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Drabbles

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Eine bunte Sammlung von kürzeren, englischen Sachen.

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Ursprünglich für den Fanfic Drive-Thru, aber der ist jetzt Geschichte. :')

Forgetting

Falling in love starts off as something so small you barely see it coming.

It starts off when you choose to sit right next to her, although the common room is empty. It's almost midnight, everyone else is fast asleep by now, and there are plenty of sofas you could've sat on. You don't think about it then. It's only in retrospect that you start to see these kind of things.

Falling in love starts off when you like spending time with her a little bit too much. It starts off when you're watching her from the opposite side of the room, and when you're desperately thinking of something to say to her because there's nothing in the world you'd rather do than talk to her.

It starts off when her smile appears to get brighter every time she flashes it at you, and when you start noticing the little things no one else seems to see: How her hair moves when she walks past you, and the way she wrinkles her nose when she's laughing. And oh, her laughter. It's the most beautiful thing you've ever seen, and you find yourself having to look away, because the sheer brightness of her smile, and the way her lips curve when she's smirking ... it's like your trying to look directly into the sun.

"Oi! Keep that head down, Captain!"

At some point, you will ask yourself a question. Are you in love? That question will linger in the back of your mind until you try to push it away, and the harder you push, the tighter it will hold on to you. And that's how you know.

The Bludger zooms into your vision, and you duck your head in the very last second before it cracks your skull open. As you start to wonder who decided to set the Bludger free, and why anyone is here in the first place, because you've set off early to the Quidditch Pitch tonight and no one was supposed to be here yet – that's when you see her smile, and the fluttering mass of fiery red hair that swirls through the cooling evening air like a flame. The girl attached to it grins at you, and you hold on to your own broom as if you're afraid to fall, because hers is the only smile that makes you feel dizzy in the best way possible – like she has stolen your glasses, which she actually does sometimes. It's a smile that feels like sunlight hitting your face and warmth setting your skin aflame.

“You're probably going to get yourself killed sometime soon”, she comments jokingly, letting go of her broom with both hands to tie the shock of ginger hair into a ponytail. “I'm not entirely sure this is gonna help us win the House Cup, but, you know, whatever.”

“Oh, har, har”, you say, and you can feel every drop of blood in your body rush into your face. Your stomach twists ever so slightly as she comes to a halt in front of him, and you can't help feeling oddly self-conscious, like you've just found yourself on an overexposed stage, and she's the only one in the audience.

And that's when you're not trying to push it away anymore, when you give in to the butterflies in your

stomach, and as soon as you do, there aren't any butterflies left. They've turned into something bigger, to a grand and dizzying whole that feels like a sprinkle of warm water.

And why would you give in? It's far too nice a feeling to not want to drown yourself in it. After all, you're not used to feelings that light and – for now – uncomplicated, and there's no way you're not going to enjoy it while it lasts.

“Are you going to help me catch that thing before it actually cracks someone's skull open?”, you ask, and you catch yourself thinking that maybe, you're not quite that bad at hushing up your immense awkwardness.

“Or”, she says thoughtfully, “I could watch you making a fool of yourself trying to catch it. Besides, there's no one here but us.”

“Why are you here, anyway? Practice won't start until seven.” This is good. You're not too bad at this.

“Oh, I saw you come here ten minutes ago. Thought I might join in, I didn't know what else to do, really. So, are we going to play Quidditch now or what?”

“Yeah ...”

THINK OF SOMETHING TO SAY. QUICKLY. SAY SOMETHING FUNNY BEFORE IT – hell, it's awkward already.

You attempt to smile at her (and your insides cringe when you think about how absolutely ridiculous you've got to look), but she doesn't notice, or pretends not to, and you watch her silhouette grow smaller against the faintly pink evening sky.

Being in love is nice, and easy, if only for a little while. You know you can't trust the lightness of it to last for a very long time; you've known that for your whole life. But right now, it kind of is, and you will enjoy it to the very last second – the excitement of a touch, and the way her laughter makes your heart sing. No matter where, or how, or when this will end.

The truth is, you have a feeling it could end fairly soon. It hasn't actually started yet, and you're trying not to hope it will, because you know it might not. But it's hard not to hope, now that she's so close to you, and you're so close to her, and all you can see is her face in front of yours, and her silhouette on a broomstick in front of the darkening sky.

And out of all these little things you enjoy about it – about the blossoming of your feelings, these first few days knowing you're in love ... out of all the lovely things it comes with, you decide not wanting, or having, to care about tomorrow is by far your favourite. Not caring can be hard when you're Harry Potter, and there are few people that can make you forget about everything that may or may not be awaiting you, but Ginny Weasley is one of them, and she makes you forget like no one else.