



The Gateway of
Echoes
Chapter 2

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**Mahamaya Girls' College Kandy
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A Tribute to Sir Mr. Senevirathne Maha Lekam

It is with great respect and admiration that we honor and pay tribute to Sir Mr. Senevirathne Maha Lekam, whose tireless dedication and unwavering guidance have been the cornerstone of the HERANA GATKARANI project. As the visionary founder and coordinator of this endeavor, his leadership has not only shaped its journey but also inspired countless individuals to believe in its mission.

Sir Mr. Senevirathne's wisdom and expertise served as a guiding light, helping us navigate the complexities of this project. His belief in the power of storytelling and his generosity in sharing his knowledge made this story possible. Without his support and mentorship, this work would not have taken form.

We are forever grateful for his encouragement, guidance, and the trust he placed in us. His legacy will continue to inspire and uplift all those who follow in his footsteps.

Thank you, Sir, for your invaluable contribution.

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.

The darkness had receded, leaving the girl and Shadow in a realm bathed in an ethereal light. The air shimmered with strange energy, and the ancient symbols etched into the ground pulsed faintly, like the heartbeat of the world itself. The girl clutched the golden key, its glow now subdued but still warm, a reminder of the power she had only just begun to understand.

"Where are we, Shadow?" she whispered, her voice barely audible in the vast, echoing silence.

Shadow barked softly and wagged his tail, his keen eyes scanning the landscape ahead. Beyond the glowing archway, the ground sloped gently downward into a valley, unlike anything the girl had ever seen. Trees taller than mountains towered in the distance, their leaves shimmering in hues of silver and gold. Rivers of light wound through the valley like living veins, their surfaces reflecting the stars above, though it was not night.

As they descended into the valley, the girl felt a strange pull deep in her chest—a connection to this place, as if it had been waiting for her return. The golden key pulsed in rhythm with the light around them, growing warmer with each step.

Then she heard it—a distant hum, like a chorus of voices carried on the wind. The melody was hauntingly beautiful, and yet something was unsettling about it. The girl's pulse quickened.

Shadow's ears twitched, and he growled softly. His body tense as he moved closer to her, his eyes fixed on something ahead.

A figure emerged from the mist—a tall woman with silver hair that flowed like a river down her back. Her eyes glowed with an inner light, and her robes seemed woven from the fabric of the stars themselves.

"Welcome, Guardian," the woman said, her voice both gentle and commanding. "You've finally returned."

The girl tightened her grip on the key. "Who are you? What is this place?"

"I am Elyria," the woman said, inclining her head. "This is the Heart of the Echoes, the hidden realm that lies beneath the enchanted forest. Few have ever crossed into this world. You hold the key, and with it, the power to restore balance—or unravel it entirely."

The girl's mind raced. She had always known the forest was special, but this... this was something far beyond her understanding. "Restore balance? What do you mean?"

Elyria's expression grew serious. "A great darkness stirs—one you've already encountered. It is older than time, a force born of forgotten fears and shadows. It seeks to consume not just the forest, but this realm and yours. The key you carry is the only thing that can stop it, but it comes with a price."



The girl glanced at Shadow, who stood protectively by her side. His gaze was unwavering, a silent promise that he would face whatever came next with her.

"What price?" she asked, her voice steady despite the fear creeping into her chest.

"To wield the key's full power, you must embrace your connection to the forest and the magic that binds this world together. You are more than just a guardian—you are its heart. But to succeed, you must confront the darkness within yourself, or it will consume you."

The girl swallowed hard. She thought of the shadowy figure, the weight of its words lingering in her mind. Could she truly face that darkness again?

Elyria stepped closer, her gaze softening. "You are stronger than you realize. The power of the forest flows through you, just as it did through those who came before you. Trust yourself and trust the key. It will guide you."

The ground beneath them rumbled suddenly, and the light in the valley dimmed. Elyria's eyes flashed with urgency.

"The darkness is closer than I thought. We don't have much time. Follow the river of light—it will lead you to the source of your power. But be warned: the path is treacherous, and not all who walk it return."

The girl nodded; determination settled in her chest. She had come too far to turn back now.

"Come on, Shadow," she said, her voice firm. "We have a path to find."

Shadow barked once in agreement, and together they followed the river of light, its surface glowing beneath their feet. The valley seemed to shift around them, the air growing colder and thicker with each step. Strange shadows flickered at the edges of her vision, and the hum of voices grew louder, more insistent.

At the heart of the valley, they found a great stone bridge stretching across a chasm of swirling darkness. Symbols like those on the key were etched into the bridge's surface, glowing faintly as the girl approached.

"This is it," she whispered, her breath visible in the chill air.

But as she stepped onto the bridge, the darkness below stirred. A tendril of shadow rose from the depths, twisting and writhing like a living thing. Shadow growled, his body tense, ready to fight.

The girl gripped the key tighter, its warmth spreading through her hand. She could feel the magic of the bridge resonating with it, like two halves of a whole.

The shadows surged toward her, but this time, she didn't run. She planted her feet, raising the key high above her head. The golden light flared, blind and pure, cutting through the darkness like a blade.

The shadows shrieked, retreating into the depths of the chasm. The air cleared, and the bridge glowed with renewed strength.

The girl lowered the key, her heart pounding. For the first time, she felt truly in control of her power.

Shadow barked with approval, his tail wagging.

"Let's keep going," she said, with a newfound confidence in her voice.

Beyond the bridge, the path opened into a vast expanse of shimmering fields and crystalline towers that seemed to touch the sky. The hidden world of the enchanted forest stretched before them, waiting to reveal its secrets.

And the girl knew, deep in her heart, that this was only the beginning. The girl and Shadow stood at the edge of the vast expanse of shimmering fields, their eyes

drawn to the crystalline towers that spiraled into the sky. Strange, luminescent plants grew along the path, their petals glowing softly in shades of blue and silver. The air was heavy with magic, buzzing gently against the girl's skin like static.

Every step she took resonated with the rhythm of the world around her, each footfall rippling across the ground in waves of light. She glanced at Shadow, who sniffed the air cautiously, his body alert but calm.

“We have to keep moving,” she whispered.

The river of light carved ahead, guiding them deeper into the heart of this strange land. Shadows flitted at the edges of her vision, but each time she turned to look, there was nothing but the rustling grass. Despite the beauty surrounding them, something about the place felt incomplete, like a song missing its final note.



As they walked, a sense of déjà vu washed over her—this was not the first time she had walked this path. The golden key pulsed faintly in her hand as if urging her forward.

Suddenly, the hum of the voices grew louder, becoming a cacophony of whispers. The air grew colder, and the shimmering light around them dimmed. A chill ran down her spine.

“We’re not alone,” the girl said softly, gripping the key tighter.

A figure materialized from the shadows—a man with dark, angular features and eyes like polished obsidian. His long cloak billowed behind him, blending into the darkness. He exuded an aura of authority and danger, his gaze locking onto the key in her hand.

“So, the little guardian has found her way at last,” he said, his voice smooth and cold. “How fortunate... or unfortunate, depending on how you look at it.”

“Who are you?” the girl demanded, her heart pounding.

The man smirked. “Names are irrelevant here. Let’s just say I’ve been watching you for a very long time. And now, you stand on the threshold of a decision that will change everything.”

Shadow growled, stepping in front of the girl protectively.

“You’re not welcome here,” the girl said, summoning all the courage she could muster.

“Ah, but I belong to this world as much as you do,” the man replied, his eyes narrowing. “The question is: do you even know what that key truly is? What can it unlock?”

“I’ll figure it out,” she said firmly.

“Bold,” the man said, circling her slowly. “But dangerous. That key doesn’t just open doors—it tears apart boundaries between worlds. Once

it's fully awakened, it will call to forces far beyond your understanding. Forces you cannot control.”

The girl felt the weight of his words, but she refused to show fear. “If that’s true, then why do you want it?”

A flicker of emotion crossed the man’s face, something between amusement and hunger. “Let’s just say the key holds the answer to a very old question... and I have waited centuries for someone like you to appear.”

Without warning, he lunged, his hand reaching for the key. Shadow barked fiercely and leaped between them, snapping at the man’s cloak. The girl stumbled back, her grip tightening on the key as it flared with golden light.

The man hissed and recoiled, shielding his eyes from the light. “You’re stronger than I expected,” he said, his voice laced with frustration. “But strength won’t be enough.”

He dissolved into a swirl of shadow, his voice lingering in the air. “We’ll meet again, little guardian. Sooner than you think.”

The girl’s pulse raced as the shadows faded. She knelt beside Shadow, her hands shaking. “Are you okay?” she whispered, running her fingers through his fur. Shadow licked her hand, his eyes steady and reassuring.

“We need to keep moving,” she said, rising to her feet. “We’re running out of time.”

The path led them to the base of the tallest crystalline tower, its surface etched with symbols like those on the key. A spiral staircase wound around its exterior, disappearing into the clouds above.

The girl hesitated. “This has to be the source of the magic,” she said. “But it feels... different.”

Shadow barked once and started up the staircase, his paws tapping lightly against the

smooth stone. The girl followed, each step bringing a growing sense of anticipation.

As they climbed higher, the air grew thinner, and the symbols along the staircase began to glow. A soft hum filled the air, the same melody she had heard earlier, but this time it was clearer—stronger.

At the top of the tower, they found a circular platform bathed in golden light. In the center stood a pedestal, and resting atop it was a silver mirror framed with intricate carvings.

The girl approached cautiously. Her reflection stared back at her, but something was off—her eyes glowed faintly, and the golden key shimmered in her hand.

“This must be it,” she whispered. “The heart of the echoes.”

The mirror pulsed, and the air around them seemed to ripple. Words appeared on its

surface, written in a language she couldn't understand, yet somehow, she knew their meaning.

To unlock the truth, you must embrace what you fear most.

A chill ran down her spine. Before she could react, the mirror's surface darkened, and a swirling vortex of shadow erupted from within. The girl stumbled back as the shadows coalesced into a familiar figure—the man from before.

“Did you really think it would be that easy?” he sneered.

The platform trembled, cracks spreading across its surface. Shadow barked furiously, his eyes glowing with the same golden light as the key. The girl felt the magic surge within her, stronger than ever.



This time, she didn't hesitate. She raised the key high, its light blazing brighter than the sun. The shadows shrieked and writhed, but the girl stood on her ground, her power pouring into the key.

The man's form wavered; his smirk replaced by a look of shock. "No! You don't know what you're doing!"

"I know enough," the girl said, her voice steady.

With a final burst of light, the shadows were consumed, and the vortex collapsed. The platform fell silent, the golden light returning to its calm, steady glow.

The girl lowered the key, her breath coming in ragged gasps. Shadow stood beside her, his tail wagging slightly.

"We did it," she said, a small smile forming on her lips.

But even as the light faded, she knew this was far from over. The man’s warning echoed in her mind. The key tears apart boundaries between worlds...

“I think we just opened something much bigger than we expected,” she murmured.

Shadow barked softly as if to agree.

The girl turned back to the mirror, its surface once again calm and reflective. “Come on, Shadow. We have more to learn.”

They descended the tower, the golden key warm in her hand. Whatever lay ahead, she knew she wouldn’t face it alone.

And as they disappeared into the glowing fields below, the song of the echoes followed them—a melody of hope and destiny yet to be fulfilled.

The golden fields stretched endlessly before the girl and Shadow as they descended the tower. The air crackled with magic, and the song of the

echoes hummed softly around them. Despite the calm, the girl couldn't shake the feeling that something larger had been set into motion.

“What now, Shadow?” she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

Shadow sniffed the ground and barked twice, his tail wagging with urgency. He darted ahead, weaving through the glowing grass toward the edge of a dense forest, unlike the one they had left behind. These trees were enormous, their trunks twisted and their leaves glowing with a soft blue light. The air was heavy with the scent of ancient magic.

As the girl stepped into the forest, the trees seemed to respond, their branches bending toward her as if recognizing her presence. The golden key grew warmer in her hand, and the symbols etched on it began to glow brighter.

“It feels... alive,” she murmured, running her fingers along a nearby trunk.

Suddenly, the underbrush rustled, and a small creature leaped into their path. It resembled a fox but had silver fur and eyes that sparkled like starlight. It tilted its head, studying her curiously.

“Well, well,” it said, its voice smooth and melodic. “The Guardian has returned. Took you long enough.”

The girl blinked in surprise. “You can talk?”

The creature chuckled. “Of course I can. You’re in the Heart of the Echoes—everything speaks here if you’re willing to listen.” It paused, eyeing the key in her hand. “And it seems you’ve found something quite special.”

“Who are you?” the girl asked.

“I am Lioran,” the creature said, bowing dramatically. “A humble guide, at your service. The forest told me you’d arrive, and it seems you’ve brought quite a bit of trouble with you.”

The girl exchanged a glance with Shadow, who sniffed at Lioran suspiciously.

“Trouble?” she repeated.

“Oh, yes,” Lioran said, his tone turning serious. “The key you carry is a beacon. It’s already begun to awaken the ancient forces of this realm. Some will help you. Others... not so much.”

Before the girl could respond, the ground trembled beneath their feet. A deep, guttural roar echoed through the forest, sending birds scattering into the sky. Lioran’s ears perked up, and his eyes widened.

“Speaking of trouble... we should run. Now.”

Without hesitation, the girl and Shadow followed Lioran as he sprinted through the forest. The trees closed in around them, their glowing leaves dimming as the roar grew closer.

Shadows flickered at the edges of her vision, and the air grew colder with each step.

“What’s chasing us?” the girl called out, her breath coming in short gasps.

“An ancient guardian of the boundary,” Lioran shouted over his shoulder. “It’s been asleep for centuries, but your key woke it up. It won’t stop until it has what it wants—or until we’re far from its domain.”

The girl’s pulse quickened. She tightened her grip on the key, feeling its warmth pulse in rhythm with her heartbeat.

Ahead of them, the forest opened into a vast, glowing meadow. At its center stood a massive stone archway covered in symbols identical to those on the key. The air around it shimmered like a heatwave.

“There!” Lioran shouted. “The portal! It’ll take us to the Star bound Citadel—you’ll be safe there!”

Shadow barked, urging the girl forward. She could feel the presence of the ancient guardian closing in, its footsteps shaking the ground beneath her.



With one final burst of energy, the girl sprinted toward the archway. As she reached it, the symbols on the key flared with blinding light, and the portal burst open, revealing a swirling vortex of stars and light.

“Go!” Lioran yelled, pushing her through the portal.

The world spun around her, and for a moment, there was nothing but light and sound. Then, with a soft thud, the girl found herself standing on solid ground once again.

She looked around, her breath catching in her throat. They were in a grand hall made entirely of crystal, its walls reflecting the starlit sky outside. Tall spires rose around them, each one glowing with a different color of light. At the center of the hall stood a circle of robed figures, their eyes glowing faintly as they watched her in silence.

“Welcome to the Star bound Citadel,” Lioran said, stepping beside her. His playful tone was

gone, replaced by a solemnity she hadn't heard before. "You've reached the heart of the ancient council."

The tallest figure stepped forward, his robe shimmering with threads of gold and silver. His eyes were piercing, filled with ancient wisdom.

"You carry the key," he said, his voice echoing through the hall. "And with it, the fate of two worlds rests in your hands."

The girl swallowed hard. "What... what do I have to do?"

The figure extended a hand toward her. "You must unlock the final seal. Only then can the true power of the key be revealed. But be warned—doing so will awaken forces that have long been forgotten. Not all will welcome your return."

Shadow growled softly, his eyes scanning the room for threats.

“What if I fail?” the girl asked, her voice barely a whisper.

The figure’s expression darkened. “If you fail, both realms will fall into chaos. The balance will be shattered, and the darkness will consume everything.

A heavy silence hung in the air.

“I won’t fail,” the girl said finally, her voice steady despite the fear gnawing at her chest. “Tell me what I need to do.”

The figure nodded, his gaze softening. “You are brave, young Guardian. The first trial awaits you in the Hall of Echoes. Follow the light, and trust in your power.”

The robbed figures parted, revealing a staircase that spiraled downward into the depths of the citadel. The air was thick with magic, and the symbols on the key glowed brighter than ever.

Lioran gave her a reassuring nod. “You’ve got this,” he said. “Shadow and I will be right behind you.”

The girl took a deep breath, her fingers tightening around the key. With Shadow at her side and Lioran close behind, she stepped onto the staircase and descended into the unknown.

The light of the citadel faded behind her, replaced by a swirling mist that seemed to whisper her name. The first trial lay ahead, and with it, the chance to unlock the true power of the key—or lose everything.

The air thickened with ancient energy as the girl descended the spiral staircase into the Hall of Echoes. Her footsteps echoed in silence; each step accompanied by the soft hum of the golden key in her hand. Shadow padded beside her, his eyes glowing faintly in the dim light. Lioran followed quietly, his silver fur catching the faint glimmers of magic that danced in the air like fireflies.

"Stay alert," Lioran whispered. "The Hall tests not just your strength, but your will. It will try to show you things that are not always real."

The girl nodded, her grip tightening on the key. She had come this far; she couldn't turn back now.

The staircase ended abruptly, opening into a vast, circular chamber filled with swirling mist. The walls were covered in ancient symbols that pulsed softly, like a heartbeat. In the center of the room stood three archways, each glowing with a different color: one in silver, another in deep crimson, and the last in emerald, green.

A voice echoed through the chamber—soft, melodic, yet filled with undeniable power.

"Guardian of the Key, you stand at the crossroads. Three paths lie before you. Choose wisely, for each will test a different part of your soul."

The girl exchanged a glance with Lioran and Shadow.

“What do we do?” she asked, her voice steady despite the growing tension in her chest.

Lioran’s eyes narrowed as he studied the archways. “Each path represents a trial. One will test your mind, one your heart, and one your strength. You must face them all to unlock the full power of the key.”

The girl swallowed hard and stepped toward the archways. The silver archway seemed to hum with a cool, calming energy, while the crimson one pulsed with intensity. The emerald archway glowed softly, its light flickering like a distant memory.

“I’ll start with the silver one,” she said, her voice firm.

Shadow barked in approval, and together they stepped through the archway into the unknown.



The Trial of the Mind

The world shifted around them. Suddenly, they were standing in a vast library, its shelves stretching endlessly in every direction. The air smelled of old parchment and ink, and a faint, golden light illuminated the space.

Rows of ancient tomes lined the shelves, their spines etched with symbols the girl couldn't recognize. In the center of the library stood a large, circular table with an open book resting on it. The pages shimmered, the words constantly shifting and rearranging themselves.

A voice echoed through the library, soft but insistent.

“To pass this trial, you must find the truth hidden within the lies. The answer lies in the stories of the past—but beware, for not all stories are what they seem.

The girl approached the table cautiously. Shadow sniffed at the book, his ears twitching. Lioran leaped onto the table, his silver eyes scanning the shifting text.

“This book is alive,” Lioran said, his voice hushed with awe. “It’s rewriting itself—showing fragments of forgotten histories. Be careful what you read. If you choose the wrong story, it might trap you here forever.”

The girl took a deep breath and placed her hand on the book. Instantly, the words stopped shifting, settling into a single passage.

Once, there was a guardian who sought to unlock the secrets of the world. They believed knowledge was the key to power, but in their search for truth, they became lost in the endless labyrinth of stories. Only by remembering who they truly were could they find their way back.

The girl frowned, her fingers tracing the words. “It’s a riddle,” she said. “I have to remember who I am... but how?”

The library around her began to shift. The shelves twisted and spiraled, turning into a maze of books and shadows. Whispers filled the air, fragments of stories brushing against her mind like the touch of a ghost.

Shadow barked sharply, his body tense.

“Focus!” Lioran called. “Don’t let the stories pull you in!”

The girl closed her eyes, shutting out the whispers. She focused on the steady warmth of the key in her hand, the feeling of the forest beneath her feet, and the sound of Shadow’s bark.

“I am the Guardian of the Key,” she whispered. “I am not lost. I am exactly where I need to be.”

The whispers faded, and the library began to dissolve. The book closed itself, its cover glowing softly.

“You have passed the first trial,” the voice said.
“But the hardest challenges are yet to come.”

The Trial of the Heart

The silver light faded, replaced by a warm, golden glow. The girl found herself standing in a sunlit meadow, surrounded by wildflowers that swayed gently in the breeze. Birds sang in the trees, and the air was filled with the scent of honey and fresh grass.

For a moment, it felt like peace—like home.

But then, a figure appeared at the edge of the meadow. It was a woman with long, dark hair and eyes that glowed like the stars. She wore a simple dress, and her smile was warm and familiar.

“Mother?” the girl whispered, her heart tightening in her chest.

The woman stepped closer, her gaze soft and filled with love. “Yes, my child. It’s me.”

Tears welled in the girl’s eyes. She had no memory of her mother, yet something about this woman felt so real, so right.

“I’ve missed you,” the girl said, her voice trembling.

The woman reached out, her hand warm against the girl’s cheek. “I’ve always been with you, my love. But you don’t have to carry this burden alone. Give me the key, and I’ll take it from you. You can stay here with me, where it’s safe.”

The girl hesitated. The meadow was beautiful, and for the first time in so long, she felt truly at peace.

But then Shadow growled, his eyes locked on the woman. His body was tense, his stance protective.

“Shadow?” the girl said, confused.

The woman’s smile faltered. Her eyes darkened, and her voice grew cold. “Give me the key, child.”

Realization hits the girl like a thunderclap. This wasn’t her mother. This was part of the trial—an illusion meant to test her heart.

“I can’t,” the girl said, stepping back. “You’re not real.”

The woman’s form flickered, her face twisting into something monstrous. She let out a furious scream and lunged at the girl.

The key flared with golden light, and the illusion shattered. The meadow faded, replaced once again by the swirling mist of the chamber.

“You have passed the second trial,” the voice said. “One more remains.”



The Trial of Strength

The emerald archway glowed brightly, and the girl stepped through, her heart pounding. The air grew heavy and oppressive, the ground beneath her feet shifting into jagged stone. She stood in a vast arena, its walls towering high above her.

A deep rumble shook the ground, and a massive creature emerged from the shadows. It was a beast of stone and flame, its eyes burning with fierce intensity.

“To pass this trial, you must defeat the guardian,” the voice said.

Shadow snarled, positioning himself in front of the girl. Lioran crouched low, his eyes sharp and calculating.

The beast roared, and the battle began.

The girl raised the key, its light forming a shield around her as the beast charged. Shadow darted forward, his teeth snapping at the creature's legs, while Lioran leaped onto its back, clawing at its rocky hide.

The girl focused her energy, channeling the power of the key. A beam of golden light shot from her hand, striking the beast in the chest. It howled in pain, but it didn't stop.

“You're stronger than this!” Lioran shouted. “The key is a part of you—use it!”

The girl closed her eyes and let the magic flow through her. The warmth of the forest filled her senses, and she felt her power rise like a tidal wave.

With a cry, she unleashed the full force of the key's magic. The light engulfed the beast, and it disintegrated into a shower of golden sparks.

The arena fell silent.

“You have passed the final trial,” the voice said. “The power of the key is now yours to command.”

The girl stood in the center of the chamber, her breath coming in ragged gasps. The golden key pulled gently in her hand, its light steady and strong.

“You did it,” Lioran said, his voice filled with awe. “You passed all three trials.”

Shadow barked happily, his tail wagging.

The girl smiled, a sense of peace settling over her. She had faced her fears, her doubts, and her strength—and she had emerged stronger.

But deep down, she knew this was only the beginning.

The trials had unlocked the key's full power, but with it came new challenges—new dangers.

“Come on,” the girl said, turning toward the staircase. “We have a world to save.”

Shadow and Lioran followed her, their footsteps echoing in the quiet chamber.

The girl held the key tightly, its golden light guiding their way.

And as they climbed back into the light, the song of the echoes whispered once more—a promise of hope and the start of a new adventure.





Afterword

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