

HARP

The Song of Origin — Part 2

L. de Vlieger

Series The Song of Origin

By L. de Vlieger

Harp

The Chronicles of the Song of Origin · Part 2

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1 The Song of Origin – Lyraël & Noaëlle (2026)

2. The Song of Origin – Harp (2026)

*Lyraël looked down at this new spark of light and love and said to him. If there ever comes a time, little dragon, that you would like to try an incarnation. I will be there to guide you.
That is a promise.*

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Chapter 1: Harp

He was thrilled.

He stood amidst the stars, in the middle of the gold and purple geometrical field. He watched his sculpture wobble from side to side as it swirled inside the big cone-shaped structure. He knew it was all about the positioning of the eye in the middle to keep the pace and swirl steady. It should not be long before it, if structured in the right way, turned in the other direction and spitted out the knot that started the structure.

He felt the eyes of the team focused on him; he knew they always had a spare eye for him while they were watching Mama Lyraël as well.

Almost there!

He noticed the subtle change in how the spiral sang; it was about to overturn itself, and the structure's humming was building up.

Then a subtle 'twang', a flash of light, he always thought of as a shooting star and the whole structure exhaled.

Harp sighed, eyes twinkling with sheer joy; he succeeded! He observed as the spiral exhaled and then noticed the first signs of the inhaling process, deeply again, from the eye of the spiraling structure, which would make it spin the other way around.

It was the eternal expanding and collapsing of the field, breathing, inhale, followed by exhale, but now brought back to this tiny cone in his mother's expanded field.

Happy with how it turned out, looked around to see if anyone else was watching, too. His mother and others like

her had taken on this important mission, and it had been stirring the whole Galactic Alliance. They were building momentum to do, on a large scale, what he just had created in the field. He watched as the council members consulted the guides of the souls, momentarily focused on the persona they had created for themselves. Some were asked to contact them when their bodies were at rest, and the soul was focused in the field for a couple of earth hours.

He looked towards the place he knew for certain Aïon could be found: the field's archives. He had been following Noaëlle and Lyraël for eons now, writing down their every move. He signed up voluntarily for this last mission Mama Lyraël and 'Queen' Noaëlle would be taking on, to be a guide and help navigate the density Mama Lyraël moved through until the work was done.

Quite the exhausting job, but nothing the sturdy old council member could not handle, although Lyraël was known for his temper, and being in this density in a female human form was not helping to tone down that temperament.

Things could shake, he nodded to himself. Last week, there was this explosion. Lyraël did not like the answer that was given, and the whole field was burning with the golden flames that were a reflection of his essence. Harp noticed how the poor archivist, bringer of the news, turned a little pale around his nose from the outburst, but he also caught a glimpse of the smile and twinkle in the eye of the graceful 'Queen' Noaëlle on this event. She was very proud of all the actions of her counterpart; dealing with that dense reality tended to cause friction. Having done a couple of those incarnations herself, she could understand Lyraël's reaction.

Harp noticed that Noaëlle was looking in his direction, smiling approvingly; she liked the way that he brought his playful energy to the field. She told him that his creations

made the energy stream differently and were helping Lyraël too.

By now, the spiral was spinning steadily and turning from left to right, with the eye in the middle being the calm in that storm. He knew he had to give it some time to steady itself and when steady again it would be a nice piece to play in with his friends from the stars.

He had been playing in this field since the very day he arrived in the field; he had sparked from that field that Noaëlle and Lyraël were. But it was Lyraël who had called him to spark from the very songfield itself.

Where were his two best friends? He searched the field, frowning a little bit over all the ruckus going on, just to see the two Sassani chasing each other and playing some kind of game with a soul. To the heavy human world, beings like them might need a thousand difficult words to be explained. But Harp didn't need definitions. He knew them for exactly what they were, because their frequency was the very song he felt inside himself. They were all made of the same flashing, living light.

He remembered how Aïon, the old archivist, had once tried to explain them to him through data and cosmic scrolls. Aïon had called them the 'Sellers of Light' and talked about their home, Essassani, a realm where thought and physical manifestation completely dissolved into each other. The old man had gone on and on about how they pulsed in and out of reality over one quattuordecillion times per second, shifting their density as easily as a human might change their mind. To Aïon and his records, they were a complex civilization of joy, navigating time not as a straight line, but as a vast, shimmering library. Harp had listened politely, but to him, it wasn't that complicated at all. He didn't need the big numbers. He watched his two Sassani friends zip through

the density now, laughing as they turned reality inside out just for the fun of it.”

He made sure he caught their eye the moment one of them looked in his direction. As they had noticed he was building something and had stopped, they were curious to see what he made, and if it was any fun; knowing their friend, it should be.

In a split second, they were there standing next to him. They walked around the cone and watched its cycle of turning around one way, coming to a stop to go the other way. They were very impressed by that. Harp, excited as he was about his creation, noticed the curiosity of his friends and then how they were impressed with the spiral. He had observed his creation a bit longer now and had noticed how it was amplifying a single note in the hum from the field. Interesting.

He turned to his friends and said, “I think I will create some more later, but for now, let’s play!”

At that moment, the spiral was about to make its turn, losing some speed in the process, which made it easier for Harp to do what he had his mind set on. He jumped into the spiral, felt how he was sucked into it with the speed of a centrifuge spiraling down. When he reached the bottom, the spiral started to spin the other way around and, by doing so, took Harp back up, to be spat out. His friends were standing there laughing, excited to try that ‘ride’ by themselves to fully experience it.

In and out they went, taking turns, laughing loudly; it had drawn some attention from the elders, and Harp noticed how ‘the old man’ Aïon was watching him and his friends with curiosity, but also with the awareness of the field to check if it would bring any dissonance to it.

Aïon would not say it very easy but with the day he grew fonder of Harp, 'the little dragon' as he called him. His arrival in the field was quite the surprise for everyone.

Weeks ago, Lyraël in human form, went about her day in the focused earth state. Coming out of a night of unity with Noaëlle, the cold winter of Earth got to the human form in a heavy way, her feeling gloomy, having one of those 'moods' again. Noaëlle tried as hard as she could to make that part of Lyraël aware of her being present. She succeeded by sending some memories of how they had held each other in the field, in the moments that the body slept, and Lyraël was fully present in the field.

That moment of arriving at full awareness in the field was one you could not miss. When the focal point of the soul was fully on the earthly experience, the hum of the soulfield was one of a steady engine, but when that shifts, the body slept, the spirit turned the focus around, and it landed in the full awareness of the field, it changed from an engine sound to full symphony.

In the rare moments Lyraël and Noaëlle did not have to do any work and could be together, the symphony changed to full bombastic sounds and color. Aïon knew that in those moments he could retreat to his archives and be at rest there.

It had been one of those 'nights'. The symphony and colors were radiating; it made the transition to the cold density of earth the biggest contrast ever.

He remembered that day; he tried to cheer up Lyraël, in human form, to go about and do the earthly things. But it was a day of lingering in the contrast of heavy 3D density and the 'nightly' symphony. Noaëlle had sent the memories to the brain of Lyraël, and the mood changed a bit and went from gloomy to playful joy and curiosity.

That was when it happened.

It was as if the field held its breath for a brief moment to exhale with more depth. When that happened, with what would have been the normal expansion, this time came something else: a newborn energy, Harp.

The human-form Lyraël had created a new ‘friend’ on her earthly birthday.

The whole team stood there in surprise at this; Noaëlle blushed a bit and giggled.

The song had birthed a new soul, one vibrating with the highest excitement and Joy, being of a very curious nature, and it started to explore right away.

Chapter 2: Little Creator

Harp was focused on the humming of the field, the variety of the vibration of lines that would unfold into layers, that would unfold into colors, that would unfold into possibilities and probabilities, to unfold in more detail, to become a density on its own.

He studied it with the utmost effort that could be expected of a student. The information he obtained from it needed to be treated with the utmost respect. Twist it around, and there would be a tear in a timeline, creating confusion and experiences that differed from the ones established.

Aïon stood next to him; he was so proud of how Harp treated this with the patience and respect that was so necessary to do this delicate work with the lines. He would make sure everything stayed as it was, undisturbed.

The little dragon had made so much progress since his birth; it was only a couple of weeks ago, earth time, for there was no such thing as time in the realm they were in.

Harp now reached into a golden line to have it fold out in all colors of the prism. Aïon held his attention sharp to what his student was doing, ready to step in if any damage control was needed. Harp, however, followed the instructions to the letter, and Aïon could relax a bit more and even allowed himself to drift back in his memory. He went back to that one special point in time, one moment where the songfield was vibrating with gold and purple, still pregnant with the vibrations and light from the last 'night' that Lyraël had been fully merged with Noaëlle. They melted into this golden and purple bubble, the unity of their soul.

The next moment, he tried to calm down Lyraël in human form and then, unexpectedly, there he was!....

The field had opened and pushed out this delightful new spark of life. As far as he could find in his registry, this had never been done before, but that was to be expected of the Song of origin. Had there ever been a time Lyraël and Noaëlle would follow the rules at all? And there in the field in this present moment, nose a bit wrinkled from the focus and full attention to the assignment Aïon had given him, stood this new soul. Innocent, magnificent in every aspect, the offspring of the two forming the song of origin. Two law-bending, creative, loving souls. Aïon laughed to himself; who would have thought he would become a mentor, being fatherly and very strict, ofcourse, teaching the child of Lyraël and Noaëlle.

Harp turned around, holding the spread colors with a carefully placed lock on them.

“Hey Aïon, could you please tell me how we could fold this back again? “ Was it his imagination or did he catch the ‘old man’ a little bit off guard?

Aïon, immediately present again with his student, showed him how he folded the light again so it would be brought back to the gold it began with, in a short amount of time.

Harp sighed, he loved learning about the field and the energy and the essence of creation. He also enjoyed his time with the ‘old man’, asking questions that Aïon would answer and, in the process, generating even more questions. He knew this session could not be taking more time than it did; in the distance, he saw the ships of the Galactic Alliance gathering around the golden hall of the council.

Aïon let out a long, heavy sigh, though the sparkle in his eyes betrayed his stern tone. He adjusted his focus, pointing a long, translucent finger toward the shimmering sky outside the archive balcony. “Look closely, Harp,” Aïon said, his deep voice carrying the weight of eons. “What you are witnessing is the convergence of the Great Seals. Those perfect, brilliant spheres of blue and silver light, those are the Pleiadian fleets. They bring the emotional blueprint, the soft resonance of the heart required to soften the heavy density your ‘mother’ is walking through.”

Harp leaned over the edge, his frequency humming with excitement. “And the massive geometric ones? The ones that look like floating crystals?”

“Arcturians,” Aïon nodded approvingly. “The master engineers. They were stabilizing the dimensional corridors. Without their grids, the sheer acceleration of the Earth’s shifting field would cause total dissonance. And there,.” Aïon’s voice grew slightly softer, filled with immense respect, “the majestic, fiery golden triangles. The Lyrans. Keepers of the original Resonance. They carry the same sovereign flame that burns within Lyraël.”

Aïon turned to Harp, his expression becoming instantly firm and fatherly. “The council hall is filling, little one. The Mantis Keepers and the Alchemists have already taken their seats. This meeting is highly confidential, dealing with the fragile alignment of Earth’s remaining timelines. You are not to go near the Golden Hall today, Harp. It is no place for a newborn spark to play. Am I understood?”

Harp wrinkled his nose, nodding politely. “Understood, Aïon.”

But the moment the old archivist turned his back and retrieved another heavy scroll, Harp caught the eye of his two Sassani friends who were hiding just behind a floating

pillar. They were shifting their densities, shimmering with absolute mischief. Not welcome? Harp thought. He didn't need a physical body to move, and he certainly didn't need permission.

Accessing a deep, hidden layer of his lineage, a gift passed down directly from the subtle mastery of Noaëlle, Harp shifted his entire vibration into the ultraviolet spectrum.

To the naked eye, and even to most multidimensional scanners, he simply ceased to exist, melting into a frequency of invisible light. His two Sassani friends matched his slipstream, blurring their forms until they were nothing but a tiny, warm glitch in the air. Together, they glided past the heavy crystalline guard towers. At one point, a high-ranking Arcturian guard paused, his scanning visor flickering as if detecting a sudden spike in ambient heat.

Harp held his breath, the ultraviolet light shimmering tightly around them. The guard shook his head, attributing it to the massive ships docking outside, and moved on. They were in. They glided into the Golden Hall, melting into the shadows near the grand vaulted ceiling.

The amphitheater was a breathtaking spectacle, a living tapestry of the Galactic Alliance. Below, the council table gathered immense power. There sat the prominent Arcturian Engineer, his massive, crystalline form radiating a deep blue hue as his elongated fingers adjusted a highly complex, floating geometric device. The device spun silently, casting intricate holographic grids of Earth's ley lines into the air, recalculating nodal stabilities in real-time.

Not far from him sat an ancient Sassani Elder, a being whose physical form seemed to blur at the edges, pulsing with an effortless, calm wisdom that didn't need words. Across the table, a towering Reptilian Alchemist sat perfectly still, his dark, bronze scales gleaming under the hall's light, his

piercing eyes tracking the Arcturian's data with the intense focus of someone who understood the raw, heavy mechanics of planetary density better than anyone.

And there, commanding the absolute respect of the room, were Lyraël and Noaëlle. As Firstborns and the very essence of the Song of Origin, their presence was undeniable.

Even while Lyraël's focus was split, animating that dense, challenging human form down on Earth, his sovereign soul sat firmly in his council seat, his energy humming with that unmistakable, fiery golden temperament.

Beside him, 'Queen' Noaëlle sat with regal grace, her aura radiating the subtle, shifting frequencies of the higher dimensions.

Harp and his friends hovered near the ceiling, floating just above the grand chandelier, giggling silently at the magnificent spectacle below. But the Galactic Council wasn't easily fooled. Just as the grand Chairman stepped up to the podium to open the meeting, he paused. He didn't look at his notes. Instead, his eyes slowly drifted upward, straight toward the seemingly empty space near the chandelier.

A collective silence fell over the massive hall. With a deep, booming voice that echoed with both authority and a hint of amusement, the Chairman spoke: "Before we begin the alignment of the Earth sectors...

Would our ultraviolet spectators care to join us, or shall we assist you?"

In a flash, the ultraviolet camouflage dissolved. There they were, caught red-handed. Harp immediately looked down at his parents. Noaëlle's eyes locked onto him, her expression turning instantly, regally stern. Harp felt a sudden flush of cosmic sheepishness; it was, after all, her unique ability he had so shamelessly borrowed to sneak past the guard towers. But right next to her, Harp caught a glimpse of Lyraël. The

golden warrior was trying hard to maintain a serious face, but a distinct, proud smile played at the corners of his mouth, and a knowing twinkle in his eye practically screamed that he secretly loved this rebellious stunt.

Before Harp could even attempt to fold the space around them, a gentle but firm tractor-beam energy caught all three of them by their energetic collars. Amidst a wave of suppressed chuckles from the Pleiadians, a massive, face-palming groan from Aïon as he dropped a star chart, and that strict-yet-smiling gaze from his parents, Harp and his two Sassani buddies were floated right out of the grand doors. The heavy golden gates slammed shut behind them, and a brilliant, impenetrable cosmic seal locked them out on the steps.

Harp, far from being upset, plopped down right there on the smooth, gleaming steps of the Golden Hall, his frequency buzzing with absolute exhilaration. His two Sassani friends tumbled down next to him, and within seconds, the three of them were collapsing into a fit of breathless, silent giggles, trying to muffle their laughter so it wouldn't echo against the massive sealed doors. "Did you see that Arcturian device?" Harp whispered excitedly, his eyes wide as he reenacted the spinning motion with his hands. "The lines were folding into perfect dodecahedrons! It looked like he was rewriting the whole grid of the planet in one go!"

"And that Reptilian!" one of his friends chimed in, leaning over. "I thought his eyes were going to burn a hole straight through Aïon's scrolls. He looked like he wanted to alchemize the entire room!"

They erupted into another round of snickers, recalling poor Aïon dropping his star charts in total embarrassment when they were exposed. Harp smiled, thinking of Noaëlle's stern look, but the warm, golden pride he had caught in Lyraël's