



DHARANI

Pon Kulendiren

I was busy writing an important crucial article for the weekly Tamil magazine " THE WATCH ". While focusing my mind I was tasting a cup of coffee. Our magazine has good readership as it publishes news and articles without supporting any political groups. The articles and stories in the Magazine reflects everyday problems like increase in Cost of living, air and noise pollution, human rights violations etc. The magazine that started as a monthly, thirty years ago, grew into a bi-monthly magazine within last five years. The number of its readership grew year by year, over four lakhs in Sri Lanka. The price of the magazine did not change but the quality improved. The staff are talented experienced journalists. That was the main reason for the circulation to increase in number. Soon it may become weekly magazine

Twenty years ago, I began my career as a regular journalist and gradually became the assistant editor of the WATCH through my hard devoted my hard work. The owner Mr Samaranayake is the editor of WATCH and in Tamil and TRUTH in Singhala It took me about twenty years to come to that post. Sixty people worked in the Tamil magazine. The office is located at. Colombo 6 Wellawatte, on the main Galle road

Dharani worked as a journalist with me. He studied journalism in the University of Peradeniya. She is capable of writing both in English and Tamil. She got acquainted with many politicians because she was responsible political news. She is some modest women of twenty-five. she is Five feet seven inches high and has long dense hair. Impressive look s. She could converse impressively well in all three languages People will love to listen to her speaking. She became friendly with many politicians because of her style

of talking. She loves to wear Jeans. She frequently interviews political personalities and publishes the interview in the magazine. Readers wait to read it. Those articles too helped to increase the circulation. The owner has great respect for her.

Daranie's father was a government employee. He was from Trincomalee. Daranie's mother, a Sinhalese from Kinniya, was teaching in a school in Trincomalee.

This helped Dharani to speak in Sinhala and English fluently. Although her father was a Tamil, she avoided speaking in Tamil. She had close friendship with Sinhala politicians.

She had a bad habit of smoking cigarettes and drinking beer and brandy. She learned while studying in the University and attending parties. I'm not saying anything, and I do not get rid of those two bad habits. I felt like she was my own mother. Because she was born as a parent for the couple, she has brotherly affection for me. I would like to address the problems faced with politicians. I will give impatient advice.

One day, the introduction of Minister Ratnabala was received during an interview. Afterwards, she has interviewed him several times in the newspaper. It was the ordinary mob who helped Ratnabala to get a ministerial post. Their intimate moments turned into love over time.

Minister Ratnapala had once been married and divorced. I do not want to have a relationship with Tharini, even though he knew it. I do not ask my advice and her stubborn attitude to my advice. As a result, she married Ratnapura's baby in the stomach. Ratnapala gave her a second time to marry a daughter of a well-known business magnate. Four months pregnant from her stomach. At the same time, their home was strangled by the bombing during the war and the father and mother died. Following events that followed, her mood was greatly affected. She had no idea what she was talking about. Sometimes it does not know the person who speaks to those who work with him in malicious words. There are some people who hit. It does not work for a few days. If you look at her living room, she will be able to drink cigarettes in the sun. The table is full, empty beer bottles. I can not control her too. The administration, which decided that her mood was not good for her work, stopped her from work. Samaranayake's wife is a

psychic doctor. He had accompanied his wife's advice on the treatment of the tumor in the hospital for mental disorders.

"The Social Wager of Raja Angaday Mental Hospital will have to talk to you. The line is standing, "said my assistant Ganesh Murthy. I understood why I had an invitation from the hospital.

"Who? Raja, the assistant editor of the newspaper, "spoke on a phone in a soft and friendly phone.

"Yes; The king is speaking. What's the matter Tell me who you are talking about. "

"I'm a social worker at Ankara hospital. My name is Nettel Hettiarachchi .. Can you please leave the hospital to the hospital today? Here is a woman who is a patient who is not able to control your name frequently and shouting. Want to see you. Do you know the girl named Dharini Raja? "

"Om knows. She made me in the news magazine

Several years worked as a reporter. Once upon a time the name of a skilled journalist was bought. Dharani is like sister to me. The sin of her existence is to be sympathetic, and in some of the events that took place in her life; Mental Illness "I answered. "Well you come to Angoda hospital and ask my name in Reception. I'll come and take you to Worth No. 15 to Tharani. Talk with her and calm her down. Sometimes you can listen to her and she will be quiet. " Said. "Well, I'll come and see." The king went to the psychiatric hospital where the bus number went up to 134, from the Bambalapitiya, with his permission, telling him what had happened to the editor. Ancillary hospital is like a mental hospital in Chennai. Anchorage is located on the main road to Avissawala, 10 km away from the Colombo Fort. This church was founded in 1926 during the

rule of the Queen Victoria of Sri Lanka. When I went into the Ankara hospital, I was welcomed by several faces reflecting deep, thoughtful thinking. Some were bound by legs that were unable to move freely. They were sad in their faces, and the turmoil was visible. Unbearable tragedies Being in prison, they must stand behind bars behind bars. They were lined with deep thinking and shimmering faces. There were some people I knew. "I'm waiting for you," she ran and ran to me. She also ordered her to take her to the guard who was standing there. Another lady looked at me and said, "killer. Why did you kill my husband? I will not spare you. " "I have a kiss daddy darling" This is a young girl's voice, "Hey, did you get my telegraphy" ?, a girl of about twenty years old. Many female wards shouted with the appearance of the hair to spread their hair from various corners. My eyes searched for the chariot. "She often says that she has a brother as a journalist. Do not believe politicians. She is a believer. We see her baby. Tell me, these are the words that often tell me. My eyes and lips have seen the lean lady sitting on the head, waited at the head and waited in the bed. She also showed me her and said, "That's it. I can not believe in the appearance of the chariot. I know that she liked Cadburys Chocolate from the time I worked with her. When I went to the hospital I was going to give her a bucket of chocolates chocolate, "I asked her if I could give it to her." I am glad that I was consoling with the motion of the pace. "Dear, your brother is coming to the king. Do you know me? ". The answer from Dharini did not come. She stared at me. I stretch the cheeks in my hand to the terrace and say, "Here's your favorite Cadburys." She got it for a while and threw her. "Dear, I'm angry with you who is your brother's king?" "Where is my baby? Where is that cousin? Daddy and Mommy, come on "she asked loudly. Nehru saw me questioning. "Neal, Dharini is now an orphan. Her parents died in Trincomalee in the bombing. " "Then what is a baby"? I told you about the relationship between Nelum and Minister Dhanapala. In the past four months, the pastor told her that she was pregnant with her relationship. I told my parents that they were dead. Those incidents made her mental illness. " She was listening to the answer. . "No matter how hard you are talking. " I asked. "The king wants to tell you something. Let's be confidential only between our two men, "she said. "My secret is telling you". "You are a monk who says you are my brother. He pushed him away from my parents' family. Now he is counting on his last days for karma. " "What are you saying madam?" "Yes, he's got cancer in the gut. The doctors have abandoned me, "she said. She was listening quietly for a few seconds. Then she started to laugh at both the hands. She got up and started to taste. I understood that I and Neel talked about Dharani. That's why she has not been able to control her happiness. One hour I left with the chair and returned to Colombo after having softened her. B

, I told the newspaper owner Samaranayake the details about Dharini. After a couple of days I got a phone call.

" How is Dharani doing? Is she quiet? Should I Come Back? "

"Mr Raja you need not come again. Two sorrowful news called you to tell. "" What's the worst thing about Nice? " "My brother before a week; Dhanapala has passed away. You know the paper. " Are you my sympathies? What's the next sad news? "My brother has been dead, and she has committed suicide by jumping from the terrace at a minute. She had a Cadburys chocolate you brought for her in her hand.

" I did not say a word. The owner found the tears coming from my eyes

"What it is Raja.? Why are you crying "?

I said briefly" Everything is possible ".

(Mixed truth and imagination)