

DREAM



SENAYA ABEYSINGHE

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Dedication

To my beloved mother and family, thank you for supporting and helping me to achieve my dreams.

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 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 'College, Kandy.

Foreword

This is my message which I pen with tremendous joy highlights the creativity, hard work, and dedication of young writers of Greenhill International School. Moreover, this been our very first attempt in publishing a book with writings of our own young authors, permit me to express how proud I 'am in the accomplishments of the task given to all at Greenhill and my gratitude to teachers, parents and mentors who supported the project. May I also emphasize the importance of storytelling, self-expression and the power of words in shaping the future of the budding leaders of tomorrow and the nation at large. Finally, I encourage readers to appreciate and celebrate the students' voices while inspiring them to continue writing and sharing their ideas. A special thanks to our librarian Mrs. Hansika Ranaweera and veteran writer and author Mr. Senevirathne Mahalekam for his guidance and support given to make our dream a reality

“Duty First Pleasure Next”

Dr. Lalith Navaratne

Principal - Greenhill International School Kandy

“Aaron!” shouted a man

“Coming” replied a 14-year-old boy with curly tangled hair.

With quick steps, Aaron walked down the stairs, a bag slung over his shoulder and a pair of shoes in his hand. His hair was a mess, seemed as if it was never brushed and his clothes weren't tidy at all. He went straightly to the kitchen where he saw a grumpy man sitting in the kitchen, before the grumpy man could say anything Aaron interrupted and said,

“Sorry Dad, I know I'm late”

“You better be, it's your first day in your new school, we came all the way from New York to Switzerland to make you have a better and a peaceful life,” said James.

“I know,” said Aaron

“Look at you! Your hair is a mess, your t-shirt is untucked and your tie, do you even know how to tie it?” said James while fixing his tie.

Aaron ignored James and sat down to eat his breakfast, which was pancakes and blueberries.

“Is it good” asked James

“Hmm, it's fine. You never make pancakes; why today?” asked Aaron.

“I made them because you're starting a new chapter in your life,” James replied.

“It's not a big deal Dad,” said Aaron

James felt a pang of sadness hearing Aaron's tone. It wasn't the first time he had spoken to him like that, but each time, it stung. After a moment of silence, James decided to break the tension by discussing a variety of random topics, but Aaron remained quiet, saying nothing in “I'm going now,” said Aaron as he stood up.

“But you haven't finished your breakfast,” replied James.

“I'm already full,” said Aaron while walking towards the door.

“Your mother would have been proud of you” observed James.

Aaron turned to James and asked, “For what?”

“For how you face challenges fearlessly” James explained.

Aaron nodded with a small smile and opened the door to leave. Aaron walked to school since it was nearby, as he was walking, he heard a boy shouting at him.

“Hey, hey, wait a minute!” said a boy who was on a bicycle.

Aaron stopped and turned around with a frown on his face.

“Is something wrong?” asked Aaron. “Yes - no! I am your neighbor's neighbor,” replied the boy.

“Neighbour's neighbor?” Aaron questioned.

“Yeah I saw you and your dad moving boxes,” the boy said.

“Oh, okay” Aaron replied and started walking away.

The boy followed him and said, “Wait, let's be friends!”

“Okay!” replied Aaron.

“I'm George. What's your name?” asked George.

“I'm Aaron,” said Aaron “Which school are you heading to?” asked George.

Aaron smiled and said, “There's only one school in the area”.

“Oh yeah, I forgot,” said George.

They talked a lot while heading to school. George parked his bicycle and they went inside together.

Once inside, Aaron's teacher asked him to introduce himself to the class.

“Hi, I'm Aaron Hidalgo. I hope we all could be friends,” said Aaron.

Everyone warmly welcomed him, he surprisingly enjoyed the day until George asked a question.

“Hey, I forgot to ask, where's your mom? I've only seen your dad” George inquired with curiosity.

“She's no longer with us,” said Aaron. “Oh sorry,” replied George.

"It's fine. She passed away a long time ago," said Aaron

"Sorry to ask, but what happened to her?" George inquired.

"One night, she was reading me a storybook. After she finished, she kissed me goodnight and turned off the lights. At midnight, I suddenly woke up and went to my mom and dad's room, I tried to wake my mom, but she didn't respond; her face was pale. I started to shout, and Dad woke up. He saw me hugging Mom and crying. When Dad checked on her, she wasn't breathing. We both of us started crying. Later, when we asked the doctors what had happened, they said she had died in her sleep, but they were also confused about why. To this day, we still don't know what happened to her," said Aaron with tears rolling down his cheeks.

George confronted him and the rest of the day went smoothly.

Just like that days, months, and years passed by.

Aaron was now 16 years old. His relationship with his dad had improved, and he had a lot of friends. Everything was going well until one day, George asked him something.

"Yo, Aaron," said George.

"Hey George, what's up?" replied Aaron.

"You won't believe what I saw yesterday," George said.

"Okay, what did you see?" Aaron asked.

"I had a dream about me and Taylor Swift singing together," George exclaimed. "Oh, that sure is a dream!" Aaron responded.

“Speaking about dreams, what types of dreams do you have?” asked George

“I've never had a dream,” said Aaron.

“What!” exclaimed George, his expression one of shock.

“What? Dad said it was normal,” said Aaron.

“No, it's not. Every human being has dreams and nightmares. I think you should talk to a doctor” George suggested.

“Oh god, George, you're overthinking this,” Aaron said, irritation creeping into his voice.

“Oh, okay, whatever,” George responded.

After school was over, Aaron couldn't stop wondering why he didn't have any dreams and dad thought it was normal.

Immediately after Aaron came home, he asked his dad, “Dad, you said that not having dreams and nightmares is normal.”

“I... It is,” stuttered James.

“Why are you being nervous, Dad?” Aaron asked.

“No, I'm not,” replied James.

“Whatever,” Aaron said angrily and stormed up to his room.

After some time, James came into Aaron's room to say he would be leaving for work. Aaron just nodded as he watched James drove away in his car. He went downstairs to watch TV, and he didn't even realize when he started to feel sleepy. Suddenly, he was woken up by a strange sound—the sound of a flute. Curious, he began to search for the source of the sound and soon found himself standing by the

basement door. The flute sound was coming from there.

One step at a time, he approached the door and opened it, but the sound stopped. Aaron ventured a little further inside, and suddenly, "Boom!" The basement door slammed shut, and the lights went out, leaving him in complete darkness.

No one responded, but he noticed a small source of light—it was a firefly. Aaron followed the firefly as it flickered away, but it disappeared once again into the darkness. Just as he began to lose hope, he saw more lights appearing, one after another; soon, he was surrounded by countless fireflies.

“Where did they come from?” Aaron thought to himself. Suddenly, with a loud "Boom!" the door began to open slowly, revealing a pitch-black interior. He hesitated for a moment, battling his curiosity,

but ultimately decided to step inside. Just as he entered, the door slammed shut behind him with a thunderous boom.

Aaron walked a few steps further into the darkness, unsure of what lay ahead. He stood in silence for awhile, but then he was startled by a voice saying,

“Hello.”

He quickly turned around and saw a beautiful fairy. She had stunning wings she wore a lovely frock adorned with pink and purple glitter. In her hand, she held a wand.

“Who are you?” Aaron asked.

“I'm Glinda,” the fairy replied with a bright smile.

“Glinda who?” Aaron inquired.

“Glinda the Tooth Fairy,” she answered.



“Oh wait! What a tooth fairy! You're a tooth fairy?”
asked Aaron

“Yes, I am, “ said Glinda.

“I thought tooth fairies weren't real,” said Aaron.

“That is what every human thinks after they grow
up. They tend to forget about us,” said Glinda.

“Hmm... that's true. By the way, Im Aa-” said
Aaron.

“Aaron, I know,” said Glinda

“How do you know my name?” asked Aaron

“I know all the names of the children in this world,” said Glinda

“Oh, true. You are the tooth fairy after all. But I have a question,” said Aaron

“Go Ahead,” said Glinda.

“Why have you never come to collect my teeth? I always kept them under my pillow, but every morning they're still there” said Aaron with a confused expression.

“Well, I'm sorry that I didn't come,” said Glinda.

“But why?” asked Aaron

“I'm not allowed to tell you,” said Glinda with an unhappy expression. “Not allowed?” said Aaron

“Let's not talk about that, shall we?” Glinda replied.

“Okay,” Aaron said.

“Follow me!” exclaimed Glinda with excitement.

“Where to?” Aaron asked.

“To a place where all the children love to visit: Dreamland!” Glinda said eagerly.

“Dreamland?” Aaron asked, his eyes sparkling as he looked around. The place wasn't dark; it was filled with magic. There were many mystical creatures like Bigfoot, the Yeti, Peter Pan, Captain Hook, Micky Mouse, and many more.

Aaron was dumbfounded.

“Wow they're real” exclaimed Aaron.

“Of course they're real,” Glinda responded.

They walked further and everyone greeted him. Suddenly a well-dressed man wearing a long hat, came near Aaron and spoke.

“Hi, I'm Michael. You must be Aaron. Nice to meet you.”

“Hello nice to meet you too, but how do you know my name?” Aaron asked, curious.

“Everyone here knows your name,” Michael replied.

“But how?” Aaron pressed.

“Oh, well, you see, you were” Michael started, but he was interrupted by Glinda. “You can't say that to him,” Glinda said angrily.

“Why can't I? He should know it anyway” Michael argued.

“But....” Glinda hesitated.

“What are you all talking about?” Aaron asked.

“There is something you should know about,” Michael said

“About what?” Aaron inquired.

“Why don't we sit down and talk?” said Michael.

The three of them went to Glinda's house, which was a treehouse. Once they were inside, they sat down, and Michael began to share what had happened.

“Long ago, there was a little girl who never had dreams like you do. But as she grew older, she started to have different kinds of good dreams. However, as time went on, those dreams turned into nightmares. This alarmed everyone in Dreamland because whenever she had a dream, it came true. When our Queen of Dreams learned about her, she felt compelled to take action. So, she decided to eliminate the girl in her dreams to prevent any disasters.”

“Why are you telling me this?” Aaron asked, confused.

“It's because that girl is your mother,” Michael replied, a sad expression on his face.

“What? What are you talking about? My mother?” Aaron said, panic rising and tears filling his eyes.

“Yes, your mother was born with a curse. To rid the world of that curse, the Queen had to kill her,” Michael explained.

“But why? Didn't she have any other way?” Aaron asked, crying hysterically.

“No, as far as we know, that was the only way,” Michael said.

Aaron began tearing up again. Glinda and Michael tried to console him, and after a few minutes, he started to calm down.

“The queen has forbidden us from going near you, which is why I have never come to visit,” Glinda explained.

“So now what will happen to me?” asked Aaron.

“The same thing that happened to your mother,” Michael said.

"Shut up, Michael! Don't say that to this young boy," Glinda interrupted.

"He has to know someday," Michael insisted.

"Why should I die?" Aaron asked, confused.

"Because after your mother, the curse was passed down to you," Michael replied.

"So now I should also die?" Aaron's voice trembled.

Glinda and Michael nodded sadly, and then a heavy silence fell over them. After a while, there was a knock at the door. Glinda opened it to find a huge marshmallow holding a giant lollipop.

"Yes?" asked Glinda.

"I'm here to take Aaron," said the giant marshmallow.

"Already?" Glinda replied, surprised. "Yes, it is the order of the queen," the marshmallow explained.

At that moment, Aaron appeared at the door, ready to go.

"Let's go," he said.

The marshmallow took him by the hand, and they disappeared.

When Aaron opened his eyes, he found himself in the middle of a vast castle, where a throne made of all sorts of candy awaited him. As he looked around, someone shouted, "All hail the queen of dreams!" Then, Aaron saw a woman dressed in a long gown, wearing a magnificent tiara. She was very beautiful and stood in front of Aaron. "Hi Aaron, I was waiting for you for a long time," said the queen with a smile.

"You eliminated my mother," Aaron said angrily.

The queen's smile faded away.

"I had no choice," she replied.

"Why me and my mom? Why do we have to bear this curse?" Aaron asked.

"Unlucky destiny, I guess. My sister used to be the queen of nightmares; she hated me so much that when she died, she decided to curse a random person by making their dreams come true," explained the queen.

"So now you have to eliminate me too, right?" Aaron said.

"Yes, in order to end this curse once and for all," the queen confirmed.

"Go ahead and eliminate me," Aaron challenged.

He closed his eyes tightly, and the queen raised her staff, ready to strike him. But just then, a voice interrupted her.

“Stop right now!” said an anonymous voice.

“Dad!” Aaron exclaimed in surprise.

“James?” asked the queen.

“How did you get here, Dad?” Aaron inquired.

James approached Aaron, hugged him tightly, and said,

“Your mother had already mentioned her curse to me. She knew that you would also receive it, so she told me how to get here in case something happened to you.”

Aaron embraced his father even more tightly.

“Step aside, James,” the queen said angrily.

“No, I won't let you harm my son,” James responded defiantly.

“We both know there's no other way,” the queen insisted.

“There is a way,” James replied confidently.

“What?” the queen asked in shock.

“Yeah, what is it?” Aaron echoed.

“The queen gave your mother a potion to drink to rid her of the curse. She didn't drink it because she believed that if you got the curse, no one could help you. The queen thought it didn't work, so she eliminated your mother. But I still have the potion,” James explained.

He took out the potion and gave it to Aaron to drink.

“Thank God,” said the queen with a sigh of relief.

He retrieved the potion and offered it to Aaron to drink.

“Drink it, Aaron,” urged James.

But before Aaron drank it, he looked behind and saw Glinda and Michael. He hugged them and bid them goodbye.

Then Aaron drank the potion, and everything went pitch black.

When Aaron opened his eyes, he found himself at home on his couch. He looked around, trying to process what had just happened. Suddenly, he heard heavy footsteps coming down the stairs. It was his dad.

Aaron hugged his dad and said, "I'm sorry, Dad, for being such a jerk."

"It's okay, son," said James.

"Mom would have been so happy to see us like this," said Aaron.

END



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

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