

# THE MYSTERY OF TAJ MAHAL



Sanoli Rajapaksha

# THE MYSTERY OF TAJ MAHAL

Written & Arts  
by  
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**OTHER PUBLICATIONS OF THE AUTHOR**

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**MAHAMAYA GIRLS' COLLEGE- KANDY**

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# DEDICATION

*To my dearest Mamma & all other family members, for all the books bought and all the stories read, and taking me on all great adventures..!*



# 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.*

## CHAPTER 01

# How I found the mail.

Hi, good morning! (It's morning in Squirreland). My name is Ms. Abby. I'm a detective squirrel from Squirreland. I work in my office at the police department of Squirreland. I live in the north of Squirreland (Athuma). I keep my home hidden; I only work at my office.



But one day, I found a box in front of my house. I saw someone had left it there, but I couldn't catch who it was. I went inside and opened the box. Inside, there was a letter written with a pink pen. I read it, and it said, "Help me, I'm stuck."

I knew I had to help, but I couldn't tell where it was from. There was something else written, but I couldn't see it clearly. I took my magnifying glass and looked closely. Finally, I saw that it was from India.

But now I had another question: where in India?



## CHAPTER 02

# The same box

Ring... Ring... Oh, I have a call.

“Hi, Abby, it’s me, Mary. What are your plans today? I will go to the Sunday flea market today. Will you come?”

“Yes, I will, Mary. I will be ready at 10:00 a.m. because I have housework to do.”



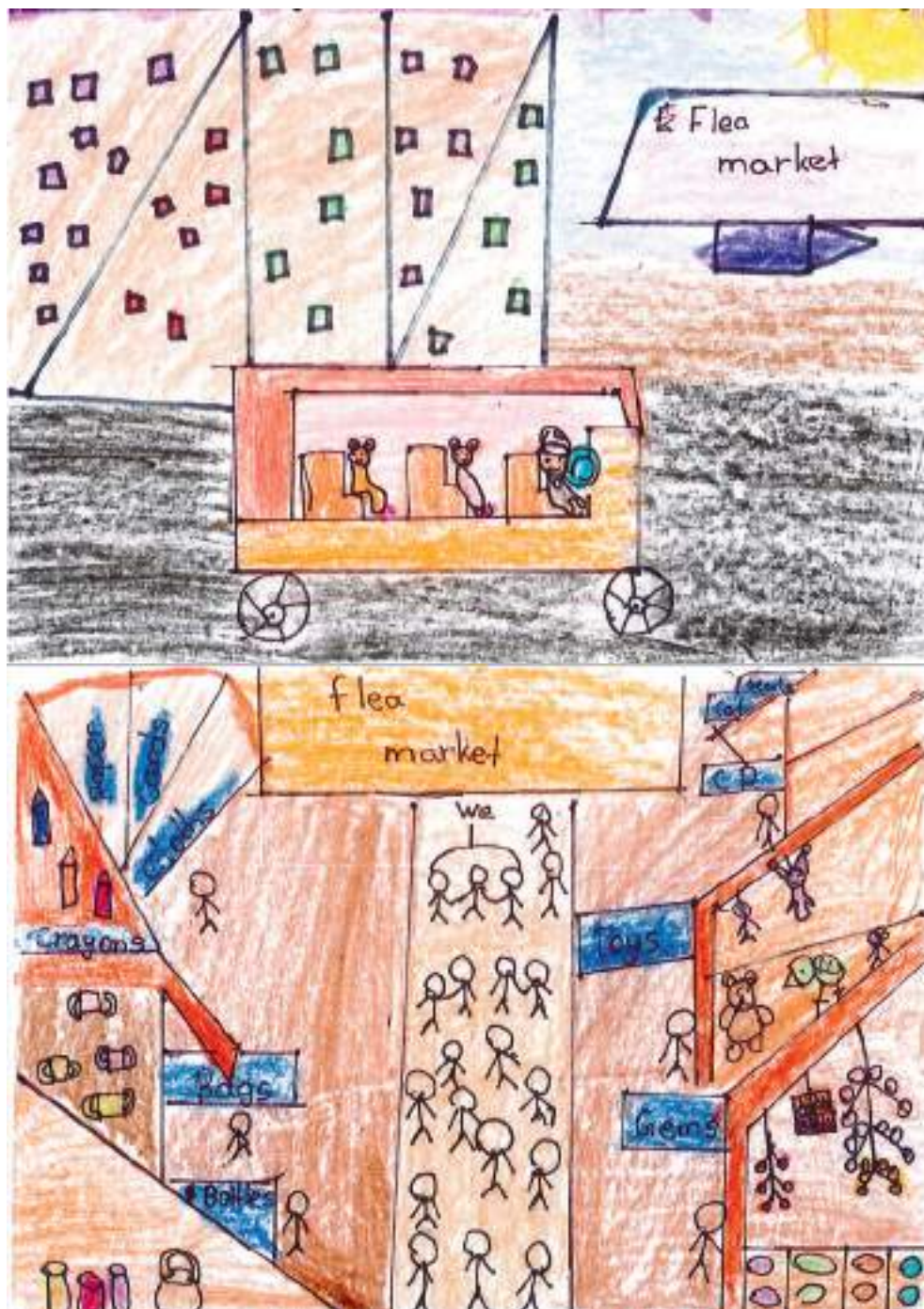
Then I started my work. I put up my laundry, then I washed myself and put on my clothes. After that, I ran to the kitchen. I cooked, then I ate a salad. At that time, it was 9:30 a.m. I ran and went to the garage. I started the truck, and I went to Mary's house. It was 10:00 a.m. I came right on time. That's what detectives do.



When I went to Mary's house, what a surprise! There was Lily. She had been in another land far away for many years. That land is called Ausqquirl. Lily is our best friend. We also have superpowers. Mine is solving mysteries. Mary's power is reading maps. Lily's power is her knowledge of world history.



As I saw her, I hugged her. Mary served us orange tea. After that, we went to the flea market. Do you know what a flea market is? It's a place where things that people used are for sale. We went into the flea market.



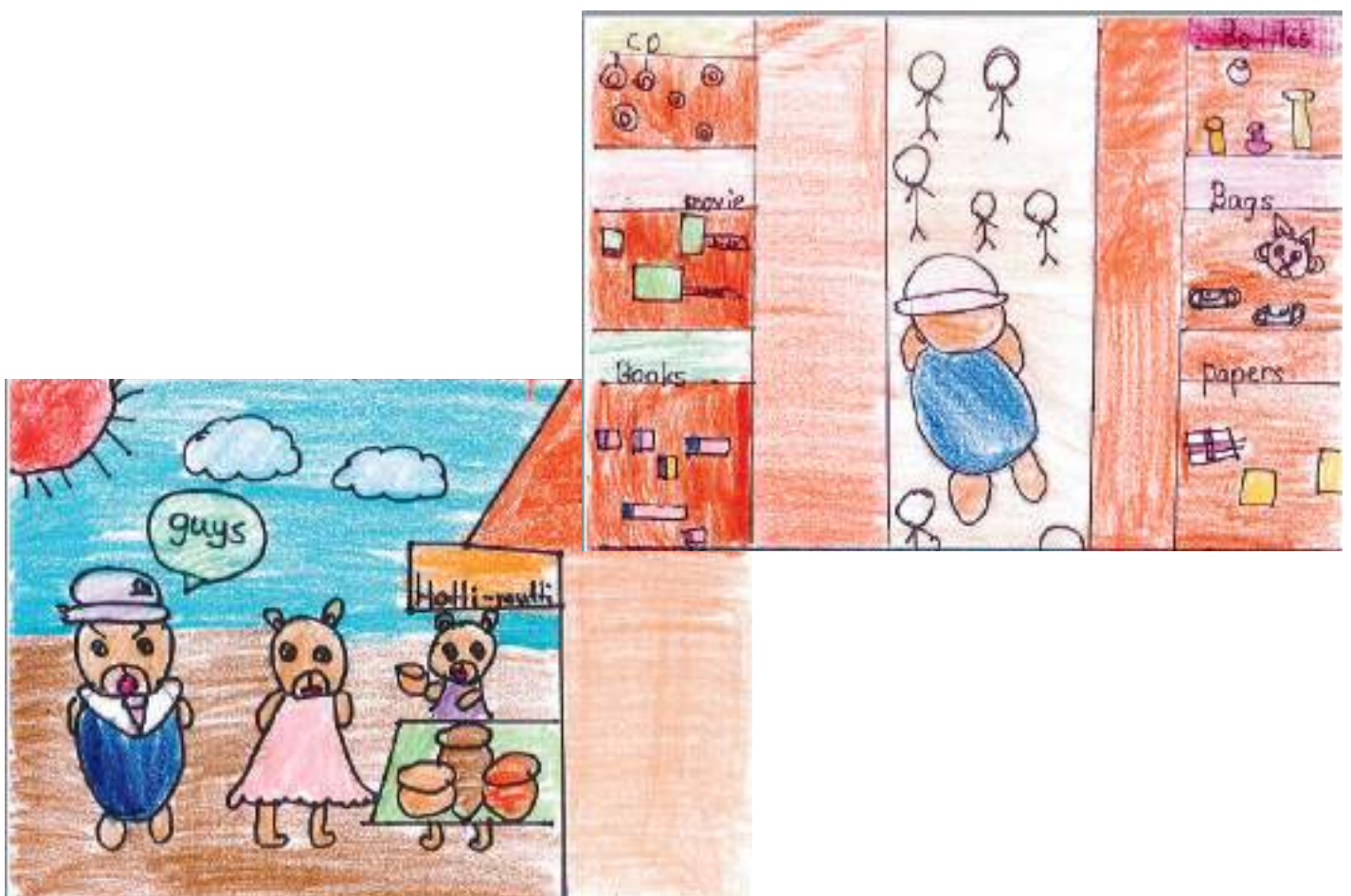
Then suddenly, I saw the box that was in front of my house. The same box. When I tapped my friend, I noticed that it wasn't my friend. It was an old doe—an angry old doe. I was scared. The old doe hit me with a cane (A doe is a female squirrel). I said I was sorry! Then I ran away.



I found my friends in the pot shop. They love pots. They had even written the shop's name as "Hatti Mutti." I was so displeased because I hate pots. I dragged Lily. But something was fishy. She had become fat.

I looked behind, and I was surprised. That Lily was dragging Mary too.

As we went to the box shop, I told her everything. Lily told me, "Let's just have fun and think about it at home."



## Hurray!! I found the first clue.

Lily and Mary went, but I stayed there because I was curious about that box. I asked the shopkeeper, “Where do you bring these boxes?” The shopkeeper told me that he did not know where these boxes came from, but he has a niece who brings them. “So, come at 8 p.m.” After that, we went shopping.



My least favorite place is the pot shop. Then we ate sandwiches and drank orange juice. After that, I went to the shop where the boxes were, but there was no one there.

I heard something. “Chiling Chiling!” I was surprised, and it made me shiver from head to toe and back again. There was someone—a squirrel that nobody knows. A squirrel that was thin and had a long tail. She said her name was Tasha. Well, Lily and Mary were a bit jealous. Tasha told me that the boxes are from Agra.



I was so happy that I found the first clue. She told me that her uncle is the shopkeeper and that he forgets everything. He has a list of people who bought his boxes. So, I went back to the shop with Tasha. I asked the shopkeeper, "Can you give me the list?" I checked the list, and then I saw my address. But there was a name that I didn't know. The name was Dula Watson. And there was no number like the others.



So, I searched on Google who this person was (in Squirreland, you can find any person). I saw that he was a famous thief. So, I reported this right away to the police.

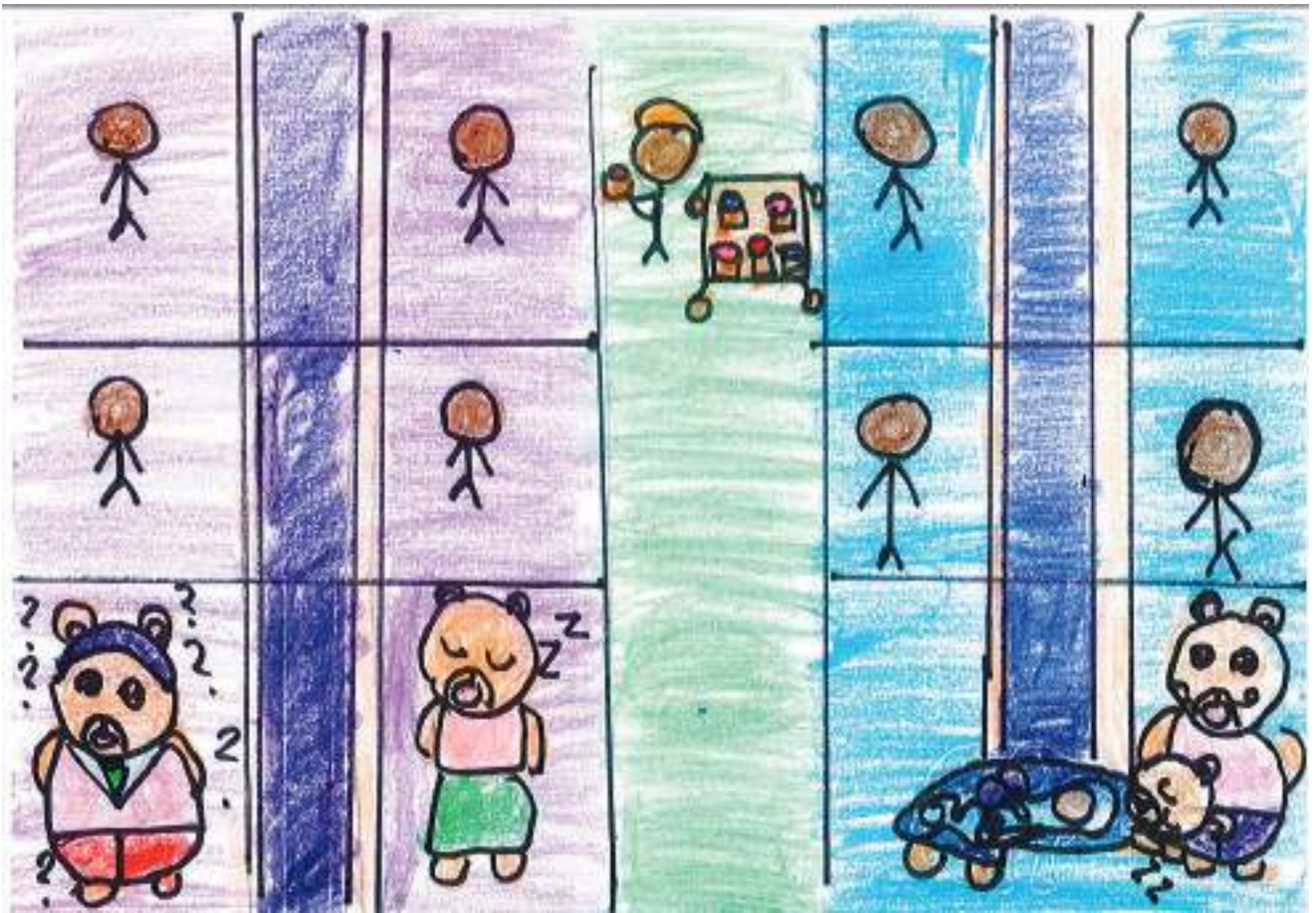
I took Lily and Mary to the airport to get tickets for our trip to India. (We have a 2-month official vacation every year, and we are free to do anything). So, I got three tickets. We couldn't get the nearest flight, but our flight would be in 6 days.



## Trip to India

Before the trip, I was at Mary's house with Lily and Mary. So, we packed everything. The next day, we went to the airport. We sat there until our plane came. We played Ludo a bit. After that, our plane came. Oh! I forgot to mention our plane was at 6 a.m., and we were very tired. We slept on the plane.

I had a nightmare and woke up scared. I saw a terrible scene after that—Mary was sleeping on a strange man's lap! I quickly tapped Lily and showed her that Mary was sleeping on a strange man's lap. Lily almost screamed, but I stopped her. I was in the window-side seat, and Lily was close to Mary. Lily quickly tapped Mary and whispered everything to her. The man said to Mary, "So, you love me!"



We had a little luck—the air hostesses announced that we had arrived in India. We ran to the door, but the air hostess said, “Wait a bit! When I announce you to go, you can go.” We went back to our seats, but this time Mary sat on Lily’s lap. After that, the air hostess lined us up, and we left the plane.

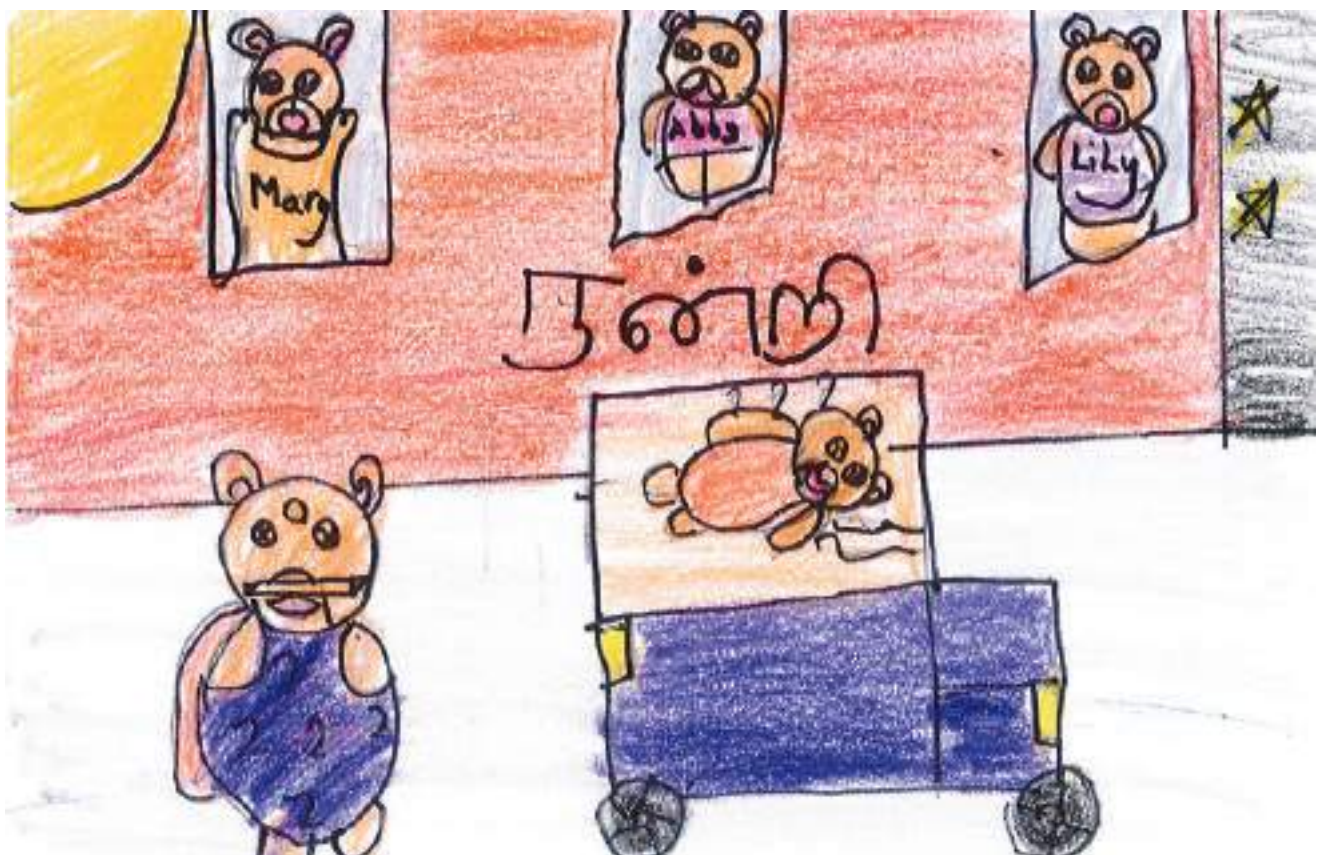
Well, we didn't go straight to the Taj Mahal because there weren't any tickets left. So, we went to Chennai, India. Chennai is close to Sri Lanka. We were beside Sri Lanka. We went on a "Tuk-Tuk" – a three-wheeled car. It was so fun. Mary said she was hungry, and I told her we could eat at our hotel.

After arriving at the hotel, we went straight to eat something. We checked the menu and saw that there was a new dish. We bought it. It was called "Dum Biryani." We ate it until our tummies were full, and we couldn't breathe.



We explored Chennai and then went back to the hotel. While we were sleeping, I woke up to the sound of drums. I peeked out the window and saw a parade going down the road. I woke up Lily and Mary to show them the parade, and they were scared to see people hanging by hooks from their bodies. But I told them that this was a ceremony by Tamil people to worship their gods.

After watching for a few minutes, we set off to catch the train to Agra.



## **Agra, the place to Taj Mahal**

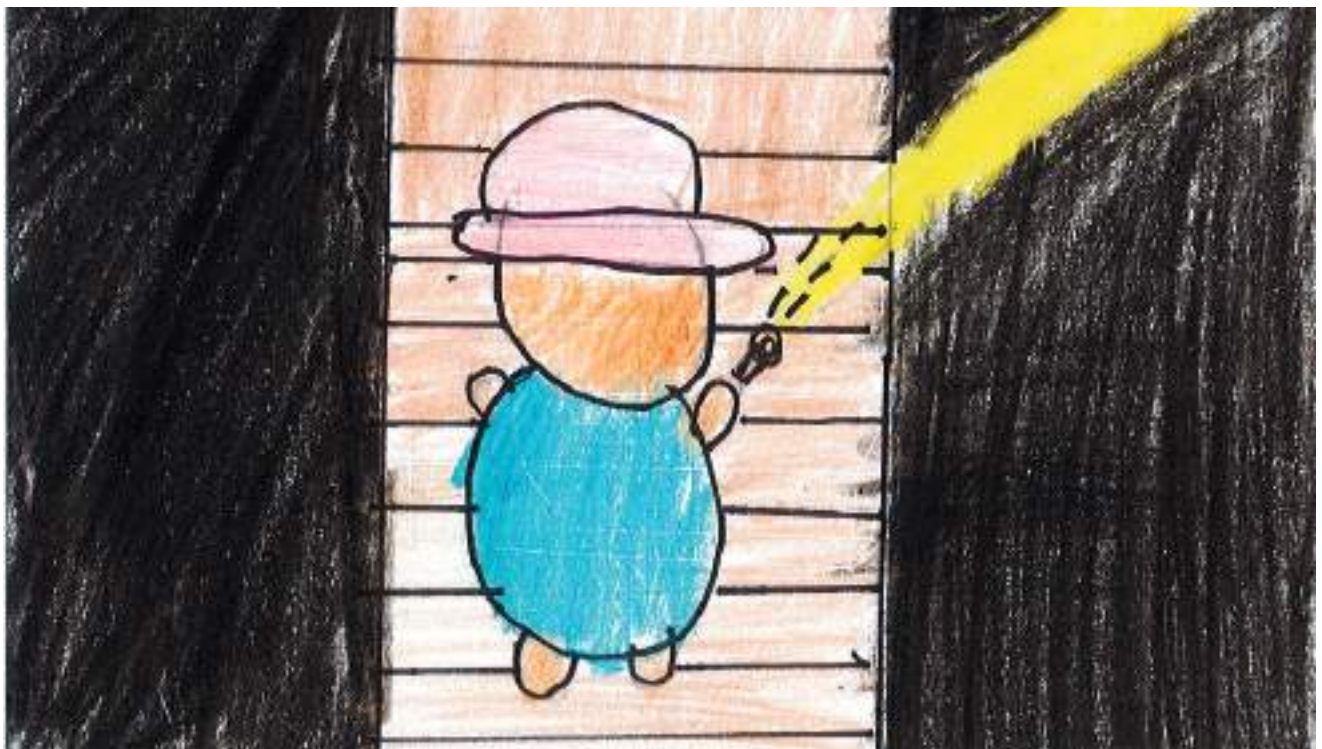
In the train, I found the second clue. The clue was on the seat, and it was a paper. It said the same thing as in the letter before, but this time it had a name: Makali Drasha. When I looked up, Lily and Mary were in a deep sleep. THE OLD LAZY BONES! I woke them and said, “You lazy squirrels,” but they went back to sleep. I looked out from the train window and enjoyed the trip alone. I had an Indian tea called Chai while enjoying the view.

When we arrived in Agra, it was 6 p.m. The full moon rose. It was a beautiful scene with the Taj Mahal. However, there was a light in the corner, which was unusual. I asked the waiter, “Can we go there now?” He replied, “NOooo!!”



We visited the Taj Mahal the next morning and took lots of pictures. The Taj Mahal was made with ivory-white marble. For decorative touches, they used jewelry. This was built by the fifth Mughal emperor for his wife, Mumtaz Mahal, to show his love. Both of their bodies were kept there.

While admiring the beauty of the Taj Mahal, I saw stairs at the corner of the main building. I asked the guide if I could go there. He said, "Yes." I went up and found a dark room.



I switched on the flashlight. Someone screamed! I was scared. A scream meant there was a GHOST! I realized I was shining the flashlight on my face, so I screamed too. Then I noticed a lady dressed in white clothing. I realized it was not a ghost but a person. She turned on the light and apologized for scaring me.



I asked her if she had written the letter I received anonymously. She nodded and said, "YES." Oh! She was Makali Drasha.



I asked, “WHY?” She started crying and said, “My beloved school. My aunt never lets me go to school, and I am hiding here.” I now understood why I saw the unusual light in that corner yesterday. I was surprised to hear this and asked, “WHY?”

She sobbed and said, “I am from a low caste and cannot continue my studies. I want to become an engineer one day and build amazing buildings like the Taj Mahal.” I felt sorry for her and asked how I could help. She mentioned meeting her aunt to convince her that becoming an engineer is a good job. She gave me her aunt’s address. I was sad but lent her my handkerchief and told her I would do something to rescue her.

I enjoyed the rest of the day with Lily and Mary. Lily told different stories about the Taj Mahal, and we visited some attractive places she mentioned.

Mary read the maps, and we three explored these places on our own.

The next morning, I found her aunt and said, “Let that little girl go to school.” She was astonished to see me and asked how I knew her niece. She told me she had been looking for her for months. I didn’t mention the hideout. I saw many pictures of a young girl with trophies. I asked her, “Is that you?” She said, “Yes, old memories. I was a famous Ludo gamer when I was young and had bright ideas. But I had to work in my father’s shop to make jewelry boxes unique to Agra. We needed money to live, so I asked Makali to work with me instead of going to school.”



I told Makali's aunt, "I'll play Ludo if you let your niece go to school."

She replied, "Okay, but if you don't win, you'll pay me a lot of money. If you win, I will allow Makali to continue her studies and become an engineer." I said, "OK."



## The Game Day

Makali's aunt arranged a place for the Ludo game, and I was shocked to see she had invited many friends. My feet felt cold because I was afraid of Makali's aunt. But Mary and Lily said, "YOU CAN DO IT!" I went to our room with courage, but the problem was I didn't know how to play Ludo. Luckily, Mary did. Mary and Lily, knowing my weaknesses, hurried to my room and taught me some genius Ludo strategies.



We three went to the gaming place, and I sat opposite Makali's aunt. Ludo can be played by two or four players. Mary and Lily were in the audience to cheer me on. When Mary lifted her head, she was surprised to see the man she had slept on during the plane sitting opposite her. He showed Mary a sign saying, "MY LOVE." She couldn't say anything, as the game had started.

Both Makali's aunt and I played very well. At last, I heard, "Ms. Abby is the WINNER!" I was very happy, and Makali's aunt said, "You are a genius! I will send my niece back to school and support her to become an engineer."



Before I could say "Thank You," I heard someone shouting, "Hurray... Hurray... I won!" I looked back and saw Makali disguised as a man. I waved at her to meet her aunt. Everyone was happy, and Makali hugged her aunt.

Surprisingly, the man ran toward Mary and tried to hug her. Quickly, Mary said, "I am very sorry, sir! I don't love you. I am from Squirrel town." He replied, "Oh... then I can't marry you."

I came to find a beautiful Indian girl to marry.” Then he turned to Makali’s aunt and asked, “You, young lady, would you like to marry me if you are Indian?”

Makali’s aunt happily said, “YES,” and they kissed.

Makali’s aunt turned to us and said, “Oh! I forgot to introduce myself. I am Shashi Verma. Thank you, Abby, and your friends for supporting my niece and giving her the freedom to learn. Abby, you are a courageous and brave lady. Agra is a place for lovers, and I am blessed to have met my future husband here. For Makali’s luck, her future uncle is very rich, and he promised to take care of Shashi and Makali very well.”

Shashi gave us the jewelry boxes made in her shop as gifts for me, Lily, and Mary. They invited us to stay for their wedding, but we had to leave for Squirrel town because our vacation was ending soon.

Makali helped us pack our belongings, and we set off for Agra airport. Makali hugged me and said, “THANK YOU! I’ll never forget you. You are my hero! I will write to you.” Makali’s future uncle, Thompson, shook our hands and gave us gifts.

He gave me a foldable tiny pocket notebook to write notes about my detective work. For Lily, he gave an expensive book on Indian culture and historical places. For Mary, he gave a map with mysterious symbols. He said, “This is your next adventure. You three can solve this mystery in your next vacation.”

Mary, Lily, and I waved goodbye to Makali, Shashi, and Thompson and boarded the plane.



## **Back to Home**

We returned home safely from our journey. We were all tired and went to our homes. I was very happy to have helped that poor little girl achieve her dreams. We will prepare for our next journey to explore the map Thompson gave us.

Well! I hope you enjoyed my journey too. If you have any problems to solve, please contact me. My home address is 2885 AB, Matoba, Athuma, Squirreland. And my office address is 2999 BA, Matoba, Athuma, Squirreland.



**The End !**

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# 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*