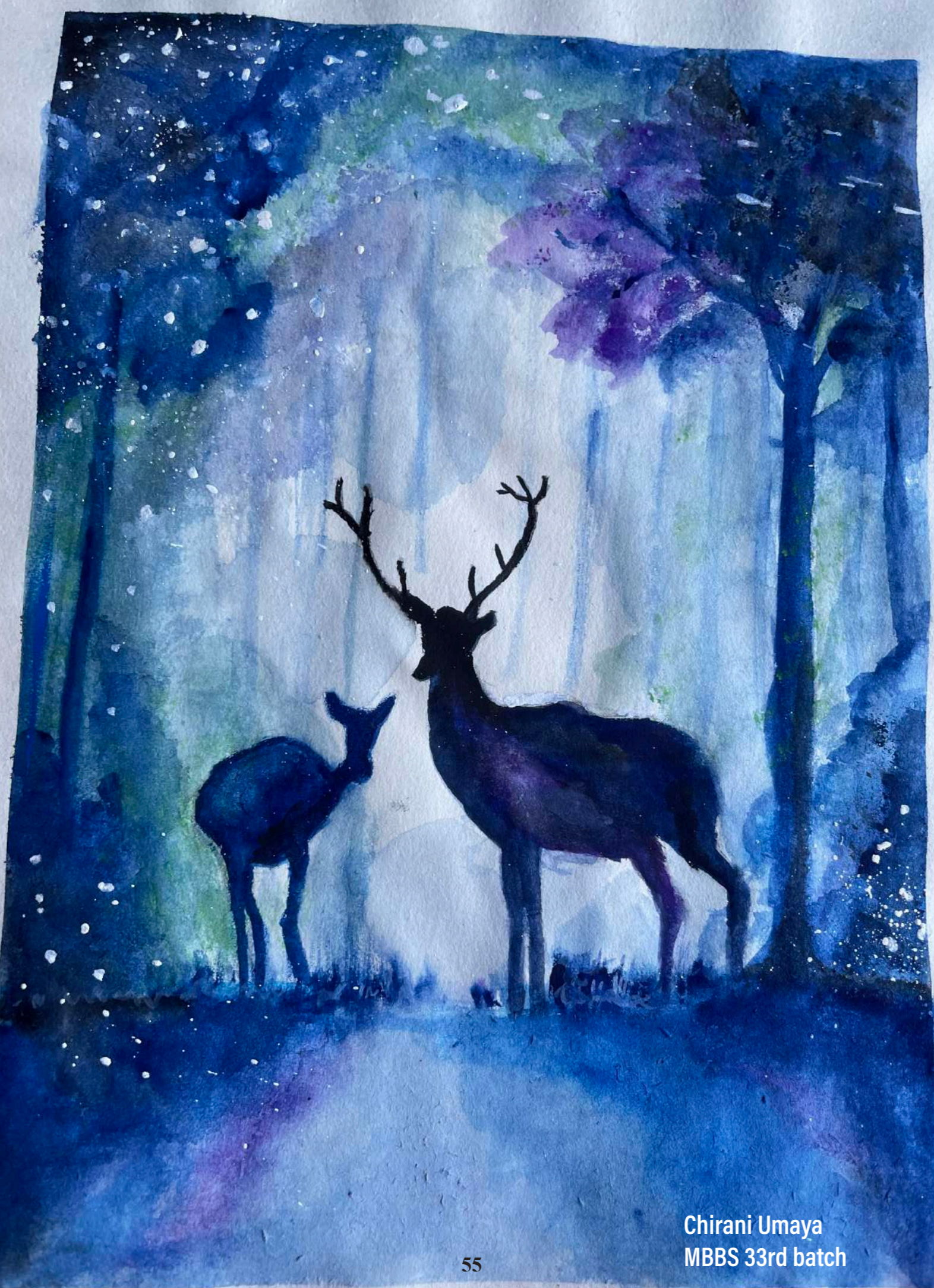




Flavia Gunarathne
MBBS 33rd batch



Kavindu Wickrama
MBBS 33rd batch



Chirani Umayya
MBBS 33rd batch



Waves

Most of the time, I go to the beach in my leisure time. Whenever I gaze out at the sea, I notice that waves are constantly approaching and receding. Whether it's morning, evening, January, May, New Year, or Christmas, they persist without ceasing. Regardless of the season or time, they continue their relentless motion. Just like the waves, problems enter our lives and depart from them. Problems are never-ending. No matter if you are a child, teenager, or adult, you will encounter various challenges.

The seashore eagerly welcomes these waves. Sometimes, the waves are colossal, yet they are still embraced by the shoreline. Waves bring various things with them as they wash ashore. Nevertheless, all are received with open arms by the seashore, no matter their nature. Our lives operate in a similar way. We cannot simply reject any kind of problem. Some problems may be more challenging, but we must still accept them. Certain problems contribute to the improvement of our lives, while others hinder our progress. However, every problem can serve as a valuable lesson in life. If you approach them with a positive mindset, you can undoubtedly overcome them and find effective solutions to your

Ambiguity

Life is hard,
It gets even harder when you have someone to compare to,
I'm poorer than you,
You are smarter than me,
I'm prettier than you.
What's worse is when the person you look up to becomes the very cause of your bitterness.

*Life is unfair.
It does not give you what you want, what you deserve.
It asks for more and gives too little.
It shows you pain in hopes of becoming better.*

Life is complicated,
You do what you must do,
You can't afford doing you.
You end up hurting the very person you were not supposed to hurt.

*Life is awkward.
You don't say "I love you",
You just expect them to know.
You want others' acknowledgement, but you don't want their criticisms.*

Life is beautiful,
Even during hardships,
You smile when you succeed,
You try and try to bring a smile,
To sing and dance; eat and play.
Life is difficult but it's you who makes it worthwhile to live and to exist.

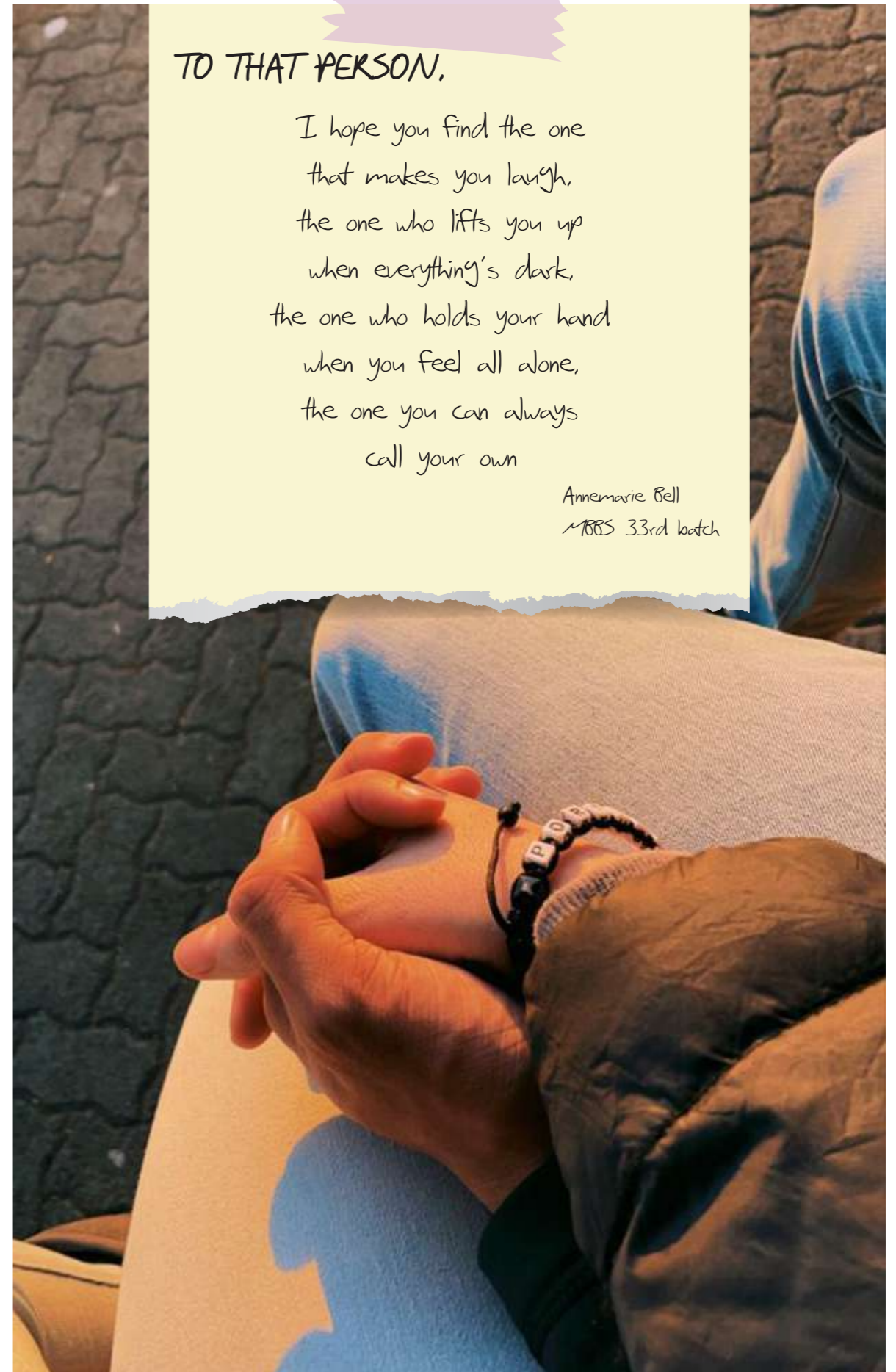


Pema Yangki
MBBS 33rd batch

TO THAT PERSON,

I hope you find the one
that makes you laugh,
the one who lifts you up
when everything's dark,
the one who holds your hand
when you feel all alone,
the one you can always
call your own

Annemarie Bell
MBBS 33rd batch



JENGA

Ayushi Singhal, a poet, once said, “life is like a game of Jenga, you know it’s gonna fall apart eventually but you play along anyway. Coz when it does fall apart, you know how to put the pieces back together again as the show must go on.”

Jenga is a game played by building a tower of blocks and then removing each block and placing it on the top without toppling the whole tower. It is easier said than done, for this game only gets harder and harder to accomplish. One wrong move would cost you everything that you have worked so hard to achieve. However, we have to acknowledge the fact that once the Jenga tower collapses, you could always rebuild and start again.

The hurdles, stumbling blocks, and challenges we

face in this game are just like our real life.

Personally, I tend to assume every little inconvenience is my fallen Jenga tower but the moment I realized I was probably being a bit too dramatic is when I went through this specific experience which is none other than leaving home. Yes, this 18-year-old adult decided to move to a place she’s called her motherland for ages but had no clue of what it truly was despite it being her annual vacation spot.

Calling it a scary experience would be an understatement, in my opinion, it was just any frightening word you could pick out of my very restricted vocabulary but I did it, I decided it was high time I leave my comfort zone, I left my mom’s delicious hugs, my siblings’ bicker-

ing, and my beloved bed. The moment I arrived in Sri Lanka, I just wanted to run back, to be honest, all that adulting isn’t for me, I just wanted to stay in my momma’s embrace for a little longer but it was too late so I mustered up the courage, and prepared for my first day of uni. Oh boy, just when I thought I was done with a huge obstacle I realized moving here was just the tip of the iceberg.

I had to learn the language, I had to learn the slang most importantly, jokes, , the people, the culture, the national anthem, the whole being a freshman thing which is an emotional turmoil in itself, the jet lag, and just about every day was a stumbling block for me, from tryna cook different meals with my roommate



I, thankfully, could count on my friends and family to always be just one step behind ensuring that even if I fall, they are there to catch me.

I even had to overcome loads of stumbling blocks to be able to stand here and give this speech, the number of times I’ve been tempted to back out for reasons like stage fright to ones like having to submit an assignment tomorrow.

All these moments were my fallen Jenga towers,

but I put them back to play again. It was hard if I’m being truly honest because sometimes it’s hawrd to find motivation since we tend to want what is convenient to us but life is not effortless; it presents you with social and emotional hardships. But the strife with life’s challenges is what made me grow into the person I am today. The difficult times I encounter help me appreciate the good times I have and will experience. I have become

a fairly stronger individual for overcoming these hurdles or obstacles when I could have easily run from them which I was quite tempted to do numerous times. I am not perfect, let me lay that out there, I still struggle with life’s tribulations, but when I do, I always recall Dr. Kelso’s quote from the sitcom “Scrubs”, “Nothing in this world that is worth having comes easy,” and I know that everything will eventually be okay.

Maryam Hakeem
MBBS 33rd batch



C L O U D S

CLOUDS AND RAIN
WAVE AFTER WAVE
HOPE DRIFTS AWAY
THE FEAR WITHIN STAYS

THE WAVES TOSS US
SOMETIMES WITH JOY
SOMETIMES WITH HATE
NOT A TOY
BUT THE SHIP

WHERE WE WERE BORN AND RAISED
WHERE WE ROAMED AND PLAYED
WHERE WE WERE TAUGHT TO PRAY
TAUGHT TO LOVE AND NOT TO HATE

YOUR HANDS ON THE WHEEL
WITH WOUNDS ON YOUR FEET
NO LAND TO BE SEEN
NO STORY TO BELIEVE
YOUR EYES TO THE FRONT
YOUR MOUTH KEPT SHUT
WITH YOUR WILL AS YOUR GUT
THE PAIN IN YOU STUCK
AS YOU STEERED ALL OF US

TO A LAND FULL OF LOVE
WHERE WE SHALL STAND AND BE
'US'
WHERE WE SHALL GIVE AND BE
LOVED

BUT THEN WILL YOU STOP?
THEN WILL YOU BREATHE?
THEN WILL YOU TALK?
THEN WILL YOU SLEEP?

FOR SO LONG THE CAPTAIN WAS AT
SEA
NOT FOR HIM BUT FOR US TO SEE
FOR SO LONG HE WAS LOST IN TIME
LOST AT SEA

NOT FOR HIM BUT FOR US TO FEEL
THE LAND ON OUR FEET
BUT WILL HE FEEL?
THE LAND ON HIS FEET
WILL HE FEEL?
WILL HE FEEL?

ABHISHEK KUMARAGE
MBBS 33RD BATCH



MR. DEATH ASKED ME OUT

EVERY SLEEPLESS NIGHT HE COMES TO VISIT ME, COVERING HIS WHOLE BODY WITH THOUSANDS OF BURNING FLAMES. EVERY SINGLE TIME HE APPEARS HE WIPES ALL MY TEARS AWAY BUT INSTEAD OF COMFORTING ME, HE ASKS ME, "WILL YOU COME WITH ME TODAY?" MY UNSURE REJECTION DRAWS A SMILE ON HIS EMOTIONLESS FACE MAYBE BECAUSE HE KNOWS I LIED OR WHAT I AM DESPERATE. OUR DEEP CONVERSATIONS REFLECT HIS SPIRITUALITY AS HE PULLS MY HEART STRINGS TO HIS SIDE, USING EVERY WORD HE SAY. FOR HE USE PRETTY WORDS TO SPEAK THE UGLY TRUTH, HE IS SO MY TYPE AS I FEEL HE IS CAPABLE OF FINDING ANSWERS TO ALL MY FRUSTRATIONS WITH NO DEBATES. EVERY SINGLE DAY HE ASKS ME TO TAKE HIS HAND, WALK WITH HIM AND STAY IN PEACE AT HIS RESORT. HE PROMISES NO ONE WILL EVER BOTHER ME AS LONG AS I AM ONE OF HIS BELONGS. "SHOULD I GO OR SHOULD I STAY?" IS WHAT I WONDER ALL DAY.

YASASWEE NIGEESHA
MBBS 33RD BATCH



Embracing Our Smallness



In the vast expanse of the universe,
We are but tiny specks of dust.
Our problems and worries,
In the grand scheme, are a mere crust.

We are but fleeting moments,
In the endless flow of time.
Our lives are but a whisper,
In the grand cosmic chime.

But let us not despair,
For though we may be small,
Our impact can be great,
If we stand tall.

So let us forget our troubles,
And chase after joy and cheer.
For though we may be small,
Happiness is always near.

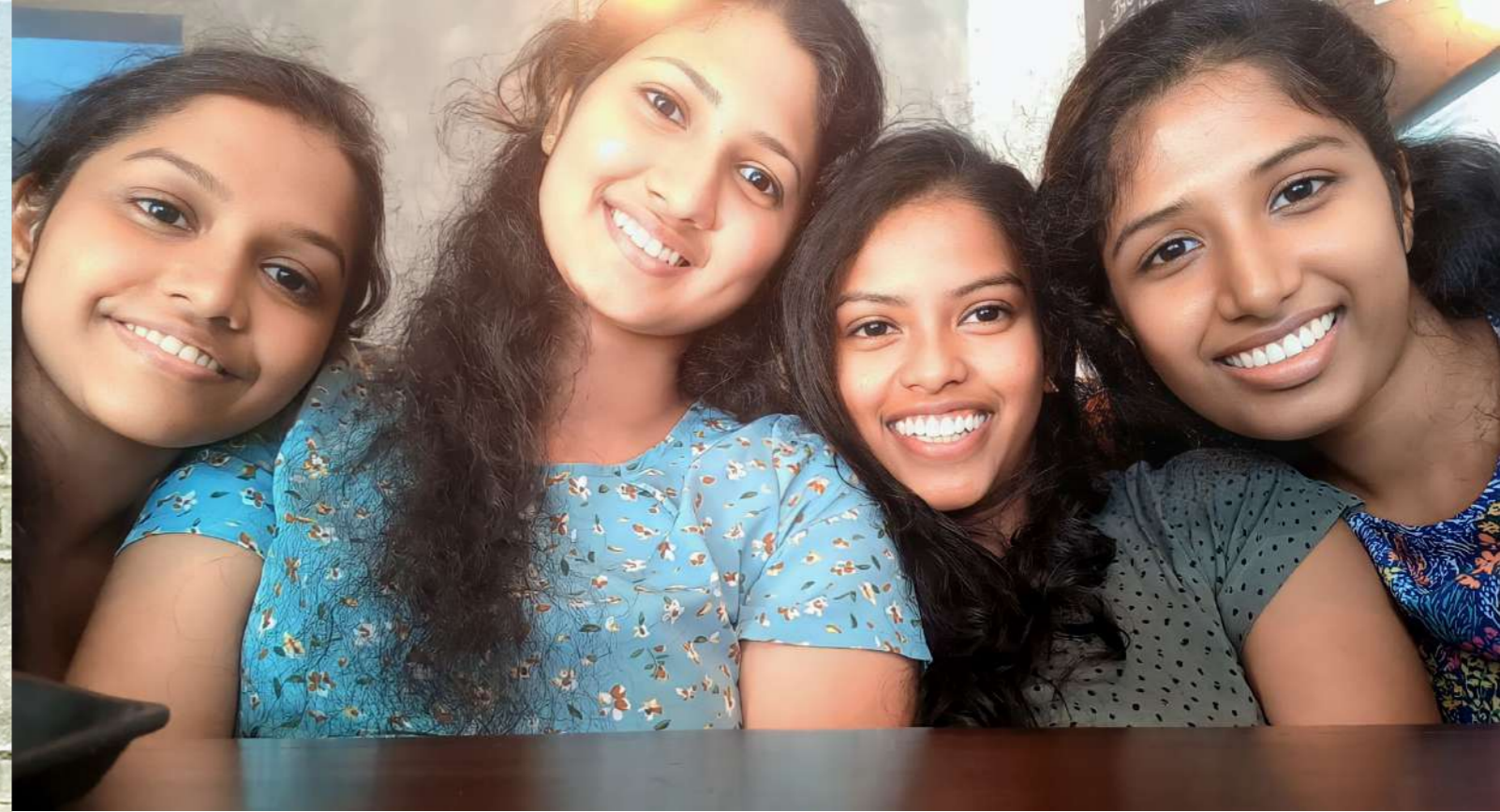
MOOD IS LIGHT

The palm trees sway in the warm breeze
As the sun beats down on golden sands
The ocean waves crash against the shore
Leaving behind seashells and coral strands

The air is thick with the scent of spice
As vendors sell their wares in the streets
Children play games, laughter filling the air
While adults relax and take their seats

The heat is oppressive, but the mood is light
As the people go about their days
Summertime in Sri Lanka is a delight
A time of rest and playful ways

The mangoes are ripe, juicy and sweet
As the evenings bring a cool relief
Families gather 'round the dinner table
To share stories and enjoy the summer's bounty and
peace.



FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is one of the greatest bonds anyone can ever wish for. In another way, it is a devoted relationship between two individuals. We meet many people along the way of life but special souls stay with us forever and they stay by our side through thick and thin. Even though we have a large friend circle, we know that we can only count on one or two people with whom we can share true friendship.

Having a true friend makes our lives easier and full of happiness with zero judgements. As humans, we want to be ourselves completely without the fear of being judged and a true friendship allows this and welcome us as the way we are. A true friendship with zero judgements is the most beautiful gift we can present to anyone. On the other hand, a true friendship gives us beautiful reasons to stay strong in life. Having a loving family and all is okay, but you also need true friendships to be completely happy. One can learn so many lessons from friendships which will not find anywhere else throughout life.

Real friends are there to make us stronger and to motivate us. It tests us and helps us to grow stronger. Everybody likes to be loved and accepted. That kind of freedom is what every human strives to have in their lives. A true friendship is the best option for this. While it is lucky to get true friendship in life, it is also important to maintain this friendship so that one does not lose out on it. We must give our friends the love and respect they deserve. It is essential to keep in touch with them to feel them we are there for them. It shows the love, respect and honesty play major roles in maintaining true friendships.

Therefore, we must never rush to make friends. It will need a good foundation. That kind of a friendship will never have an ulterior motive, it will always offer selflessly. "True friends are like diamonds- bright, beautiful, valuable and always in style."

*They Can't Tell Me Who To Be
'Cause I'm Not What They See
Yeah, The World Is Still Sleepin'
While I Keep On Dreaming For Me*



Have you ever watched an animation that has treasure hunters sailing across space in search of lost treasure? If not, then watch "Treasure Planet". This animation is a Walt Disney adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous classic "Treasure Island" with a bit of futuristic twist to it and is about a boy who sets off on an adventure in order to find a famously known treasure buried in a planet in the depths of space.



In the animation, the story starts off with young Jim Hawkins who helps his mother run the Benbow Inn, a rest house, when one day, a spaceship crashes near the house and a dying pilot has just enough time to give Jim the map to Treasure Planet, being said to hold an invaluable amount of treasure. Jim sets off to find this mysterious planet in a spaceship with Dr. Delbert Doppler, Mr. Arrow, Captain Amelia and a crew of men. During the voyage, Jim discovers that the crew is in fact, a band of pirates who are led by Long John Silver, the spaceship's cook and want all the treasure for themselves and will stop at nothing to get it. So Jim and his friends have to figure out a way to confront against the pirates and get a hold of the treasure before the pirates.

What is so good about this animation is that when Jim, his friends and the pirates find out that the Treasure Planet is a trap and must escape before it destroys itself and everyone else on it. I believe that this movie vvery interesting and action packed. It is a movie that has an adventurous spirit to it and will keep the person watching it hooked till the end. I would recommend this movie for anyone who likes a unique story with an adventure-focused plot.

Essay - Naufi Moulana
MBBS 33rd Batch



*2003
Best Animated
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Original Theatrical Release: November 27, 2002



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SOME MATERIAL MAY BE INAPPROPRIATE FOR CHILDREN
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Treasure Planet



28152

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ANIMATED  CLASSICS



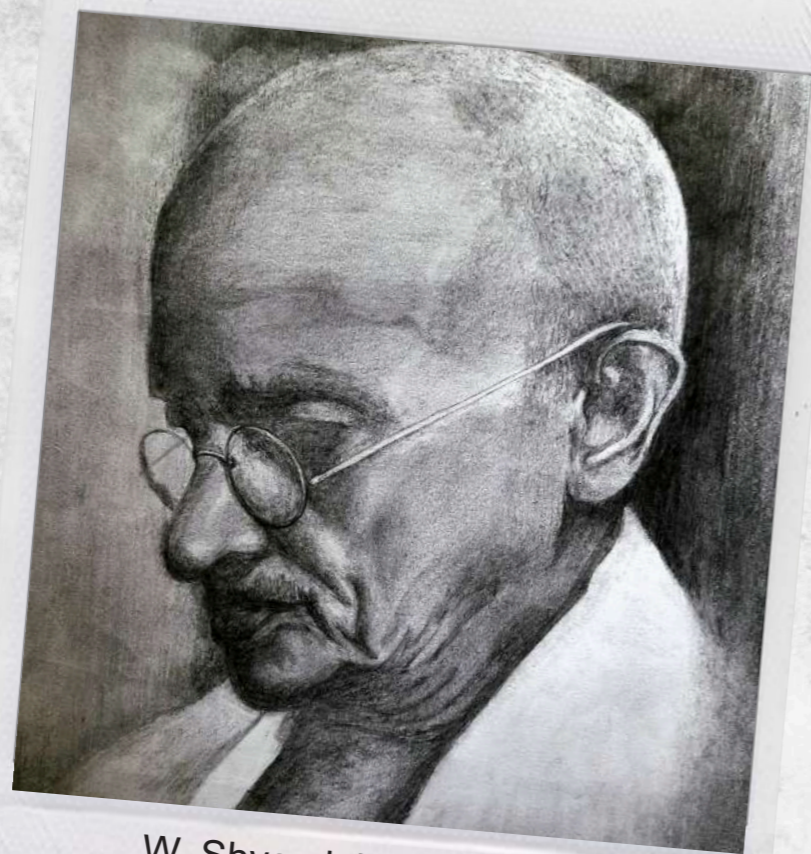
Ravindi Punsara
OT 1st batch



Thamali Senevirathna
OT 1st batch



Thamali Senevirathna
OT 1st batch



W. Shyamini B Colambage
SHS 14 batch



Thamali Senevirathna
OT 1st batch



Amani Azhar
MBBS 33rd batch



Buddhika Ilukwaththa
MBBS 33rd batch



Ekmini Ubesiri
MBBS 33rd batch



Dinithi Rajapaksha
MBBS 33rd batch

UNTITLED

But fate wasn't done with us. Defying all possibilities, 'strangers' became friends. You and I became us. Our hearts beat as one. It was meant to be. In an infinity of unknowns we were the knowns in our little infinity, again unknown to the rest of the world.

But people change, for the better or for the worse, just like how stars can burst and cease to be nothing. It's inevitable. The love that bound us, which was once a rope made of gold, has worn off and become as fragile as a sheet of paper, nearly ceasing to exist. Our little infinity has been breaking away, bursting into nothingness, drifting away into the great unknown, slowly yet steadily. And as I watch it disappear, I just sit here and think about us. How 'we' were part of each other. How 'we' completed each other. How our dying brightness had the ability to just rekindle each other's flames. I'm sure as life goes on, and more unknowns become known and get etched in my heart, the void left by you will slowly be filled. But just as a crumpled sheet cannot be fixed, so won't my heart. It will linger, looking for that special star to complete our infinity, the very one I watched, disappear. Slowly yet steadily...

Thirshan Abeysekera

MBBS 33rd Batch

NONNO

He's there again, in his chair rocking
Staring on the road as it kink on to our dwelling
For a man of eighty he's got a good eye,
About his memory...
I let out a big sigh

He looks at our dog beside him as it lays,
Then chase it out,
thinking it's a stray..

Sometimes he eat twice for lunch
Forget about lunch
and grab something again to munch.

Living old is a blessing they say,
But isn't it hope and memories
that keep us going each day?



"Nonno, what are you doing?"
Every time I ask
"Waiting for Nonna"
Every time he reply

How do I get these words to reach his ear?
"Nonno, she's been gone from us for a year"

Therushi Wijerathna
MBBS 33rd batch

Last breath

Hold me tight now
For tomorrow I won't exist
Talk to me, let me hear
For this is our last tryst

Today let me look at you
Let me adore your beauty
For time I have is few
Let me spend it with you

For others I'd soon cease to exist
But by you I wish to be missed
Just look at me as you always did
For today I've promised I won't shed a tear

Let everything be taken away from me
Let me be left torn apart
But my love for you would never cease
Your name could never be wiped off my heart

My eyes feel heavy
My breath slows down
My vision turns blurry
The world darkens around
I smile looking at him
The one I've always loved
Death could never be better
As in this moment, I am most alive