

The White Serpent

In the beautiful Ebro Delta, where the river’s water embraces the land before reaching the sea, there was a very ancient secret. The reeds swayed gently in the breeze, birds flew low over the rice paddies, and the great Ebro meandered peacefully, as if telling stories to anyone who would listen.

The people of the delta spoke in hushed tones of a magical creature that lived near the river. They said that when the moon was full and bright, a white glimmer could be seen slithering across the water. It was the White Serpent.

It wasn’t frightening. It wasn’t evil. But it was mysterious.

They said that the White Serpent guarded a hidden treasure in a secret underground cave. Many had tried to find that cave, following the tracks, parting the reeds, looking behind the large stones. But the cave never appeared.

And this only deepened the mystery.

One sunny morning, a girl from the delta named Mar was strolling near the river. She loved watching the crabs, listening to the sound of the water, and imagining that the wind was telling her stories.

Suddenly, she saw something amazing.

Among the reeds, something white was moving very slowly.

Mar froze. Her heart was pounding, not from fear, but from excitement. The white figure emerged a little further. It was large, bright, and beautiful. Its eyes shone like tiny stars.

It was the White Serpent.

For a few seconds that seemed very long, they gazed at each other in silence. The wind stopped. The birds fell silent.

The snake moved a little closer. Mar noticed the water rippling around it, as if it too were nervous.

Then, suddenly, the snake disappeared beneath the water.

Mar blinked. Had it been a dream?

That night, she couldn’t stop thinking about it. What if the treasure really existed? What if the snake had been watching her? What if the cave was very close?

The next day she returned to the same spot. Everything seemed normal. Too normal. The reeds were moving, but strangely, as if they were hiding something. Mar took a step forward… and heard a small noise beneath her feet.

Crack.

The ground vibrated slightly. The girl froze. Behind a large stone, a soft, white light appeared.

Her heart began to pound. Was it the cave?

She looked around. There was no one else. Only the river, the wind, and that mysterious glow.

Then she remembered the stories her grandparents told: only those with a sincere heart could find the treasure.

Mar took a deep breath. She didn’t want any gold or jewels. She only wanted to know the secret and protect this beautiful place.

The light intensified. The stone moved slowly, silently. A small underground cave opened before her.

And inside, amidst a white light, was the White Serpent.

But the treasure wasn’t what everyone imagined.

There were no coins or glittering chests.

There were seeds ready to be planted, crystal-clear water that seemed to sing, small stones that cast a soft light, and golden ears of corn that smelled of the countryside.

The serpent raised its head and looked at Mar.

Without speaking, the girl understood the message. The treasure wasn’t for keeping. It was for protecting. It was the life of the delta, nature, clean water, the plants, and the animals.

Suddenly, a loud noise came from outside. Footsteps were running toward the area. Someone else had seen the light.

Mar felt a pang of worry. What if they wanted the treasure to keep it? What if they ruined it?

The White Serpent looked the girl in the eyes. And as if reading her thoughts, the light began to fade very slowly.

When the newcomers arrived, they found only stones, reeds, and ordinary soil.

The cave had vanished.

But Mar was still there, with a small smile.

She had understood the secret.

That day she promised to care for the river, not to pollute it, and to explain to everyone that the true treasure of the Ebro Delta was nature itself.

And they say that, ever since, when the moon is full and the water shines like silver, a white silhouette can be seen swimming peacefully through the river.

The White Serpent continues to watch.

And continues to sense their hearts.

Because the greatest treasure of all is not what can be grasped with the hands, but what is cherished with the heart.