

hela

# **When the world turned upside down**

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# Inhaltsangabe

What do George feel, when he saw his death brother? And who beware him to do a big stupid step?  
Read this Ff to get more Informations.

## Vorwort

Hi everyone,  
This is my first Oneshot. It's a english ff.  
Please komment

Important:  
The Mara Projket, everyone should at least spend a look.  
[click here](#)

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1. When the world turned upside down

## When the world turned upside down

I looked around. All the people were shocked nobody was talking. Around us Hogwarts, the school of witchcraft and wizardry had nearly collapsed. There was Ash on the wall and cadaver from death eaters and normal wizards were lying side by side. Whole Hogwarts was bleak. Then suddenly, the crowd of people around me rushed forward and they began to scream and to shout: "He killed him. You-know-who is death. Harry Potter is our man." I didn't realize what that meant. I was just standing in yard and turning my head. My head cleared up. All my thoughts were by my family. Were they alive? What had happened to them? Where are they? But I wasn't able to move. I was standing in this yard and everybody around me was celebrating. A few minutes later, I had to search my family because I had this feeling. Sometimes people told me that I could sense when something was happening to Fred. And they were right. I could feel it. If he was sad I was sad too. When he laughs I had to laugh also. But now, there was an emotion which shouldn't be there. I walked across the yard, the yard where I had sitting and laughing an couple of years ago. But that wasn't my world anymore. I entered the castle and dust raised up from the ground when I walked across the hall. I went into the great hall from Hogwarts. In that hall Fred and I had disturbed Umbridge. But all that thoughts rushed aside the time I saw her. Her dark skin was white from the dust and she carried her long black hair in a ponytail. She was sitting next to a woman which could be her mother. She didn't look up. But I can't stop staring at her. I hadn't seen her for a long time. Of course when Fred and I had our shop in the Diagon Alley she often came to buy things or just for talking but most time she was talking to Fred. The reminder came over me like a flash. Fred and Angelina, laughing together after a Quiddich match. Fred and her sitting in the Common room and doing their homework, Fred who invites her at the yule ball, she who came into our shop to see Fred. In that moment I realized how much I had missed her. Went on, hoping to find someone from my family in that chaos. Suddenly there was gingered head. I was the head of my mother. And my mother was lying over someone. No! Please no!, that was my first thought. But it was of course getting harder. Then in that moment I saw my face on the ground. No it was not my face. It was the face from Fred. I ran towards his body, towards my mother. I rushed her aside and I was shaking Fred at his shoulder. But he didn't move. I smelled salt water. I was crying. I don't realized how all my other siblings sat down next to me. I don't realized Bill and my father who carried my mother to a bed. Hours later my eyes were red and swollen I was alone. All the others were sleeping. Of course it had taken hours, years in my eyes but now they were sleeping. I took a deep breath and I picked up a scribe. What for a sense should live have without Fred? I just put the scribe on my skin. Ready to end my life, when someone touches my shoulder, it was a mellow hand. It was HER hand. She was looking at me and tears were running down her face. She looked so sad and tiered that I had to look into her eyes. And with one thought I'd like to live on, for her, even if she would never love me. She took my hand and I managed it to stand up. We walked to a near empty bed and sit down. She didn't talk much. She just put her hand under my chin and kissed me. In that moment nothing else mattered. Then she rushed back and said: "Stay by me, just this on night. I can't sleep because every time I closed my eyes I saw his face on ground. I now that you see the same." I took a deep breath and lie down on bed. She took my arm and put it around her hip. Every time in that night when one of us woke up, we feel the breath of each other and calmed down. The next morning were the funerals. And at no time I let her hand go. She was standing next to me and whenever she or I need a break we walked into the forest. We didn't talk much. We had time to talk later. And in this moments here in the forest, I didn't thought about her and Fred. I didn't asked her about that. In that moments I just realized, that I would never let Angelina Johnson go again.