

# Once upon a Harpy Feather

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*One child teams up with two more and faces evil.*

*I LOVE IT*

*MY OWN CREATION*

*o.O*

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# 1 - THE GIFT

## Once Upon a Harpy Feather

By JB Pen Feather

### Part 1

It was the best of times; it was the worst of times. Oh well... ok I guess I'll stop the boring story; of a sadden prince and his sadden life in his sadden kingdom with its starving sadden people, and the prince just stands there and mumbles, To be or not to be that is the question? Now, if you like the idea of a sadden prince and his sadden life I now suggest that you place this book in the middle of the road and go check out the book Hamlet at your local library.

But if you want to read a book about torturous teachers, evil kings, mutant chicken zombies, and of course the bonds between love and friends than this book is for you. But you should pick this book off the street before that semi comes and you just lost \$11.95.

It's the year 3008 and I was a thirteen year old boy. People call me Tweeter because I like birds very much. I've always love birds even when I was a three day old boy I use to stare at our pet parrot Mr. Tweeter Beak (But I don't think that he liked that name much). Even when I was little I knew I was meant for something extraordinary.

### Chapter 1: The Gift

Today is my birthday: September 19<sup>th</sup> and my whole family as come to my house to celebrate. Now my younger and more popular brother Thomas was the entertainment for the party. I didn't mind that because my grandfather was coming and that was all that matters.

My grandfather is a wise man who spent most of his life protecting the weak and innocent from the evil and mean. He never told us how or why he did these things but I loved the stories anyway. My favorite was when he told us about the time when he saved a damsel for the evil clutches of an evil sorcerer. Of course I thought that this story was made up but that wasn't all that false after all.

It was 8:42 p.m. and my grandfather was no wear to be seen. What was I going to do? I just stood there and thought for a moment and decided to ask Timothy (my other brother) to help.

After 10:56 p.m. my grandfather had finally come to the party with a small gift. I love getting presents but this gift wasn't very alluring. It was time to open presents, Thomas got me a video game, Timothy got me a rubber chicken, Camille (my sister) got me a coupon for plastic surrey (I never knew what that was about), my grandmother, who was sick at the time, gave me a lucky rabbits foot, my mom gave me a nail gun, my father gave me a screw gun. But when it came to my grandfather's gift he told me to go and wait in my room.

It was a minute or so before my grandfather came into my room. He then handed me the box that held my present, that was also very light. He then told me to open my gift very carefully. I did as I was told.

Inside the box was a grey feather. I asked, A feather?

My grandfather replied, It is a feather in which you'll get your power from. This is not any ordinary feather, no, this, my grandson is a harpy feather. This feather gave me my strength and now it is yours.

I was speechless, why was I chosen and not my idiot brothers or sister. I asked, Why me?

You are the chosen one, my grandfather replied.

It was ok with me. My brothers were always better than me, Thomas loved chess and even went to the finals in New York. My other brother was a math geek, give him any problem and he would know the answer to it. My sister was a Spanish translator. It was my turn to shine. This is what you must do, my grandfather explained, You must never let anyone touch your feather or you will lose your power till you are my age. And by then you will have failed.

But why your age?

I don't know why about these things besides that it is what it is.

I then took the feather; on it was a piece of parchment. I looked at it; on it was a chant of some kind.

That script is what will give you your power, my grandfather explained.

The parchment read:

I call upon the falling star  
Grant thy power as you are  
Harpy feather in my hand  
Grant me power on my command  
UNLOCK

I glanced at the paper there were symbols on it. What are those markings for? I asked my grandfather again.

He answered, What is with you and these questions? Don't you believe me? Then he told me to go outside and try my new powers.

Chapter 2: In which I see a witch

When I went outside to try out my new powers (I still thought that they were so cool!) Well let's just say that I didn't have much of a dress rehearsal. From the look of it I'd say it was a flying broomstick, and where there is a broomstick there is a witch. Well in this case it was a warlock. So I put the feather around my neck and said, I call upon thy falling star, grant thy power as you are. Harpy feather in my hand, grant thy power on my command! UNLOCK!

After saying the chant a huge flash surrounded me and it felt like I had teeth growing out of my back and sure enough there were wings on me. My hands were sharp as if I never had cut them and around my

waste I felt the softness of feathers popping out.

After all this I looked like a human-bird thingy (so cool). When I looked around I saw my grandfather and in his hands was a long golden staff. He then gave it to me and said, Follow your heart and you will find your destiny. After that he just disappeared. As I lifted up the staff I concentrated hard on what I had to do. Then it came to me like a ton of bricks. The way to defeat the warlock if I needed to if not then that was a waste of time thinking. As I looked at the warlock it seemed that he was closer.

The warlock laughed and said, This!? This is the new hero of the world. Ha! He is just a mere fledgling!

I might be new but I am not a fledgling! I protested

He ignored me and continued, As I was saying. Where are you old man! The queen wants to see you! He screamed at the top of his lungs.

Right under your nose! grandpa answered. Grandpa popped out of nowhere and punched the warlock right in the kisser, then in the chest, and then in the uncomfortable spot that mules have. The warlock fell off his broom.

In pain he whimpered, You haven't seen the last of me! The queen will have her sacrifice! He paused to rub his back that was sore from the beating finished, The all powerful Arthur will be avenged! And after that the warlock threw a handful and said some magic words and *POOF* he was gone.

In the meantime, my grandfather (who fought greatly) was lying there on the ground, cold and stiff. After a long, hard, battle his life as a hero was at an end. So I thought. When I landed on the ground my grandfather suddenly popped up like he was taking a nap. He yawned and stretched and said in a half sleep tone, What happened? Why do you have wings? It looked like my grandfather had a memory loss. Normally he will get better in an hour or so.

How do I change back? I asked.

And my grandfather just stood there and stared but finally said in a trance like voice, The other side of the parchment, read it.

I did as I was told and looked at the other side of the parchment.

It read:

Thy power is yours

Oh falling star

Take thy power

As you are

Harpy Feather

In my hand

Take thy power

On my command

RELOCK!!!

There were the symbols again. So I say the chant and in a blink of an eye I was a normal boy again. There I stood in front of my grandfather that stared blankly back at me like he'd seen a ghost. He said, Who are you? He paused, Who am I? I couldn't believe it, my grandfather didn't remember me.

When we got back into the house I totally forgot it was my birthday party and Thomas was still dancing his butt off. I told them it was time to stop. After the party I went into my room and looked at the parchment, and then the staff grandpa gave me. Then I thought what if the symbols had something to do with the staff?

Then it hit me like a ton of bricks, Why don't I try my new power. That night I stood outside waiting for the moon because everyone was asleep and I didn't want to wake them up if I turn on the porch light. Finally when the moon shone clearly I said the chant and poof I had my power again. The staff was in my hand. I thought I should try to fly right now. I started flapping my wings and suddenly I was standing on top of my house.

Next I was going to try the staff. I flew back to the ground and there on the flower bed (which was my mother's) was a note. It read:

The staff has power beyond your wildest dreams. So use it wisely. Unlock! The power within your heart

I had no idea what that meant but I tried it anyway. First I thought it was just a weapon only good for hitting. I was wrong, then maybe it had to have a speller some sort of chant. I was right. It turned out to have a spell tag on the bottom, saying:

Wings of iron, feathers of steel, Show them pain now reveal

I loved it from the start; the thought of getting revenge on that warlock guy who gave my grandfather amnesia will pay. After practicing my flying for a little bit I decided to go to bed, but first I wanted to see how my grandfather was doing. When I got to his room nothing and nobody was there only a little egg and a note saying:

This egg will get you from here to \*\*\*\*\*  
Keep it warm and give it love  
Because I love it

The letter did not make sense to me. Where would I go? The letter was too smudged up to read it and what will come out of that egg?

Chapter 3- Now bob comes.