



AMAYA AND THE ORUWANA CURSE

The Ancient Whispers Have Awakened

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AMAYA And The Oruwana Curse

'In the heart of Oruwana, where ancient traditions blend with echoes of advanced technology, 17-year-old Amaya Ransirini discovers a long-forgotten evil stirring beneath her homeland. Guided by her cybernetic mynah bird, Kala, and armed with a glowing armlet and a futuristic dagger, Amaya must confront the blight that threatens to consume her village. The Rakshasa, creatures of primordial darkness, have returned, seeking to finish a centuries-old war. Can Amaya master the secrets of her ancestors and harness her unique gifts to mend a broken seal, heal the land, and protect her people from the encroaching shadow? The future of Oruwana rests on her shoulders.'



Curse of the Uprooted Guardian in Oruwana Village

The twin moons of Oruwana cast long, silvery shadows across the mist-shrouded valleys, painting the ancient Bo tree in stark monochrome. In this land, where time moved to the rhythm of nature, seventeen-year-old Amaya Ransirini felt a peculiar connection—a silent hum in her very bones that echoed the whispers of forgotten magic and ancient technology. Her days were spent amidst the familiar rhythm of village life, but her nights often pulled her into a deeper realm, her dreams filled with glowing runes and strange, whirring mechanisms.

In the heart of Oruwana, where time moved to the rhythm of the land, seventeen-year-old Amaya Ransirini felt a peculiar connection to ancient whispers and silent stars.



Amaya was a figure of youthful grace and quiet intensity, her expressive eyes constantly seeking the extraordinary. Her long, dark hair, often braided with thin copper wires, framed a face that bespoke both curiosity and determination. Dressed in her familiar light blue top and dark wrap-skirt, with a contrasting red sash, she always carried a worn leather satchel, visibly filled with field tools and a sketchbook—a testament to her inquisitive spirit.

She was not alone in her quiet quest for knowledge. Perched on her shoulder, or flitting around her, was Kala, a cybernetic mynah bird with iridescent black feathers that shimmered with hints of violet and emerald. One of Kala's eyes glowed with a soft, cyan cybernetic light, a gift from Amaya's late, enigmatic grandmother. Kala wasn't just a pet; she was a companion, a sensor, and a witty confidante—a part of the legacy her grandmother had left behind.

One fateful evening, the familiar hum of Oruwana began to stir, but it was no longer the ancient, comforting whisper she knew. A low, guttural thrum now vibrated through the air, and with it, a creeping blight began to spread. The vibrant green of the paddy fields sickened, turning to sickly brown, and a nearby spring, once crystal clear, grew stagnant and choked with murky algae.

Amaya and Kala moved with a growing sense of urgency, their path leading them towards the ancient ruins on the village outskirts. These crumbling stone walls and overgrown structures, once merely historical curiosities, now pulsed with a faint, dark energy. "This energy... it feels ancient. And wrong," Amaya murmured, her brow furrowed with apprehension. Kala circled the most prominent ruin, a crumbling shrine, her cyan eye rapidly scanning the pulsating aura that emanated from it. The blight seemed to emanate directly from this spot.

As they drew closer, a section of the shrine's wall appeared slightly ajar, cracked and revealing a shadowed recess. Amaya's heart hammered with a mix of fear and an undeniable pull of destiny. With careful, determined hands, she pushed aside the stone, revealing a hidden chamber within.

Inside, two objects glowed with an ethereal blue light, remnants of an advanced civilization that had once thrived alongside Oruwana's magical traditions: a sleek, futuristic Sri Lankan-style dagger and an intricate armlet. "What... are these?" Amaya whispered in awe, her voice barely audible over Kala's soft, curious whirring.

As Amaya reached out, the armlet seemed to leap to her. It clamped around her left forearm with a sharp VWOOOM! K-LAK! Its light intensified, bathing her arm in an arcane blue glow, and ancient glyphs visibly etched themselves onto its surface, binding to her. In her right hand, the dagger shimmered with a similar blue energy. A jolt of understanding, sharp and sudden, coursed through her.

Her thoughts flashed back to her grandmother, a woman the village both revered and regarded with a touch of mystery. Her grandmother had possessed a quiet strength, her eyes holding the wisdom of generations and a knowing sadness. She had often told Amaya stories—tales of ancient protectors, of the delicate balance between the seen and unseen, and of a looming darkness that would one day try to reclaim Oruwana. These stories, once dismissed as folklore, now resonated with chilling reality.

Amaya remembered the day her grandmother, frail but with a resolute glint in her eyes, had presented her with Kala. The mynah bird had been different even then, her feathers possessing an unusual sheen, and one of her eyes already bearing the faint shimmer of emerging cybernetics. Her grandmother had explained that Kala was more than just a bird; she was a companion, a guardian, her very being intertwined with ancient energies and a touch of ingenuity from a time long past. "She will guide you, child," her grandmother had said, her voice raspy but firm, "and she will remind you of what you must do." At the time, young Amaya hadn't fully grasped the weight of those words. Now, holding the dagger and feeling the thrum of the armlet, with Kala chirping urgently by her side, the pieces began to fall into place. Her grandmother hadn't just told stories; she had been preparing her.

The enigmatic nature of Kala's cybernetics also held a clue to her grandmother's hidden knowledge. Amaya had often seen her grandmother tinkering with strange, delicate mechanisms in her secluded study—objects crafted from polished wood and gleaming metal that seemed out of place in their traditional village. Now, she wondered if Kala was a product of that tinkering, a fusion of the natural and the technological, a testament to her grandmother's understanding of both the ancient magic and the echoes of a more advanced era.

A surge of determination replaced Amaya's fear. She was not alone. She had Kala, her grandmother's legacy in her blood and in the tools she now held. The Rakshasa might be creatures of ancient darkness, but Amaya carried within her the strength and knowledge passed down through generations, a legacy she now had to embrace.

The moment of wonder was shattered. From the deeper shadows within the newly disturbed ruins, spectral figures materialized. GRRR-HSS... A low, guttural sound echoed as the Rakshasa appeared—grotesque, menacing forms of primordial darkness, their eyes glowing faintly red. They were not fully formed, appearing as shadowy, primal masses, but their hostility was unmistakable.

Amaya instinctively recoiled, wide-eyed with shock and fear. Kala, with a protective screech, flew in front of her. "Rakshasa?! The stories... they're real!" she gasped, the weight of a forgotten world suddenly crushing her.

The blight around them intensified, a visible dark haze thickening in the air. The truth became starkly clear: the blight was their doing. These ancient beings were returning to finish a centuries-old war, unleashed by a weakening ancient seal. In the distance, the main ancient stone carving at the base of the Bo tree, where Amaya had been sketching just hours ago, now glowed faintly blue, reacting to the disturbance. Her grandmother, a guardian of Oruwana's secrets, had prepared for this day, choosing Amaya as the next keeper of the land's balance. Amaya, the next keeper, held the tools—ancient magic and nascent technology—to face a darkness long forgotten.

The first battle for Oruwana had begun.

The colossal, ancient Bo tree still stood prominently in the center of Oruwana, its massive, gnarled branches spreading wide. But the gentle, golden sunlight of earlier was gone, replaced by an eerie dimness that hung heavy in the air despite it being daytime. A subtle, unsettling stillness permeated everything, no longer merely hinting at deep history, but screaming of a profound wrongness.

Amaya, now armed with purpose and the ancient tools, knew she couldn't hesitate. The earlier youthful curiosity had hardened into a serious, grave determination. "Something's not right, Kala. I can feel it," she murmured, her voice tight with concern as she walked swiftly along a narrow, dusty village path, away from the Bo tree and the newly stirred shrine. Kala, her cybernetic eye gleaming with an alert cyan light, flew just ahead, occasionally dipping down as if scanning the ground or the rapidly sickening plants. The normal, cheerful sounds of village life were muted, replaced by an unsettling quiet.

She observed the clear signs of the curse's insidious spread: a once-vibrant garden patch now withered and brown, its leaves dry and brittle with a soft CRACKLE. "It's spreading... faster than I thought," Amaya thought, her armlet beginning to pulse faintly in response to the growing blight.

Then, she saw it—a very old, gnarled tree branch, distinct from the Bo tree, that had grotesquely twisted in on itself. It was unnaturally dark and brittle, with faint, eerie wisps of dark smoke emanating subtly from its contorted form. An ominous WHISPERS... seemed to rise from the branch, as if unseen, unsettling voices permeated the air. An ancient sickness truly crept through the lifeblood of Oruwana.

Suddenly, Appuhami, an elderly Sri Lankan man deeply respected in the village, stumbled into view. His lean, weathered face, usually etched with kind wisdom, was now contorted in abject terror. His dark eyes were wide and frantic, and he gestured wildly with one gnarled, trembling hand. In his other, he clutched a small, ancient clay pot, its surface worn smooth by generations. He was breathless, his chest heaving with a desperate GASP! as he approached Amaya and Kala.

"Amaya! The curse... it has returned! They are coming... for the carving!" he choked out, his voice trembling with a deep, bone-chilling fear. He lifted the clay pot, its faint, worn glyphs subtly echoing the patterns on the ancient stone carving by the Bo tree. "The rakshasa... from the old stories... they want to finish what was started!"

As he spoke, a faint, almost transparent, ghostly image of shadowy, cloaked figures seemed to shimmer in the background, or perhaps reflected eerily in the terror-stricken depths of his eyes. A cold CHILL... permeated the air around him, a tangible presence of the unseen.

Appuhami continued, his voice hushed with awe and dread, reliving ancient tales. "The rakshasa... they tried to corrupt the land... poison the wells... but our elders bound them, sealed them away by our ancestors... beneath the Great Tree."

Sealed... like the carving, Amaya thought, a grave understanding dawning on her. The earlier youthful curiosity had completely hardened into resolute determination. She clenched the strap of her satchel, a silent vow forming in her heart. "So the carving... it's weakening. The seal is breaking." The weight of generations now rested on her young shoulders.

With a resolute breath, Amaya turned, leaving Appuhami to watch with a burdened expression. She began to walk with clear purpose towards a path that led deeper into the most affected part of the village, following Kala who flew ahead, a guiding cyan light in the growing gloom. "We have to fix this," Amaya declared, her voice firm, "Before it's too late." Kala responded with a sharp, encouraging Kaa-CHIRP!, confirming their shared mission.

Deeper into Oruwana's heart, the ancient whispers grew louder, guiding Amaya to their source. She ran through the blighted lands, her hurried footsteps THUMP-THUMP-THUMP-ing on the cracked, dry earth. Plants on either side were grotesquely withered and brown, and a slightly hazy, ominous air hung heavy. Kala, ever vigilant, flew just ahead, her glowing cyan eye cutting through the gloom, acting as scout.

The curse manifested in unsettling ways. They reached a small, traditional stone bridge over what was once a clear stream. Now, the water beneath was stagnant, choked with thick, black, slimy algae, and the air above it shimmered eerily with a faint, dark haze. A guttural VWOOOM... emanated from the putrid water, an unsettling hum that spoke of decay. Kala let out an urgent Screee! as they faced the blighted obstacle.

Amaya paused, her determination briefly yielding to strategic thought. Brute force wouldn't work here. She touched her glowing blue glyph-etched armlet, and with a soft BZZZT!, a small, ethereal holographic map or scanner projection emanated from it, visually analyzing the blighted area. Kala perched on Amaya's extended arm, her cyan eye blinking rapidly as she processed the data. They're fast... but they're leaving openings. Their connection to the blight... Amaya thought, her mind working quickly. "Brute force won't work... I need to find its weakness."

With a plan formed, Amaya moved again, navigating around or through the corrupted section of the bridge, her eyes narrowed with renewed focus. Kala flew ahead, a confident beacon. "There's always a way," Amaya declared, her voice firm. With intellect and courage, she pressed on, a solitary beacon against the encroaching darkness.

She and Kala were now in a part of Oruwana more severely affected by the curse. The blight was absolute: trees were clearly dying or grotesquely twisted, their forms a skeletal testament to the sickness, and the ground was barren and cracked. The sky was a darker, more ominous hue, and the light eerily dim despite it being daytime. In the distance, a distinctive landmark emerged from the gloom: a crumbling ancient ruin of a stone archway, their destination. Amaya moved with focused urgency towards it, the wind around them carrying an unsettling WHOOSH-HHH...

As they drew closer, Amaya's glowing blue glyph-etched armlet on her left forearm began to pulse more rapidly and intensely. The blue glyphs flared, reflecting the increased magical activity and their proximity to the curse's core. Faint, almost transparent energy signatures, like wisps of dark energy, subtly interacted with the armlet, showing its reaction to the environment. Kala, perched on Amaya's arm, her cyan eye also pulsing in sync with the armlet, confirmed their shared detection. We're getting close... the readings are off the charts, Amaya thought, hearing the BEEP-BOOP... of the armlet and Kala's internal workings.

Finally, they stood at the base of the crumbling ancient stone gateway. It was heavily consumed by the same dark, twisted blight, making it look ominous and decaying. The air directly around it was thick with the oppressive energy of the curse, subtly distorting the background. Amaya stopped, observing the landmark with a determined but wary expression. A deep, resonant THRRR-UMMM... emanated from the landmark itself. "This must be it," Amaya stated, her voice low and serious. "The true source."

Suddenly, the entrance to the blighted gateway rippled. Beyond the entrance, partially emerging from the deeper shadows within, the silhouetted, menacing forms of Rakshasa figures became visible. Their immense size, predatory posture, and unsettling aura—with faint red eyes and a subtle dark glow within their forms—were clear. They appeared to be guarding the entrance, facing Amaya's direction. A low, guttural GRRR-HSS... emanated from them. Amaya stood resolute in the foreground, her grim expression unwavering, her hand instinctively going to her dagger. Kala, alert and focused, took a defensive position near Amaya. The ancient guardians stood, eager to finish a war centuries in the making.

"Alright, Kala. Looks like we're doing this the hard way," Amaya stated firmly, her hand drawing the unique, sleek, futuristic Sri Lankan-style dagger from her satchel with a sharp SHIIING! Her focus was intense, directed towards the menacing Rakshasa figures. Kala, wings spread slightly, hovered defensively near Amaya's shoulder, ready to assist. The blighted gateway entrance loomed in the background.

The Rakshasa lunged, their shadowy, fluid forms moving menacingly. GRRRAAAAH! their guttural roar filled the air, becoming louder as they attacked. Amaya reacted instantly, a blur of motion. Her dagger met an initial strike with a defiant CLANG! or she dodged with a swift SWISH!, her slender frame agile amidst the chaos. Kala, also a blur, darted around, distracting one of the figures or emitting a defensive pulse of light. The blighted environment formed a chaotic and ominous backdrop, with twisted growth and dark energy swirling around them.

In the midst of the swirling combat, Amaya's face was a mask of intense concentration. Her brow furrowed, but a clear spark of resourcefulness and intelligence burned in her wide, expressive eyes. Her glowing blue glyph-etched armlet pulsed brightly, feeding her data. Kala flew past her ear, her cyan eye blinking rapidly, relaying information. Bzzz-RT! went Kala's internal mechanisms, confirming Amaya's rapidly working mind. They're fast... but they're leaving openings. Their connection to the blight... Amaya thought, her mind already seeking a solution beyond brute strength.

She found it. A thick, blighted, root-like vine wrapped around a Rakshasa's leg, connecting it to the blighted ground. With a burst of agile movement, Amaya moved, driving her dagger into the vine. CRACKLE-POP! The blight-vine severed, and the Rakshasa staggered, letting out a subtle wail of pain. "Gotcha!" Amaya declared, confident and mid-action. Kala, too, participated, perhaps targeting a weak point on the blight or distracting another Rakshasa. The creature was clearly momentarily staggered, confirming her theory. Against ancient evil, intellect proved a sharper blade.

Amaya didn't relent. Her glowing blue glyph-etched armlet pulsed with renewed intensity, emitting a concentrated beam of brilliant blue light. With her sleek, futuristic Sri Lankan-style dagger, she precisely directed the beam towards a specific, severely blighted area on the ground near the gateway. The light reacted violently with the blight, causing it to shimmer, crackle, and visibly recoil with a powerful ZAAAP! "If the curse weakens you... then the source is your weakness!" Amaya stated, her voice focused and determined. Kala flew nearby, her glowing eye subtly enhancing the beam, providing a protective field around Amaya as she channeled the energy.

One or more Rakshasa figures recoiled, their shadowy forms flickering, pixelating, and even showing internal cracks of pure light, as Amaya's attack disrupted their connection to the blight. Their vulnerability was undeniable. SKREEEE! they shrieked in pained, guttural cries, forced back towards the blighted gateway entrance. Amaya, unwavering, maintained her attack, her expression resolute. Her ingenuity, fueled by ancient knowledge, began to unravel their ancient hold.

Miles away, at the base of the Great Bo tree, the main ancient stone carving reacted. The glow from its glyphs grew stronger and more stable, a vibrant blue light that extended slightly into the air above the stone. A deep, resonant HHHUUUMMMMMM... emanated from it, indicating that the ancient seal was being powerfully reinforced by the ongoing battle. Faint, ethereal wisps of dark energy, the curse's influence, were actively pulled into the carving, siphoned away and contained within its ancient boundaries. As the Rakshasa weakened, the ancient seal began to mend.

The confrontation was over. Amaya stood victoriously near the ancient gateway, her expression resolute, slightly tired but triumphant. The Rakshasa were gone, either dissipated into swirling wisps of dark smoke receding back into the gateway, or forced back entirely and sealed within its depths, the gateway now glowing faintly with a protective, sealing energy. The environment directly around it showed subtle signs of recovery—the air was clearer, a hint of green returned to a small patch of ground, and twisted branches seemed slightly less dark. Kala flew in a joyous, triumphant CHIRP-CHIRP! circle around Amaya. "It's done," Amaya sighed, a mix of relief and satisfaction in her voice. "For now."

Days turned into weeks, and with Amaya's touch, Oruwana began to breathe again. Around the ancient gateway, the ground was visibly recovering, patches of vibrant green returning to the earth, contrasting with the lingering blighted areas. The air seemed clearer and less ominous, filled with the gentle WHISPER-WHOOSH... of new growth. Amaya, her armlet glowing softly, stood near the gateway, gently touching the revitalized stone or scattering revitalizing seeds onto the ground. Kala scanned the environment, her cyan eye confirming the positive changes. The general atmosphere was hopeful, yet still carried a subtle air of fragility.

In the village, signs of recovery brought cautious hope. Appuhami, his weathered face now less terrified and more relieved, stood with a small group of villagers around a well that was once withered but now flowed with clear, sparkling water. "The well... it's clear! A miracle!" one villager exclaimed, tears in their eyes. Appuhami, holding the ancient clay pot with renewed reverence, shook his head. "No miracle. Only ancient knowledge, and courage."

Later, Amaya sat alone near the revitalized Bo tree, or perhaps on the edge of a newly green field. Her expression was calm and peaceful, but her eyes held a faraway, pensive look, hinting at future challenges. Her glowing blue glyph-etched armlet was still faintly active. Kala rested peacefully on Amaya's lap, asleep, symbolizing the temporary peace they had earned. In the background, the sky showed a subtle, almost imperceptible shift to a slightly darker hue, or a single, small, distinct dark cloud hovered on the horizon, hinting at future unease. The Rakshasa are gone... for now. But the root of the curse remains, Amaya thought. A fragile peace had settled over Oruwana, yet the echoes of a deeper threat lingered.

From a high angle, the entire village of Oruwana spread out below. Most of it was now vibrant and recovering, showing clear signs of life returning with lush greenery, restored buildings, and visible community activity. However, in one small, distant corner of the panel, perhaps at the very edge of the frame or within a shadowed, untouched forest, a faint, tiny, almost unnoticeable patch of dark, twisting energy or blight subtly remained, or appeared to be slowly re-emerging. Amaya stood in the foreground, her back to the viewer, looking out over the village. Her stance suggested she knew the work isn't truly over and a greater challenge still lay ahead. Kala, a tiny speck, flew nearby. For Amaya, the fight to protect her home was far from over. The land always remembers.



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Within this strip, depict ancient Sri Lankan glyphs and patterns (similar in style to the Bo tree carving or the gateway details) that are slowly being corrupted by dark, creeping tendrils of blight. This blight should appear ominous and spreading. Merging with, and pushing back against, this corruption, show faint, ethereal blue light energy emanating from within the ancient symbols, alongside subtle, translucent technological circuitry patterns. This creates a visual tension between the ancient darkness and the emerging, protective technology/magic.

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