

AN UNFINISHED DIARRY



W.A. Dewmini Methma Weragoda

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Other publications

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Princess Amber

Mahamaya Girls ' College Kandy

Grade 7G

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To all who loves to read.

**Because, reading is the starting phase of all the
scholars.**

Foreword

Literary development is a yardstick to measure the development of a country. The Kotte and Dambadeniya eras stand out in the history of the world because they were literary enlightening periods. If so, this is the golden period in the history of the Mahamaya as well. This is the reason why our daughters have been enchanting through book writing for many years now. It is a special event that our writers have succeeded in building a culture of writing books in the school and spreading it to the entire school system and this time involving the global student community in it.

Beyond this, this time the school community itself has also decided to rebuild the past Yatiwara writing tradition in the country in order to pay tribute to the founder of our school, Karadana Atthadassi Thero.

The Pirivena student monks have also taken up book writing “The Herana Gatkarani” project was introduced.

It is a matter of pride for me as the principal to lead the way in bringing about a qualitative change in the education of schools and Pirivena education through this academic and religious service, and it is also an achievement for the school.

This book, which is the result of recognizing one's innate talent at an early stage in life and turning to writing, will undoubtedly be a help for future education and future life.

Shashikala Senadheera,
Principal, Mahamaya Girls' Collage, Kandy.

Content

The missing child	1
The Diary	7
What is that Sound	10
Who is that stranger	13
I hate exams	15
What's wrong with Ginger	17
The end of a good old friend	19
Is that the person who I think he is...or is that a she	22
Mr. Smith, is that you	24
I am 14 now	26
Belinda is cute	28
Who is Leonara McWill	32
The crow with glistening forehead	37
Is the crow trying to give me a message	39
A long veil of black hair	41
The last journal entry	42
The eyewitness	43

An Unfinished Diary

Chapter 1

The missing child

A beautiful fair woman with blond hair came opening the door with tears in her eyes.

“I searched everywhere but I couldn’t find him”

she said hugging a tall pale handsome man with brown hair. She raised her head looking at a badly pale and worried face.

“What did they say?”

She asked with a trembling but rather hopeful voice.

“They hadn’t seen a trace of him.”

Said a deep voice but it broke down as he ended it. Then she cried even harder making the white shirt of the man wetter than ever as though it had been splashed by water.

At that same moment came the sound of a siren after a minute or two they saw red and blue lights falling on to the road. It was the police. The car stopped in the yard and two men, one was a policeman and the other, who could be classified as a detector, came to the doorstep but they needn’t open it for the pupils because pupils had heard the siren a minute ago and had come to open the door to see what is it all about.

An Unfinished Diary

“We had got your call Mr Middleton, and we have come to investigate this house.”

Said the man with a police uniform.

“This, as you can see, is Mr Stevenson who is of course the cleverest and the smartest detective in the neighbourhood” He said.

Then a tall man with a brown long coat and a brown hat made with a square patterned fabric shook hands with the man named Mr Middleton who looked a little bit less pale than he was before. The detective pulled a notebook and a pen from his pocket and he looked at the man.

“So, the victim’s, I mean, the child’s name is Theodor Middleton?” He said with a sharp look.

“The full name is Theodor Percival Middleton” said Mrs Middleton in a polite way.

“So, what did your relatives and neighbours and also the parents of his friends say?” he said looking at Mrs Middleton but for that question Mr Middleton was the one to answer

“For that question Sir, we have called everyone but no one seems to see a trace and nor heard anything of him and the last call we’ve got is Mrs Allen who is the last victim we know and the answer we got from her is no difference. We’ve got calls in the middle of the phone calling. We answered them thinking it might be a clue but

An Unfinished Diary

unfortunately they were some people who loved him and they were asking that had we found any sign of him. They were crying as though they could flood the whole house with tears.

As you see our son has been a well brought up child and I don't think there are any pupils in heaven and earth who hates him". He ended.

"So then are you're sure that it's not done by the child himself? You said yourself that he was a good child, and as you say he mightn't have any bad ideas in mind." The detective's eyes fixed onto the missing child's dad.

"Never. He's been such a polite boy that he'd never said anything disgraceful to his parents nor had he been disobedient to us ever.' He said truthfully.

"Good gracious! By all this talking we've even forgot to offer you a seat! We're awfully sorry sir. Please come and have a seat. I'll go and make some tea. My husband will give answers to your questions" said Mrs Middleton and then she went in the idea of making tea and finding some goods to offer for the visitors.

"And again to the main topic" Mr Stevenson said folding another page of his note book.

"Now according to the information, if this is not done by the child himself then it might have been done by another victim. I suggest,

An Unfinished Diary

maybe a kidnap, I'm sorry but that is the most suitable conclusion that we can take now"

"I'm really sure it might be an unknown person related to this case because you said that there are no enemies that you know of son's. And your son doesn't seem to hide anything from you or had communicated with strangers cause he has never been disobedient to you and in this case it must have been a been a unknown person for the kid to. Do you agree with me?"

He said taking his eyes off the note book once again. For he's been taking while taking his eyes in and out from the paper because he was re-reading his notes he had written.

"I believe every word Mr Stevenson. But the problem is WHO? Who could be the kidnaper and why?" he said in a puzzled look.

"And for that Mr Middleton we have to investigate this house"

"But before that, Please do have some tea" Mrs Middleton. She was carrying a tray of cups and a pot filled with tea. All made of china and looked as though it was really expensive. A little girl with blond hair, who was really beautiful as Mrs Middleton came holding a tray of biscuits and cake which where separately spited to two silver and white plates.

"Who is this?" The detective said looking at the little girl who looked a little bit shy for the unexpected instance.

An Unfinished Diary

“This is my daughter Emilia Middleton; Theodor is her big brother” he said. She is 4 years younger than her brother she’s 10 Theodor’s 14”. He added.

“I think I did mention the boy’s age on the way in the car” said the policeman.

“I remember” he said nodding his head. He looked at her and smiled.

She couldn’t smile back. She tried but it was useless, tears were dripping from her eyes for she couldn’t bear the thought that her brother was missing or kidnaped. She looked gloomy but yet beautiful. The two visitors imagined how beautiful she used to look.

They had tea and they started their work

“May we check the house Mr Middleton?” the policeman said.

“Why not” said Mr Middleton.

“Where should we start from?” said the policeman. “Let’s... with his room?” said the detective.

“Of course, follow me sir” Mr Middleton led them in to his son’s room.

It was a neat and very clean room. The walls were painted white and there was a neat bed which had a blue quilt with small white

An Unfinished Diary

dots. Unlike any boy, he had less sport equipment there were a football, a skateboard and on outside, a bicycle. Also, he had lots of books on his table but they were neatly arranged and there was a white cupboard with a transparent glass door and it was completely filled with neatly arranged stationary.

Among all of these books a book with a brown leather cover caught the eye of the detector.

“What precisely could this be Mr Middleton?”

He said looking at him right after his eyes went to the book.

An Unfinished Diary

Chapter 2

The Diary

“That is the Dairy of my son.” He said.

“Would you mind if I keep it to investigate?” he asked him.

“I would give you anything for you as long as you help us to find our son.” he said truthfully.

“Thank you” said the detective.

“For heaven sake! Look at this!” the policeman was pointing at a mark in the wall. There was a splatter of blood.

“I think the prisoner is right between us! It was Mr Middleton all along! You are arrested. You have killed your son or another person saying it's your son.”

“Wait, wait you can't just give a conclusion that the kidnapper or the murderer is him. You don't even know the way to prove it. I wonder who made you a police officer. You might find me near your prisoners to see if you had arrested them for no reason” The detective said amazed but in the same time angry.

“If he knew he would get caught if we'd do this then why would he call us in the first place? And if everyone is in a shocked mood because of their son then why would they murder them? And if

An Unfinished Diary

they would find anything that will reveal their secrets then why would they ever give me this diary?"

"Mr Middleton can you give a letter or something of your handwriting and another one with your wife's handwriting and one of your son's handwriting and your daughter's" he said holding his hand out.

Mr Middleton was really pale. He couldn't speak by the shock of seeing that his son has been hurt. And also he couldn't bear people thinking this has been done by him. He was happy of seeing that the detective has seen the truth at last even though the police haven't. So he brought four parchments of paper and he gave it to the detector.

"This is mine; this is my wife's, my daughter's and my son's." he said giving one by one of them to the detector's hand. He took them and compared the hand writing from the diary.

"These hand writing which are as you say Theodor's are the same. And that includes that it is purely written by your child and I took some call to his friends and they all said that he adored his parents. And this tells us it has been another victim who had done the murder or the kidnap."

"So that's all for today then, were off. So until we meet again. I'm sure that we'd find more in formation next time." Then he turned to the policeman.

An Unfinished Diary

“And for you sir, If you’d ever try to arrest these poor people for no reason. I will report you to the head police station of London.

The two men went off. The policeman went to the station after he had dropped the detector near his house.

He sat down near the warm fire right after he took of his traveling coat. He made himself a hot coffee and even took some biscuits from the kitchen which his mother who was a very old lady made.

He took the Diary and started to read it.

On the first page was the name of the boy and there were some other things too.

- **My name is Theodor Middleton**
- **I’m in the 4th grade**
- **I study in Richmond school**
- **2004**

The first writings were not that important. But at last he found something that would be interesting.

An Unfinished Diary

Chapter 3

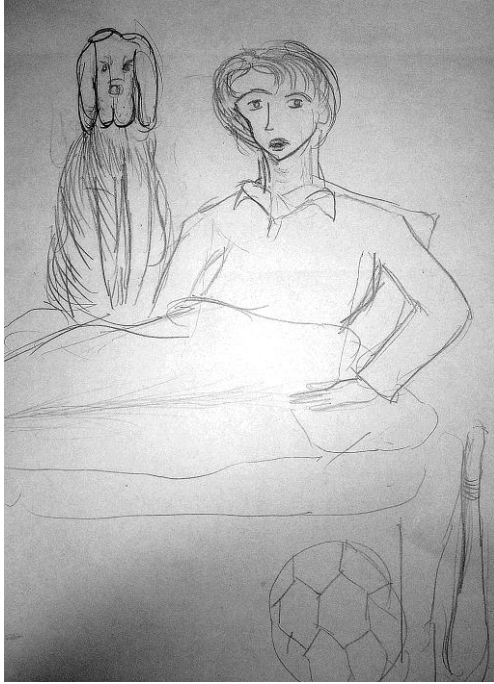
What is that sound...?

2004.09.07 Tuesday

Mom and dad are working a lot today that they are coming next morning and little sis is going on a sleepover with her friend Grace. But I'm staying at home. I have Ginger with me. So that means no worries.

I played some throw and catch with Ginger that evening and had a wash then put on my pyjamas then went to bed with Gin. I took one of my favourite books it was a book about sword fights. I just took a wink on the clock. Heavens! It was 9.30. I went to bed at 7.00 I had read this for 2.30 hours! I think I was reading it too much. I looked at Ginger and he was asleep. I thought I must read a little bit more cause this was that most curious part. After a little while I heard someone walking outside, I quickly turned off the table lamp and then I putted the book away to show that I was a sleep. Gin was awake too this time by the sound.

An Unfinished Diary



But for my surprise he was not wagging his tail instead he was growling fiercely. Then the idea came to me like an icy knife. My parents did not come until next morning and it wasn't my little sis either so it must be a stranger. What can I do? First, I took hold on to Ginger and then I advised him to be silent. And then we waited and we waited until the sound could be heard but it wasn't heard again. So, I fell asleep unknowingly.

An Unfinished Diary

2004.09.08. Wednesday

I checked every ware in the yard but I couldn't find hint that someone has been there. But I didn't say anything to my mom and dad. What would they think of me? I don't want to be a baby. That would be embarrassing. I shall be silent not letting anyone to know about this!

An Unfinished Diary

Chapter 4

Who is that stranger...?

2004.09.24 Friday

Until that day I keep hearing wired sounds from the yard which is truly irregular. Sometimes footsteps, and whispers, and even the sound of someone were scratching a piece of wood. It is as someone was trying to do something but can't or as they want to act but waiting. And what could they be waiting for? Could that be me? Nah, I'm acting nonsense again.

2004.09.25 Saturday

Today's a holiday. Bluy me! I'm really fed up with my school work but luckily our teacher Mrs Bess didn't give us homework this time. At last I could relax a bit around myself. So I and my family went on a dinner out to a hotel because it was very rare moment that everyone ate together for mom and dad used to come at 10.00 at night which was extremely late to have dinner. So that day was very merry. But little did I know, the horrifying moment was really unseen.

There I was, sitting it the couch expecting to sleep a little bit late. Mom and dad were upstairs changing to their pyjamas.

An Unfinished Diary

Suddenly the lights went off, the door flung open. I froze by this site. I wanted to run but yet I couldn't. Was that the wind or was it just my eyes I saw something fast as the wind I saw a black shadow passing by then I heard a door shut but it was not the front door it was some other door. It was not a door upstairs either. Before I could think of another door it (the front door) swung shut. And the whole house stood still just like before. Then my mother came down in her dressing gown. She looked at me and said,

“What on earth has happen to you Theo? You look white and pale as the couch you're sitting on” Then my father came down too.

“What is the matter?” he said looking at my mom and me for my mom was holding my head by her hand to see if it is hot or not.

“You OK son? You look pale. I mean really pale” And then, my mother said looking at me “sweet heart, you have a fever”

“I think we should call a doctor.” Father said. Without wasting any moment I said that I'm fine.

They seem to have no notice of the thing that had just happened a minute ago. Or maybe I was just dreaming which was just like a living nightmare. So, there I was on my bed drinking my medicine right after every single meal. Doing nothing but just sitting there on my bed, without even a book to read. My mom forbade me to read to avoid the increasing of my headache which was really not real.

An Unfinished Diary

Chapter 5

I hate exams

2004.10.02 Sunday

Right after I got better, Mrs Bess told about an exam that is going to be held on the 3rd of October which means tomorrow.

It is about grammar and English and stuff like that.

And the fact is I hate it. Why do we have to do exams? If it so important why don't grownups have to do it?

These are some of my stupid ideas I get when I'm fed up with my work.

But alas! I have to do it no matter what. My parents are willing me to get good marks. I don't want to let them down no matter what. If wasn't for them, I'd rather miss it by a fake reason.

All of the school knows that I'm the best student when it comes to English. And even and even Science and Math too.

I've even got certificates in The All-island recitation, dictation and even hand writing competitions too. And there all handed over for having the first place.

An Unfinished Diary

2004. 10. 05. Wednesday

It was easy as a piece of cake. It was held for two days and the first day was for grammar and the other day as for dictation.

Mrs. Bess said that the result will be showed by two days.

Boy! Am I curious to hear the results. Of course it won't be below 95.

In the last two day when the exam all of the students were trying to copy my answers cause they all know that they are correct.

2004. 10. 07. Friday

We got the marks. 100% it is. And I'm the first. Just as I thought it would be.

My mom and dad gave me a whole lot of the books as presents and there was a book called "The British Emperor and A Daring Past". That was my favourite one. That's all because I liked war stuff. Specially the 1st world war. And the second one too.

An Unfinished Diary

Chapter 6

What's wrong with Ginger?

2004. 10. 18 Tuesday

OK, these days are going weird. It's all about Ginger.

Whenever I'm going somewhere he comes very often. But there is a specific place and I think I can feel it too. Whenever I go near our attic, I feel very weird something like someone is in there.

And whenever I feel that ginger starts to bark like he could read my mind.

But there was a difference in that bark. I can remember one day when I was coming from school a man with a purse in his hands was running past me and then I saw a women screaming for help at the same time running.

So Ginger ran after the man, barking fiercely. And I told the woman not to be afraid because my Ginger was better than any security dog I've ever seen. And I rode my bicycle fast after the running brave black Belgian Shepherd dog and in the end I found him holding the leg of the criminal as he fell down by horror and at the same time a policeman who came running towards the scene asked the owner of the dog.

An Unfinished Diary

When I told it was me. He tried to write a ticket for my father after I told his name for unleashing fierce pets and then the woman came at that exact moment and said the real story.

Those two ways of barking were different to each other.

That barking was as to say 'Do not think you can get away from me!' or 'criminal activity is a thing that I hate' or even 'Do not try to hurt my master or do something he doesn't like to him'

But this one was totally different. It was as to say "who is there?" or "do not try to hurt my master take me instead".

This means that he is scared of something. But what could it be? Or is it a who?

An Unfinished Diary

Chapter 7

The end of a good old friend

2004. 10. 20. Sunday

This is a day that I never will forget. I can see it even now the horrifying moment in front of my eyes.

There I was sitting in the living room. Reading the book called “The Hidden Secrets of The German Wars”. And that day was a beautiful day to. I felt a sudden coldness the lovely morning suddenly turned A little bit gloomy and then the light bulb started blinking as though it was broken.

Wind suddenly came dragging the door out of its way. Then Ginger howled the weirdest howl ever. And in that very instant he fell down nothing seem to move. He was silent as a rock.

I stood up and screamed in shock and fear of death “GINGER!”

But it was useless. The black Belgian shepherd did not respond but was silent and still.

An Unfinished Diary



At that moment I ran to him and then I took his head onto one of my hands and with the other hand I shook him. Then I listened to his heartbeat by leaning forwards to his chest. It was silent. And his body became colder and colder.

“Come on buddy. Wake up! You can’t leave me! Gin! Mate! Be a good boy and wake up! You can’t do this to me!”

An Unfinished Diary

That day was a holyday for mum and dad so they came running from the kitchen.

What happened? Dad exclaimed. But the answer was given to him that very moment.

“Come on take him to the vet right now” said mom with the horror of the sight. So, dad lifted Ginger and then took him to the car. Then the car drove away.

“Will Ginger be alright?” Said Emilia while she was holding my hand and in her other hand was her cuddly toy Willie the bear.

I couldn't speak but shook my head as to say “no”. At that time Emilia turned very pale.

“You don't say, he's, he's” her voice broke. Then tears came from her eyes as soon as I shook my head to say ‘yes’. Then my mother hugged her.

The rest of the day went sad and gloomy. Father called some men to dig a hole in the nearest graveyard and buried him.

I only know one thing about that day that day was the end of a good old friend.

An Unfinished Diary

Chapter 8

Is that the person who I think he is... or is that a she...?

2004. 10. 25. Friday

Several days passed. I took the book I was reading that day. I saw the chapter. It was the 32nd.and the name was 'Did the German emperor had other reasons to stop roaming his kingdom?' and that chapter will be inside my head maybe for centuries.

So, I was reading it again. In my bedroom. And then I was reading it and I was reading it and reading it and reading. I even can't remember how long I waas reading it. And then that instant coldness came to the room and there I was sitting on my bed. Frozen with fear.

Then a shadow came and it went around the room several circles, and then the shadow went out and so did the coldness and the wind and even the gloominess. Leaving no trace of horror but me who was still frozen as though the shadow was still there in my room.

I think I was in that pose a minute or two and then I took a deep breath and then I looked around and then took another deep breath and then I looked at the book and eventually I was not reading it. I was not thinking about the 1st world war that was in the book. I was thinking about the war in my own house.

An Unfinished Diary

The war between my family and, I didn't actually think about it. Is it a he or a she? Or maybe a..... Ghost? Nah, possibly not. Ow bother! I'm thinking nonsense again. But I just have a weird feeling that is it my family who is in the war or is it just me?

An Unfinished Diary

Chapter 9

Mr Smith, is that you?

2004. 11. 04. Monday

The rest of the days were quite normal. None of my friends new that my dog was dead but my best friend William. He is good at keeping secrets and was a dear friend. He too was shocked by the news for he was a friend of the heart.

Winter was coming soon and the November mornings were coming soon. And the school had few differences too. They had rumours that a new teacher who had attended to the school. He was Mr Smith and he was the teacher who came as the relief teacher when our Science teacher was away from town for she went to Canada for an examination.

Truthfully, I had to say that the new teacher was extremely weird and I am not underestimating or comparing with our old science teacher. But he is so weird. At the first day he came, the class went very gloomy. Was it the wind or the weather the class became very cold. And then there he was. Mr Smith.

I looked at him and he looked at me and then he looked at the white board and the he started the lesson. Bly me! Wasn't that voice cold. I don't think that the December nights could even be

An Unfinished Diary

that cold. And his eyes were misty. They were grey colour with a hint of black.

As soon as I got home, I thought of everything that had happen in school and I thought of it for a long time. And then the coldness came again and the lights at this time went off. And then I stood still without any movement.

And suddenly there was a black shadow there. I could tell it by the gloomy light that came from the window. I called “Mr Smith?” because that was the only name I could think of. The victim I was thinking of and it was him.

But suddenly the lights came back and the shadow wasn't there. I stood there for about a minute and then I took a look all-over the place and the shadow wasn't anywhere.

I thought for a moment. It can't be him and if it was him, he won't be able to move so fast and how should he know my home address?

Well, if all this mischief is not done by a human then who could it be?

An Unfinished Diary

Chapter 10

I am 14 now

2004. 11. 07. Thursday.

Today was my birthday. I'm 14 now. Boy, wasn't that a fancy one! This time the colours of the birthday party were black and white. Such charming colours! And the theme of the birthday cake was books. Of course those were one of my favourite things in the world.

Even William came too with his parents. They all gave me presents. My mom gave me a whole bunch of books and Oh boy! There were seven in there, three adventure ones and four educational ones.

My 1st favourite of the seven was the book called "Being at the Battle Field" it was a book about an English soldier that was present in the war between Great Britain, France, Poland and Germany. 2nd favourite was the book called "Thinking like a Scientist" which was a book about science. And my 3rd one is the book called "The War and Peace" which was a book about the war between America and China.

And my father gave me a new school bag. Emilia gave me an electronic watch with the letter 'T' on the belt. William gave me a

An Unfinished Diary

note book that also had the letter 'T' and a matching pen with it. Bloody isn't it!

The rest of the day went wonderful. But one thing was bothering me. There was something missing or actually someone. Ginger. I think the birthday party would be more cheerful with him. But alas! This seems to be my destiny. Friends go and come but we can't hold on to them for long.

An Unfinished Diary

Chapter 11

Belinda is cute

2004. 11. 11. Monday

It was a very cold day. William was absent cause he caught a cold when he was outside. And that day I was just coming from my French class with my friend Julian I caught the sight of a beautiful girl. She was far beyond just beauty and was like an angel. She was even more beautiful than my sis Emilia.

Her hair was ruby red with a hint of maroon. And her skin was fair as the snow. And her eyes, they were sky-blue. I looked at her at least for five or six seconds and then she saw that I was looking at her. And then she looked at me for three seconds.

And then she finally said “Are you the boy who was prized as the most disciplined boy at the school meeting?” And even before I could answer Julian said “not even that he is the cleverest student in the section and the most certificate awarded student” then I tried to give him a look as to say ‘stop’ in a way that no one but he could understand.

But before I could do that she said “I was just going to remind that too. Anyway, shall we hear a word from you” then she smiled at me right after she looked at Julian in face with slightly thinned eyes. It was as though she could understand me by a wink.

An Unfinished Diary

Then she asked my name in a very polite way.

Then I said “Middleton; Theodor Middleton.”

“Such a handsome name.” And then she murmured something that was unable to hear. “Shall I call you ‘Theo?’” she said looking at me in a way that I can’t explain She looked adorable and cute that way.

She’s trying to give me a nickname on the first day? And admiring my name? I couldn’t believe it! I was trying to say something but I couldn’t, her look made me say OK.

So, I said “fine with me”. And I asked her name too.

“Well, mine’s Allen; Belinda Allen. Oh! You can also call me Bell” she said smiling at me.



An Unfinished Diary

Her name was beautiful. I couldn't help admiring it. And then I said "That's a beautiful name. And well then, I guess if it's fine with you I think I'll call you 'Bell'."

"Ok then bell we'll be heading off to get our lunch then." Julian said passing his arm around my neck.

I was astonished by the thing that she said to him.

"I think I'll prefer if Theo only called me that." She said with a regretful look at Julian.

But Julian was neither sad nor embarrassed but was grinning. And that grin went to me. I was speechless. I couldn't think for the way to react. Then my head turned to Belinda she was grinning to and it was the same grin of Julian.

Then I looked from Belinda to Julian and Julian to Belinda and back to Julian. I saw that Julian wanted to laugh but he didn't.

"Were off then" finally Julian dragged me to the dining hall.

"Good bye then Theo" she said with a beautiful smile.

"Good bye, - err - Bell." Then I turned hesitantly.

"What did I tell you about not over admiring me in front of others?" I said in a rather angry way right after we got into the dining hall with our lunch.

An Unfinished Diary

“Well, I thought if I admired you, she will be attracted. And don’t scull me. You seemed as though you couldn’t take your eyes of from her. And did you even hear what she said about you? She said that you were handsome than your name.” he said again grinning.

Then the idea struck me like a thunderbolt that moment. ‘That was the thing that she murmured! What in the hell is happening? Am I just dreaming?’ I thought astonished.

“Hey mate, would you mind pinching me for a second?” I said turning to Julian.

Then he grinned. “You aren’t dreaming mate. Here, I’ll prove it”.

Then he pinched me. And it was painful. And the pain was unforgettable. but the most unforgettable thing was that I could not be dreaming.

‘You don’t say she’s, she’s..... Nah! Never and no way! But, but ... wait no but buts! She is not, not, I mean not in love with me!’ I said to myself.

An Unfinished Diary

Chapter 12

Who is Leonara McWill?

2004. 12. 23. Monday

All the days went by and the winter holidays came and nothing seemed to be wrong or unusual. And Belinda I got on and soon only Julian and William knew that and some of Belinda's friends knew that too and even my mom because I never hide anything from her. And she was grinning just like Julian and Belinda.

All was normal until last night. It was the weirdest dream I ever saw. It was very miserable this morning all because of the dream.

It went like this. First, I went to sleep and then I just closed my eyes and then when I opened them.

I was in a forest! It was night time and when I was just looking at the moonlit grounds and starlit sky, I suddenly saw something. It was not an animal but it was something or maybe more of a some or a thing. So, I went closer and closer until I found.....

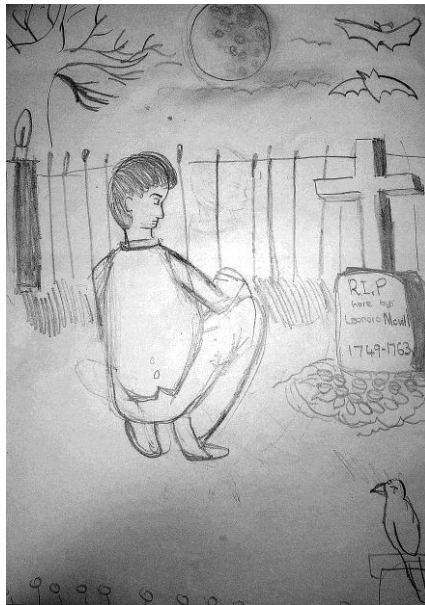
A graveyard! It was surrounded by black fences that are made of iron and there was a gate also made by the same material. There was a leafless tree. And for my surprise there was only one grave.

And as soon as I went near them, was it the wind or something else, the gates flew open suddenly the moon was covered by a

An Unfinished Diary

cloud and after the cloud went out. What the hell has happened to my clothes!

They were pitch black! A black coat and trousers and a tie. Where did this stuff come from? I thought that I could see the grave one foot away from me. So, I bent down and read it there was the name.



R.I.P

Here lays

Leonora McWill

1749 - 1763

An Unfinished Diary

‘Leonora McWill’? Who is she?

I was just thinking about that and at that moment I knew that something was behind me and when I turned, it was a crow! And it had something on his forehead and then I looked at him closer It was very unclear and only thing I knew that moment that the crow had a glistening forehead. At that very moment the whole seen faded and there was a picture of a funeral. In the coffin was a beautiful girl dead.



An Unfinished Diary

She had a hair in the colour of coal black and was even paler than Belinda! And she was wearing a pitch black gown. She looked like an angel and a bit more devilish. And then I saw her name was Leonora McWill! And I reread the years of birth and death and then the idea came to me. She had died at the age of 14!

But that is my age! What in the human world! Then I thought the way she died.

And by a flash I was in a room and then I saw the same girl looking at the moon from an unsafe window and in the same moment a girl came to the room in tip toe and then she came right behind the girl and pushed from the window and she fell with a scream.

An Unfinished Diary

And then the same picture of the girl that seemed to be right in front of me. And then she was looking straight at me and I looked around to see if there is anyone else.

It was only me. And then I turned to the girl. Then she spoke with the coldest voice in the world and it was even colder than Mr Smith's voice.

And she said "I won't let you go. I want you." And then the dream ended.

2004. 12. 24. Tuesday

It was a frosty morning and I and my family were decorating the house and I just peeped from the window and you wouldn't believe what I saw!

Chapter 13

The crow with glistening forehead

It was the crow! The crow in my dreams! It was again the unusual glistening thing on his forehead. And I still didn't know the thing on his forehead then I called my sister and showed her the crow. then she looked at the window and she looked at me in a questioned look.

“Are you dreaming something Theo? There's nothing out there and what happened to your general knowledge? Crows don't come out in the winter.” She ended it with laugh.

She didn't see it! So am I the only one who can see him? This is turning out weird. First I heard weird sounds. Second someone comes in our house and third Ginger dies in a very unusual way and then I saw an extremely weird dream and now I'm seeing things that others can't see? What in the wicked hell is happening?

An Unfinished Diary

2004. 12. 25. Wednesday

Today is Christmas. Hurray. How exciting. (I am neither excited nor happy at all!) That was merry day and all the folks in the neighbourhood were jolly and there was swell Christmas party in our home too. And everyone seems to be happy to except for me. I was miserable. But I managed to take control over my feelings and it worked. They all seem to not notice my miserableness and they even didn't know that I was acting weird today because Emilia forgot the thing I said last morning.

An Unfinished Diary

Chapter 14

Is the crow trying to give me a message?

2004. 12. 26. Thursday

That day we went to Ginger's graves for my dad had brought some Christmas roses for him. And then we kept the roses on top of the graves and then I said

"Merry Christmas Gin, my good old pal."

So my father patted on my back and he turned to leave and then suddenly then the crow appeared and then he pecked on the stone that was carved 'R. I. P.' and it looked at me. And then it pecked the stone and then again looked at me.

'That's normal.' I said to myself. And then I turned back to home and the other things that happened were normal.

2004. 12. 27. Friday

That day was a day that my mom gave us a Freedom Day that we didn't have to do any work but just do nothing or do anything we want.

An Unfinished Diary

So I was just reading the book called 'War and Peace' and because I was near the window, someone knocked the book from me. And then I raised my head to see the one who did it.

It was the crow! And then I saw that it was trying to tell me something it pecked his beak and then it was looking at me again he was directly pointing at a word it was written.

'I went there knowing that the missal will cause my death.' and the crow was pointing on the word 'Death'

Death? First it was pointing on the word R. I. P. which means dead or death.

And then the crow vanished.

But all these words have one meaning and that is death and this crow was the one to show it all.

I just have a feeling that the crow is trying to tell me something.

An Unfinished Diary

Chapter 15

A long veil of black hair....?

2004. 01. 13. Thursday

All the next days went great and there was nothing unusual and the school holidays were ended and then I went to school and I met William and Belinda and all was right. I mean everything was normal until today after noon.

I don't know why but today I felt that death is with me or following me. Actually, someone was following me. But didn't know who.

2004. 01. 14. Friday.

I can't believe what was happening it all happened last night.

Last night I was awoken in the middle of the night. Because I wanted to go to the bathroom. When I went in there, I saw the weirdest horrifying thing in the world

A long veil of black hair! And then I rubbed my eyes and then I looked at the door way again and it was still there! And then I blinked twice and was not there. And in the next morning I thought about it. The only person I know who has a black hair is the girl I saw in my dreams and not anyone else!

Chapter 16

The last journal entry

2004. 01. 18. Tuesday

I don't know what to say. These days I'm feeling extremely weird. I always feel that I'm gonna die tomorrow or someday or maybe even now. But the main thing is that I feel like my funeral is no sooner.

I keep seeing the long veil of black hair and I think that the girl I saw in the dreams want to kill me.

That's the thing the crow was trying to say! I might want to tell mom or dad about this

But NO! Never! I don't wanna be a girl! I will face my fear alone. Just like in the wars! I'll keep my secrets and I'll play my cards right!

And that was all. The Diary was finish.

'What a brave boy!' the detector thought.

But the case was very unusual. It was inconclusive. It was unfinished.

Chapter 17

The eyewitness

Then all was ended a funeral was held and then all was still nothing weird. And nothing unusual.

There was peace until the news came. There was the detector reading his mail and there was one from the police station. It said that a boy saw Theodor Middleton walking near a street lamp at night. At there was a photograph for evidence.

In the picture was a handsome young man just like his father in black clothes under a street lamp. And he looked a bit pale.

“What in the world!” what is happening?

This is absolutely an unusual

MYSTERY



According to my concept, under the project that has been running since 2014 to direct school children to writing, we have been fortunate to have planted more than sixty thousand writer seedlings in the local literary field. The objectives of this project are to improve the quality of education, to promote literature that will contribute to the future development of the country, to hone the abilities of the future generation, and to build a platform to showcase the creations of children.

It is our social responsibility to create the fertile soil for those seeds to sprout and grow. This is the only project in recent history that has been implemented continuously for several years at the school level, provincial, national and international levels for the sake of the productivity of education. This time, it is special that the Pirivena student monks have also been involved in this. The nation should be grateful for the dedication shown by the principal, daughters, teachers, parents and alumni of Mahamaya Balika Vidyalaya.

The printed book is still the main tool of our education. The enjoyment that a child gets from a book cannot be provided by anything else.

It is experimentally proven that the use of various electronic devices to store human knowledge and the distancing of children from books has been detrimental to the quality of education and has created various problems in society. This project, which is being implemented as a solution to this, has been adapting the smart younger generation of the digital age to modern technology by writing electronic works for the past two years, together with school children in the country.

To take their creations to international readers, Mahamaya girls have built a digital fiction for their own, literary creative abilities.

My congratulations to the young writers who have entered it through their creative abilities.

Project Founder and Coordinator,
Senevirathne Maha Lekam