Jahari (HA)

Drifting closer and closer, the ivory whirls slowly rolled towards the ancient, abandoned cottage. Confidently, the vapour over took the trees and approached the glint of light which peered through the hole in the curtains. There was nothing but a roaring silence as I observed the ghostly ship gliding across the charcoal black ocean. My heart was pounding like a drum and knees were trembling…