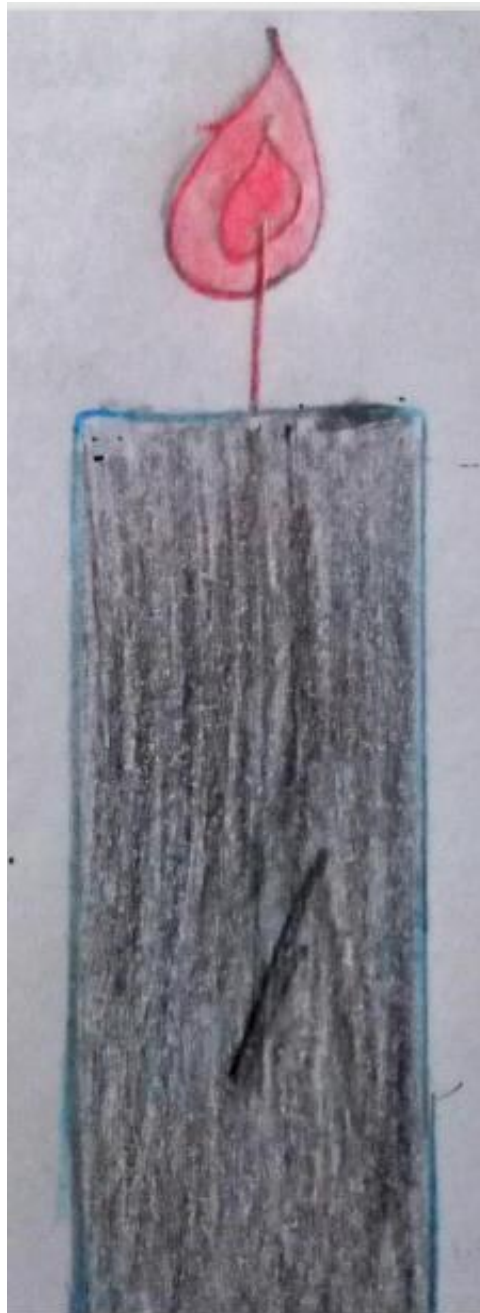


THE CANDLE



S.A. Dilenya Dilthini De Silva

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Kandy.**

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I Present This Book to

My Mother and My Father

Who always Supported Me....

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

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Chion.

She was on a mystical path, but she didn't care. It was a cold December evening and snow was falling slowly from the sky. Her hair was damp. She was trying to relieve her mind from the stress of last college year. The trees looked sad. No cars, houses, or animals were found. It was as if love and joy had given up their place.



After walking a couple blocks up the street an old house came to the site. The house seemed to date back to the year 1994. The house was made of wood – it was painted black, light brown, and white. It seemed as if no life could survive the frightening house. There were two floors in the house, and it almost seemed haunted.



She chuckled at the thought of a haunted house it seemed almost possible to be one she looked closely nothing seemed to be alive at the house which was not a Surprise to her.

The smell of the house is the thing that bothered her the most, the smell was similar to a rotting dead body which made her stomach turn all of the tulips in the front seemed long gone still the whispers seemed to bound through the walls of long forgotten talks.

she stood for a while but nothing seemed come but only the bone chattering cold wind of call December is the only thing that responded back, after a few minutes she slowly passed the house trying her best to not to disturb the dead silence.

As she walked a town came to her sight, the town seemed silence as she passed an old hospital, a children's park and some unexplainable old Victorian houses which are made in some weird shapes as she walked down the road no car came it was dead silent as she slowly walked slowly, she heard an ear-piercing howl. as she walked towards the road it came to a dead end the nature has covered the road the road goes toward a creepy old forest if you stare at it closely you could see outlines of several creepy shadows, she thought it was delusion.



So as she turned right she saw a beautiful town it seemed that all of the beauty of the world are surrounded by a creepy place all of the people seemed excited about Christmas as she finally reached her apartment and started to make a cup of coffee even though the creepy old forest was far away it was still visible to her apartment she swore that she saw a wolf passing by the forest she was glad that she was at the comfort of her apartment she went to bed and she slept and in that morning one of friends said that she is coming over she tidy up her apartment , after a few minutes her friend called Kate arrive her friend who grew on this town but Chion did not live in this town she planned to ask her about the things she saw.



After a few seconds she heard a knock on the door she opened the door on the foot of the door was her friend Kate she was tall, thin she rarely wore different colors she always wears black or white which made her look like a person in a nineties T. V shows. her friend asked why she had Callen in the evening.



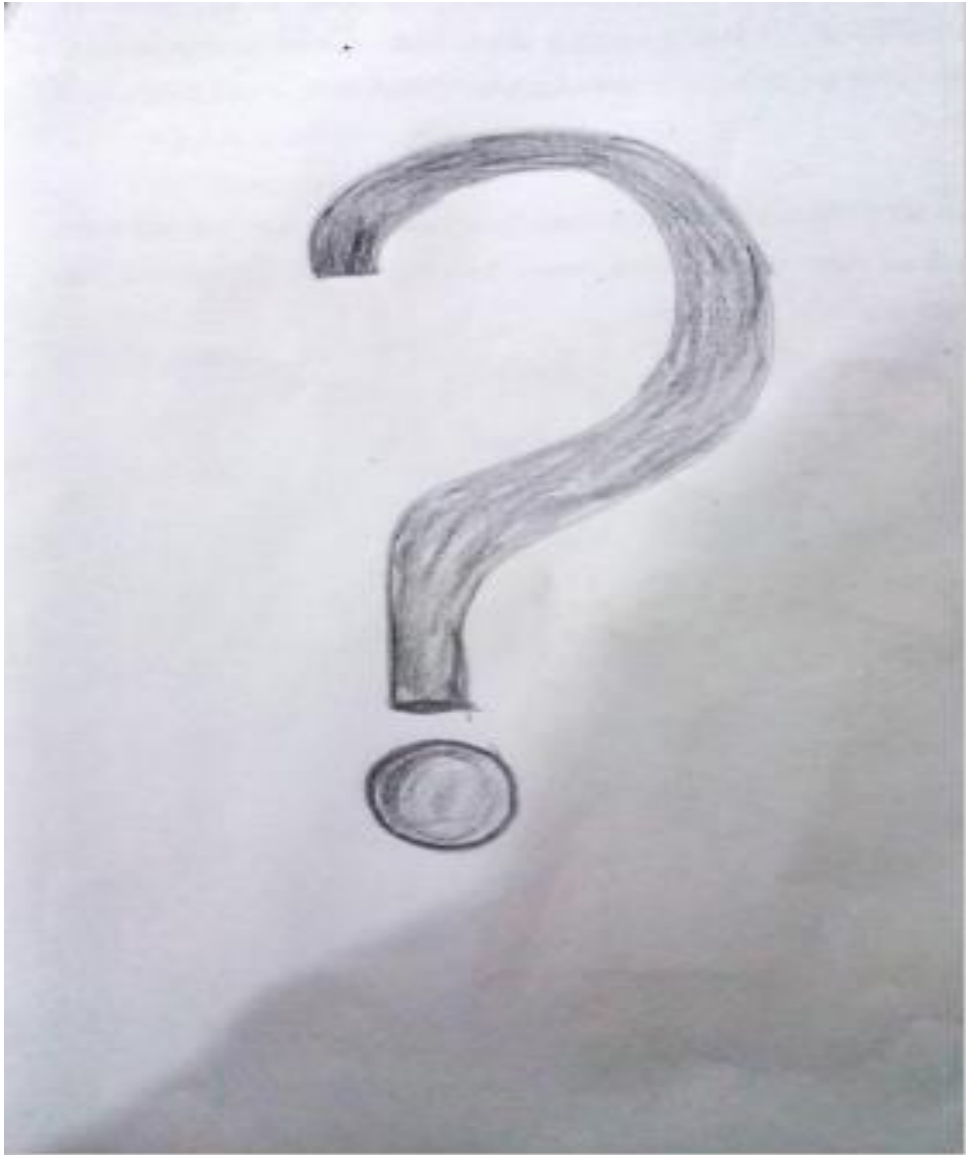
she asked her about all of the things in the end of everything Chion was panting unstoppable like if she have run a marathon then her friend was in total shock she told you have been here for one week and you already know about this, well Chion I never knew Japanese people are so detective well done, hey stop right now I want know what is wrong with this town one side all pretty up and loving other side well a total NIGHTMARE. okay let me start,



Once upon a hundred years ago was a happy tribe it was filled with the smartest people in the country but one day due to a mishap the town exploded but after a week a man was caught hiding he was blamed and was killed the locals said that after the explosion a big curse was casted and any human who tried to live in the town will be disappeared and to brake the curse you must go in the exact time and date it happened and do the same experiment to brake the curse. finished Kate with a loud sigh when she looked at Chion she was scribbling something on her note book.

then Kate asked what are you scribbling then, just all the information why because we might need it. For what pathetic reason do you need something like that it is just a legend.

Who knows said Chion with a smiled.



tomorrow at school

GOOD MORNING

students I like to make a special announcement tomorrow we are going on a field trip to the *cavae sylvae* what is it asked Chion in wonder guess what told Kate 'It is the forest that you saw' told Kate. Chion widened her eyes and told 'first of all I never knew there was a name to that forest, second of all is she talking English' asked Chion.' it is Latin' told Kate, and mmmm... oh nooo

oh no oh no

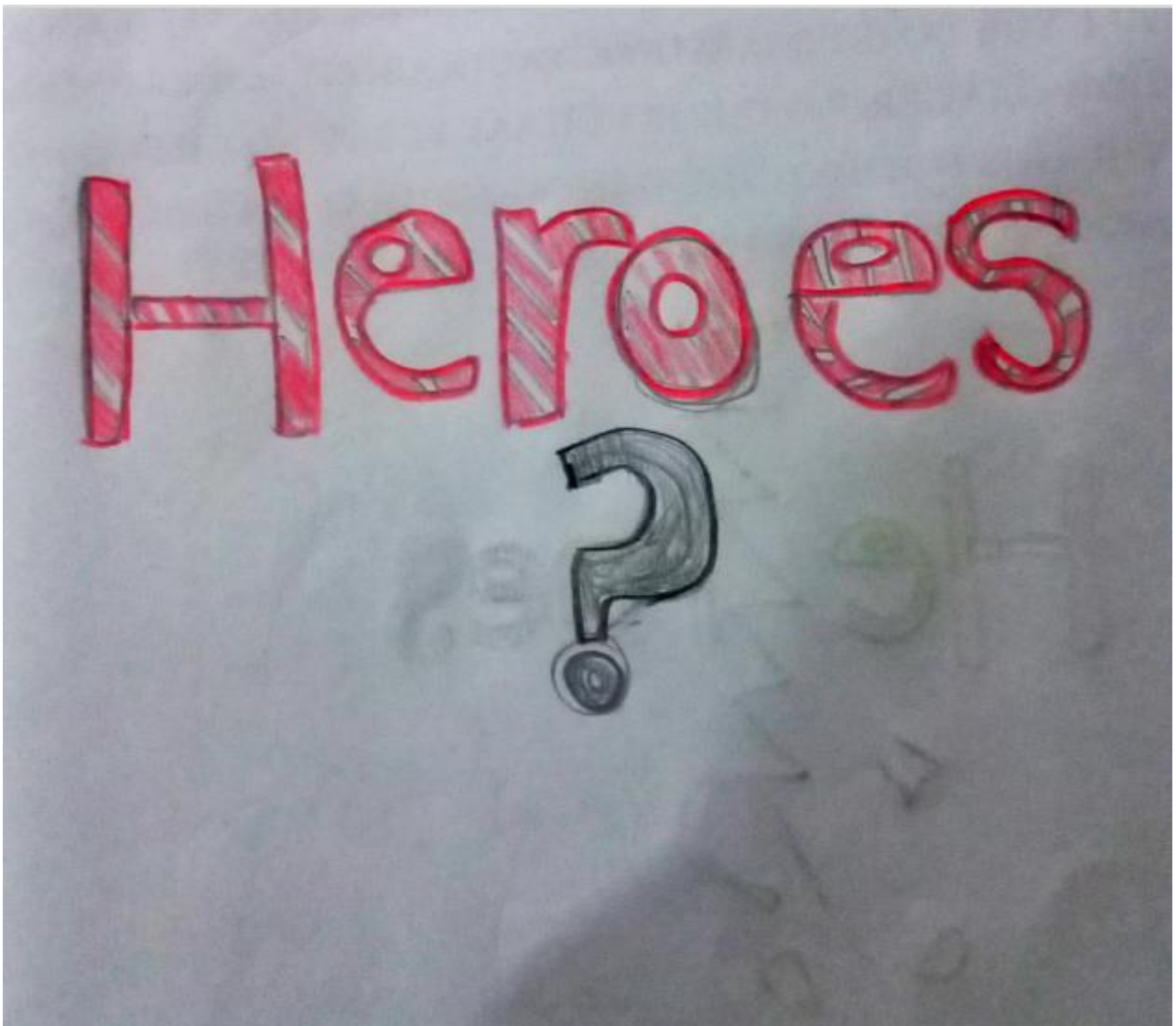
Chion grabbed hold of Kate because she was fainted after a few minutes she woke up Chion asked why she fainted, Kate's face were pale resembling the moon she was shaking and sweating.



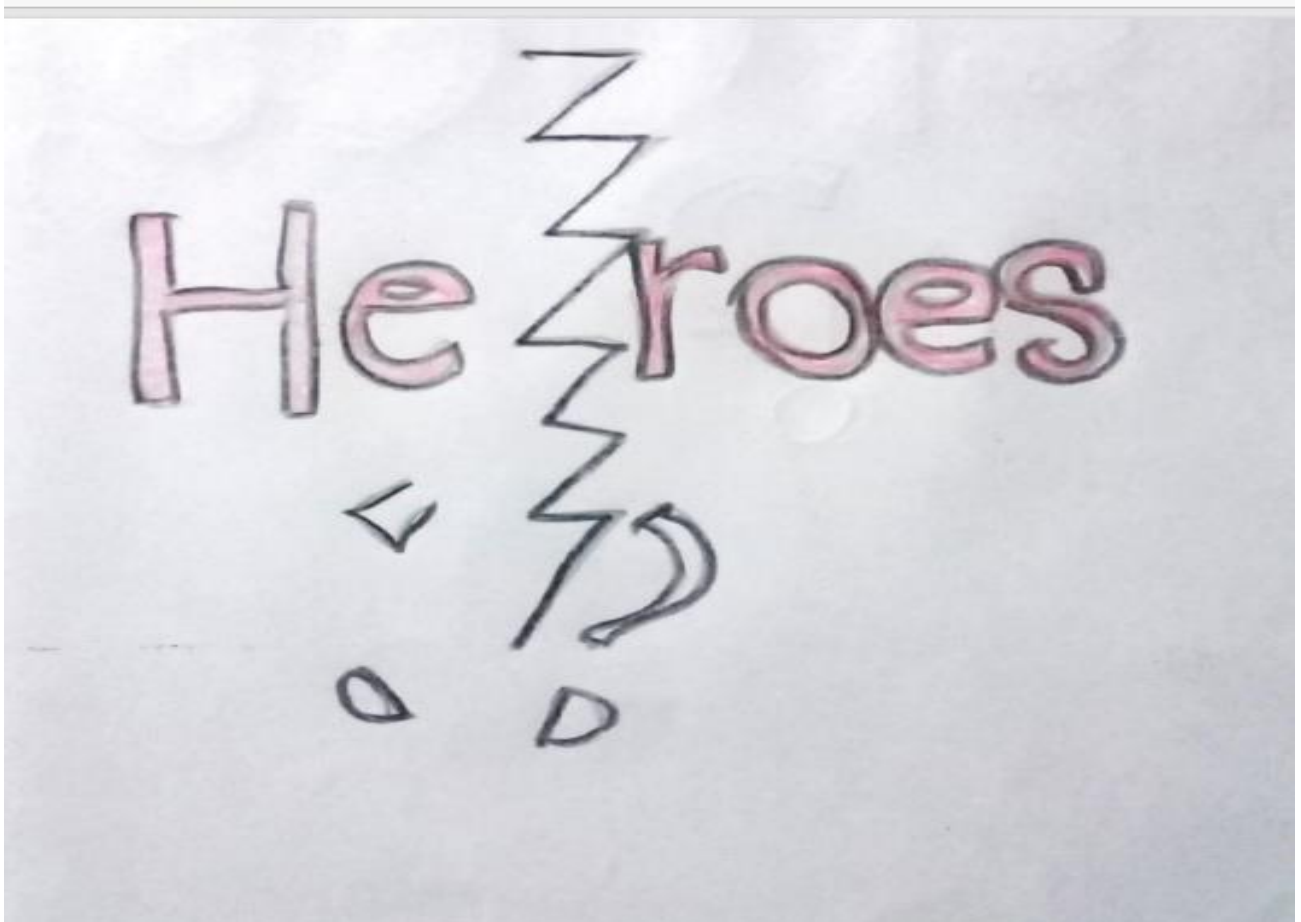
she told that,

'Tomorrow is the ... the ...' tomorrow what' asked Chion with giggling
tomorrow is the exact day when the explosion happened spat Kate with
panic oh nooooooooooooo

screamed Chion in a high pitch voice but but but 'WE
COULD BREAK THE CURSE AND BE HEROES WE WILL BE
WRITTEN IN EVERY HISTORY BOOK WE WILL BE IN NEWS
PAPERS AREN'T YOU EXECITED ' asked Chion.



'no ' told Kate 'What 'asked Chion ' NOOOOOOOOOO' 'WHY NOT ' asked Chion loudly that everyone looked at her, but she didn't care.' Because Because Because ' Because' OF WHAT I WAS FORCED TO COME TO THIS COUNTRY AND I LEFT MY LIFE THERE I HAD FRIENDS WHO SUPPORTED ME BUT, IN THIS COUNTRY, I ONLY HAVE PEOPLE WHO ARE SCARED OF A STUPID LEGEND AND YOU COULD EVEN HAVE SUPPORTED ME ALL YOU DO WAS TELLING ME HOW UNCHARTED IT WAS YOU DID NOT EVEN WENT THERE I DID. THERE IS A CHANCE TO GET FAMOUS BUT ALL YOU DO IS FIND PATHETIC FACTS ABOUT IT JUST TO TELL ME HOW DANGEROUS IT IS IF YOU SAY YES OR NO, I AM GOING AND THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT AND I DO NOT WANT TO HEAR YOUR SORRY EXCUSES '



Chion I am sorry I will make it up to you we will break the curse
REALLY YOU GUYS BREAKING THAT DEADLY CURSE told a voice
when they looked around a tall girl with brown hair. Hello, my name is
Samsan Bethany, you can call me Sam for short.

I want to come me

too told another voice

me too

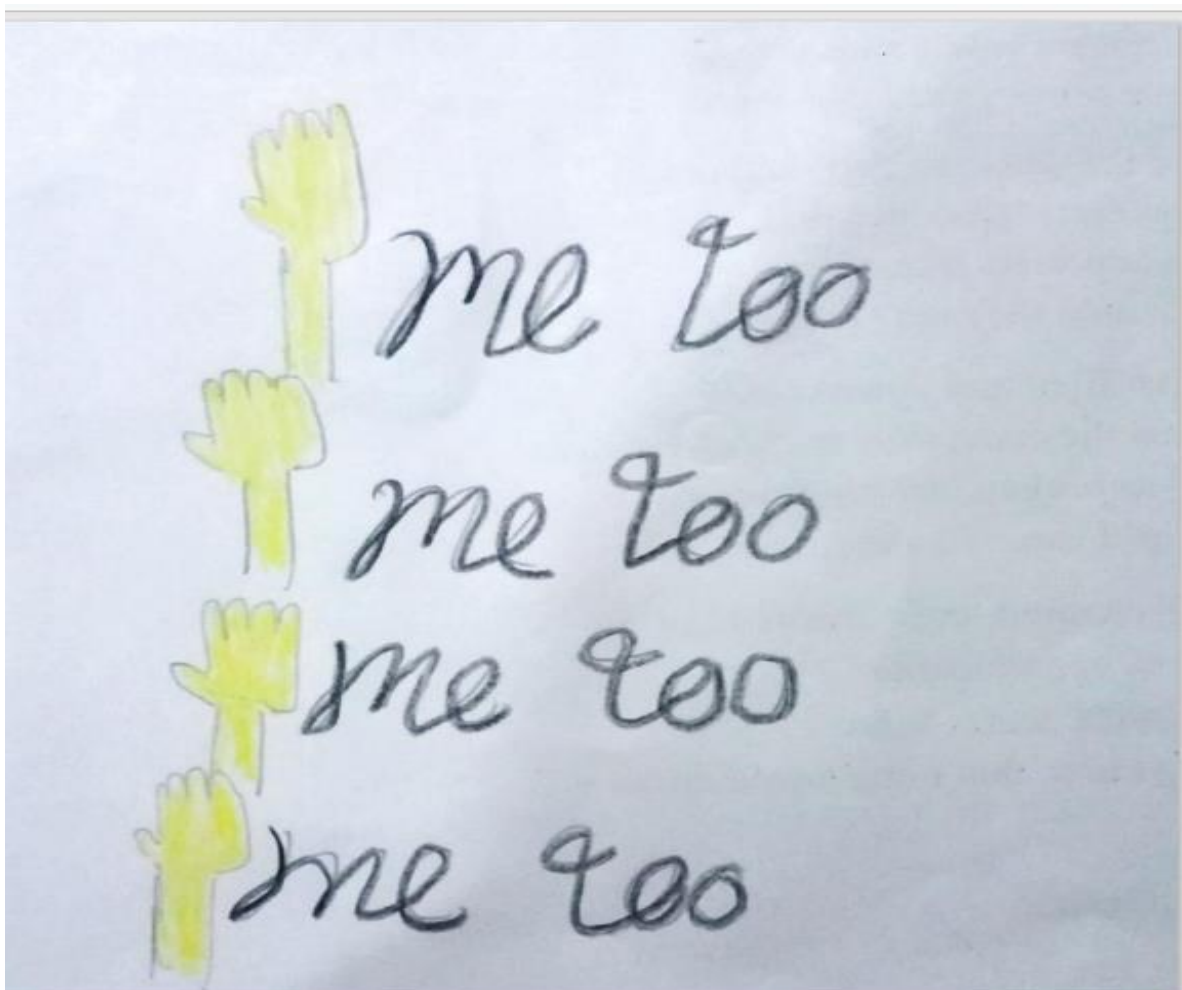
me too

me too

me too

me too

told another 10 voices and then one voice sang.



A group of children, brave and true,
Set out one morning, skies so blue,
With hearts of courage, eyes alight,
To break a curse, and end the night.

Through forests deep and rivers wide,
They walked together, side by side.
Each step they took, a whispered plea,
To lift the dark, to set them free.

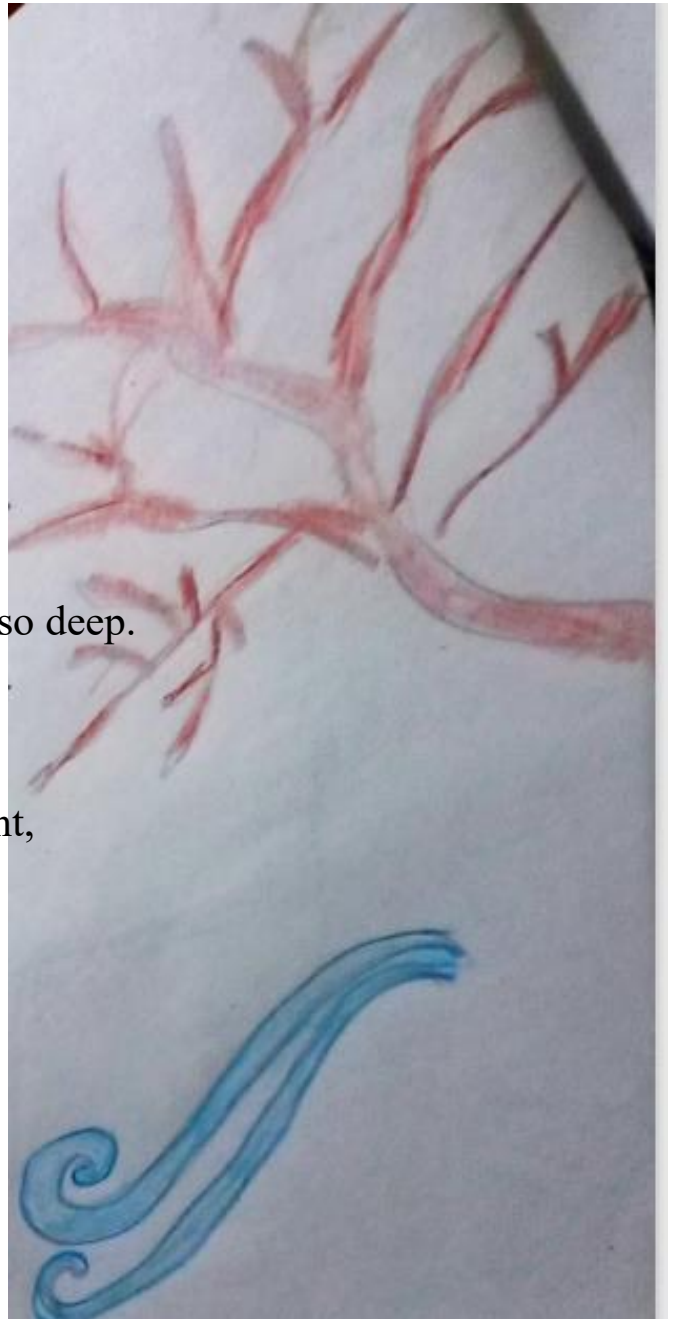
The air grew cold, the path grew steep,
But still they marched, through woods so deep.
A haunted whisper through the trees,
A chill that danced on every breeze.

The moonlight flickered, pale and bright,
As shadows crept into their sight.
But none of them would turn away,
For they had come, to save the day.

They found the stone, so dark and old,
Its ancient secrets, centuries told.
A riddle lay, upon its face,
A puzzle to undo the race.

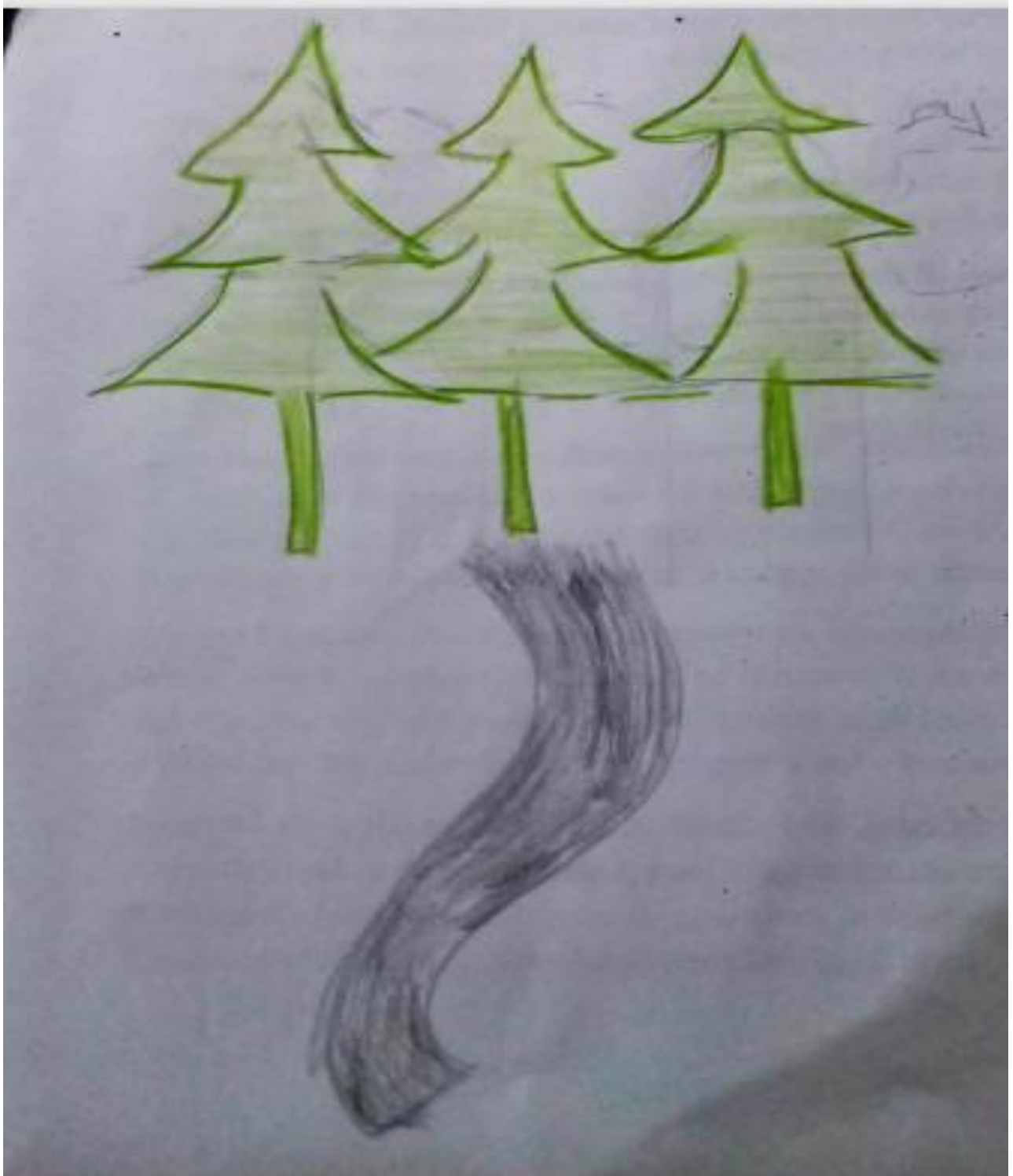
With laughter light and voices clear,
They cracked the code; they quelled their fear.
The curse was broken, the night was won,
Together they'd shine like the rising sun.

The children cheered, their spirits high,
As stars above began to sigh.
For bravery, with hearts so pure,
Had broken a curse that none could endure.



They journeyed back, their quest complete,
With magic blooming at their feet.
A bond so strong, no curse could shake,
A story of adventure they'd never forsake.

sang a beautiful voice,



there is another song A group of children, bold and bright,
Set forth one day, to right a blight,
A curse that plagued their ancient land,
With trembling hearts and minds so grand.

Through valleys low and mountains steep,
They ventured far, where shadows creep.
The tale they'd heard was old and grim,
Of twisted fates and voices dim.

In whispers soft, the story went,
A curse had fallen, heaven-sent,
Upon a village, lost in time,
Where joy had turned to silent rhyme.

The elders spoke of ancient lore,
Of evil, locked behind a door.
A force that roamed both day and night,
And none could stop its endless bite.

But these brave kids, with hearts so pure,
Would journey on, they'd find the cure.
With every step, their courage grew,
They'd face the dark, and see it through.

The road was long, the air was cold,
The forest deep, with secrets bold.
The trees around them seemed to hum,
A warning tune of what's to come.

Yet through the haze, they carried on,
With whispers shared of tasks long gone.
Each step a promise to the skies,
To free their world from darkened lies.

The youngest, Mia, led the way,
With golden hair and eyes like day.
Her heart was light, her spirit strong,
Her voice a melody, a song.

Behind her walked brave Jack and Sue,
A pair of hearts both kind and true.
Jack's laugh would light the darkest night,
And Sue's keen mind saw wrong from right.

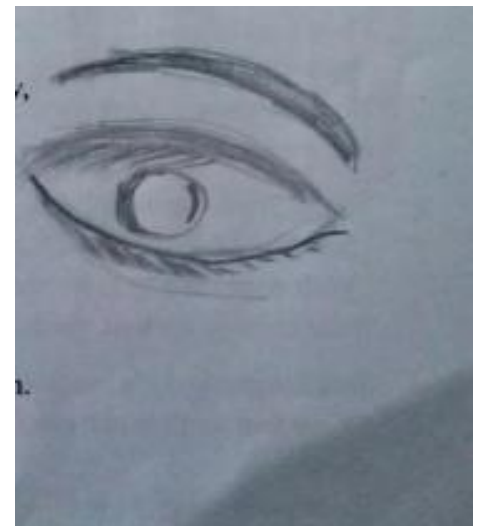
The others followed, hand in hand,
Each child a pillar of the land:
Ben, the quiet one who knew,
The ways of earth, the winds that blew.

We're children strong, and we have Leah, fierce, with fire in eyes,
Her will unbroken, fierce and wise.
And Sam, whose courage never ceased,
A gentle soul, yet full of peace.

They reached the cave where darkness lay,
A place where light refused to stay.
The air was thick with ancient dread,
And shadows whispered tales of dead.

The cave's entrance was hidden deep,
Where even light dared not to creep.
But Mia stepped, with steady breath,
And led her friends through chills of death.

Inside the cave, the walls did pulse,
A heartbeat echo, dark and false.
A creature's form in shadows swirled,
A curse unleashed upon the world.



Its eyes were flames of burning red,
A hunger deep, a voice long dead.
It whispered low, "You cannot win,
For all who enter, fall within." But Mia stood with eyes alight,
Her friends behind, their hearts so bright.
"We've come for you, to set things right,
We'll break your curse; we'll end your night."

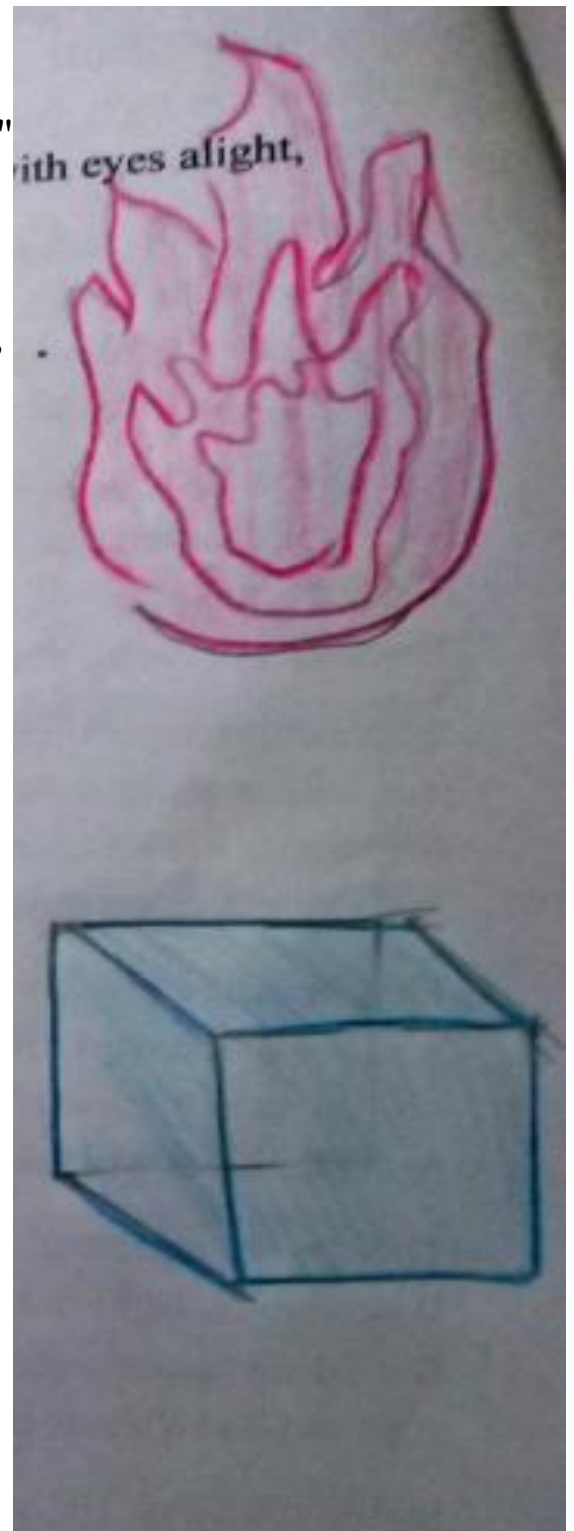
The creature howled, a deafening sound,
Its twisted form began to pound.
The ground beneath them cracked and shook,
Yet still they stood, with courage hooked.

Ben spoke first, with voice so sure,
"The earth will rise, the land endures.
We call upon the roots below,
To break your chains and end your woe!"

Then Leah shouted, fierce and loud,
"With fire's light, we break your shroud!
No darkness can hold back the flame,
For we are children, not the same!",

Sue then took a step ahead,
Her voice like ice, both sharp and dead,
"With wisdom's eye, we see the truth,
Your curse is broken, gone forsooth!"

Jack laughed bright, with spirit free,
"Your fear can't touch our jubilee!
come,
To lift this curse, to overcome!"



And Sam, with peace, did softly say,
"Through love and light, we'll find our way.
The darkness fades, the dawn is near,
For we are strong, and have no fear."

The creature shrieked, its form did crack,
The chains of evil tore right back.
With one last cry, the beast was gone,
And light poured in, the night withdrawn.

The children cheered, their mission done,
The curse had ended, dawn had won.
The village freed, the sky turned blue,
As peace returned, the world anew.

And as they left, the sun did rise,
A golden warmth across the skies.
For they had broken chains of old,
With hearts of courage, brave and bold.

Back home they went, their faces bright,
The land now safe, the future light.
For in their hearts, a truth did bloom,
That even in the darkest gloom,

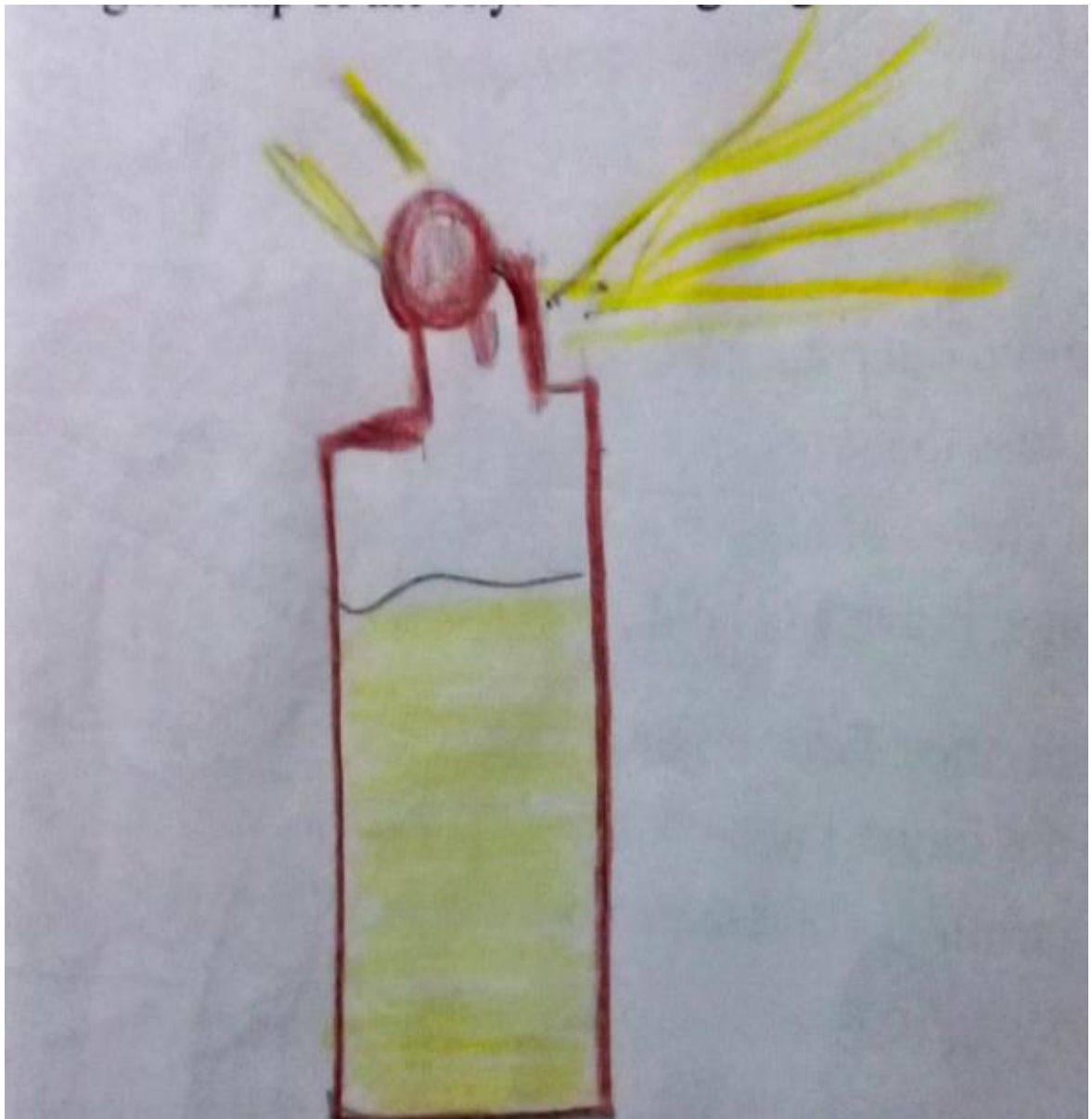
A group of kids, with spirits free,
Can change the world for all to see.
With love and courage, strong and sure,
They broke the curse, and found the cure.



ok this is the plan

Kate you bring food

Sam you bring drinks who has a large tent, I have told Sam ok I will bring an anti-wolf costume what is it asked everyone. it is a costume that prevents a bite from a dog but it can be protected by a wolf I think but I am not taking any chances. 'I will bring binoculars ' told lean. ok what else do we need mmm..... oh maybe a lemon spray told Glinda. why do we need that asked Chion if any creep came trying to kidnap one spray of this he will be screaming in pain. ok so, sue I want you to go to the library with George and get a map of the city. ok told George and sue.



24 hours later

come on guys get in to the bus ok let's go

ok did all of you brought everything I told you to bring

YES

YES

YES

YES

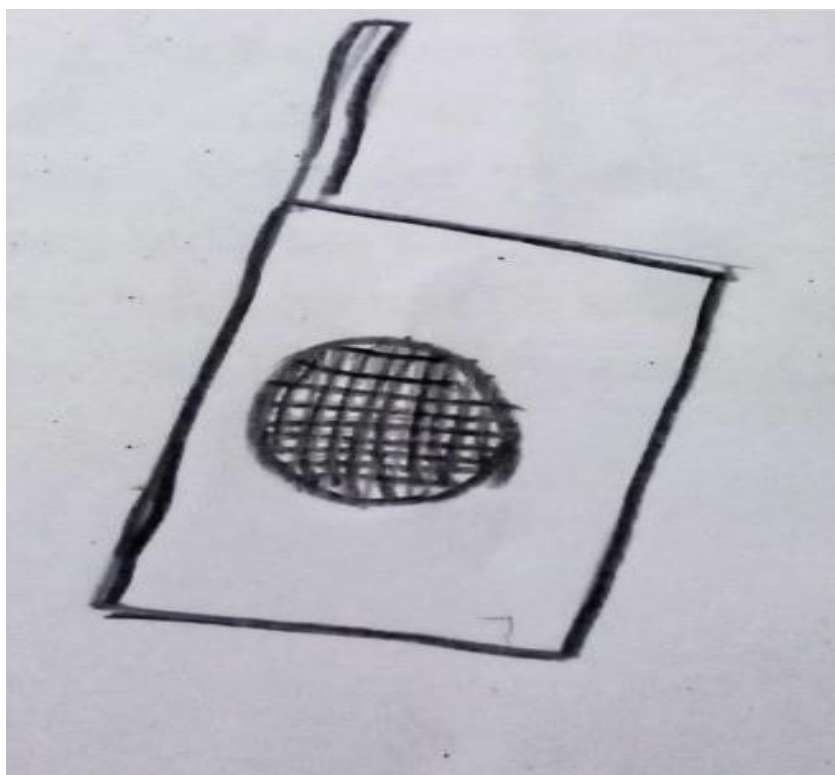
YES

told a lot of voices.

so let's see the map ok so this is the plan at 9.00 p.m. everybody is going to sleep that when we are going to go.

ok students the activities are canceled due to the heavy wind I kindly advise all of you to set up your tent and go to sleep.

ok guys listen to me wear these bite proof costumes. ok now let's sneak out mia slowly go outside and do a perimeter test if anyone saw you press this button of your walky-talky and you will be safe here go with sue if anyone saw you tell them you are going to use the bathroom.



to but it is covered with this ok let's wait here they go on let's check if they responded oh ok, they responded let's go come on grab the torch some food, medicine, water

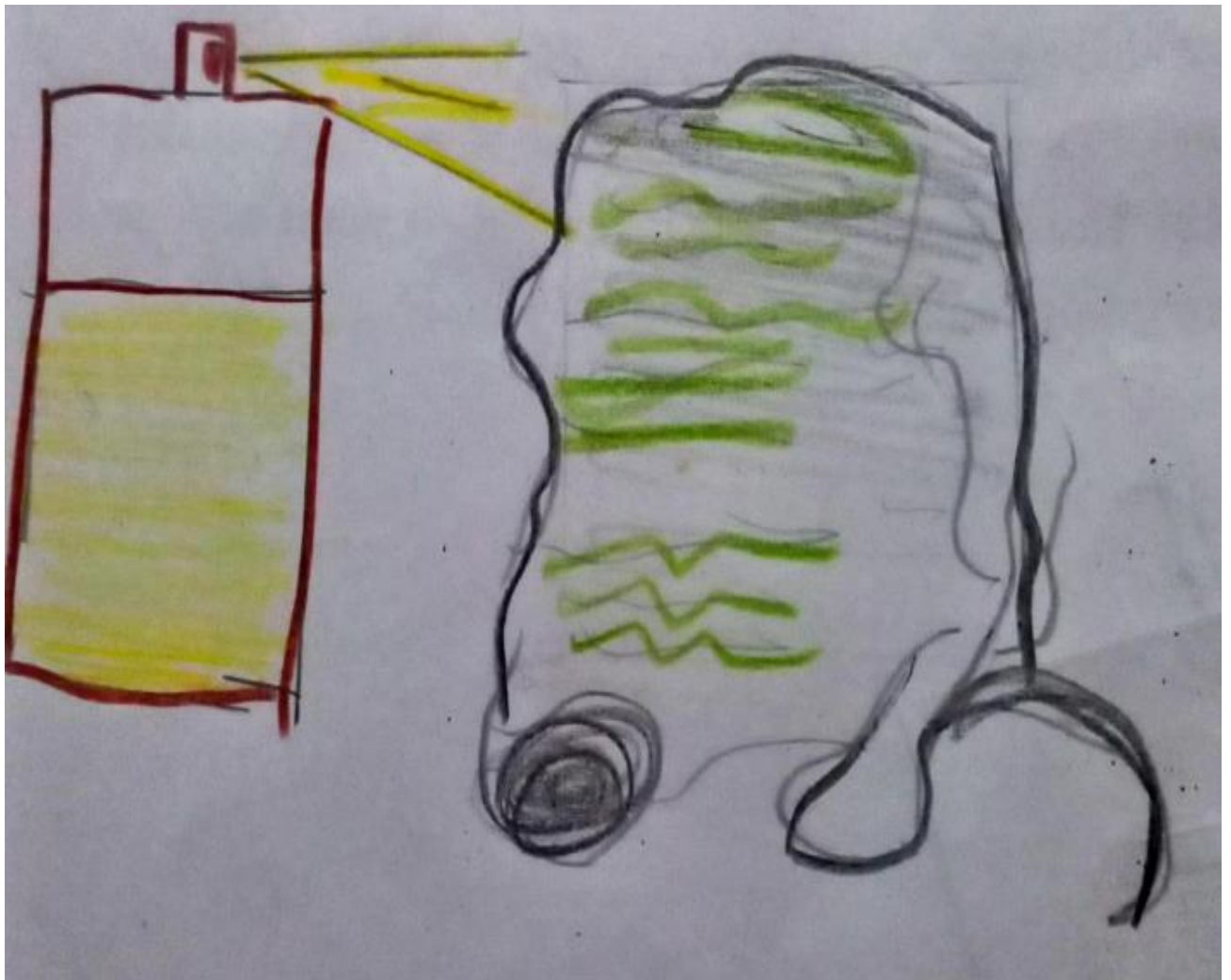
this place is darker than i imagined ok let's go

WAIT

yelled Glinda look there are some writing or carvings on the rock Quick flash the torch can you see ohhh yes i can see mud like thing and it does not go off I got the perfect thing lemon spray. HOW THAT'S GOING TO WORK asked everyone

HELLO

if you paid attention in science class lemon spray is ACIDIC soo it will get this muck, right off.



then suddenly there was a crack and they were sliding down a big tunnel everyone was yelling like aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa..... and then suddenly they were in a cave Kate said and ' I forgot to mention there are a lot of trapped doors as they saw a moon stone and on top of it were a sentence A RIDDLE told everyone at once it was

I travel far, but never move,
I speak without a single sound.
I carry stories, yet have none,
I hold secrets, but I make no sound.
I paint no picture, yet I show the way,
I mark the past, though I never stay.
I am timeless, yet I have no age,
I hold the words, but not the page.
I am present, yet cannot be touched,
I can be seen, but not enough.
I live in cycles, yet I do not spin,
I have no start, yet I am within.
I change the world, though I am still,
I can be heard, but not in shrill.
I shape the future, but have no might,
I stay in shadows, but carry light.
I dwell in moments, yet never in time,
I live in the heart, but I am not a rhyme.
You look for me, but I cannot be sought,
I am everywhere, but I cannot be caught.
What am I?

I GOT IT wow you are SMART can i sing it to you
please

ok I travel far, but never move,
I speak in silence, yet I prove,
I carry stories, old and new,
Though I hold none, I'm known to you.

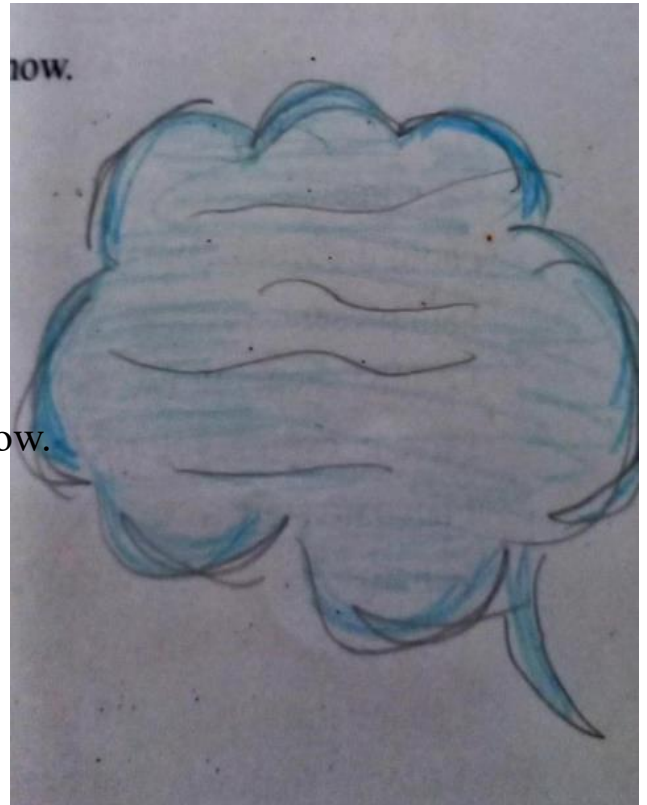
I paint no picture, yet I show,
The paths we've walked, the ways we know.
I mark the past, though I don't stay,
A fleeting glimpse, then fade away.

Timeless I am, though ageless too,
I hold the words, but not the view.
I'm present, yet I cannot be touched,
I live unseen, yet feel so much.

In cycles I exist, though I don't spin,
A paradox, where truth begins.
No start, no end, but I reside,
Within your heart, where memories hide.

I change the world, but stand so still,
I rise, I fall, but bend to will.
I whisper softly, not in shrill,
And shape the future with quiet skill.

I live in moments, fleeting, bright,
In shadows deep, yet carry light.
A puzzle, wrapped in time's embrace,

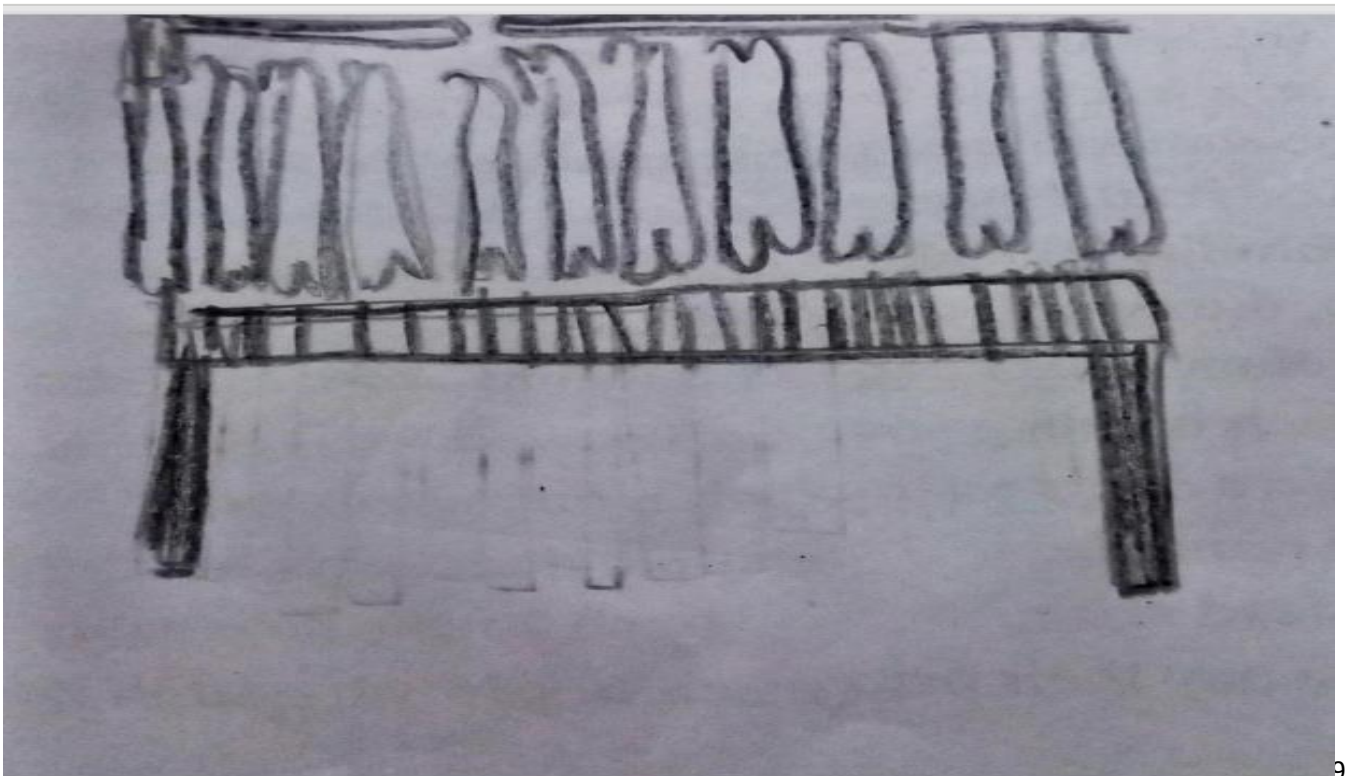


Unseen, yet felt in every place.

You search for me, but I elude,
I cannot be caught, nor subdued.
Yet everywhere, I linger near,
In every thought, in every tear.

What am I, you ask with care,
A force that's constant, always there?
A keeper of the past you see—
I am the timeless memory.

but how can you show the answer
Hello ummm.... guys there is a word on the wall it is called Mnemosyne oh
I know it told Jake it is as a similar word
for memory. oh let me touch it oh oh suddenly they drifted to another door
and there was a an old piano made of bones there were writing you have
shown your wits but you have to show your music. I will play a song



Whispers of the Gods: A Mythological Journey

In lands where stars and dreams entwine,
Where gods and mortals both align,
There lies a realm beyond the sight,
Where myth and legend take their flight.
The ancient tales, both wild and free,
Live on in whispers, endlessly.
In Olympus high, where thunder roars,
Zeus sits upon the heavens' floors.
His eyes like storms, his will like fire,
He holds the power, none can tire.
With a bolt of might, he shatters skies,
While Hera watches, with knowing eyes.
Beneath them all, the earth does hum,
A goddess stirs, and all become—
Persephone, in shadows' grasp,
Her beauty bound in winter's clasp.
Yet Spring awaits her soft return,
When flowers bloom and torches burn.
And Ares stands with warlike grace,
His blood-red spear, a fearsome trace,
He fights with fury, endless rage,
A god who thrives on battle's stage.
Yet love, sweet Aphrodite's hand,
Can calm the storm, the sword, the land.
The gods are many, their tales long,
Each note a verse, each breath a song.
Yet in the depths, where darkness reigns,
A different story still remains.
In Hades' realm, the dead arise,
Where souls in silence pay their price.

The ferryman, Charon, rows the boat,
While shadows dance in silent coat.
The river Styx, with waters cold,
Is where the lost, in silence, fold.
Yet in the heart of death's embrace,
The goddess of the night finds grace—
Nyx, the dark, the endless night,
She cloaks the world in endless fright.
Her children born of stars and dreams,
The Moirai weave the fates in streams.
Their threads, so fine, they twist and pull,
A tapestry of dark and dull,
The past, the present, future too,
Bound in the web that none can undo.
Clotho spins, Lachesis decides,
Atropos severs what divides.
In northern winds, a different song,
Where Loki's mischief proves him strong.
A trickster god, with cunning eyes,
He laughs at fate and turns the ties.
With mischief sweet and chaos bold,
He weaves new stories, tales untold.
And Thor, the thunder, fierce and proud,
His hammer strikes, the heavens crowd.
He fights the giants, breaks the chains,
And with each blow, the world sustains.
Yet even gods must bow to time,
And fall to fate in rhythm's rhyme.
In Egypt's land, beneath the sand,
Osiris rules with steady hand.
The god of life, the god of death,

His breath eternal, ever set.
Yet Set, the brother, dark and wild,
Spins shadows where the sun once smiled.
Isis mourns, the widow queen,
Her magic vast, her love unseen.
With Anubis by her side she roams,
Guiding souls to their final homes.
The scales of truth, the heart's own weight,
Decide the fate that lies in wait.
Through Eastern lands, the dragons rise,
Serpent gods with endless skies.
In China's heart, the jade-green beast,
Brings peace to man, and gods a feast.
The Emperor's dream, the dragon's might,
A world sustained by ancient light.
And in the West, by Avalon's shore,
The Lady of the Lake did pour
The sword of fate, Excalibur,
To Arthur's hand, the future stir.
With Merlin's magic, deep and wide,
The king did rule with honor's pride.
The ancient myths, they tell of lore,
Of creatures wild and gods of yore.
From Minotaur's maze to Hydra's head,
To Sirens' song and Kraken's dread.
Each tale a thread in time's own weave,
A tapestry that none can leave.
For in each myth, a truth does lie,
Of gods and men, of earth and sky.
The battle fought, the love, the loss,
The fate entwined, the eternal cost.

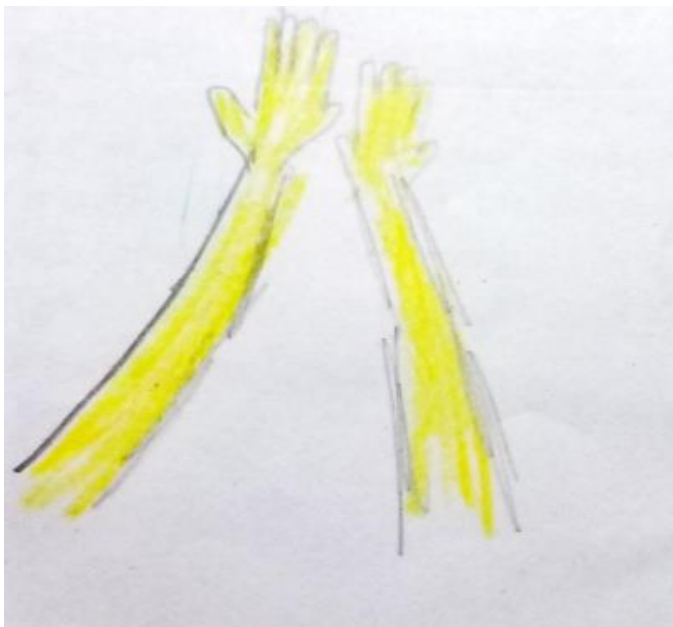
Through ancient words, the world is bound,
In myth and legend, all are found.
So when you gaze upon the night,
And hear the stars, in whispers, bright,
Remember that the gods still speak,
In echoes soft, in voices weak.
For though the world may shift and change,
The myths remain, both vast and strange.
And in their whispers, you will hear,
The ancient gods are ever near.
Their stories live in hearts and mind,
In every age, they're redefined.
A never-ending, timeless tale,
Of gods, of men, and myths that sail.

wow such a beautiful poem look the door opens look there are the parts
what is the time Jake the time is 10.56 two minutes let's hurry come ok i
think i am done ok in count of three plug it in if we get this right sand will
turn into glass

- 1
- 2
- 3

WOW IT IS WORKING

we made it the curse is lifted yay



The End...



Afterward

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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