

# The Harp

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*This story is about a possessive river, guarding a mysterious harp. Enjoy!*

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# 1 - The Harp

So it's true he thought, it's really true. After 23 years of exploration Jason White found the legendary, enchanted golden harp. Legend says that the one who would strum the harp would have everlasting life. As he and his dog, Ruffles, were walking through the lush forest, the harp's glow became more and more intense. Now it was giving off a strong, bright shine, so bright, you could only compare it to the Sun. The more he stared at it, the more he wanted it. The only problem was that he could not reach it. A river, called the Jabu River, was in between White and the harp. He knew he could not go through it because when he studied he learned that anyone who touched the water would be pulled in by the Kava (a magical force). His dog, not knowing any better, started swimming across the water. Jason tried to call his dog back to the shore, but it was too late. When he got a quarter of the way through, he trembled and suddenly got pulled down to his death. An eruption of blood came up afterward. Jason bended down on his knees in sorrow, when he noticed that his pants became wet. Right after he realized what he had done, a chill was sent straight up his leg and into his head. Suddenly he felt himself jerk toward the river. He couldn't control his body! Jason heard an evil voice in his head say, "Jump in and swim to the bottom!" He was about to jump when another voice broke in to say, "I would die if I would!" He ended up not jumping into the river, but accidentally making a crack in a large rock with his head. Quite quickly he overcame the Kava, and got a splitting headache. After making camp, he attempted to find dinner and failed. He could not sleep because the image of the beautiful harp kept echoing beneath his tired and worn out eyelids. The more he thought of it, the more his greed blinded him. The Kava wasn't through with him yet. It stayed in his mind, amplifying the want for his greatest desire, the harp. At exactly 11:13PM, he fell into a dream in which his friends and family died off, one by one. When he was next, he woke up abruptly, with a clear mind. He remembered nothing of the dream. He then planned and constructed a bridge from his surroundings. Then, as he bravely tried to cross the river, an enormous headache burst in his head. All of the sudden, he remembered his nightmare, and he struggled across the bridge. Everything blacked out, except the extremely bright harp. The wanting came, the needing came. Every step he took, it reached a new degree of whiteness, and a new degree of pain. He felt as if his brain were to explode. Soon the harp blinded him, but all he could do is to keep taking steps. Each step brought more pain. He felt as if his skull was on fire. Then he stepped one more deadly step, and the blackness faded. The harp returned to its original glow, and beneath his feet was green grass. And right in front of him was the most beautiful thing in the world. He cautiously walked to the harp and strummed it. It was the most perfect sound he had ever heard. Normal life felt like drowning, but this new invincible life felt like a breath of fresh air. He felt stronger, wiser, and he became more brilliant than ever before. A lot of things happened to him that wasn't described in his long research. When he walked proudly across the Jabu, the Kava was not as strong as before. The force was lessened and easier to overpower. So Jason White hiked home with his newly earned power.

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