The background features a detailed military map with various terrain features, roads, and grid lines. In the upper right, there is a military crest with a central emblem, crossed swords, and a banner with Sinhala text. The title is prominently displayed in the center-left.

Fortnight
SOLDIERS'
Thoughts

15 - 31
January
2025

Volume
XXXV

A publication by the Directorate of Media and Psychological Operations



THE HOROSCOPE

Recalling the most beautiful places,
How much did I smile,
The moments we spent secretly,
Why we left apart today?
Just like you, I also had
A big dream about tomorrow.
When I saw that dream with you,
It was beauty beyond imagination.
Among the stars in the sky,
So many places were written for us.
The way you were taken away from me,
I still remember, my dear.

L/ Cpl Malwanale M Y G N P K
3 (V) SLACAL

ECHOES OF SCHOOLYARD LOVE

Hiding a red rose petal between the pages,
The one you gave me—I still remember today.
Our love, once carved on desks and benches in verses,
Brings waves of joy each time it crosses my mind.
The notes of affection you filled with endless words
Still rest untouched, preserved through the years.
I spent countless hours just to meet your gaze,
How beautiful were the dreams we once embraced.
But those dreams faded as we passed the school gates,
Leaving behind memories tinged with a lingering ache.
And when, by chance, we met face to face,
I thought, "You're just as beautiful as your smile that day."

Pte Herath H M P P K
3 (V) SLACAL

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Darkquinn Creationz

SEPARATION

Fragrance of love lingers in petals,
Even when left behind.
Yet, love is also called desperate.
Bees wander here and there,
As the splendor of the forest unfolds.
The white veil drapes gently over the body,
But do not let your heart waver...
In a world where flowers wither and fade,
Seeking an end, searching in vain,
Let them rest like foam upon the waves,
But never forsake love—hold it close...

Pte Wewagedara W D D N
4 (V) SLACAL


FATHER'S LOVE

Speaks through his eyes,
Bears heavy burdens on his head,
Loves deeply from his heart,
Kisses his children in dreams,
Father is a silent spring of devotion,
That never runs dry.

L/ Cpl Siriwardhana S L A
8 GW

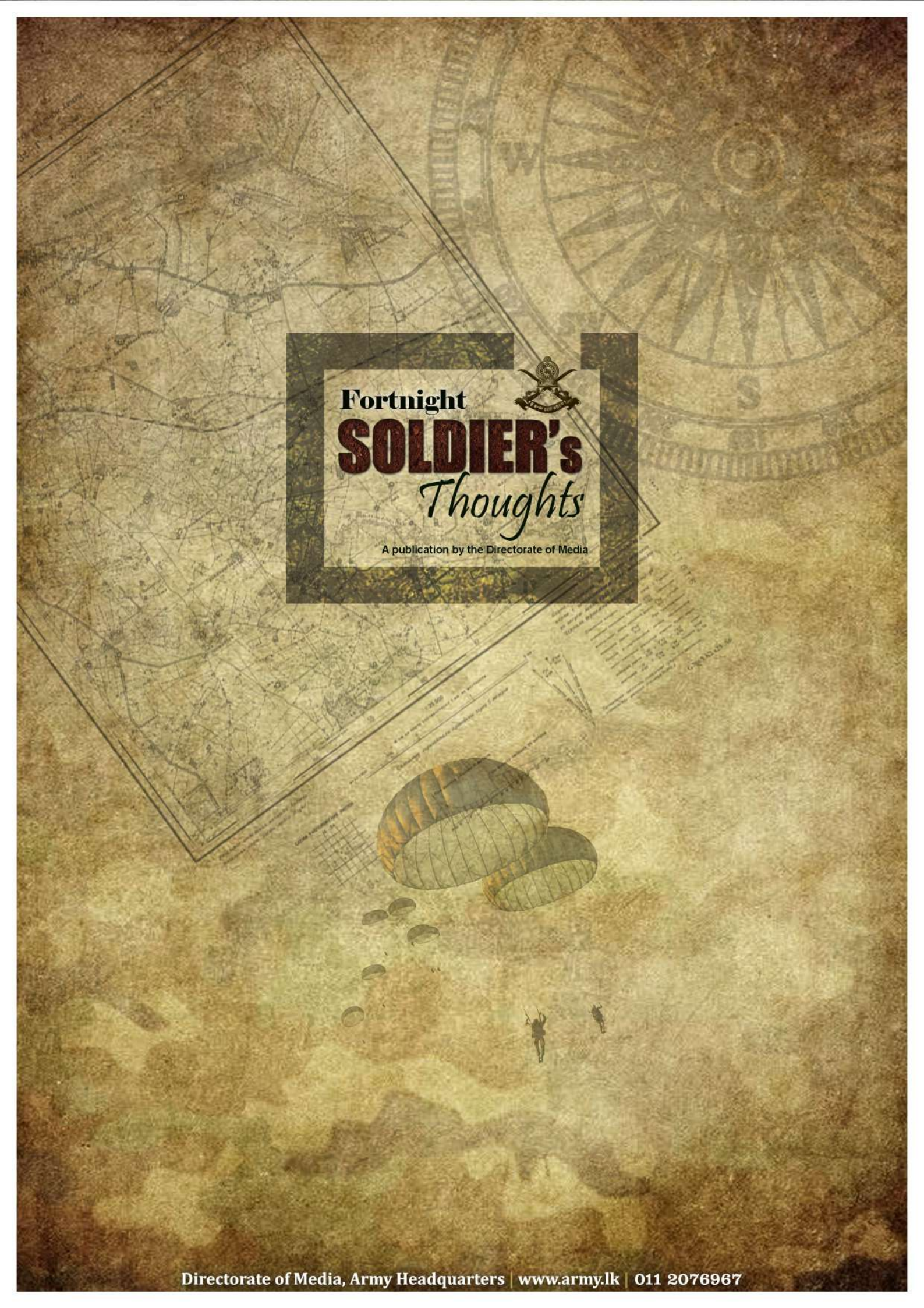


FROZEN MEMORIES



The bygone
Memories
Made together
Shall never
Bade away
Yet again
Dusk till dawn
Day and night
The struggle for life
But what my poor heart can do?
Should I let my heart to
Weep all day
When he is happy
Where he could be
How could I force
My heart to
Unlove the man
I loved once
The most!

Capt K.V.N Lakmali
Dte of Media and Psy Ops



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