

DESTINY AWAKENED

BY THE BEST FRIENDS



Vidarshani Lavanya Udugama

Destiny Awakened

Author Vidarshani Lavanya Udugama

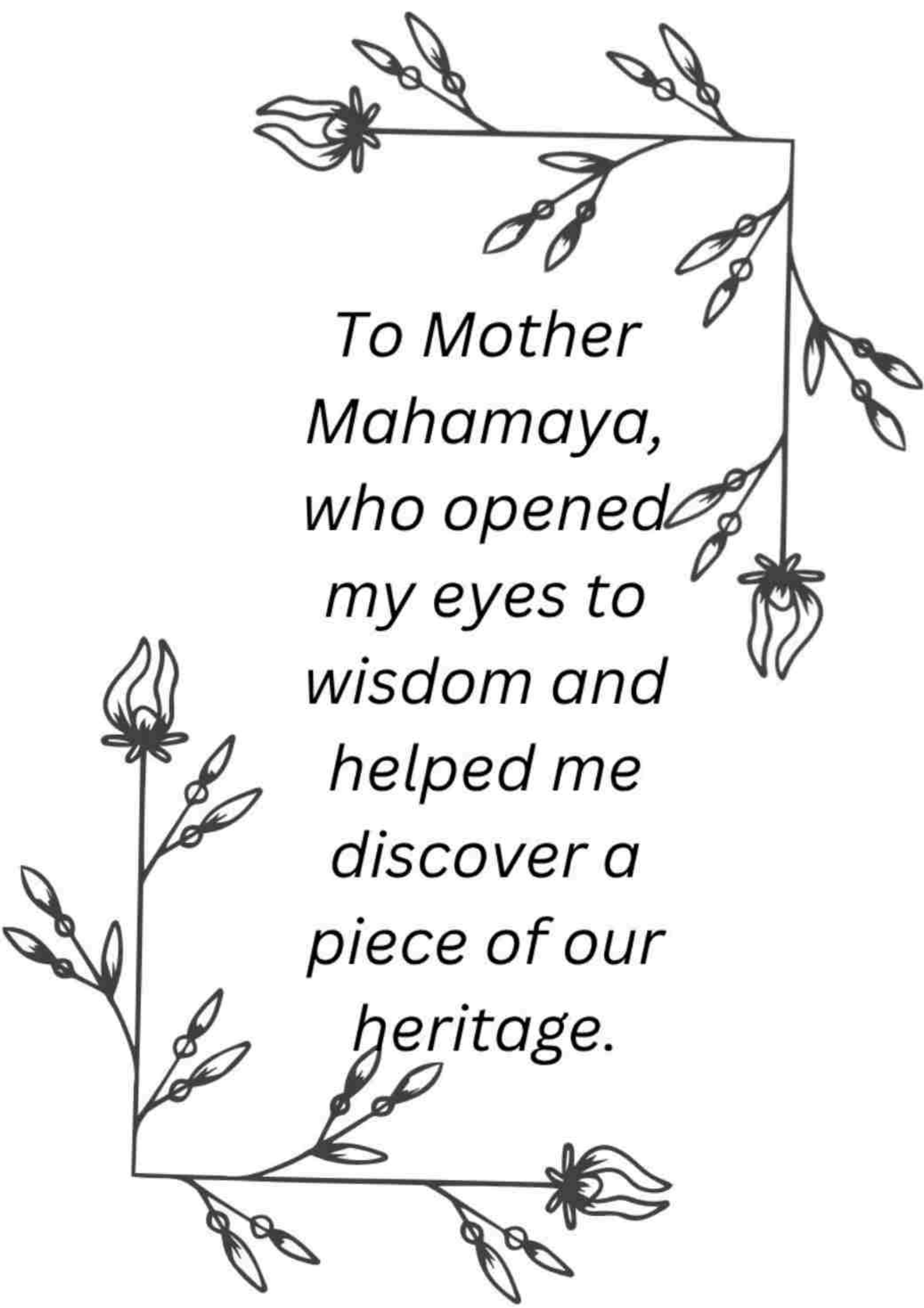
Mahamaya Girl's collage Kandy

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2026.05.10

ISBN : 978-624-211-368-5

Dedication



*To Mother
Mahamaya,
who opened
my eyes to
wisdom and
helped me
discover a
piece of our
heritage.*



Foreword

In an increasingly complex global future, the "Hemamala Upahara" book project, led by Mahamaya Girls' College, stands as a turning point in girls' education. Over a decade, it has successfully nurtured thousands of children to become young authors.

This year, by collaborating with other schools, we aimed to provide students with a wealth of new experiences. The goal was to develop multi-faceted skills, including communication, values, and creative growth. As a result, children have written books that pay tribute to Princess Hemamala, who brought the Sacred Tooth Relic—the supreme symbol of the Buddhist world—to the Hill Country (Kandy).

I extend my gratitude to everyone involved, including the students who contributed their creativity and the teachers who guided them.

Shashikala Senadhira

Principal

Mahamaya Girls' College

Congratulatory Message

It is a great honor for me, as the Governor of the Central Province, to send a congratulatory message for the launch of the books created through the Hemamala Tribute Book Creation Project initiated by Mahamaya Girls' College, Kandy.

Education is the fundamental foundation for the progress of society, and it is further strengthened through books and literary creations. It is clearly commendable that students' talents, creativity, and intellectual abilities are emerging through projects such as this.

I believe that this book creation project will provide valuable knowledge and a precious literary contribution not only to the students but to the entire society. Furthermore, I hope that through such efforts, future writers who will bring pride to Sri Lanka will emerge.

I extend my heartfelt appreciation and blessings to the Principal, the academic staff, the students, and everyone involved who dedicated themselves to this successful endeavor. I wish this project and the book launch ceremony great success.

Sarath B.S. Abeykoon

Governor, Central Province

Emeritus Professor, University of Peradeniya

2026-05-10

Congratulatory Message

I highly appreciate the noble and outstanding effort of the Principal and the academic staff of Mahamaya Girls' College, Kandy, the student daughters, the students of other participating schools, and everyone who dedicated themselves to plan and implement this book publication project. The project was organized under the leadership of Mahamaya Girls' College, Kandy, with the participation of other schools in the Kandy Zone, with the aim of encouraging children toward book creation within the current school system, as a tribute to Hemamala Kumariya who brought the Sacred Tooth Relic to Sri Lanka.

For several decades, Sri Lanka has been committed to providing free, compulsory, quality, and equitable education to all children, thereby producing a future generation of intelligent and skilled citizens. In such a context, this book creation program for school children helps develop creative ability, critical thinking, and other positive qualities for a balanced and well-rounded personality, and contributes to building a future knowledge-based society.

May all activities of the Hemamala Tribute Book Creation Project be successful through the blessings of the Sacred Tooth Relic.

Pradeep Nilanga Dela

Diyawadana Nilame,

Sri Dalada Maligawa.

2026.05.10.

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Chapter One – Ice Cream & Sparks

The sun was warm and golden, spilling across the streets as two best friends, Kiyana and Hesal , strolled side by side. Their laughter echoed between the shops, light and carefree, as if the whole world had decided to pause just for them. Each held a dripping cone of ice cream Kiyana's favorite chocolate swirl, Hesal's bright strawberry scoop. It was their ritual: whenever they felt uncomfortable, they escaped together for a “day out”

They found a bench near the park fountain, the water glittering like scattered diamonds. Just as Kiyana lifted her cone for another bite, a boy rushed past, careless and clumsy. His shoulder brushed against her, and for a moment it seemed she would fallen backward. But Hesals's hand shot out, pulling her friend upright before she fell off. Their eyes met, wide with shock, then dissolved into relieved giggles.

The boy, however, “Watch where you’re going,” he muttered, though it was clear he had been the one at fault. Something inside Kiyana flared , an instinctive spark of defiance. Without hesitation, she slammed her melting ice cream straight into his face. Chocolate across his nose and cheeks, dripping down like sticky paint. The boy staggered back, while the girls burst into uncontrollable laughter. It was bold, mischievous, and perfectly them.

Yet, as the laughter faded, Kiyana noticed something unsettling. Across the street, a figure stood watching. A girl dressed in black, her hair cut in a sharp wolf style that framed her pale face. Silver cristal pendent dangled from her jacket, glinting ominously in the sunlight. Her eyes locked onto Maya and Nethmi with a cold intensity, and for a moment the air itself seemed heavier.

Hesal shivered. “Did you see her?” she whispered. Kiyana nodded, her playful grin fading. The stranger’s presence was more than coincidence—it felt like the beginning of something larger, something dangerous. Though neither of them understood it yet, this was the first ripple of a story that would carry them far beyond ice cream cones and laughter. A story of powers hidden deep within, of friendship tested, and of an enemy cloaked in shadows.

The day out had started with sweetness, but destiny had already begun to stir.

Chapter Two – Shadows in the Park

The laughter from the ice cream incident still lingered in the air, but Kiyana and Hesal couldn't believe the image of the mysterious girl in black. As they walked deeper into the park, the fountain's cheerful spray seemed quieter, the chatter of children fading into an uneasy silence. Every step felt heavier.

“Do you think she was just... watching?” Hesal asked, her voice low.

Kiyana was still unsure. “No. It felt like she was waiting. For us.”

The path curved beneath tall trees. Suddenly, a gust of wind tore through the park, strong enough to scatter leaves and send their hair whipping across their faces. The girls froze. At the far end of

the path, the girl dressed in black appeared again ... closer this time.

She raised her hand. The fountain behind them erupted, water twisting unnaturally into the air, forming shapes that shimmered like claws. The cheerful park had transformed into something unnatural, dangerous. Kiyana's heart pounded. Kiyana grabbed her wrist, pulling her back, but the stranger's voice carried across the wind.

"You don't belong here," she said, her tone was strange . "The power you carry... it should have been mine."

The girls exchanged a look Power? What power? They were just ordinary friends . But as the fountain's water surged higher, droplets splashed against Kiyana's face, and something inside her stirred. A warmth, a spark, as though the water itself recognized her. Hesal felt it too, a sudden 5

rush of energy coursing through her veins, making her fingertips tingle.

The stranger's eyes narrowed. "You'll learn soon enough. And when you do, I'll be waiting."

With a final flick of her hand, the fountain collapsed back into silence, water spilling harmlessly onto the stones. The girl in black turned and vanished into the trees, leaving only the echo of her words behind. Kiyana and Hesal stood frozen, breathless, their ice creams forgotten.

"What was that?" Hasal whispered.

Kiyana shook her head, though her eyes burned with determination. "I don't know. But I think... we're about to find out."

The day that had begun with sweetness and laughter had now cracked open into mystery. Something had awakened inside them, something powerful. And though they didn't yet understand it, they knew this was only the beginning.

Chapter Three – Strange Whispers

The next morning felt ordinary at first. Kiyana woke to the sound of birds outside her window, sunlight spilling across her desk where notebooks and pens lay scattered. She stretched, trying to shake off the unease of yesterday's encounter in the park. But deep down, she knew something had changed.

At school, Hesal was waiting by the gate, her usual bright smile hiding a flicker of nervousness. "Did you sleep?" she asked.

"Barely," Kiyana admitted. "I kept thinking about what she said. Power... what did she mean?"

They walked together through the crowded hallways, but the world around them seemed different. Every sound sharper, every color brighter. When Kiyana brushed her hand against a locker, she felt a faint vibration, as though the metal itself was alive. Hesal noticed it too her

fingertips tingled when she touched the classroom door, a spark that made her pull back in surprise.

During science class, the strangeness grew. Kiyana stared at a glass of water on her desk, and without meaning to, the surface rippled. No one else noticed, but Hesal's eyes widened. She leaned closer. "Did you see that?" she whispered. Kiyana nodded, her heart racing.

Later, in the playground, Hesal dropped her pencil. As she bent to pick it up, the wind seemed to shift unnaturally, swirling around her, lifting the pencil into her hand before she even touched it. She froze, staring at Kiyana. "That wasn't normal."

The two friends sat together beneath a tree, their voices hushed. "It's happening," Maya said. "Whatever she meant... it's starting."

Hesal's gaze was steady, though her hands trembled. "Then we need to figure it out. Before she comes back."

For the first time, the girls felt the weight of destiny pressing against their ordinary lives. The laughter of yesterday seemed far away, replaced by whispers of something greater. Their friendship had always been their strength but now, it might be the key to unlocking powers they never imagined.

And somewhere, unseen, the shadows stirred, waiting for the moment when the girls would truly understand what they carried inside.

Chapter Four – The First Break

The day after the strange ripples and whispers, Kiyana and Hesal tried to carry on as if nothing had changed. They walked to school together, books clutched in their arms, pretending to laugh at the same jokes and gossip. But beneath the surface, both of them felt it—the quiet hum of something new, something alive inside them.

It happened during gym class. The students were lined up for a relay race, the air buzzing with excitement. Kiyana was nervous, her palms sweaty, but when the whistle blew, she sprinted

forward with a speed she didn't know she had. Her feet barely touched the ground, her body light as air. She reached the finish line in half the time anyone expected, leaving the teacher staring in disbelief.

“Kiyana!” Hesal gasped, rushing to her side. “That wasn't normal.”

Before Kiyana could answer, another accident struck. A ball flew across the court, aimed carelessly by a group of boys. It should have hit Hesal square in the shoulder but instead, it stopped midair, hovering for a heartbeat before dropping harmlessly to the ground. The entire class froze. Hesal's hands trembled, her eyes wide. She hadn't touched it, hadn't even moved. Yet somehow, the ball had obeyed her.

Whispers spread quickly. “Did you see that?” “How did she do it?” “That's impossible!”

The teacher barked at everyone to settle down, but the damage was done. Kiyana and Hesal exchanged a look, their hearts pounding. They didn't need words to understand their powers were real, and they were growing.

Later, hiding in the library, the girls sat together in silence. The smell of old books surrounded them, the quiet broken only by the scratching of pens and the turning of pages. Finally, Kiyana spoke. "We can't ignore this anymore. Something's happening to us."

Hesal nodded, her voice steady despite the fear in her eyes. "And if she was right... if someone already knows about it... then we're in danger."

The weight of the truth pressed down on them. Their friendship had always been about laughter,

secrets, and shared dreams. Now it was about survival. The powers inside them were no longer whispers they were breaking free, demanding to be understood.

And somewhere beyond the library walls, unseen eyes were watching, waiting for the moment when the girls would step fully into the destiny that had already begun to unfold.

Chapter Five – Hidden Experiments

After the strange events in gym class, Kiyana and Hesal knew they couldn't ignore what was happening. The whispers of power had become undeniable, and curiosity burned inside them. But they also knew they couldn't risk anyone else finding out not yet. So they made a pact , after school, they would meet in the old abandoned playground at the edge of town, a place no one visited anymore.

The playground was quiet, its swings rusted and creaking in the wind. The paint on the slide had peeled away, and weeds grew through cracks in the pavement. It was the perfect hiding place. Kiyana dropped her bag on the ground, her eyes shining with determination. "Okay," she said. "Let's see what we can really do."

Hesal nodded, her heart racing. She picked up a small stone and held it in her palm. Closing her eyes, she focused on the strange energy she had felt before. The air around her seemed to shift, and slowly, the stone lifted from her hand, hovering in midair. She gasped, nearly dropping it, but Kiyana clapped her hands in delight. “You did it!”

Encouraged, Kiyana tried next. She stood near the swing set, concentrating on the memory of running faster than anyone else. Her body tingled, her heartbeat quickened and suddenly she dashed forward, the world blurring around her. She stopped at the far end of the playground, breathless but exhilarated. “It’s real,” she whispered. “We’re not imagining this.”

For hours, they experimented. Hesal discovered she could move small objects with her mind, though it drained her energy. Kiyana found she

could channel bursts of speed and strength, her movements sharper than ever before. They laughed, stumbled, and tried again, each success filling them with wonder.

But beneath the excitement was a shadow of fear. They remembered the girl in black, her cold words echoing in their minds. "The power you carry... it should have been mine."

As the sun dipped below the horizon, painting the sky in shades of orange and purple, Kiyana and Hesal sat together on the swings. "We have to keep this secret," Kiyana said firmly. "At least until we understand it."

Hesal agreed, gripping the chains tightly. "And we have to stay together. Whatever this is, we'll face it side by side."

The wind whispered through the trees, carrying their promise into the night. Their powers were no longer hidden—they were awakening. And though danger loomed unseen, the bond between them was stronger than ever.

Chapter Six – The Slip

For days, Kiyana and Hesal had been careful. They met in hidden corners, whispering about their powers, testing them only when no one was around. But secrets have a way of breaking loose, and theirs was about to spill into the open.

It happened on a rainy afternoon. The school corridors were crowded, students rushing to escape the downpour. Kiyana and Hesal moved quickly, clutching their books, when suddenly a boy shoved past them, sending Kiyana's bag tumbling to the floor. Her notebooks scattered, sliding across the wet tiles.

Frustrated, Kiyana reached out instinctively and before she realized it, the books flew back into her arms, as if pulled by invisible strings. Gasps echoed around her. A group of students had seen everything.

“What was that?” someone whispered.

“She didn’t even touch them!” another voice cried.

Kiyana’s cheeks burned. She glanced at Hesal, panic rising. But before they could escape, another accident struck. A flicker of energy surged through Hesal, and the lights above them flickered wildly, buzzing before snapping back to normal. The crowd erupted in murmurs, eyes wide with suspicion.

The teacher stormed over, demanding order.

“Enough of this nonsense! Get to class!” But the whispers didn’t stop. Everywhere they walked, Kiyana and Hes felt the stares, the questions hanging in the air.

By the time they reached the library, their hearts were pounding. “We messed up,” Kiyana said, her voice trembling.

Hesal pressed her hands to her face. “They saw. They know something’s different.”

Silence wrapped around them, heavy and suffocating. The secret they had tried so hard to protect was unraveling. And though no one understood what they had seen, the girls knew it was only a matter of time before rumors spread and before the one person who truly understood their powers returned.

The rain outside hammered against the windows, a warning drumbeat. Their world was no longer safe. The slip had happened, and nothing could undo it.

Chapter Seven – Gossips

By the next week, whispers had spread through every corner of the school. What had begun as a few startled voices in the corridor had grown into a storm of speculation. Some students claimed Maya could move objects without touching them. Others swore Nethmi had made the lights flicker with a glance. The stories twisted and grew, each retelling more dramatic than the last.

Kiyana and Hesal tried to ignore it, walking through the halls with their heads held high. But the stares followed them everywhere. Teachers grew suspicious, classmates kept their distance, and even their closest friends asked uneasy

questions. The girls felt the walls closing in, their secret no longer safe.

One afternoon, as they sat beneath the banyan tree near the playground, Hesal sighed. "It's out of control. Everyone's talking about us."

Kiyana clenched her fists. "We can't let them scare us. Whatever this is, it's ours. We'll figure it out."

But far beyond the schoolyard, in places the girls couldn't see, the ripples of their awakening powers reached darker ears. The girl in black, the one who had confronted them in the park, felt the surge like a pulse in her veins. She closed her eyes, sensing the strength building inside Kiyana and Hesal . A bitter smile curved her lips.

"They're growing," she whispered to herself. "But they don't understand. Not yet."

Back at school, the tension reached a breaking point. During a group project, Kiyana accidentally brushed her hand against a stack of papers, and they fluttered into the air as though caught in an invisible breeze. Gasps filled the room. Hesal quickly grabbed them, trying to cover, but the damage was done.

That night, the two friends met again in secret. The abandoned playground had become their refuge, the place where they could speak freely. “She knows,” Kiyana said, her voice trembling. “I can feel it. Whoever she is, she’s watching us.” Hesal nodded, determination flashing in her eyes. “Then we need to be ready. If she comes back, we won’t run.”

The wind rustled through the swings, carrying their words into the night. Rumors had made them outsiders, but the bond between them was unshaken. Their powers were no longer whispers, they were becoming waves. And somewhere in 24

the shadows, the enemy was waiting, ready to strike when the time was right.

Chapter Eight – The First Clash

The tension had been building for days. Rumors swirled through the school, whispers followed them in the streets, and the air itself seemed charged with expectation. Kiyana and Hesal felt it every time they walked together , the sense that something was coming, something they couldn't avoid.

It happened one evening as the sun dipped low, painting the sky in shades of crimson and gold. The girls had gone back to their secret playground, hoping to practice in peace. Kiyana was testing her speed, darting between the swings, while Hesal focused on lifting small stones with her mind. Their laughter echoed faintly, a fragile reminder of normalcy.

Then the air shifted. A chill swept across the playground, silencing the wind. The chains of the swings rattled on their own, and the shadows stretched unnaturally long. Kiyana froze mid-step. Hesal's stone dropped from the air.

From the far end of the playground, she appeared, the girl in black. Her presence was heavier now, her eyes sharper, her silver cross pendant gleaming like a blade. She didn't speak at first, only watched, her gaze piercing through them.

Finally, her voice cut the silence. “So it’s true. You’ve begun to awaken.”

Kiyana stepped forward, her fists clenched. “Why are you following us?”

The girl tilted her head, a bitter smile on her lips. “Because your power should have been mine. And if you won’t give it up... I’ll take it.”

With a sudden motion, she raised her hand. The ground trembled, and the rusted swing set groaned as if alive. Chains snapped, metal twisted, and the swings hurled toward the girls like weapons. Kiyana dashed forward, her speed carrying her past the flying debris. She focused, her mind pushing against the chains, slowing them just enough to crash harmlessly to the ground.

The girl in black laughed softly. “Impressive. But you’re still weak.”

Kiyana’s chest heaved, adrenaline surging. “We’re not afraid of you.”

Hesal stood beside her, her voice steady. “We’ll fight if we have to.”

The villain’s eyes narrowed, her smile fading. “Then let’s see how long your courage lasts.” With a flick of her hand, the air thickened, pressing down on them like invisible weight. Kiyana staggered, Hesal gasped, but together they pushed back. Kiyana with her strength, Hesal with her focus. The pressure eased, the air snapping back to normal.

For a moment, silence hung between them. Then the girl lowered her hand. “You’re stronger than I thought. But this is only the beginning.” She

turned, vanishing into the shadows as quickly as she had come.

Kiyana and Hesal stood trembling, their hearts pounding. They had faced her and survived. But the clash had left them shaken. The enemy was real, her power undeniable. And though they had held their ground, they knew the battles ahead would only grow harder.

The playground was quiet again, but the echoes of the fight lingered. Their journey had shifted. They were no longer just discovering their powers they were defending them.

Chapter Nine – Resolve

The playground was silent after the clash, but the echoes of battle lingered in Kiyana and Hesal's minds. They walked home together, neither speaking, their footsteps heavy with the weight of what had just happened. For the first time, they had faced her directly and though they had survived, the memory of her power pressed down on them like a shadow.

That night, Kiyana lay awake staring at the ceiling. Every sound of the city outside seemed sharper, every flicker of light more alive. She replayed the moment in her head the chains snapping, the air pressing down, the cold voice promising this was only the beginning. Fear gnawed at her, but beneath it was something stronger: determination.

The next morning, she met Hesal at the school gate. Her friend's eyes were tired, but steady. "We

can't wait for her to come back," Hesal said quietly. "We have to be ready."

Kiyana nodded. "Then we train. Every day. Until we know exactly what we can do."

So their secret meetings changed. The abandoned playground became their training ground. Kiyana pushed her speed further, running until her legs blurred, testing how long she could hold the burst before exhaustion set in. Hesal practiced lifting heavier objects, focusing until her mind ached, learning to control the force instead of letting it spill wildly.

At first, they stumbled. Kiyana collapsed more than once, gasping for breath. Hesal's powers slipped, sending stones crashing to the ground. But each failure taught them something new. Slowly, their control sharpened. Their laughter returned , not carefree, but fierce, the laughter of two friends who refused to give up.

One evening, as the sun set behind the trees, Kiyana stood panting, sweat dripping down her forehead. “We’re getting stronger,” she said, her voice firm.

Hesal smiled, lifting a fallen branch with her mind and setting it gently aside. “And we’re not alone. We have each other.”

The promise they had made beneath the banyan tree echoed again: side by side, no matter what. The clash had shaken them, but it had also awakened something deeper a resolve that burned brighter than fear.

Somewhere beyond the playground, the enemy waited. But now, Kiyana and Hesal were no longer just two ordinary girls. They were becoming something more. And when the time came, they would be ready to Resolve

Chapter Ten – The Test

The weeks of secret training had given Kiyana and Hesal confidence, but they hadn't expected their powers to be tested so soon. It happened on an ordinary school day, when the corridors buzzed

with chatter and the classrooms echoed with lessons.

During lunch, the cafeteria was crowded, the air thick with voices and clattering trays. Suddenly, a loud crack split the noise the ceiling fan above the tables had come loose, its blades wobbling dangerously. Screams erupted as students scrambled out of the way. Teachers shouted, but the fan was already tilting, ready to crash down.

Kiyana's instincts kicked in. She dashed forward, her speed carrying her across the room in a blur. She leapt onto a table, grabbing the edge of the falling fan. The weight was immense, but her sense surged, holding it just enough to stop the blades from striking the crowd

Hesal, heart racing, focused on the wires dangling from the ceiling. Her mind pushed against them, steadying the fan as Kiyana held it. The metal

trembled, resisting, but slowly it lifted back into place, guided by her invisible force. Together, they froze the chaos, turning disaster into safety.

The cafeteria fell silent. Dozens of eyes stared at them, wide with shock. A teacher rushed forward, helping secure the fan, but the whispers had already begun. “Did you see that?” “How did they do it?” “That was impossible!”

Kiyana and Hesal exchanged a glance, their breaths heavy. They hadn’t meant to reveal themselves, but there had been no choice. Lives had been at stake.

Later, hiding in the library, Kiyana buried her face in her hands. “It’s over. Everyone saw.”

Hesal placed a hand on her shoulder. “We saved them. That matters more than hiding.”

Her words carried weight. For the first time, their powers had been used not just for practice, but for protection. And though the secret was slipping further away, the girls felt something new a sense of purpose.

The clash with the villain had shown them danger. The accident at school had shown them responsibility. Their powers weren't just gifts they were a calling.

And somewhere beyond the walls of the school, the girl in black felt the surge of energy, her smile fading into a scowl. The best friends were growing stronger, and the world was beginning to notice.

Chapter Eleven – Questions

The day after the cafeteria incident, the school was buzzing like a hive. Everywhere Kiyana and Hesal walked, whispers followed. Some students looked at them with awe, others with fear, but all with curiosity. The secret they had tried so hard to protect was no longer theirs alone.

By mid-morning, they were summoned to the principal's office. The room was quiet, the ticking clock loud in the silence. The principal leaned forward, his expression stern but not unkind. "Girls," he began, "what happened yesterday? How did you stop that fan from falling?"

Kiyana's throat tightened. She glanced at Hesal, who sat rigid in her chair. "We... we just reacted," Kiyana said carefully. "We didn't want anyone to get hurt."

The principal's eyes narrowed. "That's not an answer. Objects don't fly back into place on their own. Lights don't flicker without cause. You need to explain."

Before they could respond, their parents were called in. The meeting grew heavier, the air thick with questions. Their mothers and fathers exchanged worried glances, demanding to know the truth. "Is this some kind of trick? Are you hiding something dangerous?"

Kiyana's hands trembled in her lap. She wanted to speak, to explain, but the words caught in her throat. How could they tell their parents about powers they barely understood themselves?

Finally, Kiyana lifted her chin. “We don’t know what’s happening. But it’s real. And we can’t stop it.”

The room fell silent. The principal sighed, rubbing his temples. “This is beyond the school. You need to be careful. People will talk. People will want answers.”

That evening, Kiyana and Hesal sat together beneath the banyan tree, the same place where they had once promised to face everything side by side. The weight of the day pressed down on them, heavier than ever.

“They know,” Hesal whispered. “Not everything, but enough. We can’t hide anymore.”

Kiyana nodded, her eyes burning with determination. “Then we don’t hide. We learn. We grow. And when she comes back, we’ll be ready.”

The shadows stretched long across the ground, carrying their resolve into the night. The questions had begun, and the world was watching. But the girls knew one truth above all: their powers were no longer a secret they were a destiny.

Chapter Twelve – Fear and Isolation

The cafeteria incident had changed everything. What once were whispers became sharp stares, and what once was curiosity turned into suspicion. Kiyana and Hesal felt it in every hallway the way classmates stepped aside, the way conversations hushed when they entered. Their powers had

saved lives, but instead of gratitude, fear had taken root.

At first, it was subtle. Friends who used to sit with them at lunch now chose other tables. Teachers watched them more closely, their eyes filled with unease. Even their parents, though supportive, seemed distant, unsure how to handle daughters who could bend the world in ways no one else could.

Hesal felt the weight most heavily. She had always been the cheerful one, the friend who brought light into every room. Now, she walked with her head down, her laughter fading. “They don’t see us anymore,” she whispered one evening. “They only see what we can do.”

Kiyana clenched her fists, anger simmering beneath her skin. “Then let them be afraid. We know who we are.” But even she couldn’t ignore the loneliness pressing in, the isolation that grew with each passing day.

And in the shadows, the villain moved. She didn’t need to strike yet, the fear was doing her work for her. Rumors twisted into darker tales claims that Kiyan and Hesal were dangerous, that their powers were unnatural, that they couldn’t be trusted. The girl in black fed these whispers quietly, her presence unseen but her influence spreading like smoke.

One afternoon, a group of students confronted them in the corridor. “Stay away from us,” one boy snapped. “We don’t want freaks around.” The words cut deep, sharper than any blade. Hesal’s

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eyes filled with tears, but Kiyana pulled her close, shielding her from the cruelty.

That night, beneath the banyan tree, the girls sat in silence. The bond between them was their only refuge, the one place where fear couldn't reach. "She's turning them against us," Kiyana said bitterly. "She doesn't need to fight she's making us alone."

Hesal wiped her eyes, her voice trembling but firm. "Then we hold on to each other. If the world won't with us, we'll stand together."

stand

The wind rustled through the branches, carrying their vow into the darkness. Fear had isolated them, but it had also sharpened their resolve. The villain's shadow was growing, but so was their strength.

Chapter Thirteen – The Secret Bond

The days after the confrontation in the corridor were heavy. Fear had spread like wildfire, and isolation pressed down on Kiyana and Hesal from every side. Yet in the silence of their loneliness, something stronger began to grow.

One evening, they met again beneath the banyan tree the place that had become their sanctuary. The branches stretched above them like protective arms, and the air was filled with the rustle of leaves. Hesal sat quietly, her eyes red from

holding back tears. “I don’t know if I can keep doing this,” she whispered. “Everyone looks at us like we’re monsters.”

Kiyana reached out, taking her hand firmly. “We’re not monsters. We’re us. And that’s enough.”

The words settled between them, simple but powerful. For a moment, the fear faded, replaced by the warmth of their bond. They remembered the laughter of their childhood, the secrets they had shared, the promises they had made. Their powers might have changed the way the world saw them, but it hadn’t changed who they were to each other.

That night, they decided to make a new vow. “No matter what happens,” Hesal said, her voice steady, “we face it together.”

Kiyana nodded, her eyes shining. "Together, we're stronger than anything."

From then on, their training took on a new rhythm. They no longer practiced just to control their powers they practiced to protect each other. When Kiyana stumbled, Hesal steadied her. When Hesal faltered, Kiyana encouraged her. Their bond became their shield, a force stronger than fear.

And though the world outside grew darker, the girls carried a light within them. It wasn't just power it was friendship, trust, and the unbreakable bond of two souls who refused to be torn apart.

Somewhere in the shadows, the villain watched, her frustration growing. She had tried to isolate them, to break them down with fear. But instead, she had forged them into something stronger. The storm was rising, and the girls were ready to face it side by side.

Chapter Fourteen – The Rising Storm

The days grew heavier, each one carrying the weight of whispers and shadows. Kiyana and Hesal trained harder than ever, but even as their powers sharpened, they felt the tension building around them. It was as if the air itself was waiting, holding its breath for something inevitable.

At school, the rumors had reached a fever pitch. Some students avoided them entirely, while others watched with a mix of fear and fascination. Teachers spoke in hushed tones, and parents whispered warnings at home. The girls were no longer just classmates they had become symbols of something unknown, something powerful.

But beyond the walls of the school, the villain was moving. The girl in black had grown restless, her

patience thinning. She had tried fear, she had tried isolation, but the bond between Kiyana and Hesal had only grown stronger. Now, she prepared for her full strike. In the quiet of her own shadows, she gathered strength, her silver cross pendant glinting as she whispered promises of victory.

Kiyana felt it first a strange heaviness in the air, a pulse that seemed to follow her wherever she went. Hesal noticed it too, the way the wind shifted unnaturally, the way lights flickered when she entered a room. "She's close," Hesal said one evening, her voice trembling. "I can feel her watching."

They met again beneath the banyan tree, their sanctuary now charged with unease. Kiyana clenched her fists. "We've trained for this. Whatever she's planning, we won't run."

Hesal nodded, her eyes steady despite the fear.

"Together, we'll face her. Just like we promised."⁴⁷

The night sky above them was restless, clouds gathering thick and dark. Thunder rumbled faintly in the distance, a warning of the storm to come. The girls sat side by side, their bond unshaken, their resolve burning brighter than the fear pressing in.

Somewhere beyond the horizon, the villain smiled, her plan nearly complete. The storm was rising, and soon, the clash would come.

Chapter Fifteen – The Final Confrontation

The storm broke on a night heavy with thunder. Clouds rolled across the sky, lightning flashing like jagged scars of light. Then Kiyana and Hesal stood together in the abandoned playground, their sanctuary now transformed into a battlefield. They had felt it coming for days the pulse in the air, the whispers in the wind and now the moment had arrived.

The girl in black appeared from the shadows, her presence colder than ever, her silver cross pendant gleaming in the stormlight. Her eyes burned with fury. “You’ve grown stronger,” she said, her voice cutting through the thunder. “But

strength means nothing if it isn't yours to keep.
Tonight, I take back what should have been mine."

With a sweep of her hand, the ground trembled.

Rusted swings tore free, chains snapping like

whips. The slide twisted, metal shrieking as it bent toward the girls. Kiyana dashed forward, her speed carrying her past the flying debris, while Hesal focused,

her mind pushing against the collapsing

structures, slowing them just enough to crash harmlessly aside.

The villain laughed, her power surging. "You think friendship will save you? It will only make your fall

heavier.”

But Kiyana and Hesal stood firm. Their bond was their shield, their unity their weapon. Kiyana’s strength flared, her movements sharper than ever, while Hesal’s focus deepened, her mind steady even as the storm raged. Together, they pushed back against the crushing force, their powers intertwining like threads of light and shadow.

The battle raged across the playground. Lightning struck, illuminating the clash speed against fury, focus against chaos. The villain hurled her power like a storm, but every strike was met with resistance. Kiyana’s determination burned, Hesal’s resolve held, and together they refused to break.

Finally, as the storm reached its peak, the girls joined hands. Their powers surged, combining into something greater than either had known. The air shimmered, the ground steadied, and a wave of

energy burst outward, forcing the villain back. She staggered, her eyes wide with disbelief.

“This... this isn’t possible,” she hissed.

Kiyanas’s voice rang clear through the storm. “It’s not just power. It’s us. Together.”

The villain faltered, her strength unraveling beneath the force of their unity. With one final surge, the girls pushed her back into the shadows, the storm breaking apart as silence fell.

The playground was still again, the air heavy with the echoes of battle. Kiyana and Hesal stood side by side, trembling but unbroken. They had faced her full power , and they had won.

Chapter Sixteen – Destiny Fulfilled

The storm had passed. The playground, once twisted into chaos, now lay quiet beneath the silver glow of the moon. The air was fresh, washed clean by the battle, and the silence carried a weight of victory. Kiyana and Hesal stood side by side, their hands still clasped, their breaths heavy but steady. They had faced the darkness and they had won.

For a long moment, neither spoke. The world around them seemed to listen, waiting for their

voices to break the silence. Finally, Hesal whispered, “It’s over.”

Kiyana shook her head gently. “No. It’s only the beginning.”

They walked slowly across the playground, the rusted swings swaying softly in the night breeze. Every step felt different now lighter, stronger, filled with purpose. Their powers were no longer a mystery, no longer a burden. They were a gift, a bond, a destiny they had embraced together.

At school, the whispers would continue. The world would still question, still fear. But Kiyana and Hesal no longer carried the weight of doubt. They had seen what they could do, felt the strength of their unity, and faced the storm without breaking.

Under the banyan tree, their sanctuary, they made their final vow. “Whatever comes,” Kiyana said

firmly, “we’ll face it side by side.”

Hesal smiled, her eyes shining with quiet pride.

“Together, always.”

The wind carried their words into the night, weaving them into the fabric of the world. The villain’s shadow had faded, but the journey ahead was vast, filled with challenges yet unseen. And though the path was uncertain, the girls knew one truth above all: their friendship was their greatest power, and with it, they could face anything.

The storm had tested them, fear had tried to break them, but destiny had chosen them. And now, as the night sky stretched wide above, Kiyana and Hesal stepped forward not as ordinary girls, but as guardians of a bond that could never be broken.

Their story was only beginning.

Afterword

With the approval of the Ministry of Education, this research-based project has empowered thousands of student authors for over ten years. Educationists recognize it as a program that significantly enhances the quality of school education.

In alignment with modern educational reforms, encouraging students to author a research work is a milestone in this journey. In this digital age of "Smart" technology, the modern school must demonstrate through research that books and technology should be used together. This is because the unique joy a child receives from a book cannot be replaced by anything else.

To prevent children from drifting away from books—which remain our primary educational tool and storehouse of human knowledge—Mahamaya Girls' College has spearheaded the "Hemamala Upahara" project for many years. Its primary objectives are to foster academic discipline, promote values, and pay tribute to Princess Hemamala, who fulfilled a historic mission to empower women.

We express our gratitude to the Principal, teachers, parents, alumni of Mahamaya Girls' College, representatives of other schools, the Diyawadana Nilame, and the staff of the Sri Dalada Maligawa (Temple of the Sacred Tooth Relic) for their support.

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ISBN : 978-624-211-368-5