

3rd Issue 2021

SPARK

a student-led creative collective



Spark

Edition 03

**Published by the English Literary Association
Department of English and Linguistics
University of Sri Jayewardenepura**

**Date of publication
05.07.2021**



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MESSAGE BY THE HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH AND LINGUISTICS

As the Head of the Department of English and Linguistics (formerly known as the Department of English), it indeed gives me great pleasure to pen this congratulatory message at this significant juncture of the third publication of our department, the ELA Magazine, named “Spark: Student-led Creative Collective.”



I am proud that the students of our department have displayed such an immense effort in contributing to the further enrichment of the festivities in publishing a magazine of this nature. I am extremely proud of our own students who, despite having no formal academic training in Creative Writing per se at the department, have boldly projected diverse innovative expressions as entailed in these pages to follow. Therefore, this is in no doubt, an expression of authentic talent indeed: Spark. It is heartening to note the creative interests of our student body, and I take this opportunity to extend my sincere wishes to the ELA student body on embarking on this promising journey. The ELA has been an integral element of the Department of English and Linguistics, since the department's inception in 1997/1998 under the patronage of the late Prof. A.J. Gunawardena spearheaded by Ms. Parvathi Nagasundaram – the Mother of the Department – who is responsible for transforming the department into what it is today, rendering her immense services to date. It is indeed with a sense of pride that I highlight that it is the Department of English and Linguistics of the University of Sri Jayewardenepura which pioneered the TESL programme at an Undergraduate level. The department also is the forerunner in offering English Literature and English Language studies at the Undergraduate level, giving equal focus to both the streams. It is noteworthy to spotlight that our department under the guidance of Prof. Rajiva Wijesinghe and Ms. Parvathi Nagasundaram initiated the process, by way of extending the valuable opportunity to students, of pursuing an Undergraduate degree in English, despite them not having offered English at the Advanced Level examination: the department adopts the concept of an entry test by way of ranging invaluable opportunities to the student community. It is this extension of recognizing academic talent and ensuring their productivity therein, that has led to the current sphere of the department being home to students of diverse academic and socio-cultural backgrounds to pursue the tertiary education of their choice.

It is a pleasure for me to convey that this is the third edition of the Spark magazine which is published by our department. Despite the COVID-19 pandemic situation, which is currently going on all over the world, the students decided to publish this magazine through the digital platform. This clearly reflects the students' commitment, their conduct towards humanity and their commendable collective effort despite being individually separated. Bringing the magazine to be published in the digital platform in this pandemic situation, also functions as a means of releasing the student's psychological tension caused specially due to this unfortunate COVID-19 pandemic.

I would like to extend my sincere appreciation to the Vice Chancellor and the Dean of the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences of the University of Sri Jayewardenepura for all their support rendered to our department in uplifting the academic experience of our very own students. I wish to acknowledge the commitment of the students specially Binuri Ruwanpura,

Tani Thilakaratne, Deshadhee Wijayarathne, the President, Secretary, and the Editor of the English Literary Association. I also would like to acknowledge my gratitude to the current board members, Sankalpa Kalubowila, Thathsarani Ratnatilake, Senali Sagara, Anuki Mendis, the President, the Secretary, the Editor and the Co-editor of the English Literary Association for taking on the duty to finish the magazine successfully. I give my heartiest wishes once again to the ELA of our department and sincerely wish our students all the very best in their future literary endeavors.

DR. CHITRA JAYATHILAKE

HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH AND LINGUISTICS

UNIVERSITY OF SRI JAYEWARDENEPURA



MESSAGE BY THE PRESIDENT OF ENGLISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION

I am honored to have been privileged with this opportunity to bring forth my message for the third successful issue of the Spark Magazine.

The birth of the student-led creative collective, the Spark Magazine came about with the hope of creating a free, safe space for creative rendition.

The Spark Magazine, which initially was the canvas only for the membership of the English Literary Association of the University of Sri Jayewardenepura, grew up to reach out to other departments and other universities.



The third issue of the Spark Magazine is now a collective of the creative expression of the membership of the Department of English and Linguistics, other departments and faculties within our university, and other universities within the country.

Our collective is primarily a result of student effort and not aided with any professional experts. Hence, there is a chance for errors and mistakes, but also for rectification and growth. Therefore, I humbly call upon the readership's patience and pardon on any and all such blunders.

On behalf of the Board of the English Literary Association for the year 2020/2021, I would like to render my gratitude to Professor Sudantha Liyanage the Vice Chancellor of the University of Sri Jayewardenepura, Professor Shirantha Heenkanda the Dean of the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences of the University of Sri Jayewardenepura for their aid to this project. I sincerely thank Dr Chitra Jayathilake, the Head of the Department of English and Linguistics and the academic staff for the constantly unwavering guidance given to us throughout our venture. I would like to thank the fellow members of the Board of English Literary Association for the year 2020/2021, and the members of the Editorial Committee who worked unconditionally for the successful execution of the magazine. I would also render my heartfelt gratitude to the contributors of the magazine who trusted us with their creative masterpieces.

As I end my journey as the President of the English Literary Association, it is the sincere hope of mine and my fellow members of the outgoing Board of Officials that the Spark Magazine will continue to light the Spark of fire within all creative individuals, and be the starting point of an era of great Sri Lankan artists.

Binuri Ruwanpura,

President of ELA (Board 20/21)

English Literary Association

Department of English and Linguistics

University of Sri Jayewardenepura

MESSAGE BY THE SECRETARY OF ENGLISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

It is with great pleasure that I acknowledge this opportunity to provide a message for the third issue of the Spark Magazine. The main objective of the Spark Magazine is to provide a platform for the English and Linguistics Department students at University of Sri Jayewardenepura who are bound as members of the English Literary Association to showcase their creative writing skills within them and give them an opportunity to appreciate their inborn hidden talents. Amidst the pandemic situation, we are proud to acknowledge that the Spark magazine broadened the platform to inter-faculty level and inter-university level where we were able to share our outlet with the English Departments of our fellow universities in Sri Lanka.



The purpose of widening the scope was to build up a strong communication within our fellow faculties and universities while getting to know and learn from fellow undergraduates. Through these connections, we have found creative souls who have the urge of bringing the English Language to a significant level in Sri Lanka. We are grateful for the student body of the University of Sri Jayewardenepura and for each and every one who contributed with their works from our fellow universities. I would like to acknowledge that the magazine is a student-led effort, where we might have unknowingly made errors, where I would like to apologize beforehand from the readership.

As the secretary, on behalf of the Board of the English Literary Association 2020/2021, I would like to take this chance to thank Prof. Sudantha Liyanage the Vice Chancellor of the University of Sri Jayewardenepura, Prof. Shirantha Heenkenda the Dean of the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences of the University of Sri Jayewardenepura for their constant support to this annual project. I humbly thank Dr. Chitra Jayathilake, the Head of the Department of English and Linguistics and the academic staff of the Department of English and Linguistics for their mentoring and constant guidance given to us in making the Spark Magazine a reality.

I would like to thank the President of the English Literary Association for her unwavering support in making a remarkable term this year. I would like to thank the Editor and the Co-editor (2020/2021) along with the respective editorial panel for their exceptional commitment given in creating the Spark Magazine. I would take this chance to thank our fellow Board members for their immense contribution. Finally, I would like to extend my utmost gratitude to the creative contributors who made the magazine fill up with color through their innovative skills.

Marking the end of my venture as the Secretary of the English Literary Association, on behalf of the President and my fellow members, I would like to say that we will aspire, the Spark Magazine to be continued, where it will rise beyond unimaginable levels within and outside

the University scope in the upcoming years assuring that it will always become a platform to express exceptional creativity.

Tani Thilakaratne

Secretary of ELA (2020/2021)

English Literary Association

Department of English and Linguistics

University of Sri Jayewardenepura



MESSAGE BY THE EDITOR AND CO-EDITOR OF ENGLISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

As the editors, we are delighted to be a part of the third publication of Spark – A Student-led Creative Collective.

It is with great pleasure that we publish the third edition of Spark as the Editor and Co-editor of the Board of English Literary Association (ELA) 2020/21. This significant edition expands its boundaries even further by displaying creativity and passion of a diverse authorship. In addition, it is worthy of notice that we maintained accuracy, consistency and quality of the magazine by a round of copyediting.

This magazine would not have been a success if it were not for the support of some exceptional individuals. First and foremost, our heartfelt gratitude goes out to Professor Sudantha Liyanage, Vice Chancellor of the University of Sri Jayewardenepura, Professor Shirantha Heenkenda, Dean of the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences of the University of Sri Jayewardenepura, Dr. Chitra Jayathilake, Patron of the English Literary Association, Head of the Department of English and Linguistics (2018 - 2021) under whose guidance the magazine was executed.

We would also like to extend our gratitude to the President, Binuri Ruwanpura, the Secretary, Tani Thilakaratne for their unwavering support, the Board of Officials of English Literary Association and the Editorial Panel of the Spark Magazine for reviewing and editing the literary work.

Moreover, we take this opportunity to extend our sincere gratitude to all the creative minds who took the effort to send us their valuable pieces of work.

This magazine is a small rendering of the effort of our ELA team to encourage young undergraduates to treasure their thoughts and experiences and share it with an equally passionate readership. We invite you to unravel the twists and turns of the stories between these pages.

Deshadhee Wijayarathne

Editor (Board 2020/21)

English Literary Association

Department of English and Linguistics

University of Sri Jayewardenepura

Senali Sagara

Co-editor (Board 20/21)

English Literary Association

Department of English and Linguistics

University of Sri Jayewardenepura

EDITORIAL TEAM

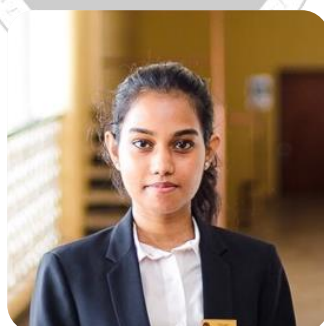


Editorial Advisor
Senior Lecturer
Dr Chithra Jayathilake

Editors



Deshadhee Wijayarathne
Editor 2020/21



Senali Sagara
Co-editor 2020/21



Anuki Mendis
Co-editor 2021/22

Panel 1



Naveendya Munasinghe



Ruth Fernando



Dinuli Francisco



Panel 2



Cheka Harischandra



Navindu Thiwanka



Kalani Abewickrama

Panel 3



Shayini Thisara



Sankalpa Kalubowila



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THE ENGLISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION

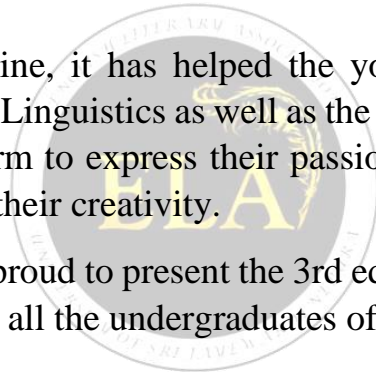
The English Literary Association, founded in 1998, is a student-led non-profit organization of the Department of English and Linguistics, where the talents of young undergraduates are showcased through various activities organized by the club.

The three pillars of the Association: Free Speech, Open Dialogue and Creative Expression are represented through the Uni Wits sessions, the House of Commons sessions and the Spark magazine respectively.

The past and the current members of the English Literary Association have immensely contributed in making these three pillars bring up to a remarkable standard.

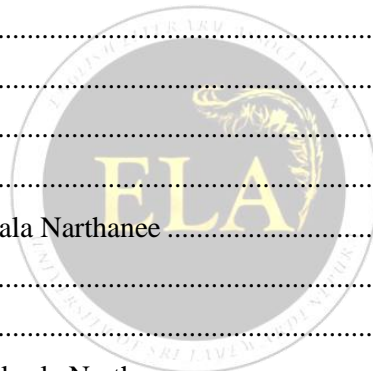
Through the Spark magazine, it has helped the young undergraduates of the Department of English and Linguistics as well as the undergraduates of our entire university acquire a platform to express their passion for literature and English language skills along with their creativity.

The ELA Board 20/21 are proud to present the 3rd edition of the Spark magazine to our members and also to all the undergraduates of our university.



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2020

Hours after hours in front of the blue light,

I stare--you stare into screens

Aimlessly we wave at faces we once met in person

Are they all like me?

Trying to smile?

In denial of all the hardships life offers right now

Do they also believe in fantasy?

A fantasy that something or someone will take

Take away all the pain in life

Or is this the new normal?

I have never felt this distant from those loved

Never felt like distance was an option

The only option to show that we care

We all had hopes in 2020

That it would bring light

Hope



Hope to the world that was already slowly tearing apart

But it left me stranded

Stranded in my own world

Waiting for answers

Kalani Abewickrama

First Year

Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences

University of Sri Jayewardenepura.



404

Turn off the music!

Throw the daisies in the trash

Rip off the veil of daydreams

Let the whole world tumble and crash

Dance away, you lab rats!

To the silence of their lies

Come in, one after the other

Fall in the abyss to pay the price

Lab rats, ye shall not feel love!

Lab rats, all you need is fun!

Lab rats, get drunk since the end is near!

Lab rats, fall dead when they are done!



Cheka Harischandra

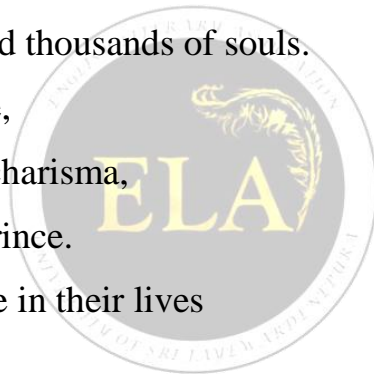
Third Year

Department of English and Linguistics

Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences

A Fairytale They Thought Would Be...

Once there was a girl
Who was madly in love with a Prince
Pure as a daisy.
She was untouched
And was growing to be a
Wingless butterfly with so much hope
That could have enlightened thousands of souls.
Her unpremeditated nature,
The elegant looks and the charisma,
Fluttered the heart of the prince.
Alarming a possible change in their lives
The church bell rang,
Singing the most beautiful melody of the century.
Yet,
The 'fame' crossed their fates.
She walked in style
While he did in full rage.
Uninvited, resentment filled the two souls
With an unexplainable attitude towards each other.
On the verge,
The vows came to an end
Leaving the two
To tread on their own paths.



WHO WAS TO BLAME?

Was it the absence of love or understanding
between the two

Or the crown that forced them to an empty shell?

[Based on the life story of Diana, the Princess of Wales]

S.M.D.E Fernando

Second Year

Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences



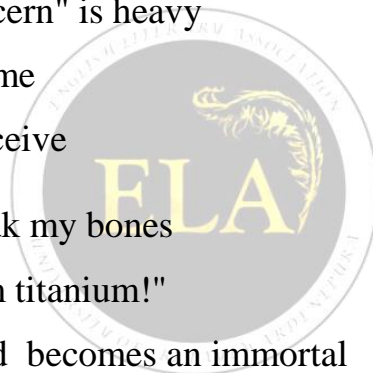
A Heavy Burden

Sticks and stones may break my bones
And Ed Sheeran may say "that's okay baby, only words bleed"
Questions rise in height and pain
Regarding Tight jeans, thick thighs, flabby arms and..
Weight.

She who gave me life
He who build me up
Never asked yet your "concern" is heavy
So think before you judge me
As those who give shall receive

Sticks and stones does break my bones
And I ain't screaming "I am titanium!"
Each and every single word becomes an immortal
And walk in silence yet being so loud
Shame glimmers
As sour thoughts blossom
And judgment paves a path
Poisoning itself to its own demise

The bitter truth be told
I often wish to be the person you want to see..
Also... to seal your foul lips
As the chemical melt its way on them
and as I hear you choke six feet under



Making us equal

A suppressed mirth spreads its wings

"muhahahahahahaaa!"

B. V. Nisali Mindula
Third Year

Department of English and Linguistics
Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences
University of Sri Jayewardenepura



A Letter to Miss Corona

Every day I sit and think of you
sitting in the sparkled shade
of my blossom Apricot tree
How much you have changed me?

Amidst it all

Is this a wakeup call?

How can I imagine,

that is this a total negative

or just a temporary sedative...

You have been a curse spreaded though

Does God need to interject?

What immortal hand or eye

Could reflect His creation?

I lose my stability.

Can't get some humility.

I've noticed through it all,

families outdoors throwing a ball.



Couples are walking,
Maybe doing more talking..
Sometimes in the disaster,
You are its creation of master.
I think you don't make light,
that many will lose to this fight
for family left behind
Mercy on us!!!, May you be kind!
But, never ever come to see us.
From Lock down



S.A.Piyumi Uthpala

Third year

Department of English and Linguistics

Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences

All Shades of You

Imagine , perfection
no scars , no lines
no creases , no marks .

Never cared for perfection anyway.
Never cared for those clean white canvases .
I'd rather have them splashed in colors.

All colors and lines,
all creases and grime
that tell tales of your imperfections.

One day when I'm with you
I'll trace them all,
I'll memorize them all.

The blue of your throbbing veins,
the pinks of your nonexistent muscles,
the dark spots and the white

I want to learn your tale.
All shades of you,
All of you.



BYR

Third Year
Department of English and Linguistics
Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences

Confession

Listening to the things, we try to ignore

Trapped- within my own thoughts

Wishing I had wings to escape

Escape-this cruel world.

Can't find words to describe my thoughts

Can't find an expression to say what I want

Words they say are the best way to seek revenge

Words they say are the best way to pull your heart out

Words-however I can't find

I open my mouth- my voice cracks

Why can't I speak?

I cut in silver-words speak in red

Dripping down my hand

Physical pain is nothing compared to the
torture within Confession

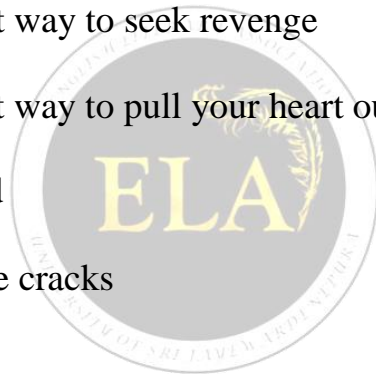
How can I confess with words I can't find?

How can I speak my heart when I don't know what I want?

How can I speak words I don't have?

What happens if I don't know what's right for me?

What happens if I take a wrong step?



What happens if the reason I cry is also the only reason I smile?

There will always be struggle, they say “You only have to pick who to struggle with”

Is this my destiny-or am I blinded?

Blind to the harm that's happening

Blind to the red flags everywhere

Or is this a fortunate accident?

How can I confess the words I can't speak?

A confession of my inability to confess

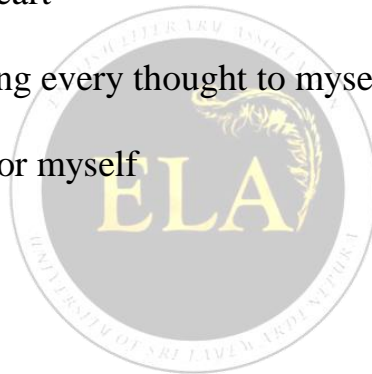
My inability to speak my heart

Thus, I remain silent-keeping every thought to myself

I'll remain afraid to speak for myself

Afraid of the consequences

Unable to confess



Kalani Abewickrama

First Year

Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences

University of Sri Jayewardenepura

Dilemma

A boy or a girl, I will never know

This love I have for you

I will never be able to show

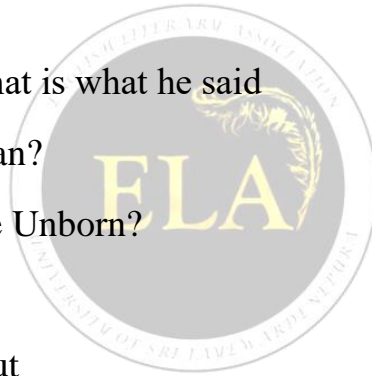
Memories of you, fill me with regret

The result of my choice, being placed above humanity

“You are a free woman”, that is what he said

Free woman or a lost woman?

Who chooses to murder the Unborn?



The day that I found you out

I comforted you with a motherly embrace

But he, he refused to have you

He, your father says you have to leave me

If you exist, he would not stay

You or him; not you and him

More scared than ever, for I knew, I could not have you

I broke down and cried holding on to you, the whole night

Forgive me, I was lost and did not know what to do

I still cannot believe I ever did this to you

I never thought I would have to do this to you

To murder the one I loved, whom I could not even see

I wish I could have known what you looked like

I chose myself When I could have saved your life

To you I say,

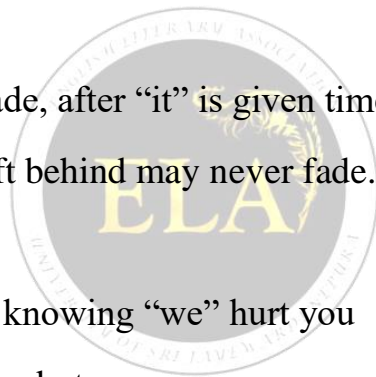
The body will physically fade, after “it” is given time

But, psychological scars left behind may never fade.

Now “we” regret everyday knowing “we” hurt you

You would have forgiven us, but

God never did, so did not lend me heaven’s angels again.



Githmi Wimalka Gunadasa

Third Year

Department of English and Linguistics

Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences

Every Dog Has Its Day

Be the suppressed.
Partly destiny.
Growl for nothing,
the cornered you are placed

Let their rejoice
take its pace.
An uninvited guest,
They called you lame.

Strewn with blossoms,
that fainted lane
Once you strolled
But changed with stains.

Wag your tail,
just tamely behave.
Nothing to express
Just left to stale.

The dimness in life,
once brightened again



wagging no more.

Oh! Cooking the tale

Cut that canal

across the brains

vocalizing the lines.

Every dog has its day.

S.Sahani Mareena Perera.

Third Year

Department of Economics

Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences



Family

Hurt

Remorse

Betrayal

Pain

Fear

Blood

Blood that bonds us together

Together till death

All forgotten

Nothing matters

As the scarlet monster emerges through you

As it takes the reigns of hurt

Remorse

Betrayal

Pain

Fear

Blood

Blood that bonds us together



Together till death
Nothing matters
As despair envelop me
With a burning scar
That is yet to be erased.

B. V. Nisali Mindula
Third Year
Department of English and Linguistics
Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences



Fault

Wispy clouds drizzling rain drops

twist once again

awaken the fog in mind.

They say they are ashes

but they are still pieces

tracing along every step, whenever she walks,

Slowly whispering behind her back

"after all this is your fault"

She grasps her heart, holds hard,

closes her ears

Is this a hurricane?

No, it's a drizzle.

Again a whisper peeks behind

"after all this is your fault".



Sathsarani Samarakoon

Second Year

Department of English and Linguistics

Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences

First Love

No.

Not that first flutter of heart

That innocent melodrama

The withered primrose, caught between the stained pages of a time-worn diary

You revisit; ever and anon

No.

Not that first shatter of heart either;

With its fiery blades your heart was slashed

Enkindling years and years of agonizing pain

And generations of art and romance feeding the wound

Which after a few million eternities; healed.

But oh!

That first stutter of heart

Neither welcomed nor bid farewell

No desire. No fear of loss

Often forgotten; but finds you at your darkest hour



The integral part you carry - unknowingly

That underrated love; never expressed

Lost in translation

Cheka Harischandra

Third Year

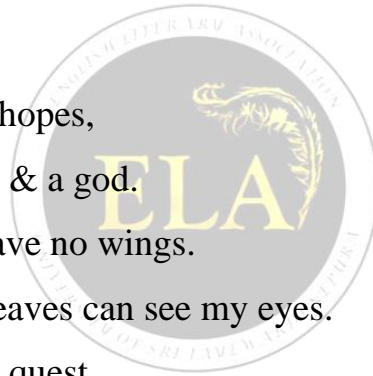
Department of English and Linguistics

Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences



Flâneur

Sloshing through hackneyed lines of poetry,
I looked for a silver line in life,
No papers, no pens, no ink, nothing
Life is so, nothing to be looked forward to.
Seldom do I malingering,
Under the veils of sober lights.
How much have I tried to be exhilarated?
A vagabond as I am
Under the mundane sky of hopes,
I see myself as a hero, giant & a god.
Rushing waters of poesy have no wings.
Just a potpourri of Maple leaves can see my eyes.
How can I go on a spiritual quest
As the very soul itself is spiritual.



Pomuditha Katugampala

First Year

Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences

For You

I regret being there for you. When I thought I knew you, the best. When you started to pour your heart for me, I thought you were unique, which made us extraordinary...

Generalization wasn't even close to describing you! As you are just you...

You are a bundle of complexities compiled into a soul.

A disturbed soul, an innocent soul, a talented soul, a wandering soul with no exact destination. The one probable reason for me to fall for you. I solemnly swore myself that I would show you a destination where you could stop in the end and look back.

You were ready, well at least I thought you were.

Your quick snarky reactions were scary... I was scared when you stopped reacting to my actions. I made sure to apologize first, not because I knew it was my fault, but because you weren't easy to be "manhandled". I did my best as I always do. Deteriorating myself for wandering souls. Ultimately it made no sense at all.

Gratification was not what I needed. Support was what I expected.

Yet I never received it. I tried as usual... then I get hurt unreasonably. Not unreasonably but intentionally actually. I put myself forward to fall into complications. Perhaps because I like adventure or perhaps because I know that

for me to move forward I NEED to get hurt. Pain is my "go to fortē". I see you as someone who connected with my inner consciousness as no one else ever did.

Were you a ray of the early sunshine sprinkling on my face to start my day fresh?

Tani Thilakaratne

Third Year

Department of English and Linguistics

Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences



Game of Chess

In the game of chess called LIFE
We used to be simple pawns
But with time... we evolved...
While some into Rooks,
Some were the closest to the queen
But yet I remained a pawn,
A mere pawn who could never turn

We all know,
Board which loses the queen...
Losses the WILL
WILL to play or WILL to live,
Just your choice
But I, I lived as a Pawn
Lived and played!

But I failed and failed again
While the ones who gave up found a way,
I still remain failed!



Amandi Dharmasena
Third Year
Department of English and Linguistics
Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences

I Am Above You

This is to you ,
with your “helpful” comments
about my dark skin.

This is to you ,
with your “honest” comments
about my body shape .

I am above you,
I am above you
because I see
your hollow heart
through your “perfect” shell.

That hollow heart
which sees only
the “pretty” shells
with their hollow hearts .

I am above you ,
because I see not the shells,
but the gems within .
I am above you .



BYR
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I Doulia tis: Film review by Thaksala Narthanee

“I Doulia tis”, internationally known as “Her job”, is a Greek film by the writer and director Nikos Labôt. The film centres around a housewife named Panayiota, who is in her mid-thirties, living with her husband, Kostas, and two children. Panayiota, when her husband becomes unemployed for some time, seeks a job and finds one at a shopping mall called ‘Le Marche’. Panayiota becomes a full-time cleaner, which becomes a barely tolerable dead-end job to her, but forms a way of freedom from her domineering husband and household chores.

We see the character of Panayiota evolving within the story, as she smiles often, grabs a drink with the other cleaners and learns to drive.

The film highlights the socioeconomic turmoil that has engulfed contemporary Greece. Thus portraying the patriarchal society where women are exploited, as we see in Panayiota’s house and in the shopping mall.

It is an insightful portrayal of an oppressed woman who manages to liberate herself. It is appropriate for all ages to watch and you will find it riveting to go on the journey of self-realization with the heroine of the film.

Thaksala Narthanee

Second Year

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Impressions

Perhaps I had judged her too quick
Hearing her speak of Shakespeare,
Wordsworth and other millennial writers
that my ears have never heard of
I think,
though I have travelled,
never have I known of the places she dreams.
It surprises me much
how a smile that was once loathsome
could now cheer me up
like the parched ground yearns
for the monsoon rain,
Only that her smiles are not for me
but for my own blood.

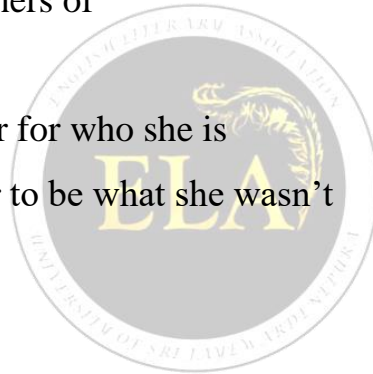
I watch her talk,
Her speech intelligent and romantic,
sweet musings of history and art
Once I'd taken it for loquaciousness,
Not knowing that she spoke perfect sense
Yet her words hurled not at me
but at my own blood.



I had abjured her presence
for so long
now I look for excuses to watch her
sip her tea in modest alacrity
Pensively does she regard, not me
but my own blood.

I reproach myself,
as she takes her leave, bidding adieu
A promise to visit again
Her smile touching the corners of
her dark eyes, expressive.
A fool, I say, not seeing her for who she is
A buffoon, for thinking her to be what she wasn't

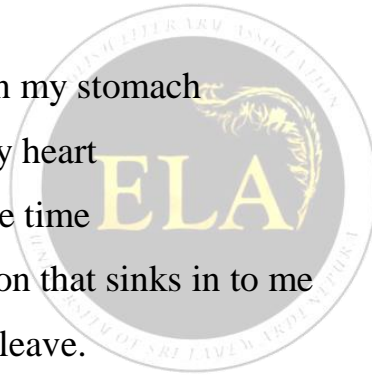
Sometimes I wonder,
if I was never to judge her
It could have been me that
clutches her by the waist as she trips
over the scattered tennis balls, *that I had left*
on the ground
and not my own blood.



Ruth Fernando
Second Year
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Leaving

The distant sound of chanting pirth
the chirping crickets
A few raindrops falling
The chill in the air wrapping around my feet
The rickety chair heaving at my sisters weight
And the feeling...
The feeling which churns in my stomach
The feeling that tightens my heart
The occasional glance at the time
And the sickening realization that sinks in to me
A few more hours before I leave.



B. V. Nisali Mindula

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Les Choristes: Film review by Thaksala Narthanee

Directed by Christophe Barratier, *The Chorus (Les Choristes)* is a French musical Drama film, released in 2004. The film begins with two elderly men, Pierre Morhange and Pepinot, looking over their school supervisor's old diary and have a flashback. It is this flashback that tells us the story of a failed musician, Clement Mathieu who arrives at Fond de l'Etang boarding school as a supervisor. Clement finds the boys in the boarding school arrogant under the reactionary policies of the school run by the headmaster, Rachin. The boys, although in the beginning disobeys Clement, grow fond of him eventually as he teaches them to sing after discovering that they can sing well. Pierre, one of the mischievous boys, among the many, refuses to sing but finally joins the choir with the rest of the boys, as a solo singer, since Clement sees great talent in the boy. Weeks pass by and the boys become less unruly and troublesome, and the boarding school becomes a happier place. The supervisor, Clement, meets yet another challenge when a troubled boy named Pascal Mondain arrives at the school. However, Mondain is accused of a false robbery and is taken out of school. The flashback ends with Clement being fired for taking the boys on a walk and leaving no-one in the school while they're away, Mondain returns and sets fire to the school. As Clement waits for the bus, Pepinot joins him and both of them leave. Although

Clement leaves thinking himself as a failure again, the audience would applaud him for encouraging and changing the lives of the schoolboys, with a positive lasting impact.

It is a journey, for the audience, from the starting point to the ending point, as it unravels this heart-touching story. In my opinion, it would not be wrong to call this the best film about a teacher. It is inclusive of gorgeous music, making the film even more entertaining.

Thaksala Narthanee

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Like Diamonds in The Sky

Those with bright eyes
Have dreams hidden inside
Which keep them awake at night
Which keep them going in daylight

Those with bright eyes
Have pain hidden inside
Which aches their hearts at night
Which curls their fists in daylight



All our eyes shine bright
With thousand galaxies in the sight
With dreams and pain held tight
With our heads held high

Let's all shine bright
"LIKE DIAMONDS IN THE SKY"

Vinuri Malalage.

Third Year

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Melancholy

Trapped inside four pinkish purple walls

three closed squared windows

The dangling white striped curtain

dinky white bulb flashing withered light

She cuddled herself sinking into the world

The outside world seemed so pleasant

Chirping birds chortling with glee,

People full of spirits, jogging along valleys

Two teddy bears observed every single
sigh, how she prayed for freedom for her
life.

She bent down, pictured her past, matched it with the present and questioned
her future

She dug her mind, piled up her memories jotting down slowly; Her isolating
life

‘Melancholy’ she named the title for survival with eyes full of tears.

Sathsarani Samarakoon
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Department of English and Linguistics
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Mess Me Up

Mess me up
I will come out strong,
All those rantings and all those beatings
Made me wander in the streets...
All those insults of me being the worst
Made me invincible ...
Stealing candy bars and ravishing on them
Were my utmost bliss...
Beers and cigarettes,
My form of peace
Anyone had a problem with it?
Not a problem, no please.
I knew I was being pushed
“I was kind-hearted”
This is me.
“I’ll give the other person another chance”
To make a fool out of me.



Tani Thilakarathne

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My Tale

I read the tales of Prince Charming ,
I read the tales of valiant hunters ,
I read the tales of the gentlemen who treated all with respect ,
I read the tales of “soft” men who truly cared,
I read the tales of the hopeless romantics wooing their lovers ,
I read the tales of the “right man” who doesn’t care about all the wrong but only
goodness,
I read the tales of the men that made the first move ignoring rejection,
I read the tales of the boys who gave it their all to show love ,
I read the tales of the Kings with their unconditional love willing to give up
kingdoms,
I read the tales of the “knights in shining armor” ready to protect ,
And, I thought, I hope I’ll be lucky, to be loved by a man, like those of the
glorious tales.

But, today, here I am, a combination of them all,
Me, the woman of the glorious tales.

I hope you are lucky enough to be a part of my tale.

BYR

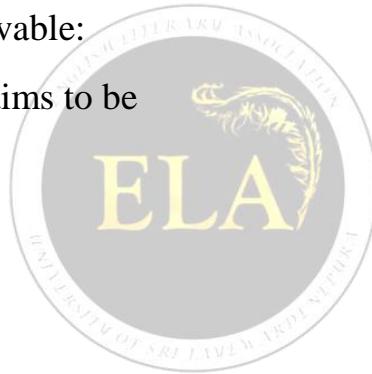
Third Year

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She

Finally the day every girl waits for has arrived,
The day she leaves for her new journey
People say that it's one of the best days
But is it really so?
Can one be really happy by leaving her precious?
That one thing she treasured the most?
But still I wonder..
Wonder whether it is achievable:
The utmost happiness it claims to be



Amandi Dharmasena

Third Year

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Silence

They said,
“Look at her!”
A soul so meek
And quiet as a dead being
Sitting at the corner
Was a girl
With half closed eyes,
Hiding the sparkle
That waited to spring out
at any time.
Little did they know;
Her silent battles,
The struggle to survive
In a world full of hatred
And no trace of humanity.
Having found a weapon,
‘SILENCE’
She only sought solace.
In words that she penned,
Consequently, that led to heal
thousands of broken souls.
As they said;
“She was as quiet as a dead being”
But in silence,
She was already ahead



From the boastful mouths
Who did actually nothing
But spread hate in the society.

S.M.D.E Fernando

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Soldier

It has been some time now
But still we haven't realized
While the kids are on drugs;
Adults are gamblers,
Youth have become insensible murderers,
They were sacrificing their lives!
Their dreams and desires at the border!
That too to protect US!
Protect the ones whom they don't even know-
Us who complain about every little thing!

We talk about equality, sexuality,
But forgot humanity?
We celebrate birthdays, anniversaries and even independence
But forgot the one who gave up all
To grant us these?
Forgot the one who gave his whole life
To give us LIFE!

When will people ever understand this?
Accept that we all live at the expenses of their lives?
Be it a billionaire or a pauper
We were and will always live because of THEIR Sacrifices!
We call them Heroes
But that too would remain less than a month;
Have we ever meant it?
Or is it just a trend that we've gotten used to?
Does being a little humble cost us?
I wonder...
Wonder when these foxes disguised,
Would ever see their faces?

The Bloodthirsty Savages use them;
Sometimes against us!
To get their dirty work done..
As always we too end up cursing not knowing the truth,
Cursing them who is another victim
In front of the power!
We who talk about unity
Failed to see the cause
Did we really fail or is it we turned a blind eye purposely?
Purposely so that we don't have to bother?

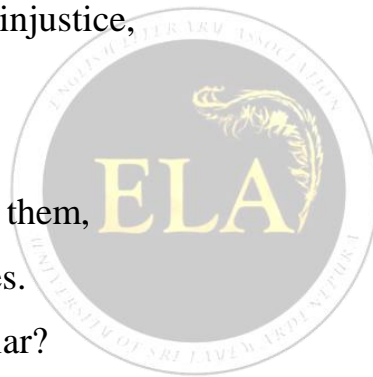
I wonder... when will we ever see the truth
Accept the truth and work for truth
Truth... does it even exist?
Or is it also another simple meaningless word?



Amandi Dharmasena
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The Bench by the Beach...

The brightest day, the darkest night
The heaviest rain, the dusty wind,
The bench by the beach,
Bears everything.
The daily glimpse scatters in me,
The sweetest pain on it
Innocent souls with timely injustice,
Dares the social combat,
The so-called culture.
The need of sacrifice urges them,
For the sake of ruthless eyes.
Why does it seem so peculiar?
The change matters?
The Bench, be the witness!



Binuri Yoshika Dissanayake

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The Hollow

I knock on it

It makes a sound

Sound means a hollow

A hollow inside me

I try blaming it on

Books, vacations

What not

I try to fill it with

Books, food, music

Pictures

But the hollow?

Is it a bottomless well?

Bermuda Triangle?

Or a vacuum pipe?



Udara liyanaratne

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The Masquerade Ball

Le bal masque

When Mademoiselle Antoinette De Fleur was announced at the Château Lumière, the silk clad community that summed up the ball was eager to catch a glimpse of her arrival, as she was one of the prettiest women in Paris— or rather in the entire France. Mademoiselle Antoinette prided herself for her beauty. With her elegant chestnut-coloured curls, dark brown eyes and a face like a porcelain doll, she was always the belle of the ball.

At the mademoiselle's arrival, the hostess of the ball, Madame Le Claire, Comtesse d'Orsay, squinted her eyes through her mask.

“Ah, here comes the coquette” she said viciously to Madame Gagneux who was next to her, fanning to herself with a peacock blue fan, which matched her blue dress and mask decorated with peacock feathers. Madame Gagneux eyed the stylish guest with boredom. Mademoiselle Antoinette looked prettier than ever in a white dress, trimmed in gold and lace. Her mask that covered her eyes, was gold with white feathers on it. Her dress was cut low, revealing much of her cleavage. Madame Gagneux knew that many men had their eyes on her cleavage rather than her pretty face.

“Oui, Maria, I see” said Madame Gagneux.

“Look how she leans on Marquis de Bourbon. How very perverse of her!” snorted Madame Le Claire; her words were a product of painful jealousy. Had she not been married to the boring old Comte d'Orsay, it would have been her who's standing where Antoinette was now—the center of the attraction.

Antoinette stood amidst the flattering men and praising women. But in her mind, she was thinking of the handsome man who stood next to Monsieur Lévesque. He wasn't wearing a wig or patch. He wasn't wearing a mask. He wasn't wearing heels either. Instead he wore shining boots. At first glance, Antoinette could say that he was a foreigner. When Monsieur Lévesque saw her eyeing their way, he smiled slyly and came towards her beckoning the young gentleman to follow him.

“*Bonsoir mademoiselle De Fluer!* How are you this evening?” asked M. Lévesque kissing her hand politely.

“Very good *monsieur* and how are you?”

“Ah...good, *ma belle ange*” replied M. Lévesque. Antoinette blushed at his remark. Usually, she wouldn't have minded being called ‘a beautiful angel but being called by that in front of a handsome stranger was rather appealing if not embarrassing. She eyed the stranger and saw him looking away. She noticed his eyes skipping from one person to another.

“Well...*mademoiselle*” said Lévesque, “-let me present you my good friend Monsieur Maximilian Reynolds”. Maximilian, having heard his name being uttered, spun around to face the pretty lady M. Lévesque was pointing at.

“He has arrived from America,” said Lévesque. “Monsieur Reynolds, please meet the prettiest lady in this hall, *mademoiselle* Antoinette De Fleur”

“*Bonsoir mademoiselle!*” Reynolds took her hand, but he didn't kiss it as she'd expected. He bowed at her after letting go of her hand. Antoinette was taken aback

by this gesture. Any gentleman; foreigner or not, was enamored by her impulsive beauty at first sight.

“Coming from America? *Monsieur* is American?” Antoinette mused flirtatiously. But Reynolds looked uncharmed.

“Yes *mademoiselle*” he replied curtly.

“Monsieur Reynolds do tell her about the American belles you have seen. Madame Poirier is beckoning me I should go to her” Lévesque bowed and took his leave from Antoinette and Reynolds. For a moment Reynolds looked lost without him.

“Have you met our hostess monsieur?” She asked.

“The *Comtesse d'Orsay*? Yes I did”

Antoinette struggled to find something else to say. Never in her life, she had a problem with speaking to men, but Reynolds was of a different sphere, another level of eccentricity. She saw him constantly looking around and wondered whether it was a lady he was scanning for.

“Did you come alone, monsieur?”

Reynolds turned to face her and smiled. A dimple appeared on his left cheek. Antoinette felt sweat rushing down through her corset. His eyes, she noticed, were a vivid shade of green and yellow.

“Oh...No, I came with Monsieur Lévesque”

“Tell me something about your country, monsieur,” Antoinette said and sat down on a sofa. Reynolds had nothing to do but to sit next to her. Antoinette was thrilled.

“What do you want to know *mademoiselle*?” asked Reynolds.

“Oh...call, please call me Antoinette,” she said, bubbling up inside. “Tell me about the American belles that Monsieur Lévesque talked about”

“What do you want to know about them?”

“Uh...Well...how do they wear? Do they wear wigs and patch?”

“No, they don't wear wigs or patch”

“Oh” Antoinette looked disappointed. Then she lowered her mask allowing Reynolds to have a clear view of her face. She saw his expression change.

“Please *monsieur* do not mind me asking, are you bachelor?” Asked Antoinette lightly touching his forearm.

Reynolds' face hardened. He withdrew his hand quickly. Antoinette gasped. Suddenly she felt her corset too tight. She had failed in capturing the heart of Maximilian Reynolds. He stood up and bowed to her.

“If you excuse me mademoiselle, I should be leaving now” with those words he moved away vanishing among the crowd. Antoinette tried to gather her scattered wits by fanning to herself.

“Well, there you are, you heart stealer!” a tall dark haired girl said as she saw Reynolds approaching. “Where were you? I asked Monsieur Lévesque about you, he said you were with a lady, then I asked who the lady was, he mumbled something and went on wooing that peach tree” the girl scoffed.

“Peach tree?” asked Reynolds looking confused. He has indeed lost his sanity by speaking to Antoinette.

The girl laughed, the feathers of her mask swung as she pulled Reynolds and turned him to M. Lévesque and an older elegant woman wearing a pale green dress.

“There! That's a peach tree. She's Madame Poirier which technically means peach tree” she tried to stifle her laugh “I think she looks like one too especially in that dress”.

Reynolds looked and saw Antoinette eyeing him, she turned to look away as she saw him watching. The dark haired girl noticed the subtle exchange. She drew her fan to her neck.

“I am very much fatigued Maximillian. Shall we take a seat?” she sneered while fanning.

Reynolds nodded without a word and followed the girl to the nearest table. She waited till he pulled a chair for her. She seated and leaned in closer to him.

“What is going on between you and that woman?” she asked. She placed her mask on the table exposing her full face. Her olive face shone in the lights. Her brows were arched above her dark eyes, which reflected the flames of the lumière on the table. They looked as if they were burning.

“Who? Antoinette? Nothing!” Replied Reynolds.

The girl's eye narrowed. She twitched her mouth into a scorn.

“I never thought you to be such a man. I never thought you could be fooled by a coquette” her voice was full of reproach.

“It's not like that Shari-” Reynolds tried to point out “- She asked if I was- was a bachelor”

Shari gave a loud laugh which made several people to look at her. She covered her mouth with her fan.

“So,” she still giggled. “-What did you say? ‘*oui*’ or ‘*non*’?” Her dark eyes shone in amusement as she spoke. Reynolds looked angered. “Neither! I excused myself and left”

“Oh, how rude!” she chortled.

“I wish I should have been more polite,” answered Reynolds in dismay.

Shari eyed him curiously. They were not going to stay here for a long time, so why was he worried about not being polite to a woman he'd just met, she thought.

“I've been eavesdropping,” she said.

“Oh, were you? I couldn't do much of that”

“Yes, you were having a great time with a *femme fatale*”. Reynolds tried to protest. “- wait till I finish Maximilian! I was listening to the conversations. But I have to say I couldn't collect much rather than scandalous gossip”, she twitched her mouth again “- these people are very good at tearing others reputations”.

Someone cleared their throat and they both looked up to see who it was. Mademoiselle Antoinette stood covering her face with her mask once again. At the sight of her Reynolds' color faded from his face. Shari eyed from him to Antoinette.

“Monsieur Reynolds-” began Antoinette “I came to apologize; I didn't mean to offend you”. Her eyes averted towards Shari, whose intense eyes were regarding her with a sudden interest. Antoinette shuddered under her thick corset.

“Bonsoir, you must be...” Antoinette started but she was cut off by Shari.

“Madame Reynolds, Yes. This is my husband, monsieur Reynolds”

Shari watched Antoinette's cheeks turning white. "Ah...It is a pleasure Madame" Antoinette appeared to look happy, but inside she was heavily disappointed to hear that this handsome man had already been taken by this dark woman.

"Madame is American too?" She asked just to be polite.

"Yes, I am" Shari said, playing along. "And you must be mademoiselle De Fleur? Maximilian was saying how pretty you were. Pardon me mademoiselle, but I first mistook you to be Madame Pompadour", Shari said innocently batting her eyes at Antoinette. Antoinette's color faded even more at the reference of the king's mistress.

"Mademoiselle, are you alright? You look sick" Shari said.

"*Non..Non..*I am fine. I am fine. I came to apologize to your husband"

"You're already pardoned mademoiselle" Shari said. Reynolds tapped his foot against Shari's to stop her from tormenting Antoinette.

"It was a pleasure to meet you Madame, Monsieur" she curtseyed and took her leave without waiting to receive any reply from the couple.

"That was rude" Reynolds said when Antoinette vanished out of sight.

"That was fun. I got to be your dear wife at least for a few seconds" She laughed heartily "That's cool!, oooppss...was I being too much 21st century?" She asked, closing her mouth with her hand.

"Way too much," answered Reynolds, smiling.

"I am bored with this Maximilian. Shall we leave?" Shari batted her eyelashes at Reynolds trying to be flirtatious.

“I am already out the door” Reynolds stood up and gave his hand to Shari, who clasped it with a stifled giggle. They moved through the crowd hand in hand and came to the entrance.

“Wait,” Shari said “We didn't pay our compliments to Madame Le Claire”

“Maybe some other time” Reynolds whispered “We don't belong here now”. Shari looked up at him. There was a faint smile on his thin lips. ‘*What was he thinking?*’ she thought.

“Shall we?” He prompted.

“Oh yes, let's leave this place to history” a portal opened and they vanished through it without leaving a trail that they had ever been there.



Ruth Fernando

Second Year

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The Ongoing Process of Urbanization and Its Consequences on Human Life

Life in the 21st century is not as simple as it used to be many moons ago. People want to have elegant lifestyles. Simplicity has left no trail behind. People's lives have become more complicated or rather they have made them so. City lights have started to cast pinpricks of light over nature trails. Digitalized love stories are in vogue. Bookworms flip screens not pages. Stress, depression and anxiety are in the spotlight. Suicides are romanticized on the news. Buffets have obliterated clay pots and even in the rural breeze, wafted a scent of smoke and a bouquet of wine.

Urbanization is the process in which the concept of town gradually and subtly engulfs the rural backwaters. Not only does it physically affect the surroundings of the villages and other rural landscapes, but also it imbues human beings with a feeling of utopia. Deforestation has soared high up in number leaving more and more wild animals homeless. Human beings lack fresh air to inhale and clean water to quench their thirst as rivers, streams and rivulets have become drainage channels.

Value systems, cultures and traditions have been seriously affected by urbanization as it promotes Europeanisation. Everyone tries to find themselves captured in that social frame. People have become more into themselves and

therefore egocentric. Since the impressionistic view of urbanization promoted by the media, people especially youth have been enslaved by the shadows of narcissism. They want a filtered image of themselves projected to society to allure others. However, they do not realize that those daubed images are not even close to reality. They all need to give all their actions a reality check before making them interest the public eye.

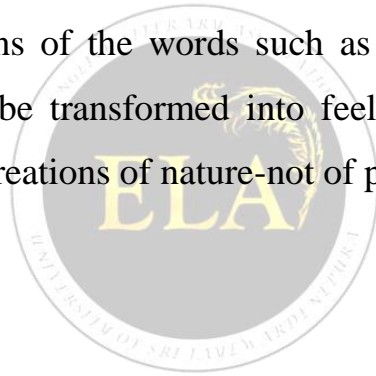
Nature; people have been retaining it since long, is decayed and people themselves find it difficult to seek trance in their concrete jungle city scenarios, hence they seek refuge in virtual reality. Everything about life for them has become virtual. Reality seems so far-fetched to many. People's lives have become digitalised and therefore robotic. They do not like fluidity in life. They worship monotony enshrouded in technology thus living sedentary lives.

Shopping malls, pedestrian precincts have spread all over and people have become compulsive buyers. Fashions, vogues and styles have created new lifestyles for people whose lives are lost in imposture. Many vendors, shopkeepers, barrow boys and fishmongers have lost their daily income, as revolutionary commercial bodies such as supermarkets and hypermarkets have stolen the opportunity for entrepreneurial enterprises and mom and pop businesses to burgeon. That is, people are fond of bigger pictures than of the pixels that those bigger pictures are made up of. Urbanisation is all about projecting things tremendous and not about the microscopic forces that tremendous things have sprung from.

Public transport is no longer worshipped by the mainstream thanks to some of the smart apps that can make a car drive to your doorstep by a single click on the phone. Cab services such as Uber, Lyft, Hail, Grab Taxi, etc. have hid the sight of roads with traffic jams. Moreover, having a car for each individual has become commonplace and it has extruded a dramatic increase in each individual's contribution to their carbon footprint. As urbanisation and the blueprints yielding

increased profits for companies and enterprises seem positive, the vapour trails left on the sky of nature by some of the sky-touching castellated commercial skyscrapers do not seem to dissolve into the clouds.

Urbanisation seems to be set on a pedestal. It is not the quickest results and profits yielded by making urbanisation a widespread sensation that we should be concerned about, but it is the honeytrap of utopian fascinations that comes along with the concept of urbanisation which ultimately leaves us alone in dystopia that we have to keep an eye on. Every country should develop and evolve. Peoples' lives should blossom. Technology has to be introduced to all jerkwater towns. Positive ideologies and attitudes of Europe should permeate the whole world. Be that as it may, the definitions of those long lost words; nature, humanity, countryside, happiness, sympathy, empathy, etc should not be expunged from dictionaries. The definitions of the words such as technology, profit, money, virtual reality should not be transformed into feelings people breathe in, for human beings are unique creations of nature-not of profit concepts.



Pomuditha Katugampala

First Year

Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences

The Tragedy of a Woman

The world's a blur
Winding through the streets of empty
Sore muscles
Out of breath
Out of fear
She ran as It followed

A pace so slow
Yet closing in
A grin of mirth
Yet much sinister
A figure so old
Yet so strong
She ran as it followed.

All went blank
As she stared at the looming wall
Eyes averted towards her doom
Yet nothing appeared!
As tears of relief escaped
Only to fall into despair as It neared.



The drumming inside her faded...
While her body became cold
As lost eyes gazed at a lonely moon.
Satisfied, it ran into the shadows
Escaping reality.

Her tragedy became a tale
A tale that echoed through the town
A town which still hears...
Hears her running as it followed.

B.V. Nisali Mindula

Third Year

Department of English and Linguistics

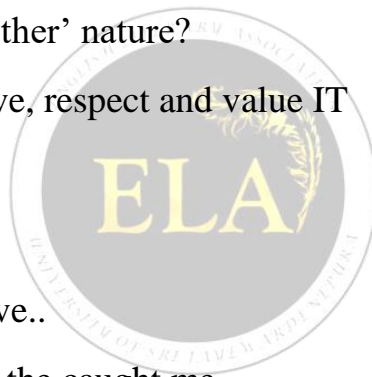
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The Ungrateful...

We were taught the value of parents;
Taught that we only have one mother and one father,
And to love them, respect them and even value them...
But school taught us a new term “mother nature”
I wondered its meaning
Questioned my friends
Yet failed to understand its meaning.
Never understood why ‘mother’ nature?
Wondered why I should love, respect and value IT
Yet failed to understand..
As a kid I loved the sky
Thought she was so sensitive..
And that sensitivity always the caught me
At times.. I even shared some secrets
It made me think back at ‘mother’ nature
Thought to myself; why call it mother
When it is so bland?
And not give my sky any importance?
The simple thought angered me

One day when I was talking to her..
I complained as usual



But this time even she was hurt
Her eyes instantly got teared
I who was frustrated took a decision
That I would take everything from It and
Give it to her who deserves!
Silly me, didn't even know
It was "mother" nature which I fancied the most

I made evil strategies to destroy it
When I started my plan of destruction,
I noticed.. noticed that she's crying lesser
Celebrated thinking I was right
Thinking that I'm taking everything away...
At times I wondered whether she changed?
Nonetheless I continued in taking away her Pain...
While I carried mine,
Noticed the creatures indirectly helping me,
Why not use them?
The foolish people fighting for a border?
When I thought I was winning
I noticed.. that even during war,
It still has the courage to bloom..
It was as if It never hated me
That moved my heart; decided I will protect it
But at that moment, she cried again
And that tear which fell upon my cheek,
Brought me back to my senses

So I continued my evil schemes,
Till the time she never cried-
I smirked at It and told how I destroyed it
It faintly asked me the meaning..
Meaning of “give and take”
I laughed and looked at my sky
Oh I miss her tears..
I miss those emotions she used to pour out.

While I was thinking, It told me the very meaning
I’ve been looking for
“Mother nature” it said,
Suddenly tears were pouring..
She said those words one last time;
“Give and Take” and vanished
For a while I didn’t understand..
But when she started taking everything away from me,
I understood.. understood what she meant,
I who couldn’t bare the pain, begged her
Begged her to stop! She smirked
That angered me but yet was helpless
But how could she be this Selfish?
I who was embarrassed went to the lake
Looked at her reflection secretly
And asked her what made her change
She said nothing... rather she showed me
The reason behind; my own reflection,



Humans!

Then I thought; am I even qualified?

When it was me who betrayed her affection!

Amandi Dharmasena

Third Year

Department of English and Linguistics

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W 2 W

This is from a woman to the women out there
I'm writing this anonymously
To keep my confidentiality...
I decided to write as voice is no longer impactful!

I can remember
The way my papa called me Princess,
When I was 5..
I enjoyed being in the center of attention..
So thought it was a bliss!
Not having such privileges,
But being a Woman!
And never questioned my right of choice,
Of becoming a woman..
Little did I know,
All these fairytales had a time limit
And when it exceeds,
“The bill comes due”
In such a way which will taunt you until paid..
That too including the interest!



So I lived ignorantly in my fairytale,
Until I was 15
Coz that was when I noticed the door,
To the other side..
Where we have to spend our numbered days,
Fulfilling the conditions of the so called “Ancestors!”
Whom we have never met..
The 15 me wondered,
Is this the pleasure of being a woman?
If so, I didn’t want to...
Finally it started,
There goes the commands 1, 2, 3,
And there runs the endless list...
First, “just look at yourself... you’re such an embarrassment!”
Second, “Shut up! And know your place!”
Third! Fourth! And it goes on...
The 15 me, cried for days helplessly
Wanting to quit for the first time...

Until I recognized the very figure,
Who’s out living all those commands...
Mama! Though I never saw
During the past 15 years,
She taught me one thing;
Never to torment myself or my desires
For the pleasure of the unknown!
And to always strike ahead,

To break the chain!
At least for the sake of you out there
Who's waiting for a Sorceress
To undo the curse upon them...
I believe,
"Where there's Will there's Hope"
But to undo the curse,
You must figure out the Will!
Unless you want to hear,
"You are Nothing... if it wasn't for ME!"

Remember... I may remain anonymous,
But I will always be your secret admirer!



Amandi Dharmasena

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Year 2020

Hey,

I was helpful

Grateful

Offered my love to you

But; YOU

You; the ones who deceived me

WEALTH and POWER

Were your eternal love

What did you expect?

What did you want to win?

What did you want to show ME?

Oh wait! You wanted to win the world?

While enjoying my destruction!

I didn't care because of my love

You didn't care because of your desire

Wait! Wait! Wait!

Finally



I stood up to save my world

CAN YOU UNDERSTAND THE REALITY NOW?

Yours,

Ever loving NATURE

Dilushi Karunanayake

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Red Riding Hood

They call her a s***,
A w****, a night worker
But deep inside she knows
“Who she really is?”
When the darkness rules,
She slowly crawls there
To meet her beloved ones.
She wore the red dress;
Her favorite Christmas gifts.
Every single night
She whispers to them
All her sorrows and secrets,
In where they rest in peace.

Sihara Devni Rathnayake

Third Year

Department of Marketing

Faculty of Management Studies and Commerce

The Curse

Blood filled bed sheets
Bruises and scars
Curses of weeping women
Was nothing strange to me
Until the day came
She rushed home weeping
Her eyes were reddish
She whispered slowly
“I’m going to be a mom”
My whole world started to whirl
Women’s’ sad faces flew around me
While curse began to reverberate
'Yes, it’s the payback time'
I heard a woman howl
With a devilish laugh

Sihara Devni Rathnayake

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One Fine Night

Oh;
Overcoming the riding roughshod,
one ceaseless night
bolstered
to make my feet on the ground.

Yeah;
for an aim
not a dream
is intuitive to grab
envisage my tomorrow,
soar to success
amongst lavish praise
to be saved an egalitarian.



Yeah;
It's overwhelming,
manifestation of my destination.

Millions of spotlights,
thousands of flickering stars,

sent me the itinerary
to go straight
towards the aim;
not a dream; I guess,
In one fine night.

Supun Muthukuda
Department of Accountancy
Faculty of Management Studies and Commerce



Disabled Wings

I sat in front of the cracked mirror
staring at my own reflection.

Maa stood behind me,
busy wrapping the final ends of the jasmine braids
onto my long plaited hair.

The crimson red Kanchipuram saree
blended well with my dark tanned skin.

A set of heavy heavy gold jewellery embedded with green and
red crystals,

covered my chest extending up to the waist.

Rays of sunshine gliding through the half open window
reflected back, making me the spotlight in the dark gloomy room.

“You look absolutely gorgeous” says Maa,

Taking a close look at me for one last time.

I pretend to put a smile on my face, despite the agony
growing within.

And there I stood, all set to be the bride they all wanted.

At the ceremony, “You’ve made a pretty little bride.” they said.

A glorious wedding which honoured all my ancestors living
and dead.

Hugs, kisses and graceful comments overwhelmed,
making me an exhausted bride to a man completely

Unknown and strange.

Unknown and strange, except to the facts, he was ‘Wealthy’

and 'Older'.

God creates your destinies, that's what Papa said
So this is mine, a fate that ruined all my dreams and
little luxuries.

Marriage was the least I wished for, instead I sought for
confidence,

To break the norms of being conventional,

To be a woman educated and independent.

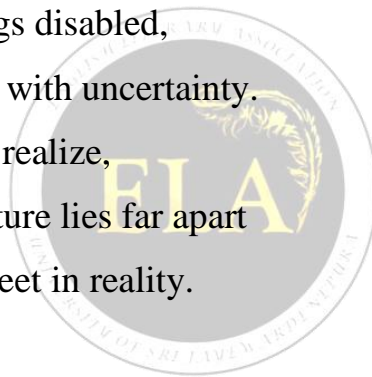
So am I to blame the almighty, for risking my life ruthlessly?

Questions that remained unanswered for generations in our
families.

A tragedy all women in our trait went through.

And here I stood, with wings disabled,
looking forward to a future with uncertainty.

The time has arrived me to realize,
That my dreams and the future lies far apart
Where they would never meet in reality.



Jainie Ratnaweera
Third Year
Faculty of Medical Sciences

Confession to an Aquatic Flow

Long ago where a time, life of a lonely entity

Deep inside hope for innocent love

with an unbounded nature remained innocently

Within the presence of an aqueous glance

Made feelings undoubtedly messy

The glance itself only the perfection

Is all it bears

Unrivaled devotion as the heart's testimony

Is always sincere

Almost at every time, caring

The full of sacrifice hardly to conceal

The aquatic flow roaming around, traveling through

Where its desire to be

Aside (from) the other things a forest

With evergreen with countless purity

Far beyond that, everything unseen but wanted to be seen

But still protecting somehow, though it's meaningless



Of such adorably
Dreaming the embracement without a lust
With an obsession, being broken
Its divinity tells of far end agony
Forgotten ecstasy
The entity to be where universally forbidden
The aqueous glance of the aquatic flow
Towards which feelings themselves
Put jinxes extinct battling prosperity to be arisen



S.R.R.Gomes

First Year

Faculty of Applied Sciences

Hope

(Narration of an experience of a young girl during Sri Lankan civil war period)

Handful of mud
was all I got
yet still wet,
walked back five miles
drained the water
'n fed my family
handful of mud
is all I get
not wet now,
the reward for
walking ten miles
in drilling heat
with the rusted kettle,
only asset we carry
with few papers
with no concerns
I eat the mud
I console my thirst
the thirst for
water and to be free

Maure Nava

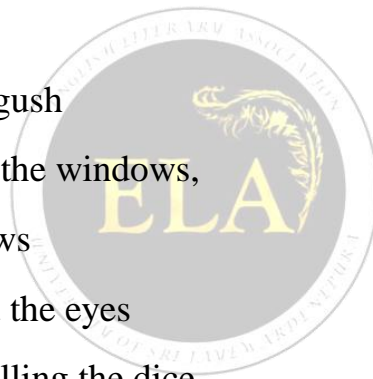
Third Year

Department of Forestry and Environmental Studies

Faculty of Applied Sciences

Strings

Beiges, beaches, sunrise, sunset
Reading lines off a script set
No more nightmares
Long nights awake
To be the one that spares
All the dreams flash fake
You and I were there first
The land was green and lush
The scents carried by gust
And the waters yawned to gush
Over the rooftops, through the windows,
Every moment the ride slows
I look for your light behind the eyes
And realize they are still rolling the dice



Thamali Yahampath

Second Year

Faculty of Applied Sciences

**UNIVERSITY OF
KELANIYA**

FACULTY OF HUMANITIES

CONTRIBUTIONS



Epiphany

While you stand under the thousand stars,
I see your eyes glitter and how you wonder.
I feel your fingers, embrace and tighten my hand
And the warm breath of your whispers while grabbing my neck.
I gaze the way you lift on your toes to touch my hair.
When will this tomorrow of ours come?
Still, you are a bench away from me with a red scarf around you.
Under this cold cherry blossom tree where it becomes a failure.
Looking at the far end of the path till a silhouette appears.
The moments you spent all the past days,
I was sitting miles away on this bench next to you
When will you see yourself through my eyes?
You lower your face under the poorly knitted guardian
To hide the dismay of your defeated love.
Yet, you come here every day as a familiar groove
And you secretly glare at me with cherry cheeks.
It's ludicrous to admit the memories of an apathetic spectre
Still blushes her cheeks as red as newly ripped peaches
Or is it me? Is she waiting for me?

R. A. Nethmi Madara Dissanayake
Faculty of Humanities
University of Kelaniya

Little Red Umbrella

The thumping heart in my ears

And the heavy quick breaths ache my heart.

The running steps on the wet ground

Trying to hold me by duress against the fall.

I vainly reached my hand to grab my running umbrella.

My little red pal running in such a rate away from me.

My little red pal dancing and swirling to the rhythm of the piercing wind

Under the biting droplets makes me wonder to take pleasure of its joy

The continuous chase ceases when I lost its sight.

I kept walking a few steps forward

With the thundering drums inside my head.

I made a halt in front of an old gentleman sitting on a bench.

I asked, "Sir, did you see a red umbrella rolling?"

He faced me and pointed his finger towards a straight road.

Few minutes passed and I'm still a pedestrian on the pointed road.

I paused at the sight of a cliff and looking down astonished me.

The infinity number of little pals are dancing and swirling

In their own spaces to their own rhythms.

My little red companion has created its own space and learning to swing.

I turned back and kept walking.

When I passed the old gentleman on the bench he asked,

“Missy didn’t you find your umbrella?”

I looked at him and said,

“No sir, because I cannot remember the colour.”

He smiled at me and I smiled back.



R. A. Nethmi Madara Dissanayake

Faculty of Humanities

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Swan Song

When the time stops

And the lake stands still...

I laced my fingers through your hand and

Started to swing to our Swan Song.

I grabbed by your waist under

This magical starlit night while,

The thin moon glade holds the weight of us.

We are dancing to our own Swan Song.

Upon this glittering moon glade

When I see myself through your ocean blinkers

The contentment I sought for so long caresses me.

I raised my hand and touched you...

The only song I hear through you is our last Swan Song.

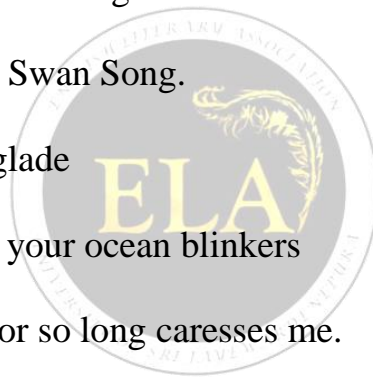
The realisation of my instant anguish

Aches my heart which is weary and struggling.

My little companion helping me to create treads on this earth

Treads to remember, remember till I stare at the last fading star

Till it fades away by taking away my moments of bliss.



My weary friend can rest then but not now.

Not in this ecstasy... Spare me to get lost in between,
the moon and that little star far away.

Grant me a few more breaths to glance at his angelic features.

Slow down my enemies, I have no more deceptions.

I know I'm surrounded, but spare me a few seconds of mercy,

Just to see my ecstasy through his still blue ocean.

Before the waves of carcinoma strangle my soul

To stop me from singing our last Swan Song.



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