"I understand," she said, nodding slowly. "As a halfblood speaking to

a pureblood I shouldn't overtly undervalue myself because others will

do it anyway, so it only makes it seem like I agree with their

assessment and am admitting that I don't belong here."

Dreams aren't meant to come true, they are meant to be conquered

“A Greek legend, a daughter of a Titan. Calypso was punished after the Olympians won a battle against her father. She was sent to live on an idyllic island, wanting for nothing other than companionship. Hero after hero was sent to her good graces, and she would nurse them back to health after injuries. She fell in love with each of them, but alas, every hero that came left Calypso behind. She remained, century after century, on an island paradise waiting for men who would always abandon her for delusions of glory.”

We’ve both been acting for so long, neither of us knows who we are, do we?

rofessor Lupin’s voice is too wondering, too joyous, for the occasion. “A Ceryneian Hind,” he says with murmured adoration, “Sacred beasts of the goddess Artemis, a prophet of Heracles.”

The words Harry means to say are stuck in his throat when he looks (but is it he who looks?) at Professor Lupin’s scarred face. Affection so strong it would be startling if he could still notice such things rises within him and he only doesn’t cup his professor’s cheeks between his too small palms because he feels like that is not something he can do, but he wants, oh how he wants, to embrace the tired man before him.

“Harry,” Professor Lupin says with real pride, “Patronuses of legends are exceedingly rare. I have never seen any Patronus with a color other than silver, I did not know it was possible, and yet… yet you have commanded the impossible at just thirteen. You're a marvel.”

The brighter the light, the darker the shadow.

They release each other and Hermione begins to undo the wards. Tom is about to leave when he says, “There is no should. In wandering and getting lost the dead are found and finding.”

And he leaves to the voice of a young girl murmuring, “And a riddle from a Riddle.”

But you’ll solve it, won’t you? Because like me, you’ll do anything for Harry.

The case of Randy Barabus is in some respects even more remarkable than that of Carmen Young. His soul not only became whole after a mere two and a half years since its splitting in a dueling accident, but the soul grew past its original capacity. Most theorize this had to do with the close relationship he shared with the woman who would eventually become his wife, Margaret Barabus née King.

When talking about his experience, Barabus said, “It was like I was sailing aimlessly over cold water where nothing mattered and nothing existed, and she came out of the depths of a black ocean to become my anchor and my lighthouse. She made me remember what it felt like to come home.”

Maybe it was never in my control. I believe that being exposed to a whole soul who could only see beauty irreparably changed the quality of who I am, was, and will be.

Is it possible to exist in stagnance for eternity? Is it possible to spend every waking moment with someone and not grow to feel great emotions toward them? If the opposite of hatred is indifference and not love, was apathy ever an option?

Apathy was never an option. Amidst more than a decade of opacity, at least that much is clear. It all goes back to two bright green eyes and a child sniffling in the back of the closet. Something woke up then: a remnant of emotion long forgotten. Perhaps it was indignance. No. It was anger. It was fury mixed with something decidedly sad. Sadness. It pierces through stagnant numbness. How novel.

And yet, it seems novelty is constant. Through the eyes of a child, the world is shockingly captivating. There’s magic everywhere. Even here in this dark closet. The sky is a brilliant azure. The sun is molten gold. Life blooms even in the ugliest of places. Warmth permeates even the coldest spaces. This is magic, pure and simple. This is a new way of looking at the world. Like Dorothy in Oz, the world has taken on an emerald hue.

The magic begins with a tentative stroke of soft graphite across the back of a discarded receipt. Oh, it's beautiful. When was the last time there was beauty? But what else can these worlds that unfold on the backs of old grocery lists and discarded papers be called?

The beauty makes me wonder…What was I before you? Powerful. Hateful. Hated…. Ugly. But with fifteen years by your side, it’s clear that apathy was never an option. The two of us were always destined for either love or hatred. Maybe it was never in my control. I believe that being exposed to a whole soul who could only see beauty irreparably changed the quality of who I am, was, and will be. Even so, I am changed. Metamorphosed. It seems entirely due to your influence that instead of hatred, I chose love.

Aunt Petunia speaks as well, Harry giving her charms so she can come to the event. “My sister is in one of these portraits. Her name was Lily Evans, or Potter by the end, I guess. She was twenty one years old when she was murdered. She was here for just a moment. Twenty one years isn’t a very long time when all is said and done. There are so many children here that didn’t even get that long. People like her, people like all these brave souls, they don’t come around very often. They’re like falling stars, flashing across the sky. The world will never look as bright as it did when she was in it. I will mourn for longer than I knew her, but still, she was here. She was. They all were. And then they were gone.”

Gabe never asks for sympathy from me, nor from anyone else—with the single exception, I suspect, of Miguel. But even of this, I have no proof. In fact, he looks straight at me and says in a stony voice: "I don't want anyone feeling sorry for me. They should save it for someone who hasn't been given a fighting chance in this world. I have, and I'm grateful for that."

The kid hesitated. Something about the look on his face told Miguel he already knew what he wanted to say, he just wasn't sure if the time was right. "It seems to me that a person's level of involvement shares a direct relationship with the severity of moral reckoning they must engage in."

“People want you to be on their side, which to them means you have to be their puppet. Not a good fit for me.”

“People want you to be on their side, which to them means you have to be their puppet. Not a good fit for me.”

He turned around in order to make his way to the bed, taking the subject for finished. Before he could take more than two steps, however, Izuku stopped him.

“Kacchan”, he called, making Katsuki look at him over his shoulder and stare at the boy.

“What?”

Izuku hesitated, biting his lower lip.

“I meant it”, he concluded after a few moments of silence. There was a serious look on his face, which was partially discredited by the tears still making his cheeks shine under the light of the sunset coming through the window. Katsuki found himself enjoying the way the red streaks of light made Izuku’s freckles stand out on his face, his green eyes and his green hair shining amongst crimson.

In color theory, green and red are complimentary colors. A juxtaposition, of sorts. A perfect opposite.

A perfect contradiction.

“Everything I said”, Izuku continued, unaware of Katsuki’s thoughts. “I meant it. If anyone can defeat this guy and save me… That’s you”.

Izuku gave him a wobbly smile. It was full of trust.

“You’re my image of a hero. Not because of your flaws, but despite them”.

Katsuki stared at him. He didn’t know how to respond.