Once upon a time in China, there was a little boy and his name was Ang.

All the other little boys in his neighborhood were busy studying, as little boys do.

But not Ang.

He just liked to sit quietly. Or sometimes, play videogames.

One day, Ang picked up a harmonica, and blew into it. It made a sound. Not a melodious sound. But just a sound.

Soon, he learned how to play a few simple tunes, but there was a problem - he wasn’t very good.

His harmonica would sometimes create a terrible racket, like the screech of a microphone.

Ang’s mother would worry about him. Not only could he not play the piano like the neighbor’s son, but the noise from the harmonica drove her crazy.

“Why don’t you dig out your piano and learn to play it like the other boys?”, she would say.

But Ang shook his head. He only wanted to learn the harmonica.

So he picked up his harmonica and sat under a cork tree in his neighborhood, where he would disturb nobody.

And he practiced for months and months.

One day, Ang played a Bob Dylan number to his friends. But they laughed at him.

After all that practice, it still sounded terrible.

“Mother was right, I am useless.”, Ang thought. “Tomorrow, I shall throw away the harmonica and start learning the piano”.

And so Ang decided to bury the harmonica underneath his favorite cork tree. He dug up a hole with a spade.

Before saying goodbye, Ang played one last song - a song by Bob Dylan.

But this time, it sounded great. Not to anybody else, because there was no one there. But to Ang, it did.

So he decided to keep his harmonica.

And for all I know, he is sitting there still, under his favorite cork tree, playing the harmonica. He is very happy.