

Tickling The Ivories  
By  
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The sweet notes that came from the white keys always soothed Jameson's furious mind. He loved to plink and plink on them for hours. *Oh, the variations*, he thought. *The endless variations*.

"You can play a lot more songs if you use the black keys, too," Rheingold said.

Jameson hated the black keys. They were too dark to see the red on. He'd destroy every black key in the world if he could.

"Go away," Jameson snapped.

Rheingold snorted and huffed out of the room, slamming the door.

Jameson resumed playing, admiring the bloody fingerprints he left.