

THE WOODEN DOLL



Pethmi Tanisha Thennakoon

The_Wooden-Doll

Pethmi_Tanisha_Thennakoon.

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Also written by Pethmi Thennakoon,

The magical ball

The wooden doll

The rose kingdoms

Acknowledgement

Mother Maya is blessed with little buds.....

Nurtured by loving teachers who are caring,
always these buds to bloom.....

My tiny adults, who loves to read,
Dedication goes always to you...

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 recognize 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 endeavor. 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

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Once upon a time, in a small village there was a small house. There was a little girl in this house called Lina. She was a kind and generous to everyone. She lived with her aunt and uncle because her parents died when she was smaller. Her aunt was very rude to her but her uncle was very kind. They were very poor. They didn't have enough money to send Lina to school. Lina's uncle earned money by cutting wood and by selling them. One day Lina's uncle made her a doll out of the wood he cut. "Lina keep this doll. Then you will always remember us." Telling that Lina's uncle gave her the doll. Lina couldn't even believe

that her uncle made the doll. The doll wore a beautiful blue and white dress and her hair was dark brown. Her eyes were painted from a shining blue. Lina took the doll and kept it near her bed. Lina always gave her wooden doll a little cuddle before going to bed.

One unexpected day her uncle was passed away. Lina was very sad. she cried the whole night, she knew that now her aunt would use her and punish her for nothing. She took the doll and told the doll everything.

“Lina! Come here!” Lina hid the doll under her pillow and ran as fast as she could to where her aunt was.

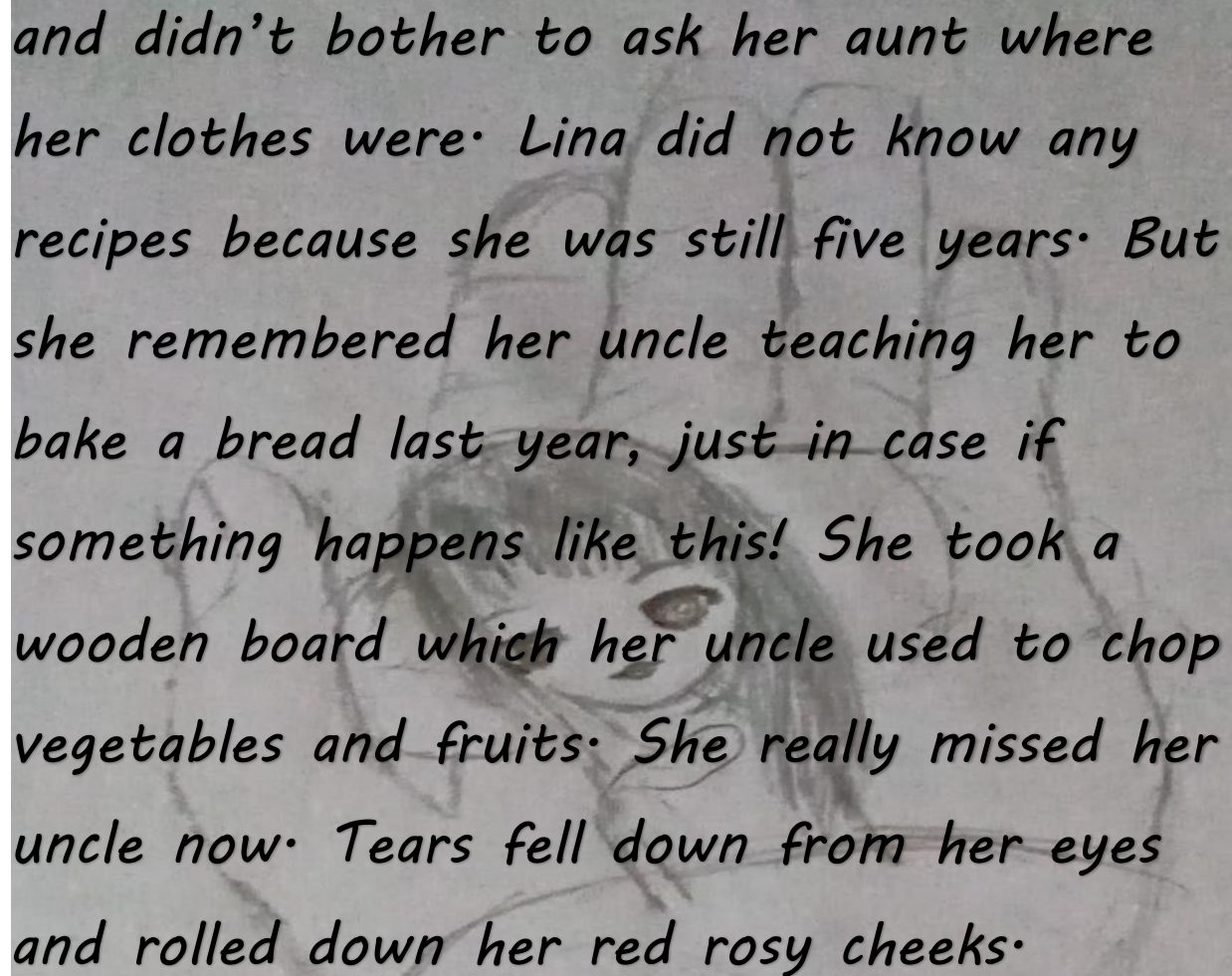
“Come quickly Lina!” her aunt screamed when she was nearly there. “Come and wash my clothes, they are all dirty. And as your uncle’s not here I have no money. So after washing clothes go and cut some wood. Bring some here and sell some.

UNDERSTOOD!!! Now go and wash my clothes.” As Lina thought, her aunt used her to all the house work. Lina took her aunt’s clothes and her dirty clothes. She started to wash her aunt’s ones letting her ones to soak.

After some time, her aunt came to see Lina's work.

“Good job! Hey! Wait a minute Lina what do you think you're doing? What are those? They aren't mine!” “They are mine, Aunt” answered Lina. “Lina, oh my dear Lina, can't you hear, what's wrong with your ears Lina!? I told only to wash my clothes, didn't I !?Did I mention someone else's clothes?” Her aunt took away the basin which had Lina's clothes. “But, aunt !!!” Lina started to cry “stop your crying Lina! That's what happens when you can't hear! Ha-ha! Now stop crying and wash my clothes quickly! Look at the time, when will you cut the wood

eh? Stop being a baby, you are five now remember Lina!” her aunt scolded her and made fun of her. Little Lina looked at the broken wooden clock which was hanging on their wall. She finished washing. Little Lina stood up and looked out from a little hole which was in the clay wall of their house. She saw that it was evening. She took the basin and went out to hang the clothes. “Linnnnnaaaaa!!!” her aunt shouted. Poor little Lina ran in to the house again. “Lina! There’s no time to cut wood now. It’s getting dark now, make me some dinner” her aunt ordered. Lina went to her room to change, but there weren’t any clothes! Lina found the apron that her uncle gave her. She wore it and went to the kitchen



and didn't bother to ask her aunt where her clothes were. Lina did not know any recipes because she was still five years. But she remembered her uncle teaching her to bake a bread last year, just in case if something happens like this! She took a wooden board which her uncle used to chop vegetables and fruits. She really missed her uncle now. Tears fell down from her eyes and rolled down her red rosy cheeks.

Little Lina wiped off the tears and started to cook again. She took some flour and added milk, eggs and some butter and some yeast. She made two bread for her and her wooden little doll friend. She put them

first into the oven. Her aunt came in the kitchen.

“OMG! Look how ridiculous it is. Poor Lina’s wearing an apron. Ha! Ha! Where did you get that Lina?” asked her aunt. “My uncle bought it for me” answered Lina.

“Your uncle! Huh! Even funnier! Ha-ha! By the way what are you cooking?”

“I’m baking some bread aunt”

“Then quickly bake it will you Lina!”

Lina made bread and served the big one to her aunt and she hid the small one behind her. To make her aunt think that she didn’t hide anything, Lina sat in front of her aunt and asked for a piece of bread.

But her aunt said ‘OH! Poor Lina don’t have anything to eat! Just stop joking around Lina, go and sleep’. Lina acted as she cried and ran to her room with the tiny little loves breads which were held tight in her hands. Her aunt laughed loudly even though Lina went away. Lina went to her room and took her little wooden doll out. Lina took the two pieces of bread and gave one to her doll and she took the other.

“Dolly you take this and I’ll take the other,” told Lina to her doll because little Lina thinks that her doll is alive even though it isn’t and that is why she miss her uncle so much. But to Lina’s surprise,

“Thank you Lina” said the doll.

“You can speak and you never told even when I missed my uncle” Lina said surprised and shocked.

“Yes and I’m really sorry I didn’t tell you, Lina listen carefully” said the talking little wooden doll.

“We are going to the forest, right now Lina. So save your piece of bread.”

“Alright but, where we going exactly?” asked Lina.

“We are escaping!” said the doll.

“Alright, I’m in!” Lina took her wrecked side bag and put the two pieces of bread in

it which were wrapped in clean newspapers. She took a water bottle and put it in the bag too. She sneaked into the kitchen and took a little box of butter, a spoon, and two little buns just in case if needed. She went into her room tip toeing and put all of them in the bag.

“Let’s go, I’m ready” Lina told to the doll. They went away from the large window which was in Lina’s room. They travelled through the woods until mid-night and slept under a tree. When they woke up it was nearly afternoon. Lina and her doll ate the two slices of bread with some butter and drank a sip of water each. Then they

started traveling again. When they were walking in the dark woods they saw an injured bird. Lina took the little bird and cured his wounds. They watched the bird flying away, Lina waved to the bird. When they went further they saw a little hut.

“What!?! There’s a hut in the middle of the forest.” Told Lina who was really surprised.

“Let’s go there and stay for a few days” said the doll. Lina agreed because her feet were wounded and had no choice. They went there and knocked on the rusty door. An old woman opened the door and welcomed them in. She served them buns with strawberry jam filling neatly stuffed

in, with a hot up of tea. Actually she only gave Lina because she didn't know that the doll could eat and talk. Lina did not want to trouble her, so she gave the doll a bun which she brought from their house. The old woman sat down to talk with Lina.

“So little girl where are you from?” she asked.

“We came from the city which is nearby this forest, mam” answered Lina.

“is there someone else with you?” She asked.

“No mam. Why, is there a problem?”

“Then why did you tell ‘WE’ instead of ‘I’?”

“Ah! I meant me and my wooden doll”

“Oh! Alright then, I had a daughter she lived in the nearby city too. After she died I came here to this forest. She had a little daughter, I gave the little girl to my son’s sister. My life is really hard now without anyone to help me. I’m earning money by knitting, look!” the old woman showed Lina a red scarf she stitched.

“Did you have a son?” asked Lina.

“No... my daughter’s husband.” She replied.

“My life was really hard too! My mother and father died when I was small too, then I lived with my uncle and aunt. My uncle was very kind to me but my aunt wasn’t. my uncle made this doll for me. He is the hero of my life as I don’t have my parents.” Lina said and tears rolled down.

“You poor thing, don’t cry. How old are you? Why did you come to this forest?” the old woman asked.

“my name is Lina and I’m still five. My uncle died. I didn’t even go to school. After my uncle’s death my aunt scolded me and punished me for no reason. I had nothing to do but escape. So I escaped. This is an old

photo of my mother” Lina showed the old woman a picture which was in her bag. She was a beautiful young girl. Lina had that picture long time ago. The photograph was very old the old woman couldn't barely see it. After some minutes the old woman burst into tears. She took the picture from Lina's hands and cried hard.

“Why what's the matter mam?” asked Lina.



“My daughter... My daughter...” soon Lina

understood that the old woman was her grandmother and the old woman understood that Lina was her granddaughter. Both of them went to the city and little Lina started a new life by going to school.

THE END
THE END

I am still searching my way to success.

*Please let me say thank you mother Maya
and my beloved teaches.*

Pethmi Tanisha Thennakoon



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