

**MY book of
Stories
and
poems**

By
Sithumi Uththara Ranasinghe

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OTHER BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR

1. Sudu Bataluwata Padamak - 2019
2. Kukul Paule apuru kude - 2020
3. Flopy's Adventure - 2020
4. The Paradise behind the big trees and other poems - 2023

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Vote of thanks

This book
is dedicated to
my loving parents
and
respected teacher

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*

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THE LONELY SCARECROW

Once upon a time, in the middle of a big paddy field lived Mr. Scarecrow. He was a very mean looking scarecrow with an old pot for his head, sticks for his bones and straw for his muscles. He wore the farmer's old shirt and an old sarong. On his head was an old hat. His eyes and mouth were drawn using chalk and he looked very scary. All the birds were scared of him.

The farmer who owned this paddy field was a very mean man. His son was a naughty boy. The farmer kept a gun to shoot the hungry birds that dared to eat paddy even in the corner of the paddy field. The naughty boy kept throwing stones at birds and his friends made fun of poor Mr. Scarecrow. No birds came to the paddy field after that.

Because of these reasons Mr. Scarecrow didn't have any friends. No one came to say, "Hello Mr. Scarecrow, how are you today?" and no bird built a nest in one of his pockets. Mr. Scarecrow was lonely.

Although he looked mean, Mr. Scarecrow was really very kind hearted. He wished that he had birds all over him and that little children would at least wave goodbye to him. He wished that the farmer wouldn't shoot birds and that the naughty boy was kind to animals. Mr. Scarecrow wished a lot of things and he didn't like the farmer at all. And day after day of being lonely Mr. Scarecrow became more and more miserable.

It was on one of these nights when moonlight covered the fields and cold air blew through the forest that a group of monkeys came wandering in to the village from the woods. They sat on the trees at the edge of the paddy field where Mr. Scarecrow lived. They stared at the field. Even though Mr. Scarecrow looked spooky in the moonlight, one brave monkey decided to speak to him. All the monkeys joined him and they ran quietly towards Mr. Scarecrow.

At this moment, Mr. Scarecrow was slowly dozing off to sleep. And, when one monkey tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Hello, could I please get to know you?" he woke up with a start. "Hello, I am Mr. Scarecrow," he was very surprised. "Nice to meet

you Mr. Scarecrow. We are monkeys from the village. How are you today?" asked the monkey. "I'm fine, thank you. But I feel very lonely," replied Mr. Scarecrow, sadly. "Oh dear! Why is that?" asked the monkey, surprised. By now all the monkeys had gathered around them.

Mr. Scarecrow began to tell the story about him, the farmer, the naughty boy and the birds. "Could you please come and visit me everyday?" he said at last. The monkeys thought for a moment. "I'm sorry but I think that's not possible. We are from the forest and people don't like us coming to the village," said one monkey. All the other monkeys nodded their heads in agreement. "Oh, you can't come at night either. The farmer keeps watch over his field from his hut most of the time," said Mr. Scarecrow.

Everyone were silent for a moment. Then one little monkey broke the silence. "Can you come with us, Mr. Scarecrow? I mean, can you walk or run?" he said. "Hmm," said Mr. Scarecrow, "I can't walk or run but I think I can hop. After all, I have one leg!"

The monkeys found two sticks for him. Mr. Scarecrow leaned on the stick and hopped across the paddy field on the 'niyara'. His foot and the two sticks made no mark on the ground because it was hard and dry. "Shall come with you to the forest?" he asked. "Yes, of course!" said the monkeys in unison. They went all the way to the forest that night guided by the moonlight. Mr. Scarecrow was very thankful for the monkeys. He lived with them for ever and was never lonely again.

But won't the mean farmer be surprised when he finds Mr.Scarecrow gone the next morning?

THE NIGHT STORY...

The sun was tired,
After one days work,
He was feeling very weak.
So he closed his eyes,
Switched off his light,
And drifted off to sleep.

The moon was bouncy,
And full of energy,
He said, "I want to play."
So he gathered all the stars,
And shone brightly,
Lighting the way.

THE STORY OF THE MIMOSA PLANT

(Nidikumba)

Once upon a time, in a field at the edge of a big forest lived a healthy mimosa plant. It covered a large area because no animal ever dared to go near it. The reason to this were its sharp thorns. All the other plants were furious with it because no one damaged the mimosa plant.

A large family of tiny, green beetles lived on the mimosa plant. They were the best and only friends of the mimosa plant.

Because of this friendship the mimosa plant looked after the green beetles well. At night, when everywhere was dark and cold air blew over the fields, the mimosa plant would fold its leaves to keep the beetles warm and safe. And when a bee or a butterfly brushed a wing against its leaves, or a naughty calf nudged a leaf with its hooves, or a child touched its leaves to see how soft they were, the mimosa plant would fold its leaves and show its big

sharp thorns to protect its friends.

And although green beetles don't use mimosa plants as their home now, this practice of folding leaves at night and when touched has led the mimosa plant to be popular as a scary, yet scared plant among us.

THE CIRCUS

A clown came in,
Looking very funny.
He juggled his balls,
But was really very silly.

The magician came next,
In his long black coat.
He took out a rose,
And made it float.

A girl walked on a rope,
And was dressed in green.
She wasn't afraid,
It was clearly seen.

Three elephants came next,
With monkeys on their backs.
They sat on tiny stools,
And took peanuts from a sack.

The monkeys chattered while doing their acts,
They were really very loud.
But at last they all held their hands,
And bowed gracefully to the crowd.

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

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*