



Windy



Dewki Sasenya Wickramasinghe



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This book is dedicated to  
my loving parents and  
to my beloved teachers



## 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 there was a lovely butterfly family in a beautiful garden.

In their family, there were mother butterfly, father butterfly, a sister butterfly named Silkey and a little baby butterfly named Windy.



One sunny morning, the mother and the father flew to find flower nectar.

When the parents gone away the baby butterfly said, "mother is not getting what I like."

So, the sister butterfly asked "What do you like to have?"

"I like to have blue berry flower nectar" said Windy and he set off to find some blue berry flower nectar.

"I think Windy will fall in to some trouble. Every time he gets in to troubles when he goes out."

"I will have to go and find him. Can somebody come with me?" asked Silkey.

There was a butterfly named Laala.

“I will come with you,” said Laala.

“Ok. Come with me” Silkey said.

The two butterflies set off to find Windy.

Silky flew far with her friend, but she couldn't find her little brother.



While Windy was flying, he saw some blue berry flower bush.

He was very happy.

So, he flew quickly to the bush and drank nectar.

There was a boy hiding behind that blue berry bush.

The boy was holding a trap net.

When Windy was drinking flower nectar, the boy slowly came near the butterfly and caught that poor baby butterfly.



Windy shouted, "Let me out..... Let me out.....".

But the boy couldn't hear the butterfly.

When Silkey and Laala were searching for Windy, they heard Windy's cry.

Then they found that Windy trapped in a net.

Windy saw his sister was looking for him.

So, he shouted to his sister.

“Hey, come... help me to get out from here.”

They quickly came to Windy like a rocket, to help their little brother.

The two friends tried to break the net.

But they didn't have enough strength to break it.

It was too hard.

So, they flew up to the boy's head and tickled the boy.

The boy laughed and looked up.

Then he saw another two butterflies.

He tried to catch the two butterflies.

When the boy lifting the net to catch them,  
Windy quickly got out of the net.

When Windy was flew away, the other two  
butterflies were about to trap.

But Silky and Laala tricked the boy and  
escaped safely.



When all three butterflies heading to their house, they met their parents.

“What happened?” asked the mother butterfly.

Windy said what happened to him.

Mother butterfly scolded Windy.

“I am sorry mother” said Windy.



“You always say sorry, but you do the same mistake over and over again.

So today we have to punish you”  
said the father butterfly.

“Oh! father, I am not doing it any more.  
Please forgive me. Today I learnt a lesson”  
said Windy.



Mother asked Windy to thank Silky and Laala for saving him.

And she gave a bottle of flower nectar for Silky and Laala as a reward.

“Thank you Silky, thank you Laala for saving my life” said Windy and he hugged his sisters.

Then they lived happily ever after.

-- The End --



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