



# **THE LIFE OF A CHOCOLATE CAKE**



**Adarshna Gajendra**

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Author

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# **THE LIFE OF A CHOCOLATE CAKE**

This wonderful book is a tribute to all my loving teachers, my dear parents and my family.

*Adarshna Gajendra*

## 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.

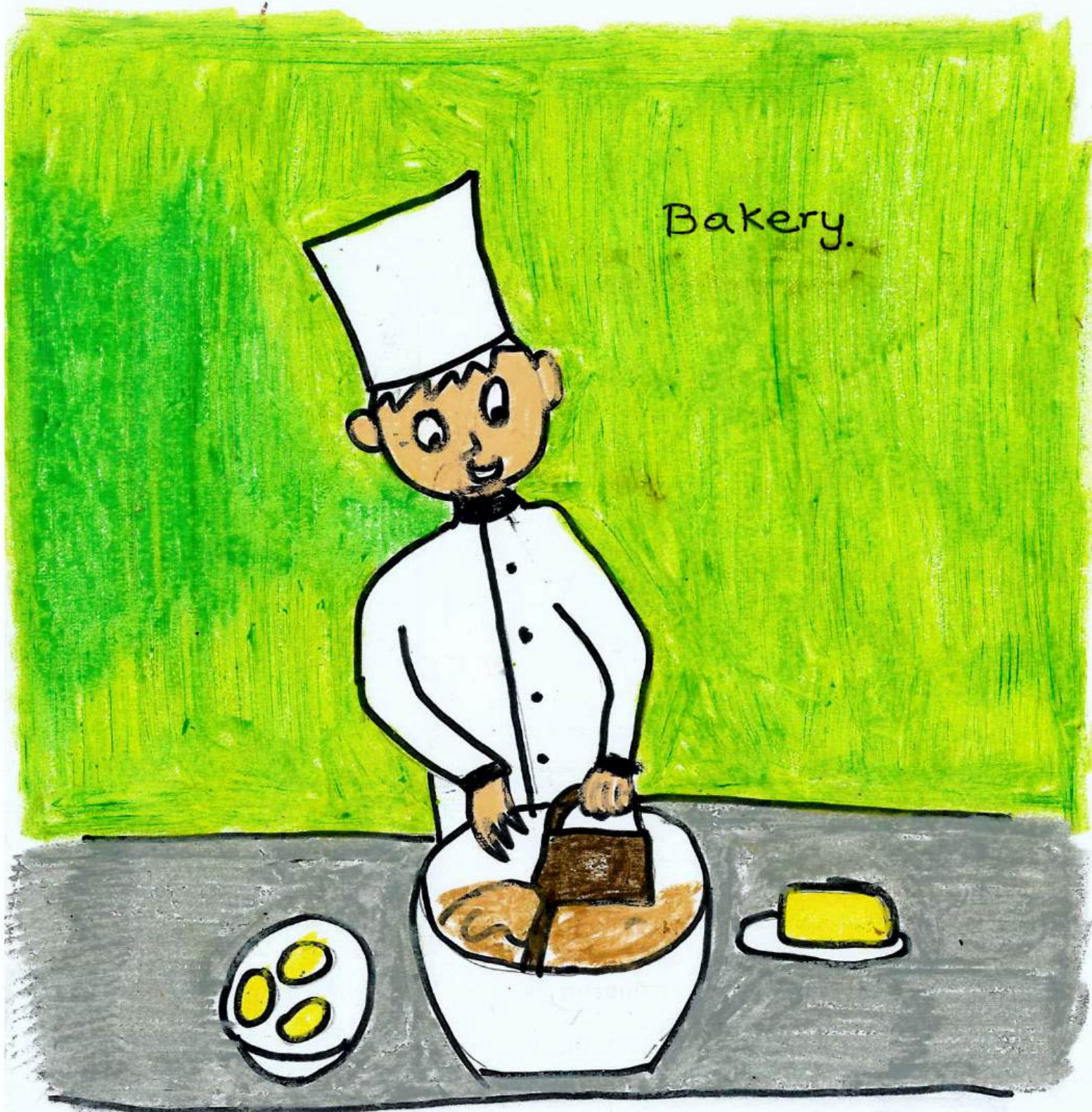
It is a matter of pride for me as the principal to lead the way in bringing about a qualitative change in the education of schools and Pirivena education through this academic and religious service, and it is also an achievement for the school.

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.

I was made in the kitchen of a bakery.  
The baker made me with flour, chocolate  
powder, butter, eggs, milk and a lot of  
essences .



Now I'm with a chocolate base, three layers of cake sandwiched with chocolate icing. I'm covered with a beautiful rainbow icing around me. The baker decorated me with a unicorn on top and finished with beautiful and colourful sprinkles. An edible sticker saying , "Happy birthday" was placed on side . So, I became a birthday cake and was sent to the desert shop .



The desert section of the bakery had white painted walls with beautiful pictures of old city of kandy hanging on them. Rich, poor, young, old and many kinds of people visited the shop.

I was watching them all through the showcase glass. I could see happy and sad people eating, drinking, talking and taking away food.

The waiters were busy serving their customers. I could see the cars, vans , buses and other vehicles moving on the road. Everyone was looking at me through the glass. I knew that I was the most beautiful cake in the desert section. I was very proud of my self.

# Dessert Corner



Bakery



A man wearing a blue pants and a white shirt came in and asked for a birthday cake . In a while, the seller took me out of the showcase.

I was the birthday cake he had asked for. Suddenly I was put in a red colour card board box which nicely fitted me in. I was too frightened when he closed the lid as it was dark all over. I could not see anything . I could hardly breathe.

I only heard noises of road vehicles.  
I understood that I was on a bike.  
I thought that I would be crumbled  
into pieces . After a long bumpy ride  
I arrived at a much quiet place  
and it was a house.

Happy Birthday.



I was kept on a table. I heard many voices . It sounded to be a birthday party. Everyone was chit chatting and laughing . I could hear the sounds of dishes, glasses, spoons, light music and also smelled yummy food.

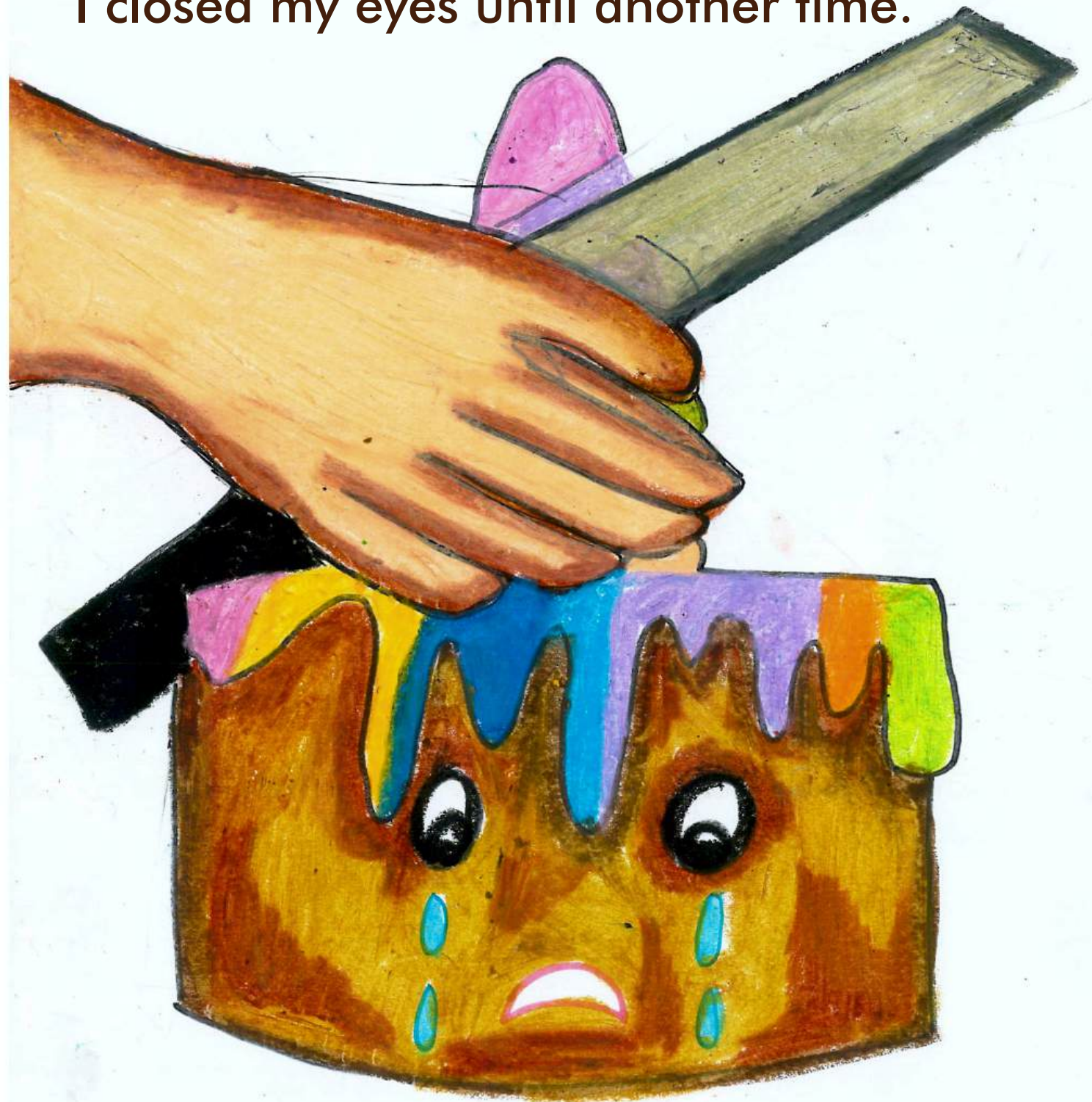
Then, it was the time to see the cake. They opened the box. I felt much relieved after being in the dark for such a long time. There was a girl wearing a beautiful pink dress decorated with pink ribbon and pebbles. Her hair was neatly combed and tied with a ribbon which perfectly matched with the frock. She looked elegant with silver shoes. She's the prettiest girl I've ever seen. Her eyes were covered with a cloth tied around her head.



The man who brought me seemed to be her father. He untied her eyes. She looked at me surprised . I was too proud of my self.

I realized that it was the girl's birthday. After some time, they started to celebrate the party. I watched them singing the "birthday song". I enjoyed the beautiful lights all around.

I was happy and well until suddenly they started to cut me. At that moment I felt the most unbearable pain of my life. In no time, I was cut in to many small pieces and was served to everyone . I was eaten a bit by bit and I felt dizzy. I closed my eyes until another time.



## 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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