



Stepping over the threshold, demarcated by a cautiously salvaged stone frame, one entertains fanciful thoughts of stargates and Alice in Wonderland. Nature plays along with an unreserved charm aligning the footpath that diminishes secretively from view. Generously boughed, it begs appreciation and one is torn between want of discovering the unknown and relishing a dreamlike stroll. On either side, stone pillars stand mutely - it is easy to imagine the missing pieces that allow a surreal peek into the days of yore. And there's light at the end of the tunnel. A stone structure unlike any other ancient ruin edges into view...

*Words Prasadini Nanayakkara | Photographs Prabhath Chathuranga*

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