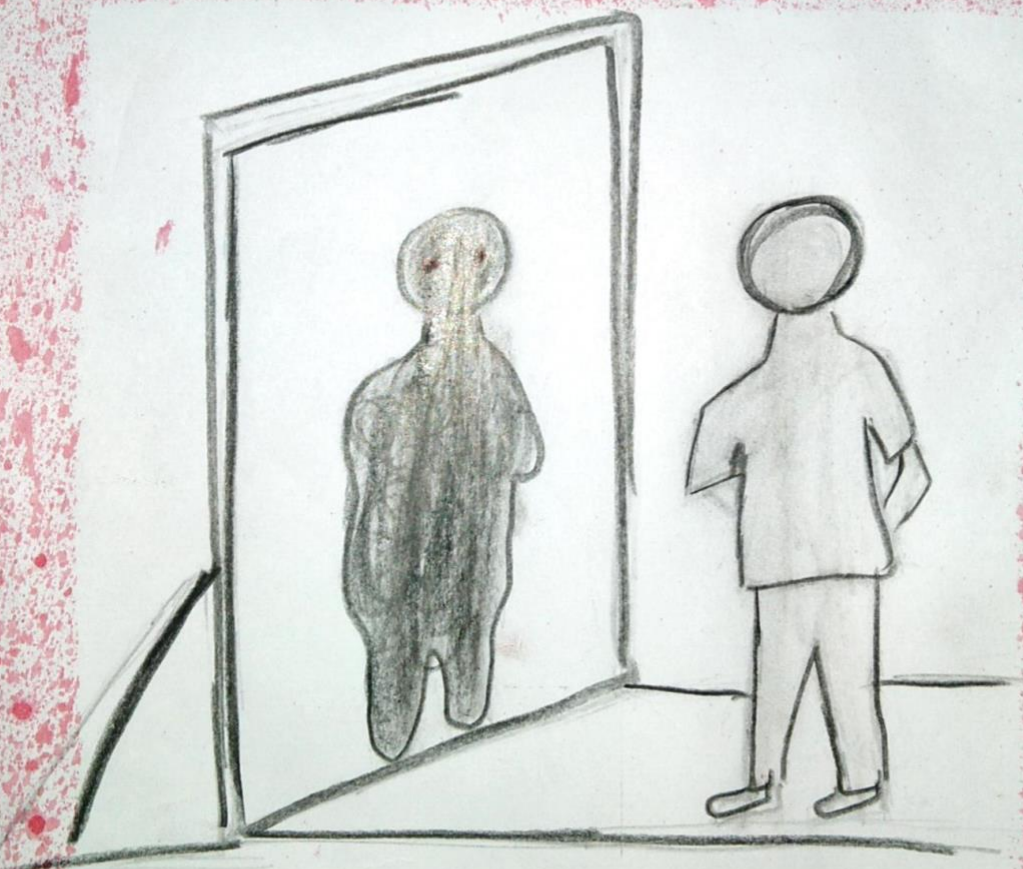


ME AND THE DEVIL



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I

PREFACE

All of the story in the world tries to convey some messages some are directly said some are indirectly said. Story is a combination of person's thoughts and ideas. This story conveys a lot of messages to all age individuals.

No matter how much you are going through, light people's day around you. Because it may save someone's life. Be kind and live happy.

I give my heart full thanks to our Principal, Dr. Lalith Nawarathne for the continuous support and opportunities. My heart warming gratitude to Mrs. Hansika Ranaweera and Mrs. Shoba Rathnayake for giving us continuous mentorship and inspiration. And the Sincere gratitude to Mr. Senevrithne Mahelekham, for his motivation to make this moment a reality. And also I thank my parents for their dedication towards my hard work.

This story showcases the reality of millions of people's life. I hope this story would change your perspective.

Life is so fragile, so be grateful for what you have and be happy.

Nandakumar Lakshika

13.02.2025

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 enlightenment 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 the 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 student community in it.

Beyond this, this time the school community itself has also decided to rebuilt 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 to pride for me as the principal to keas 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 the future education and future life.

Shashikala Senadheera,

Principal,

Mahatma Girl’s College, Kandy

III.

Foreword

It is with great pleasure and pride that I dedicate this for, *Empowering Minds, A Journey of Student's Leadership*. Written by our very own students, this books is a testament for their dedication, creativity, and leadership in shaping not only their academic futures but also the culture of our school community.

As educators, we often talk about the importance of developing well rounded individuals who are not only academically proficient but also possess strong leadership qualities. This book is a reflection of that vision. It encapsulates the vision of responsibility and innovation that strive to instill in our students everyday.

I wholeheartedly recommend this book to anyone interested in understanding the journey of student leadership and the importance of nurturing young minds for a brighter future. It is my hope that this work will inspire others to engage in similar endeavors and contribute to a culture of positive change.

I deeply appreciate the teachers in charge Mrs.Hansika Ranaweera and Mr.Senvirthane Mahalekham for dedication and showing the right opportunities for our students.

May the pages that follow serve as a source of inspiration and a reminder of the remarkable potential within each of our students.

“Duty first pleasure next”

Dr. Lalith Nawarathne,
Principal,
Greenhill International School, Kandy

I had crossed too far, and there was no turning back. The devil inside had taken me over completely, and I was its servant now.

I tired to fight it, I did. But the more I resisted, the stronger it became, until one day I realized – it wasn't a devil at all. It was me.

Alarm rings!! It was 06.00 a.m. I shut off the alarm. I woke up from my bed and took a deep breath. Then I did some stretching exercises, after some time I got myself fresher up in the morning cold water. I wore my favourite outfit and went to the balcony to get some fresh air. My wife came and handed over me, my coffee made by her love. *Sipping the coffee.* I felt the warmth spread through me, a perfect contrast to the cool breeze that danced around me.

During the time I was enjoying my coffee, with the cold breeze and watching the dawn of the day. My wife came up with a question, “how were you and how are you now? I’m glad that you changed after many reasons”.

That made me think twice. A sudden realisation. The coldness of the morning breeze and the warmth of my coffee and the sunlight made me think of it. It took me to my past.

On August 04th, 1995 I was born. The day I was born, my parents and my siblings celebrated my birth – day. I was the last born of my family. First born was my sister, Elara Vega, second born was my brother, Eidon Vega. My father named me Orian Vega. Even though we were poor by wealth, but we were rich by love and happiness.

My mother raised me with good attitudes and discipline. My father taught me how to handle life challenges and how to be a better person in the society. My sister taught me how to talk respectfully towards parents and elders and my brother taught me about self – discipline and self – awareness.

At young age, I was a good child to my family and stayed disciplined. My parents were so proud of me. Then I grew up. I stepped into the primary school. I loved everyone. Everyone were so nice to me. I helped everyone, even though some students didn't like me much. I did my best to make them happy and being friendly with them.

One day, Mihawk a boy who disliked me a lot. At the interval time, he intentionally bumped into me started scolding me. I patiently apologized him even though it was not my mistake and hugged him. It made him speechless. He realized his mistake and apologized me for his continuous mistakes which troubled me. Then onwards he appreciate and valued everything around him.

Teachers and elders used to appreciate me for my kind, generous, gentle, compassionate and gracious behaviour.

I spread love and happiness wherever I went even for those who mistreated me.

Everyone blessed me always appreciated me, and my parents and siblings were so proud of me.

I used to celebrate my birthday, not by celebrating it by throwing a party and giving expensive gifts. But by donating my old belongings like books and dress to those who didn't have. and by giving some food items for street beggars and I spent the day with my friends doing fun things and enjoying the whole day, by collecting memories.

Everyone used to call my parents lucky to have a child like me. My life went so smoothly and easily and also happily. I had never been alone. My nights were satisfied. My mornings were bright. I always felt free and I enjoyed my life for who I was .

It was the last day of my primary school, I made memories with my friends and teachers. I missed those Teacher friends and everyone. I have regretted in my life until then.

Everything was going perfect, but suddenly a collapse of my changed everything. That's when he was born.

I grew up older. Older enough to enter the high school. First day of my high school was kind of weird. People started looking at me differently and I felt something awkward. I pushed my self and smiled at everyone, but no one did. I thought it was because I'm new to this school. I went home a bit sadly. I said this to my parents and they said, " it will be okay when you associate with them" I agreed to them.

Next morning. With a fresh state of mind. I greeted everyone I saw with a smile enthusiastically. Some greeted me back but it wasn't showing interest in it and others were annoyed. Which made me feel low.

I made my first move to make some friends. Some talked to me and some ignored. I really appreciate the ones who talked to me. I respected the teachers and teachers were so good to me.

One day, I went to the school happily and I saw my friends ignoring me and getting far away from me. I asked them what's the issue and they started calling me idiot and went ditching me. I felt sad and that day teachers also was yelling at me for no reason. I was alone and it felt hard for me accept. And everyone started talking about something bad about me and called me wired and worthless.

I was deeply hurt and I thought of saying it my parents. And went home and that night my parents were so depressed because of the financial problems, so I don't wanted to disturb them. I kept it for myself. Then exams, home works, assignments and a lot of works to do I got stressed over. I felt like I was carrying a huge Rock inside my head and I didn't knew what to do.

For the first time, I felt something wrong inside me. I didnt like going to school and taking to people. People never stopped taking behind my back. Everyone around me hated me. And I felt the thoughts of unfairness and betrayal filled in my mind, and all I could think about was how much I wanted to make things right, no matter the cost.

Regardless of hardness I tried my best to not to let my anger out. I controlled my anger, frustration and anxiety and aggressiveness everything just to make the surrounding calm and happy . I tried stay calm and patient. And I did.

Years passed.

I grew up as a man. I went to a job for working in an office. Life was quite busy. I didn't have much to spend with my parents and siblings. My parents were getting and my siblings got married. I still had the stress and depression but I could open up to anyone.

I still got problems. And my life lie where ever I go problems come with me. In my work place also I had hell lot of problems. I had a manager who hates me and always showed hatred towards me. Even though I did lot of many great things he doesn't appreciated me but the silly mistakes I did, he used to scold me infront everyone.

I treated everyone equally and respectfully but no one did the same for me. I couldn't bear it anymore I controlled my self the hardest. I began to hate people and cursed people in silence. I hated my surroundings and everything. Everything made me felt irritated and annoyed. I stressed over everything. I couldn't handle anything.

My parents noticed this and arranged a marriage for me but I didnt like to get married. But everyone thought including me , thought after marriage everything would be fine. Everything would change. But nothing did only my bachelor life turned into a husband.

Even she was busy with her own work and she spends her whole day by working in her workspace and doing the household works we didnt have time to talk to each other.

We talked to each other but nothing changed in me.

I got stressed over little things and small things made me angry and I felt irritated of whole world .

I did try these breathing methods, counting techniques, thinking of positive things and drinking water to control my angry and fix my mood . But nothing helped me . The more I tried to control the more I get angry.

I couldn't even talk to my wife properly. But she talked to me happily all I did was pretending that I was listening to her but I didn't. Going to work and spending the day was like a hell to me. I hated my life.

One day, I got from my bed unwillingly like a student who didn't wanted to go to school. My wife had already got up and got ready to leave the home to get to work. As I walking past the kitchen I sensed a burnt smell in the kitchen. I went to see what has happened. I saw the bread has totally burnt. Without any second thought

I went to my wife and scolded her, "*why didn't check this? It's all your fault. You are very irresponsible and cane to me just to trouble me and you are the problem in my life, just get lost*"

I didn't realise that she was also late to her job. I just threw away my anger on her. And she was silent and her eyes filled in tears made her silent and she left home and went for the work

That day he was freed, the devil inside me.

I made ready myself for the work and left home late . As I went to the office my manager began to scold me being late in front of every one. Scolding me worthless and careless idiot.

I couldn't control my self I got angry and I hit him. Left everyone in shock and silence . I found a peace in hitting him. Soon after I resigned my job and shouted and cursed everything even I did breaking the belongings of the office.

While I was walking on the road a guy mistakenly bumped into me and I started scolding and cursing him. I threw anger on every person and everywhere I went.

Later that evening I went to a cafe to drink a cup of cold coffee. I ordered it and it got delayed I threw the cup to the waiter's face and scolded the whole cafe for being late. But they apologized ,but I didnt care about it .

I went to home late, to my surprise u saw my parents and siblings are with my wife in the horn waiting for me to have dinner with them I was shocked and irritated.

Everyone started asking, “ *Whats wrong with you? What happened to you? What are you late? Is everything alright?*”

Actually I wanted privacy , but none of them did. The anger inside me has grown up like a beast , twisted and dark, feeding off my frustration and resentment. It started as a small spark but now it burns deep down like a devil with claws clawing it’s out of my chest. Every thought is tainted by its presence every breath is heavy with its weight. I felt it twisting in my gut, a storm of fury threatening to break free and consume every thing in its path. The rage has become a part of me, an uncontrollable force pushing me to places I’d rather not go.

Their voices made me even more angry and frustrated. I yelled at them
“ *WHY ARE YOU ALL HERE? YOU ALL HAVE TURNED A PROBLEM TO ME AND PLEASE LEAVE ME I DONT WANT ANY ONE OF YIH STAYING HERE JUST GET LOST*”

I shouted at everyone they were speechless and shocked.

Next morning, no one was talking to me and everyone was getting ready to leave the house leaving me alone. Their silence killed me releasing the devil inside me. The didn’t speal a word to me but their eyes spoke a lot of words saying that they deserved a better person. A better child a better sibling and a better husband. I yelled again to leave and to never return.

03.

The realization hitting me so hard as I could never forgive myself.

Many weeks passed . I was alone and feeling hurt.

One night, it was 11.30p.m. I began to question myself which made me realise how selfish I was.

“Am I happy? What have I done? Am in peace ? Is this what my family raised me? Are my parents and siblings and my wife happy? I began to question myself.

My inner self came up and talked to me.

11.

Everyone has problems , not only you. Everyone's problems are different. The way people look into problems are different. Nothing is same. We have to know to live and solve our problems. Somethings can be changed so we can change it but somethings are cannot be changed, so best way to do is to avoid it or you can remove yourself from that problem silently. Now, we have lost who we are. The devil has taken control over us. What is the reason for that? The society which we live in. Nah its us. We failed to look into people mind. We failed to understand their feelings. I know they didn't appreciate us. But we didn't know what was their state of mind, might be doing things like that made them feel free they might not know what to do. Like we did. We couldn't fight within ourselves. We did everything think only about ourselves.

We have to think about others also because see their outer appearance not their inner appearance. Sometimes they might give through hard times and some people tend to get hurt easily. So the best way to handle your life, take responsibility bot only about yourself but also the surrounded people. Your little kind help might save their life and many more. Forgive people but not forget. Bring kind isn't a weakness it is actually a strength. You can make peoples day by just single act of kindness and gratitude.

We dont have to be a monster to live in this society. Just be yourself who were you. If someone needs helps, do it willingly. If someone hates you, leave it that's not the problem with you it's their problem. Just be yourself and be real. We would never regret in life for being you.

Dont think what people would think about us and how would treat us. We are not born for them or to impress them and we are not their slave. Let's live our life as we used to love.

Love what we have before it turns to had. Be responsible for our actions and behaviour. No matter what people do to us. Be a person who you want in life.

*Life is not about having everything you need but about making yourself up to what you have. You always have to look into the positive side of the problem. No one is perfect, learn to go through your imperfections. Most importantly **dont let your emotions win over your behaviour and habits.** Life is so fragile so live in the moment talk to people politely.*

Accept the situation as it is you cant control everything only thing it can control is yourself.

Change for a good reason. Kill the devil inside you and make sure he never return.

Now go back your family and live with them. It is never late than regret. Stop regretting and get them back here. Accept everything and move on.

The voice in me , vanished. It made me realise how fool I was. I began to change a little by little.

Without any second thought, I called to my wife but she didn't answer my call. Then I tried once again but i was the same again. So I called to both of parents mother didnt answer the call and father's phone was switched off. I knew they all would stay at my parents home.

I went there soon as possible. Everyone had no emotion on their face. They were looking at me as they looking at a dead body. They were silent and speechless. I saw everyone except my father. Mother was also had a hatred I'm her eyes when she saw me. I feared that something had happened to my father. I asked them. But no one did but there eyes did.

I couldn't stop myself from crying. I cried and hit myself fir what I had done. I could say last goodbyes. I weren't there for his funeral. I regretted my whole life

I felt worthless I couldn't even talk to him properly. My hit my self and I really hated my self. I really felt it was too late.

My mom came near to me hugged me and said at last you have realized your mistake. It is too late dear. We have to move on.

Suddenly I felt a warmth behind my back, I turned back and I saw dad. My eyes again Filled with tears and I hugged him so tightly as he got unable to breath even. And everyone forgave me for what I did and I really felt sad for them. But I thought I would never let that mistake again.

After that my wife came to me and said, “ *before anything else. Love yourself first so that you see the things even though it is dark*”.

It still makes me feel so hard. Then we were waiting and madeeaxg other as a family.....

Hey!! Hey!! Come on man. Get up the coffee is getting cold and the breakfast is ready let's enjoy it before it gets cold. My wife said bringing me the present again.

That's the lesson I would never forget in my life .

Accept the situation as it is, get the best from it. Don't let your inner devil ruin your happiness.

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 planned 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 have 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 *Pirivena* student monks have also been involved in this. The nation should be grateful for their dedication shown by the principal, daughter, teacher, and alumni of *Mahamaya Balika Vidyalaya*.

The printed book is still the main tool for 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 electronic devices to store human knowledge and the distancing of children from books has been determined the equality of education and has created various problems in the society. This project, which is being implemented as a solution to this, has been adopting the smart younger generation to 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 leaders Mahamays girls have built a digital fiction for their own, literary creative abilities.

My congratulations to the young writers who have entered through their creative ideas

Project founder and coordinator

Senevirathne Maha Lekham

