

Sirens song....

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Roy Rogers used to live an average life with average money. He had an average family, no siblings, a mother and a father. Roy was 13 years old when he found the last place he would ever see. A week earlier: Roy was walking home from school, it was the late 60's in Holly Springs, Mississippi. As Roy walked up the driveway to the door, he heard a loud crash and profanity leaking through the door's cracks. Roy thinking something had been dropped; he thought not much of it and entered the front room finding nothing wrong. Roy shrugged and moved on up to his room and searched for his notebook for math and couldn't find it. He remembered it was in the kitchen, which was located in the back of his house where he often did homework late at night. Roy was walking down the hall and saw his mother crying on the floor with small cuts covering her arms. Roy crept closer to the door minding his steps, so as not to make the floor creak. He saw his father standing over his mother with a look of pure hell on his face. Not far behind Roy's father was a cabinet full of liquor. Roy slowly noticed the broken glass scattered around the entire kitchen and surrounding his mother. Roy's father stepped and slapped his mother hard across the face. Roy rushed to help but was seen by his father, picked up and thrown into a pile of broken glass. Roy's mother gathered her strength picked up a bottle and smashed it into her husband's head. He fell to the ground but didn't get knocked out. Roy lifted his head out the window to see his mother fleeing with her jewelry box in hand, never to return. Roy's father turned to the only living thing left that he could destroy. Roy's father shouted profanity a mile per minute, like never ending gunfire. Roy's father continued to beat him, body and soul. "Someday you will be just like your drunk mother, hateful, sick and ungrateful!" Roy's father spit. "No! I will never be like her and one thing is certain my mother is not the only drunk in this house!!" Roy yelled with all his strength. Roy grabbed an unbroken bottle and smashed it into his father's head and leaped to his feet with all his strength. Roy charged out the door, jumped down the stairs and ran across the muddy driveway. He then tripped tearing the skin of his knees off. He looked towards the open screen door and heard groaning but heard no footsteps, Roy got back up and ran towards the open gap in the 7 ft fence that surrounded the edge of their two acre home. It opened onto a dense forest where no one lived. Roy ran and ran until his legs could hold him no longer. Just as he heard the trickling of water Roy's vision became foggy and he fell to the ground, and all went black. Roy woke to warm orange rays of light seeping through the trees. He stood only to discover that the sun was now rising. He

looked at his surroundings, not another soul in sight. Roy gave a shaky sigh and started to slowly walk towards the trickling water. Soon, Roy came upon a spring, which bubbled and bubbled with water, the spring continued on further and down into a ravine. Roy followed the spring's natural path and found uncut stone steps which lead down to what had become a creek, with water flowing from two other springs, Roy's gaze followed the water all the way into the dark trees beyond his sight. As Roy jumped down from the last step, he turned and gazed at the beautiful waterfall, where the rising sun now shone on the water and made it sparkle and fall like liquid fire. The stones that surrounded the small waterfall seemed to glow with a golden radiance, almost too shiny to look, but its grandeur was so perfect. Roy could not tear his eyes away. Roy stood eyes wide and mouth agape, taking in the beauty that surrounded him. The trees grew tall and proud, with thick trunks and delicate leaves, which floated down to rest on the water's surface. A slight jingle of bells sounded quietly and awoke Roy from his stupor. He turned behind him and watched the creek. But not even an unnatural ripple disturbed the water's current. Then Roy heard a ring, as if a silver plate had been set on a newly cleaned wooden table. He turned and saw a small harp, no bigger than his metal lunchbox. The harp was silver, each of its strings looked so thin and delicate as if one were to strum it would break. Though it was wooden, the wood was infused with strips of silver which intertwined so naturally you would think it came from a natural growing tree. The harp had two small bells at the very top which presided over a beautiful woman whose legs slowly joined into a tail. As Roy approached the harp, which resided at the edge of the pool, a splash came from the other side of the pool, almost behind the small trickling waterfall. As Roy turned his head, another splash came not far from his feet and the harp was gone. As Roy looked about in wonder, he heard a small peal of laughter, the giggles of a young girl. As Roy searched for its source he heard it more and more, but he could not find the owner of the haunting laugh. Roy sat on a boulder and decided he would just observe and wait to catch his mysterious companion. "...hello?" Roy's head shot up and looked straight at the pool to see the head of a young girl no older than he, come up from the water. Her hair was as golden as a sunrise but her eyes were black like the bottom of the pool. Roy was stunned " hello there missus"