www.sannasa.net

Personal Reflective Piece Practice

Dhanika Karunasena

I bolted upright. Sweat dripping from my bushy eyebrows. The back of my throat felt like sandpaper. I looked around. It was as dark as the great abyss in which one finds himself when he first takes another man's life in cold blood. The slivery light of the moon shone between the gaps of the dreary curtains which hung like head of the lonely solider whom had finally been broken of all hope. I heard it again. Gunshots.My blood ran cold. I leapt out of bed, and reached for my side expecting to find the cold metallic feel of my combat pistol but instead, found the soft cotton of my pyjama bottoms. I ran down the stairs, my heart beating and adrenaline pumping. There it was again. The metallic click of the a grenade being unpinned. A muffled scream.

The repeated gunshots. This was all too much. I rounded the corner. A bright ambient light shone from the next room. I could hear running. Commands being shouted. Were they

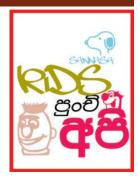
here? Were they attacking us? I ran into the room to find my son sitting there with a white controller in his hand, smiling with delight as he repeatedly shot the virtual figures on the screen. To me they weren't virtual. They were friends. Friends which I lost.

Nostalgia overcame me. I crashed on the couch. My son looked over with a hint of worry before looking back at the screen and getting another kill. What had become of me?

"Go to bed" I whispered. "But daaaad! Its only 11!" he wailed.

"LIGHTS OUT!" I screamed, like countless drill sergeants I had encountered in the field. He looked over and without another word





each night.

A singular tear escaped my eye, for the countless people whom not only I had lost, but Australia had lost. It slid down my coarse cheek which had been conditioned by the harsh Afghan deserts. I can only being to imagine that same tear falling down a mother's eye, wishing it was not their son which had to be lost. I sulked back up to my room, dragging my conscious behind me but wishing I could just let it go forever.Ruby lay sleeping, with an aurora of tranquillity surrounding her. The pale moon light illuminated her soft, serene face which resembled something of an angel sent from above.

She was my guardian angel. She protected me from the lurking insanity which threatened to consume my mind. I climbed back into bed, trying not to disturb her, yet failing all the same

She turned, and whispered in her silky voice "You had another dream didn't you?" She knew me too well. No matter how hard I tried to bury it; she always knew it was there. I didn't say anything. She didn't expect me to either. She nestled in the crook of my arm and quietly fell asleep again. A brief smile fluttered across my rugged face.

I knew why I entered such a dreadful war in the first place. To protect the people whom I loved and cared for. I knew sleep wouldn't come. It was a futile effort, similar to the millions of soldiers who train day and night, and in the end their young life's (loss of innocence) come to an end by a single bullet or a horrific bang. I shook the thought out of my mind. The war effort was not futile. It was a necessary evil. The death of millions for the benefit of billions. That's what they told us.

left the room. The sounds of gunshots echoed in my head as if it were a broken record. I curled up in the foetal positionon the dusty, floral couch and wished I could goto sleep, but I knew such a wish would never come without the reoccurring nightmares which I lived through

A home loan specialist who speaks your language.



Vajira Karunaratna

Home loans can seem confusing enough, without being in your second language. At the Commonwealth Bank we have lenders like Vajira, who speak Sinhalese as well as English. Vajira not only knows your language, he knows your area too. Extensive local lending experience means he's got a pretty good idea about what kind of home loan might suit you best. And you'll usually have a decision in 24 hours.

So call Vajira on 0401 593 567 to set up an appointment with someone you can truly talk to.

commbank.com.au

Important information: Applications for finance are subject to the Bank's normal credit approval. Full terms and conditions will be included in the Bank's loan offer. Fees and charges are payable. Commonwealth Bank of Australia ABN 48 123 123 124. CBALAG605



Sannasa Online

අන්තර්ජාලයෙන් සන්නස www.sannasa.net