

SEVEN TALES



SITHUMI UTHTHARA RANASINGHE

SEVEN TALES

SITHUMI UTHTHARA RANASINGHE

Other Books by the author

- 1. Sudu Bataluwata Padamak - 2019**
- 2. Kukul Paule apuru kude - 2020**
- 3. Flopy's Adventure - 2020**
- 4. The paradise behind the big trees and other poems**

Seven Tales

Story and paintings

By Sithumi Uththara Ranasinghe

Autor Publication

7/28, George E De Silva Mawatha,

Rosamund Place, Kandy

ISBN 978-624-206-576-2

2023.11.02

**TO MY LOVING SISTER
HASINI**

PREFACE

The primary goal of the current educational system is to mould a productive citizen and a caring family member who is equipped with knowledge and skills. The main responsibility of the school is to identify and recognise children's talents, as well as to sharpen their skills to meet the needs of the nation and the world. Our Alma Mater is constantly guiding and assisting children who are creative. This project has been an ongoing process at our school for many years, particularly in terms of writing books. Many skilled and enthusiastic young writers participated in this exercise for years, producing novice writers to field of literature. We regard this as a great victory and a national need at this hour. To continue this effort, we have adopted digital technologies and an e-book project this year. I am confident that this unique event provided youngsters with valuable experience and challenges that will benefit them in the future. The Ministry of Education has hailed the project as an important step toward motivating young authors in schools. As principal of Mahamaya Girls' College, I am grateful to all of the students throughout the country who contributed to this endeavour. I commend and applaud all of the young authors of these books for their perseverance and devotion in this difficult task. I would like to thank our school management committee, employees, parents, for my students, administrators, and teachers from other schools who encouraged students to take part in this worthwhile effort.

Ms Shashikala Senadheera Principal

Mahamaya Girls College - Kandy

2023 . 11 . 10

STORY 1



One fine sunny morning, Snowy the white daisy was swaying in the breeze enjoying the warm sunshine. Snowy lived in a meadow of beautiful wild flowers. She stood between a red flower named Rose and a yellow flower named Dandelion.

Only Rose and Dandelion were kind to Snowy. All the other flowers were unkind to her as she was plain white. The meadow that Snowy lived in was full of different coloured flowers but none of them were orange in colour. One day Rose said “I wish we had an orange coloured flower”.

Snowy thought for a moment and replied. “I think I have an idea. Maybe you two can paint me red and yellow. Then I will be orange”. “Wow! That is a wonderful idea!”, cried Rose and Dandelion at the same time. So the two flowers started painting Snowy until she was a brilliant shade of bright orange. “Thank you!” said Snowy looking at her reflection on the pond. From that day on everyone loved Snowy and they even gave her a new special name - Marigold!

STORY 2



One fine breezy afternoon I watched my mum doing somersaults in the air. My name is Emma and I'm an eagle. I live in a grassland, in a nest, on a cliff top, with my mum. She is brilliant at wizzing past me and spinning in the sky that it makes me dizzy, just looking at her. After a while I asked mum, "When would I ever learn to fly?" "Pretty soon my dear" she replied.

From the next day onwards mum taught me how to fly. After many attempts, I learned how to fly very high. In two weeks I knew it all.

One day while we were soaring through the sky mum asked suddenly, "Would you like to learn how to somersault?" "Ok Mum" I mumbled nervously. On my first try I lost my balance and tumbled head over heels onto the ground. Luckily for me there was a pile of leaves. Next I did a row of them. Finally I succeeded. It was an exciting experience in my life which I will never forget.

STORY 3



Once upon a time lived a girl called Mary. One day while walking on the park Mary saw a golden coloured dog. It was lost and when Mary looked closely, she saw that its paw was sore. Maybe, I'll take it home and look after it, thought Mary. So she took the dog home. She cleaned the sore paw and even let it sleep on one of the cushions from the sofa.

The following day as she was walking from school Mary approached a red bricked house. On the doorstep there was a little girl who was sobbing. Mary went to her and asked "What is the matter?" The little girl replied " I've lost my dog. He is a sweet golden dog. I love him. Do you know where he is?" "Yes!" Exclaimed Mary, " Follow me!"

They ran down the path to Mary's front gate. The golden dog ran to greet Mary but when he saw the other girl he become overexcited and jumped right on to her. The little girl couldn't believe her eyes and she was silent for a long time. Then she turned to go. As Mary waved goodbye, the happy girl said, "Thank you, I will never forget you".

STORY 4



Amal walked home from school. He had just got off the bus and it wouldn't be long before he went home. Amal approached the sweet shop by the street. He had 10 rupees in his pocket which was enough to buy 2 toffees for himself. He thought of saving them for later, because he wasn't hungry that much. Amal lived in a big house with a beautiful garden. His parents were very rich.

As Amal walked on, he saw an old clay hut. He saw it everyday but he didn't take any notice of it, although today it caught his attention. Inside was an old lady who was cooking. A boy was sitting on the floor with a little girl fiddling with rocks, sticks and a bit of mud. Amal peered in through the door. The girl wore a torn dress and the boy wore a dirty red shirt and a brown shorts.

Suddenly the girl saw Amal. She curiously walked towards him. Amal handed over the toffees and her eyes shone with joy. She smiled at Amal and ran to her brother. As Amal walked away, the boy shouted "Thank you very much! Good Bye!". Amal waved back feeling very happy.

STORY 5



“Children, please take your clay pots quickly. Your parents are waiting” called our grade 3 teacher. I hurriedly looked for my colourful clay pot I had made. Yesterday was our art class where we had made and painted our clay pots.

I carefully picked up my one and walked to the back of the line. Since our pots were very delicate, I didn't dare to put mine in my bag as it might break. When the gate opened I rushed out of the gates joyfully because everyone said that my pot was the best. I ran to my mother when she came. My little sister was very excited to see my pot and asked if she could hold it. We walked along the path towards home.

Suddenly, I spotted Dharia (my best friend) on the other side of the road. She was crying and holding a pink , broken clay pot in her hands. I felt very sorry for her. So I asked mum if I could give my pot to her and she said “Yes”. We walked to the other side of the road and I gave my clay pot to her. “Thank you!” She exclaimed and her face changed in to a big smile. As we walked together chatting, I felt very happy.

When I look at my sister, she was about to cry. So I told her that it is fun to share. Though she was happy after that I decided to make a new pot for her.

STORY 6



Ruby was Mary's dog. I liked Ruby as well. But its favourite person was Mary. She was our neighbour. Mary was 10 years old. She was older than me since I was only 09.

One day Mary's mother told Mary that she had to go to boarding school, when she was in grade

06. The next year came very quickly when Mary had to go to boarding school for months.

I was very sad when Mary went and Ruby was even sadder. He whined all day long and didn't eat anything I gave him, except something he found in the road. He often licked pictures of Mary in the al- bum.

Three months passed by and Ruby grew thin and weak. One day Mary's mother told me that Mary was coming home. I was very excited. We went to the bus stop to meet Mary. When Mary stepped out of the bus Ruby licked her all over her face and her body. He jumped around Mary and barked hap- pily. Poor little friend was over excited.

STORY 7



One morning I found my pet dog in my room. He didn't come to play with the ball when I told him and sat on the floor. So I went to my room and stared at my pet. He stared back.

Then suddenly he spoke. I was very frightened to speak at first but soon I recovered. "Good morning" my pet said "How are you? I am very sleepy. I didn't sleep at all last night" "Good Morning! I am fine.

Why didn't you sleep?" I mumbled nervously. " Because there is so much light" he said. " You could go to the store room. It's very dark there" I suggested. "Ok then I will go. Thank you" he said and ran away.

After he went, I sat down by the side of my bed feeling confused about whether my pet really talked or not.

THE END



AFTERWORD

As modern technology permeates the social and economic arenas, students tend to distance themselves from the creative process, relying more and more on technological tools. To reduce this risk and help aspiring young writers produce their own books, I sought and presented a research proposal to the Ministry of Education in 2014. It was a fantastic opportunity for children to showcase their enthusiasm and knowledge. The students of Mahamaya Girls' College achieved a record for the most books written, paving the way for a new level of innovation. The e-book project will enable the students to reach international readers, and I am confident that they have gained new experiences and challenges that will enable them to face the future with resolve.

I wish all of the young writers the best of luck in their future endeavors

Senevirathna Mahalekm
Founder of Books Publishing Project
Among School Children
2023 10 20



9 786242 065762

978 624 206 576 2