

The Neverending Story Of A Boy That Wouldn't Die

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An interactive story where the readers get to write the chapters. View for further details.

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/unloved_poet/52757/The-Neverending-Story-Of-A-Boy-That-Wouldnt-Die

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I felt like creating a kind of choose your own path story. But I'm not sure that's exactly what this is called. I will start the beginning of the story, and any readers that are interested can write the next chapter. Sound fun? I know there are at least a couple stories on here like this, and I really wanted to try my own.

The Rules:

- 1) Harry must have a male partner! If you don't like this then don't write Harry with his partner in your chapter or don't write at all.
- 2) You can have any other relationships in your chapters. Example: Ron/Herm, Gin/Nev, Blaise/Draco, Snape/Lav, etc.
- 3) Voldemort must be alive through the entire story! You may not just kill him off!
- 4) OOC is allowed. It's OK to have Harry and Voldy be BFFs, as long as it fits with the present story.
- 5) AU is also allowed.
- 6) Character Bashing is allowed (as long as it's not Harry or his Lover)
- 7) NO ORIGINAL CHARACTERS! Only JK characters are allowed!
- 8) You can write up to three (3) chapters at a time. NO more. If someone else is already writing the next chapters then you must wait to write another. If I feel like it I can allow multiple versions of the same chapters be written by different people and put up the best one.
- 9) All documents must be sent to ME in one form or another.
- 10) If I so choose to I can jump into the story and write my own chapters.
- 11) Chapters are subject to being proof read and altered by me to fit the story. Major changes will most likely not be made, but small things like spelling, grammar, and character confusion will be fixed (think of me as the Beta).
- 12) Have fun! I know the rules may seem strict, but it's just to ensure an organized process that is enjoyable and fair to all.

If you have any questions send me a message here on FC or review this chapter. For those that wish to continue the story will be given more information individually as they contact me.

The story starts off kind of weird. I leave it very open and very narrative. You DO NOT have to keep bringing Jayden in. She is NOT an OC just an opening to the story to make it more exciting and emotional.

It was a typical dark and stormy night. This spring had been an abnormally wet one. With the rain slapping against the windows and doors, Jayden pecked away at her computer. It had to have been at least 11 by that point. She really should have been asleep, she kept telling herself she should have been asleep. But no, here she was typing on her dinky laptop. The words flowing onto her screen didn't even make sense anymore. It was all for some dumb Lit. Project. She really should have had it done last week. Instead she was trying to cram it in last second. She didn't want to be writing this shoot. No, not on a night like this. Though every night since the beginning of the month was wet wet wet, it was rare to have an actual storm. No, she would rather write about vampires and werewolves; She would rather write about necromancers and ghouls, dragons and dark lords. Yeah, this stupid @\$@ Literature shoot

was wearing on her mind. She wanted to let free! A crash of lightning and an equally shocking boom of thunder knocked her from her resolve. Screw this project. She was going to write! She promptly opened a new page and began to type, to truly type, and oh the tales that sprung forth!

There he was. Tall, dark, handsome, and oh so perfect. Yet he hated him. He was too perfect, too wonderful, too...real. That's not what he wanted, he wanted mystery, he wanted passion! NO NOOO NOOOO...That's not what Jayden wanted to write. No, not at all. Jayden wanted to write something terrifying, something that echoed the beautiful catastrophe happening outside her apartment. But what? What would be so terrifying but yet...romantic...what would invoke fear and longing in her readers? Ah...she had it.

A flash of lightning and a carriage crashed down from a steep slope in the mountain. As the rain poured the ground began to slip under the wooden vehicle. It wouldn't be much longer until it went tumbling into the village down below. The coachman was barely able to regain control of his horses before they flew across another turn. Just a little further and all would be safe, he thought. The clouds broke for a mere second and a flash of the moon could be seen. It was a little sliver of silver, easily engulfed by the billowing clouds. Not that one could even see the clouds it was so dark. The cool water was enough to keep the coachman from stripping off his jacket. The nights were oddly hot this early in spring. Usually these areas didn't feel the full blast of the sun until late in summer. Not that he was complaining, the rain felt so good. He was finally able to pull his beasts upon the man made path and made comparatively smoother descent into the town. He really hoped his passenger didn't mind the bumps. At least, he hadn't made a sound since partaking on the long road to Endletown. A little further and the small towns lights glowed upon the coachman. They had finally arrived. The watchmen at the gate quickly allowed them access. The carriage crunched and creaked on the heavy streets, splashing a little mud onto the sleeping towns peoples door stoops. Virtually all the homes were dark, the only building truly alight was the Inn. As he pulled up a young stable hand jumped from the porch and helped unhook the horses. The coachmen hooped down from his own post, reaching for the passenger door. His finger tips barely brushed the handle when it was swung open. One leg at a time the passenger exited the carriage. Tall and straight, he strode past the soaked coachman, the rain seemingly having no effect on him. The coachman saw no more of his passenger as he made his way into the well lit Inn. At least he paid well.

Was that enough for the young writer? Was it all out? Not yet no. That was just a taste, a spoiler. The fun had just begun. Where will this illustrious illustrator of words lead us next?

And thus...the readers type on!

Love,
unloved_poet