

Short story generation

Date: 13/01/2026

Tool: Gemini(pro)

Prompt:

Write a detailed short story based on the Ramayana epic, focusing on Hanuman's journey to Lanka and the destruction of the city.

The story should begin with Hanuman discovering Sita in Ashoka Vana, conveying her sorrow, strength, and faith in Lord Rama.

Then describe Hanuman's decision to reveal his power, his confrontation with the Rakshasa guards, and his growing divine fury.

Narrate in detail how Hanuman expands his form, uproots trees, shatters palaces, and spreads fear through the streets of Lanka.

Include scenes of Lanka's burning streets, collapsing towers, and panicked demons, showing both chaos and divine justice.

Describe Hanuman being captured, his tail being set on fire, and how he transforms this humiliation into victory by setting Lanka ablaze, while ensuring Ashoka Vana remains unharmed.

The tone should be mythological, powerful, cinematic, and devotional, highlighting Hanuman's strength, intelligence, devotion to Rama, and moral restraint.

End the story with Hanuman standing victorious, Lanka in flames behind him, reaffirming his devotion to Rama and the message that righteousness always triumphs over arrogance.

Length: 700–900 words

Writing style: Epic storytelling with vivid imagery and clear scene transitions, suitable for voiceover narration in a 2–3 minute video.

Avoid modern language; keep the tone timeless and respectful to the epic.

Output:

The moon hung like a silver scythe over the emerald canopy of the Ashoka Vana, casting long, skeletal shadows across the sanctuary where the Princess of Mithala sat. Hidden amidst the dense foliage of a Simshapa tree, Hanuman—the Son of the Wind—gazed down with a heart heavy with both grief and reverence.

Below him sat Janaki. Her form was weathered by the elements and her garments were soiled, yet she possessed a radiance that no shadow could extinguish. She was the picture of profound sorrow, her eyes fixed eternally toward the north, her lips moving in a silent, rhythmic chant of one name: *Rama*. To Hanuman, she was not merely a captive queen; she was the very embodiment of *Shakti*, an unyielding flame of devotion that even the ten-headed King of Lanka could not quench. Her strength was not in steel, but in a faith so absolute that it shook the foundations of the island.

With a heart swelling with devotion, Hanuman descended. He presented the signet ring of Lord Rama, and for a fleeting moment, the gloom of Lanka was shattered by a smile that rivaled the dawn. Having fulfilled his quest as a messenger, a new fire ignited within the Vanara's breast. He would not leave without testing the mettle of the demon king and leaving a scar upon the pride of the arrogant.

With a roar that cracked the silence of the night, Hanuman cast aside his mantle of secrecy. He grew in stature, his muscles rippling like mountain ranges, his fur shimmering with a golden, celestial light. He began his dance of destruction. With the ease of a child plucking weeds, he uprooted the massive trees of the royal garden, shattering the marble pavilions and golden arches that symbolized Ravana's opulence.

The Rakshasa guards rushed forward, a sea of iron and malice, but they were met by a whirlwind of divine fury. Hanuman moved like a streak of lightning. With his iron-like fists and his sweeping tail, he crushed the Kinkaras and the mighty generals sent to subdue him. Each blow was a thunderclap; each leap caused the earth of Lanka to tremble. The streets, once filled with the haughty laughter of demons, were now choked with the dust of falling monuments and the screams of the panicked. To the Rakshasas, he was no longer a mere monkey—he was *Mahavira*, the Great Hero, an avatar of cosmic justice.

Eventually, out of respect for the *Brahmastra* unleashed by Indrajit, Hanuman allowed himself to be bound and led into the court of Ravana. He stood amidst the terrifying splendor of the throne room, unbowed before the Ten-Headed King. When the arrogant Ravana ordered that the Vanara's tail be set ablaze to humiliate him, Hanuman merely smiled—a terrifying, knowing smile.

As the demons wrapped his tail in endless yards of cloth soaked in oil and struck the spark, the fire roared to life. But the heat did not sear Hanuman; it felt as cool as sandalwood, for the goddess Sita had prayed to Agni to protect her Lord's servant.

With a sudden, explosive burst of strength, Hanuman shattered his bonds. He leaped onto the highest towers of the golden city, a living torch of retribution. From the spires of the royal palace to the armories of the elite, Hanuman bounded with the grace of the wind. He swiped his flaming tail across the thatched roofs and the sandalwood balconies.

Lanka became an inferno.

The golden walls melted under the celestial heat. The black smoke billowed toward the heavens, blotting out the stars. Panic surged through the streets as the demons realized their invincibility was an illusion. Towers collapsed into heaps of molten slag, and the cries of the arrogant were drowned out by the crackling of the divine fire. Yet, amidst this chaos, a miracle of devotion occurred: the Ashoka Vana remained untouched. The flames swerved around the garden where Sita sat, and the house of the righteous Vibhishana stood unscathed amidst the ash. Hanuman's fury was precise; it was a surgeon's blade cutting away the rot of ego while preserving the sacred.

Finally, the Son of Vayu stood upon the high cliffs of the Trikuta mountain, his silhouette framed by the towering orange glow of a city in ruins. He looked back at the smoldering remains of Ravana's pride, then turned his gaze across the vast, churning ocean toward the horizon where his Lord waited.

Extinguishing his tail in the cool waters of the sea, Hanuman offered a final salutation. His mission was complete. He had brought hope to the hopeless and terror to the tyrant. He stood as a testament to the truth that no fortress is high enough, and no king powerful enough, to withstand the might of one who is anchored in righteousness. With a thunderous cry of "*Jai Shree Ram!*" that echoed across the waves, he leaped into the sky, leaving behind a lesson written in fire: that arrogance is a bridge of straw, and devotion is the only path to victory.

Video generation

Tools: Invideo.ai

Prompt:

Create a **cinematic mythological video** based on the following short story from the **Ramayana**, focusing on **Hanuman destroying Lanka**.

Video Length: 2–2.5 minutes

Tone: Epic, powerful, devotional, dramatic

Visual Style: Cinematic, ancient Indian mythology, glowing fire effects, moonlit nights, divine light

Music: Slow epic build-up transitioning into intense mythological background score

Voiceover: Deep, calm male voice with dramatic emphasis

Script:

The moon hung like a silver scythe over the emerald canopy of the Ashoka Vana, where Princess Sita sat in sorrow beneath the Simshapa tree. Hidden among the branches, Hanuman—the Son of the Wind—watched silently, his heart heavy with devotion and resolve.

Though worn by captivity, Sita's radiance remained untouched. Her faith in Lord Rama burned brighter than the shadows of Lanka. To Hanuman, she was not merely a queen in chains, but the embodiment of unbreakable strength and divine devotion.

Revealing himself, Hanuman presented Lord Rama's ring. For a brief moment, hope pierced the darkness of Lanka. His duty as a messenger fulfilled, Hanuman resolved to leave behind a warning—one that Ravana would never forget.

With a thunderous roar, Hanuman revealed his true power. His form expanded, glowing with celestial energy as he uprooted trees, shattered palaces, and crushed the symbols of Ravana's arrogance.

Rakshasa warriors charged in fury, but they fell like leaves before a storm. Hanuman moved with the speed of lightning, his strength shaking the very foundations of Lanka.

Bound by Indrajit's Brahmastra, Hanuman allowed himself to be taken before Ravana. When the demon king ordered his tail to be set ablaze, Hanuman smiled—knowing divine justice was at hand.

Protected by Sita's prayer, the flames did not harm him. Breaking free, Hanuman leaped across the city, his burning tail igniting palaces, towers, and streets. Lanka was consumed by fire.

Yet, amidst destruction, Ashoka Vana remained untouched—a symbol of righteousness preserved by devotion.

Standing atop the cliffs of Trikuta mountain, Hanuman gazed upon the burning city, then toward the ocean where Lord Rama awaited. His mission complete, he vanished into the sky, leaving behind a lesson written in fire—

that devotion conquers arrogance, and righteousness always triumphs.

