

solvej

Night Sky

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Inhaltsangabe

Englische Übersetzung von Nachthimmel durch die überaus begnadete RESIMESDRA :)

Draco is drowning in self-pity. But just until a certain someone disrupts him quite effectively...

(slash indicated)

Vorwort

Danke danke danke an Res, für diese großartige Übersetzung, die ich sogar besser finde, als das Original! Du hast meine grenzenlose Bewunderung *kiss* :)

Die deutsche Originalversion ist btw hier zu finden: Nachthimmel

Songzitate von Muse bzw Placebo, Rechte an Figuren bei JKR, Rechte an Mondscheingasse bei der Stadt Graz, Rechte an echten oder erfundenen Sternbildern bei... eh... oO

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Translation by Resimesdra

*I will be chasing a starlight
Until the end of my life
I don't know if it's worth it anymore*

Muse ~ Starlight

The door fell shut behind him, and the sudden silence that fell over him served to irritate him for a moment. As though he meant to calm himself by it, he willingly let out a slow breath, then leaned backwards against the cold, moist wall of the house. He let his head fall back and closed his eyes for a while. If he concentrated, he was able to feel each and every beat his heart made.

The simmering light radiating from the glowing sign over the entrance to the bar, lighting up the street below, was reflected by the wet asphalt, which appeared blue. The rain had long since stopped; merely the fat clouds were still hanging down from the sky, black and almost threatening, like a constant reminder. At the few places where they had been torn, Draco could see one star or another shining through. No moon could be seen. Perhaps it just was one of those nights without it.

Draco breathed in the heavy night air and straightened up, reaching for the cigarettes in his pocket. He lit one with automatic movements of his hands, took a drag and then blew smoke from his mouth and nose with a soft noise. The orange glow seemed strangely inappropriate in the silent scenery of black, blue, and grey, and for a split second, Draco felt almost ashamed for having thrown the alien spot of colour into the picture. Only his face and hair were light and pale, just like the moon that wouldn't shine tonight.

He had fled out here from his memories, only to realise that loneliness and silence made them pulsate even louder inside his head. It was in there they had met the first time. It was in there they had first kissed. Draco squeezed his eyes shut with pain; he didn't want to think about it. But his image forced its way back into Draco's consciousness, he was everywhere in there, Draco could see him standing in almost every corner. Saw him standing at the bar, a beer in hand and laughing, or sitting at a table with his friends, forearms resting on the tabletop while he leaned in, interested, absorbed in a conversation.

Truthfully, Draco had never experienced him in those situations - especially not here - but he just knew how it could have been. But now it was over, over - and he would never get to see him like this. It had been over for too long a time now, and still Draco couldn't rid himself of thoughts of him, they had him in a vice, dictated his desire, yearning and hope, as well as his dreams at night. Draco hated himself for that.

He just wished that one day he would be able to hate *him* for it, but right now all he felt was an overly paralysing sadness that was rooted deep inside of him; obviously not willing to let go of him anytime soon.

Draco stared at the tips of his shoes, trying hard to think of nothing, if just for a few seconds. Of *course* he meant to pull himself together, wanted to go back in there and have fun with the others, laugh about meaningless things, be completely carefree. He was a Malfoy, damn it! 'A Malfoy keeps a stiff upper lip,' his father had always said, and simultaneously demonstrated how to do it with flawless appearance. But for Draco, it just wouldn't work, no matter how hard he tried. Even if he succeeded at banishing him from his mind for a short while, fake ease covering the torn things beneath like a cloth - even then it merely took one tiny reminder to make everything wallow up inside him with full force again.

There was a clicking noise, then a few seconds during which the dull sound of the bass could be heard from the bar; then the door fell closed again. Draco didn't turn around; he kept staring at the ground instead, taking yet another drag from his cigarette.

"What are you doing out here? Admiring the beautiful setting of Moonshine Alley?" Pansy asked, feigning an artificial conversation tone while her eyes slid over the road sign at the wall of the opposite house. She sucked in a harsh breath at the cold and pulled her hands into her sleeves - which, naturally, Draco couldn't see, since he still wasn't looking up, but he could practically feel her sense of self-sacrifice begging for attention and approval.

The sky had darkened even more, if such thing was possible. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it had turned greyer. It was all just one great dreariness when Draco absent-mindedly let his gaze wander over the silhouettes of the rooftops. Slowly, almost lazily and without looking at Pansy, he said, "I'll be back in there soon. I just wanted to get some fresh air."

"I see, and then you got so overwhelmed by all that fresh air you had to blacken your lungs a bit to dampen its effect?" Pansy asked. Draco could tell by the sound of her voice that she had reproachfully lifted her eyebrows. Pansy more than disapproved of Draco's freshly acquired habit of smoking, and she often got on his nerves by mentioning how he didn't just harm himself but everyone around him as well.

Draco put on a guilty expression and finally gathered up the willpower to look her in the eye, pathetically shrugging in search of sympathy.

"You would be *far* more convincing if you actually threw your cigarette away right now, you know?" she said, sounding significantly softer, reproach almost gone from her voice. "You're thinking about him again, aren't you?"

"I don't know who you're talking about," Draco said, irritably.

"Dave."

Draco flinched ever so slightly when she mentioned his name. "Would you *please* let it be?" he huffed, his foot drumming a quick rhythm on the ground.

"Of course. *He who must not be named* for you."

"Funny," Draco deadpanned, rewarding Pansy with an icy glare.

"Oh Dray," she sighed melodramatically. "There will be other men. There -"

"I don't *want* any other man!"

"Don't be silly. You don't even care about him anymore; you just keep mourning the made-up, perfect image of a man who never existed in this form! Admit it; you only wanted Dave in the first place because he reminded you of P-"

"That's *definitely* taking it too far!" Draco hissed angrily, throwing the butt of his cigarette away with a vicious move of his hand. It landed in a puddle where it went out with a faint sizzling noise.

Pansy held her hands up in defence. "Keep your hair on. But anyway... what I meant to say was that you should try and distract yourself. You'll soon realise that you don't need to mourn anyone; you're just stuck in a phase of extreme self-pity!"

"Charming as always," Draco murmured, lighting another cigarette.

Pansy shook her head in desperation, as if she thought, *Can't help that one!* - and she was probably right. "Are you coming back in with me?" she asked.

"In a couple of minutes..." He wanted to be alone. And if he went back with Pansy, it would just look like she'd rescued him. And a Malfoy didn't need rescuing. Depending on another person, no matter what for, was the worst that could happen to you. It was best just to rely on yourself.

Pansy disappeared with a shrug, leaving Draco to enjoy the renewed silence. He tried to blow a ring of smoke, which would have gone formidably with the melancholy of the moment. It didn't work anyway. But when Draco laid his head back at the attempt, he noticed that the layer of clouds had finally torn, revealing the moon, which - against Draco's earlier assumption - had been there all along.

It was pale and by no means exceptional, neither full nor elegantly sickle shaped; it just hung in the sky like a big, un-shapely egg, as though it didn't know exactly what it was doing up there. Draco kept staring at it until the unevenness on its surface stood out clearly in front of his eyes, and shook his head at the lack of perfection. Why was it everybody was obsessed with the notion that moonshine in any way served to create a romantic mood? Right now, Draco couldn't find any romance in this night.

He whirled around when he heard footsteps drawing near through the alleyway. It was the typical sound of sneakers on wet asphalt; a noise usually only heard at night when you were on your lonely way home, moody and lost in thought. But at this very moment it meant that Draco wasn't alone, and that only made the noise seem persistent and obtrusive to him. He taxed the dark figure coming straight towards him - or perhaps not him but the entrance of the club instead.

'I just hope it's not someone I know,' he thought, not at all in the mood for some stupid, sense-deprived chitchat, and looked away for good measure, meaning to show his disinterest by doing so.

"Hey, Malfoy," Potter said, from right behind him, and Draco dropped his cigarette in shock.

He swallowed. "Potter," he said, hoarsely, less impressive than he had intended, and gave a quick nod. But Potter didn't favour him with his quick disappearance after such heartfelt greeting; instead he stayed where he was, hands shoved into his pockets, head slightly cocked to the left, watching Draco attentively.

Despite the cool night air, Draco started to break a light sweat under his gaze and hastily reached for his packet of cigarettes. After several fruitless attempts of striking a match (and no, his hands did *not* shake!), Potter held a lighter under his nose, grinning almost presumptuously.

"Thanks," Draco mumbled without looking at Potter, while a small cloud of smoke escaped from his lips.

Potter watched it mounting higher and higher, slowly dissolving as it gained height, until it finally fell apart, mixing up with the urban smog, which lay over the city like an invisible blanket. His eyes still fixated on an empty spot about two feet over Draco's head, Potter slowly said, "You look shitty today, Malfoy."

"And you look like you always do, which is bad enough on my tortured eyes," Draco retorted promptly, even though Potter's remark had hit a weak spot. Nobody liked being told that depression was written all over their face.

"Your eyes aren't the only tortured part of you, obviously", Potter stated precociously, his brows lifted. He clearly had spent too much time with Granger.

"Exactly what enables you, of all people, to judge my state of being with such keen-witted awareness?" Draco snapped, no longer trying to hide his anger at the unwanted company. Why did it always have to be Potter? He was grinning so irresistibly again that Draco would have liked nothing better than slap him right in the face.

"My razor-sharp mind and my impeccable knowledge of human nature, perhaps?"

Draco wasn't sure whether to bang his head against the wall at that, or rather drag Potter behind the closest garbage can to fuck him into oblivion. He settled for a compromise in the end: huffing disregardingly, presenting Potter with a cynic reply.

"If I was at your place I'd have my mind sharpened, then."

Potter chuckled. "Oh Malfoy... you'll never learn, will you?" he said mockingly.

"I won't learn what?" Draco asked harshly, accidentally giving away some of his cool due to the irritation of the moment. Asking Potter an honest question meant waiting for an honest answer in return, which again meant his faith was lying within Potter's clumsy hands. He was at Potter's mercy. Draco hated the feel of it. He tossed Harry and evil stare, which was responded by a broad grin.

"How to have a civil conversation, for one. How to be charming. How to *flirt*, Malfoy!" Harry said with astounding patience, giving the impression he was repeatedly explaining the essential function of a toilet flush to a four year old.

Draco's jaw worked and his fingers began to tremble. "I *am* charming!" he pressed through angrily gritted teeth. "And I *know* how to flirt!" He took a vicious drag on his cigarette, choked on it and started coughing.

When Harry lifted his hand to pat his back - how very Gryffindor -, Draco barely managed to slip aside, coughing, panting and retching pitifully as he did so. It would be a cold day in hell before he ever accepted help from *him*! One last little cough and the fit was over; Draco wiped away the tears that had gotten into his eyes with the back of his hand.

"I *am* charming," re repeated, stubbornly, and stared up into the sky in order to hide the light blush he was sporting from Potter's eyes. So that was the one thing this pathetic disk up there, this ordinary satellite of earth, had over him. It always kept its aristocratic paleness; nothing could shake it out of its stoic calm. Definitely enviable.

"See anything of interest up there?" Harry asked casually.

Draco gave him a sharp look from the side. "No."

Harry looked at him, frowning. Then he took a step towards him - too close for Draco's liking; he could feel how the fabric of Harry's jacket brushed over his naked arms - and leaned against the wall next to Draco. He stretched his arm and pointed to an accumulation of stormy grey clouds. "Well, there's plenty, actually. Right there, behind the clouds where you can't even see it, there's a constellation called Leo," he explained, the hint of a smug grin riding on his lips. "The lion," he added.

"I *know* Leo means lion, you jerk!" Draco snapped.

"Well, no one said you didn't," Harry said, slightly bemused.

"Then why do you emphasise it like that, as though you thought I was some mentally retarded dumb ass from Hufflepuff?"

Harry seemed to decide it would be smarter not to deepen this discussion, and bravely swallowed the comment that was on his tongue. He continued, "And over there, behind this cloud" - now he pointed to a bunch of clouds looking like a herd of black sheep, that was left to a chimney poking protuberantly out of the forest of roof tops - "that's the Dragon. It also might be the Snake. Or they might even be the same; I always confuse 'em... those reptiles..." He scratched his head.

"Potter!" Draco hissed. "You just pulled that out of your arse this very minute, didn't you? And all of it, you nut!"

Guiltily, Harry looked over the rim of his glasses, shrugging sheepishly. "That might be within the realms of possibility," he stated, somewhat uneasily.

Draco shook his head, then tipped his finger against his own forehead.

"Whatever, Malfoy. I guess I'm just going in now. There might even be some people in there that actually appreciate my presence," Potter mumbled, obviously embarrassed with his cheeks showing a faint glow of rosé, which Draco noticed with no small amount of satisfaction.

"That should surprise me," Draco retorted, but without the usual malice colouring his voice.

The sound of the door, some seconds of noise and music, then silence again. Draco smiled to himself. Perhaps Pansy had been right after all - distraction had its benefit.

He let his eyes rake over the nightly sky for a final time. 'Romantic rubbish,' he thought. 'Who needs that anyway?'

When he turned around to go back to his friends, his thoughts long since back with Harry, a shooting star whizzed over the sky, trailing away between clouds and roofs - unnoticed by Draco. But what should he have been watching it for? He wouldn't have wished upon it anyway.

Because a Malfoy didn't wish. He just took what he wanted.

*And when we leave this place forever
And we're floating round in space
Take the easy way to heaven
With a smile upon your face*

Placebo ~ Carbon Kid