

*Whispers
of
words*



by
Tharuki Hesara Meegahagedara



*Whispers
of
words*

*by
Tharuki Hesara Meegahagedara*

Whispers of words

Tharuki Hesara Meegahagedara

Grade 7

Mahamaya Girls' College Kandy

Other Books by the author

Samagikama 2019

ISBN: 978-624-208-671-22024



This poem book is dedicated to

my Alma Mater

mother mahamaya

Preface

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.



Content

Mother's love	1
Flowers	2
The Butterfly	3
My little toy dog	4
Grand father's shop	5
A kind old women next door	6
Christmas cheer	7
The snowman	8
The squirrel	9
Cupcake	10
The blind man on the street	11
The Chess game	12

Mother's Love

My mother is kind, gentle, and sweet,
She makes my life feel so complete.
With loving arms, she holds me tight,
And makes everything feel just right.

When I did wrong, no harsh words came,
You taught me with love, gentle and tame.
You showed me lessons, kind and true,
I wish all kids could have a mom like you.

Her love is endless, pure, and bright,
I cherish her with all my might.
I'll love her deeply, till the end of time,
My dear mother, forever you'll be mine.



Flowers

I saw some colourful
Thing in the garden
I ask from mother
And mother said,
It's a flower

It 's smell make me happy
And pretty petals make me sleepy
They talk something with bees
Feeding honey for butterflies

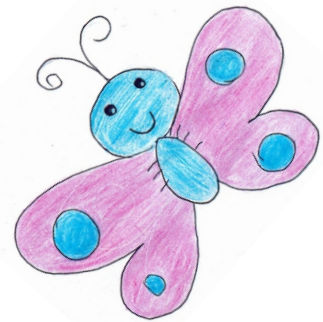
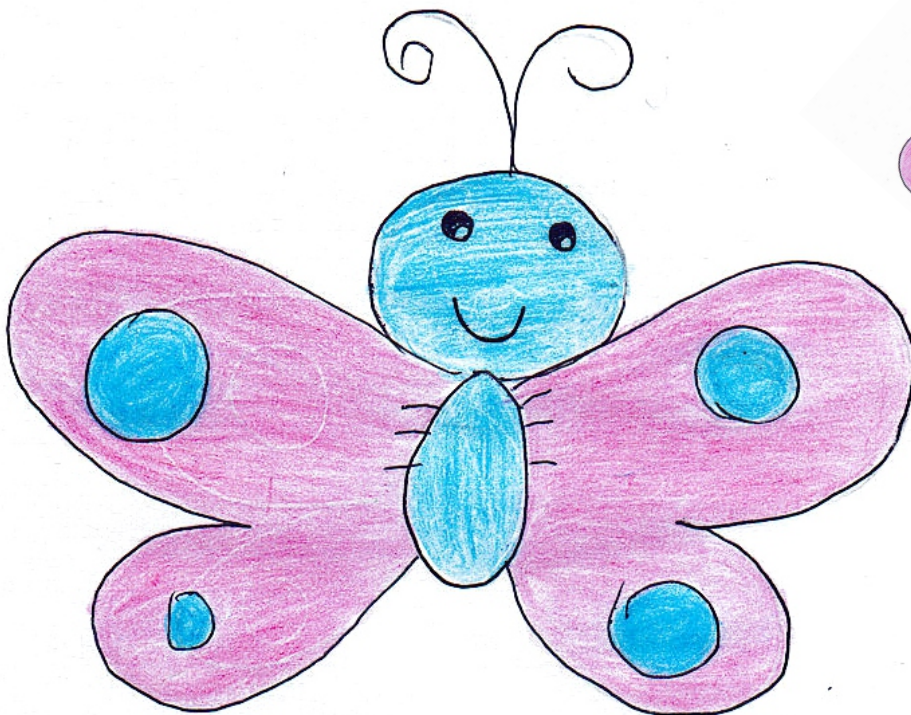
I like their kindness
I like their helpfulness
but the moon came ,oh no they are gone
Oh Mr Sun please come
I want to meet you all again .



The Butterfly

A butterfly is flying through the air,
With colors bright and wings so fair.
It dances softly in the sun,
A tiny creature, full of fun.

It flies from flower to flower, bringing joy every hour
So lovely and gentle, so full of cheer,
I love the butterfly, it's so dear



My Little Toy Dog

My little toy dog, soft and small,
No bark, no bite, no noise at all.
With floppy ears and a button nose,
You're my best friend wherever I go.

At bedtime, you cuddle tight,
Chasing dreams through the night.
By day, you sit on my bed,
A quiet buddy I love and have.

No need for walks or food to eat,
You're always here, quiet and neat.
Oh little toy dog, you make me happy,
A friend forever, always near me.



Grand Father's Shop

Grandpa had a little shop,
Where he sold betel with a smile,
He'd wave and smile, so full of light,
Selling betel from morning to night.

He loved me dearly, with all his might,
And held my hand, so warm and bright.
Though he's gone, his love will stay,
In every song, in every day.

I miss his shop, his gentle care,
But in my heart, he's always there.
He's gone to heaven, I know it's true,
Because he was humble, kind, and knew.

A kind old women next door

There's Grandma, I see each day,
She smiles and waves as I run and play.
Her hair is gray, her hands are small,
But her heart is the biggest of all.

Her house is tiny, with a little brown door,
But she's always kind and asks for no more.
Her pockets are empty, but her love is full,
She gives me stories and treats that are wonderful.

She's not a family member, but she's dear to me,
A friend with a smile, as bright as can be.
No riches, no gold, but a heart full of cheer,
That's the Grandma next door, I hold so dear.

When I was small, I thought she was my real grandma,
Because she's so dear to me, in every way.
I wish she could be my real grandma in my next birth,
Her love and kindness forever would stay.



Christmas cheer

Christmas is a time for fun,
For every girl and every one.
Lights are twinkling, trees so bright,
Filling hearts with pure delight.

Stockings hung and cookies baked,
Songs of love and hope are played.
Santa's sleigh flies in the sky,
Bringing gifts as he zooms by.

Snowflakes fall, the world is white,
Homes are bright with lots of light.
Gifts from Santa on this day,
Everyone is happy, hooray!



The snowman

I built a snowman, big and smart,
With a carrot nose and buttons to start.
He wore my mother's scarf,
And a top hat that gave him a youthful

His coat was made of snow so white,
With snowflakes sparkling in the light.
He had mittens on his hands,
And boots made of snow and sand.

He smiled at me, so cold and still,
Standing proudly on the hill.
Though the sun might melt him soon,
It was a beautiful dream, making my snowman bloom.



The squirrel

The little squirrel comes in the morning,
I feed him rice every day without warning.
My mother's dear friend, in every way,
A lovely squirrel, so innocent and gay.

If we forget to give him his treat,
He runs around, with tiny feet.
He screams and scurries, reminding us,
That he's part of the family, just like us.



Cupcake

My favorite cake,
How beautiful you are.
Sometimes you come as a flower,
Sometimes as a choco pie.

My mother makes yummy cupcakes for me,
A delightful treat, just as I expect.
Chocolate and vanilla, with different flavors,
Such tasty food, I really love.



The blind man on the street

I saw a man sitting on the street,
He looked so sad and felt the heat.
I gave him a sandwich, hoping he'd smile,
But he stayed quiet, for a while.

Every day he sat, so still and cold,
No smile, no words, it made me feel bold.
I wondered why, it made me feel bad,
Why didn't he smile? I was so sad.

One day I went with a treat to share,
Hoping he'd smile and show he cared.
But then I saw, with a little surprise,
He couldn't see, he had no eyes.

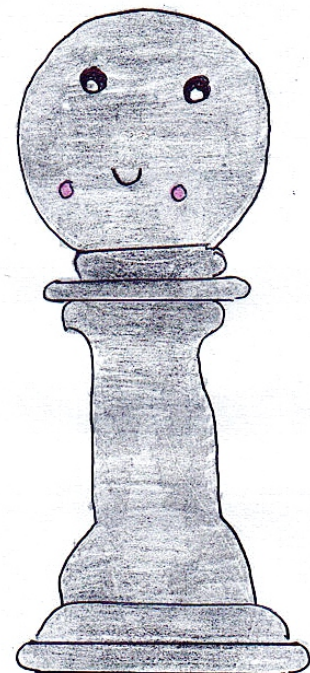
Now I know, the lesson is clear,
Kindness and love are always near.
Even if someone doesn't smile,
We should be kind, all the while.

The Chess game

On a board of black and white,
Kings and queens are set to fight.
Knights jump high, bishops slide,
Rooks are firm, pawns in line.

The queen moves fast, the king moves slow,
Each turn decides how the game will go.
"Check" and "checkmate" end the play,
We think and play along the way.

A game of skill, a game of mind,
What a wonderful game I have found.
Win or lose, it's all okay,
Pieces talk to me when I play.



Whispers of words

Tharuki Hesara Meegahagedara
Grade 7
Mahamaya Girls' College Kandy



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