# Harry Potter & the Lost Twin

**Sami Potter**

## One plus one equals two...

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A beautiful red haired; green eyed women stepped out onto the platform from room 351.

She turned her neck; looking to her right trying to relocate where the exit was. Once her eyes had finally spotted it, she began to move down the chilly hallway of the OBGYN ward at Swedish Medical Centre.

She knew by the way she was grinning, that she must have looked like a child hyped up on candy. She was in to good of a mood to let the strange looks she was receiving by the passers by to put her down. She held her head high as she kept on walking down the chilly hallway; turning towards the exit.

After she descended down three flights of stairs and was finally outside. She sighed to herself as she looked up at the beautiful sky; the sun was still dangling between the clouds as the moon was fighting to overpower it, as night took over the city.

She turned and started heading towards the nearest alleyway right behind the hospital. Once she had found a spot that she thought would suit her well, she turned her head looking outward for any signs of Muggles, since she was in the Muggle part of London.

With a small 'pop' she apparated to her cottage; where her husband awaited her arrival.

Once she was safely into her neighbourhood she pulled out her wand from her purse; since she was back in the part of town where wizards live. She started walking towards her house, which lay three blocks ahead of her.

The news she just received from her doctor was not news she was expecting, nor had her or her husband even come to that conclusion. She rested her hand on her huge and still growing belly, smiling to herself even more. This beautiful woman was in her fourth month of pregnancy. She was so lost in thought she didn't even realize that she had already passed two blocks and had now entered her own street.

She just then realized how tired she was. After taking in a full day of work, then a doctor's appointment. She was just starting to learn the phrase 'working when your pregnant exhaust the hell out of you.' Well whoever said that, they weren't lying, and she was only in her second trimester? Once she finally reached her house, she pushed the gate open and proceeded up the narrow cement path that lead up to the steps of the door.

The minute her body entered the cottage, the smell of chicken reached her nostrils.

'He must be cooking.'

"Lily is that you?" a mans voice called out from behind the door that lend into the kitchen.

"Yes love," she responded throwing her purse into the arm chair next to her, and putting her wand back into her robes. A tall handsome man with untidy midnight hair; and beautiful hazel eyes, had entered the room with a towel rag held beneath hands.

He leaned in and kissed her, as she kissed back, she could feel her body growing even more exhausted by the minute. Once they broke apart the man put the towel rag into his back pocket.

"James are you cooking?" she asked spectacle, knowing her husband hadn't cook a meal in over four months. The night they found out they were pregnant to be exact.

"Yes actually I am, I know how much you've been craving chicken, so I thought I would get off work early and make dinner," he replied with a boyish shrug.

She was a bit surprised at her husband. But she had a feeling he knew he was going to have to start kissing ass in the next few weeks as the date for there new arrival was coming in six months, but she was thankful all the same.

She turned her back on him, and proceeded into the living room; collapsing onto the couch. Finally giving into her tired body's pleas. With a huge intake of breath she let out a very long outtake while getting comfortable on the soft cotton, her husband eyeing her.

"So how was the doctor's appointment?" he asked, turning back into the kitchen.

She was too exhausted to yell out to him, but she still had butterflies in her stomach at the news she had to say, smiling to herself she called back.

"Er -- can you come out here for a second?"

A few seconds later he returned, but not with the same cheerful look he greeted her with at the door, but with a worried look on his face.

"Is everything alright, is the baby okay?" he asked timidly, rushing forward towards her.

"Er -- it's like adding more to the baby if you know what I mean," she answered back, but she knew the minute those words rolled off her tongue they would have no impact on her husband whatsoever.

"Lily what happened?" he asked. She could tell from the tone in his voice he was extremely worried, and the guessing games weren't as much fun for her anymore.

With a lot of effort she pushed herself off the couch. Clutching her belly to her, as she arched her back. She walked over to her husband. She looked him deep in the eyes as she intertwined their hands together. She took a deep breath and leaned in and gave him a leather soft kiss on the lips. She smiled at him, but she didn't get one in return.

She backed away from him, but not to much to wear they lost eye contact. She let go of one of his hands and placed it on her belly.

"James love -- where having twins..."

## Baby one and Baby two

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Harry James Potter lay peacefully asleep, in his four poster bed in the sixth year boy's Dormitory. This had been the first night in weeks that Harry had finally had a full nights worth of rest. Lately he was seeing more visions of Voldemort, and him growing even more powerful, but he never let those visions get to him. Not after the almost 'accidental' incident where he had almost lost his godfather last year. (AN~ I will go more into detail with that later on)

That still haunted Harry till this day to even think about. But tonight, his brain had finally given into his body's aching pleas, and gave him the good well rested sleep he deserved. That was until the door flew open and in raced a red head.

"Harry you git get up!" He screamed at his friend.

Harry mumbled something into his pillow. Ron didn't quite catch the phrase, but wasn't going to give up that easily.

"Come on it's already eleven -- you missed breakfast, and your girlfriend is calling for you," he said with a smirk on his face. This got Harry to come back to reality some what. He leaned over and grabbed his glasses off the night stand table, slipping them on his face. The image of Ron became clearer.

"What does Hermione want?" he mumbled back through a stifled yawn, sitting up on his bed. He could only guess what would be on her mind, but that would ruin the entire day for him.

"It's Saturday, probably to finish homework that we once again forgot to do. You know how she is, now c'mon get up."

"Can't that wait until tomorrow?"

"Hey either you get up, or I can send Hermione up to get you, and you and I both know you don't want that." With that he turned and raced back out of the room before shutting the door behind him.

Harry feeling the exhaustion sweep over him again, sighed as his head landed softly back on the cotton pillow, where it seemed to belong at the moment. It was true Harry and Hermione were going steady. After Harry's fifth year, he seemed to be going through the summer with all his thoughts leading to her, and always thinking about her, in a more then friendship way. When Harry had finally got to go back to the Order for the remainder of the summer, he came to find out that she felt the same way.

It was now three months since then.

Sighing to himself, knowing Hermione was never going to let him get the full rest he needed, not when homework stood in the way no less. He rolled over, leaning over the bed and pulling out his trunk from underneath. After he was fully dressed, he went down into the Common Room only to find that Ron and Hermione were the only ones there.

"Morning you," she said looking up at him. After Harry slowly made his way over towards them, he bent over and gave her a kiss on the lips, before, he himself sat down in the chair next to her, feeling the exhaustion running through him like fire to his body.

"Where is everybody?" he asked scanning the room.

"Hogsmeade," said Ron. "We decided not to go - homework," he said with a frown gesturing to all the loose parchment around his chair.

"What time did you go to bed Harry?" asked Hermione, looking at him through a concerned look.

"Er -- around when Ron did, must still be tired," he said through another yawn.

"Well stop being tired. You two have homework that you both put aside for Quidditch again," she said, through annoyed voice. It still amazed Harry at how much Hermione cared for there studies.

"Alright I'll go get my books," he said in defeat, getting back up and heading over to the sixth years Dormitory door.

He climbed the stairs, knowing how boring and tiring this day was going to be. He opened the door to his room, walking over to his bed, bent down and grabbed his knapsack and turning to leave. A brown book lying on his bed caught his eye before he made it to the door. He dropped his knapsack, walking back over to his bed. It was the brown photo album Hagrid had given him, five years ago. One reason Harry wasn't getting any sleep was because he would stay up all night in his bed, gazing over the photos of his past loved ones.

Harry knew it wasn't healthy for his mind, but for some reason he didn't care. After he almost lost Sirius last year, a family was everything he dreamed of. He knew he had friends that loved him and parents also, including both of Ron's, Sirius and Lupin. But he wanted blood relatives, it even sounded selfish in his head to think of. But it was true, he couldn't stand watching Ron goof and laugh around with Ginny (since Fred and George were now gone) hell it even hurt him to watch Ron stand up for Ginny against Malfoy, knowing he could never do that to a sister, or brother for that matter. He loved Hermione, but hearing her talk about her vacations with her parents and loved ones, was just as damaging. The only vacation he'd ever been on was with the Dursley's to the zoo. And that was just because there wasn't anyone to watch him.

He shut the book harder then necessary and placed it back within his trunk. He walked

over to the door bending down and grabbing his knapsack, knowing he could never have that and he might as well get over it, and stop letting it torment his mind and disturbing his sleep. "There dead," he muttered shutting the door and heading back down to Ron and Hermione.

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Hayley Lillian Glenwood lay peacefully asleep in her bedroom, on number two Fairfax Street. Hayley hadn't gotten any sleep last night, and getting up right now was just not an option to her. She had been having the same weird dreams that she'd been having for the past five months now.

She was to comfortable to even move a muscle, and she never wanted to leave her bed. But that wasn't an option to her either, until her door slammed open and a women with short golden brown hair stepped into the room.

"Hayley time to get up." Those are the words that any teenager would love to curse for dear life for hearing so earlier in the morning. Hayley tried to pretend she didn't hear anything, but this game was getting to old for her mother.

"Hayley come on, the tutor will be here soon," she said opening the blinds as the sun filled the bedroom.

She mumbled into her pillow not wanting anything to do with the day. She had only gotten four hours of sleep through the night, and that was not enough for a sixteen year old to corrupt through the day.

"Hayley stop playing this game, get up now," she said in her stern voice. Hayley finally giving up; turned over and glared at her mother.

"Can't you cancel her today? Its Saturday mum."

"This is your fault for cancelling her on Thursday you knew you would have to make up that session."

"Yeah, but I meant it on the weekdays, not weekends."

"Well we can't add more hours to the session love, were paying her enough as it is, I'm sorry, now get up, and just get it over with, I have to get ready for work." With that she walked out of the room, leaving a very grumpy teenager behind. Hayley threw the covers off her, and got up. She walked over to her dresser and pulled out a few robes. When she stood back up, she examined herself in the mirror, sighing as her image came into view.

She had to admit she was a beautiful girl, but a very depressed one at that. She had very thick dark raven hair that fell over her shoulders. Then came her eyes, the one thing she loved about her body; piercing emerald green. She was very thin, but that wasn't due to lack of food, just because that's how she was born, or so her mother says. But the one thing Hayley hated most about her body, was an ugly looking scar above her right eyebrow, shaped like a lighten bolt. She doesn't remember how she got it,

but her mother and father had always said it was due to a small car crash when she was a baby.

After throwing her robes on, she left her room, descending down the three flights of stairs containing in her house, and heading into the kitchen. Once she entered she saw her mother at the table.

She set down the morning paper and looked at her daughter. "Oh you're up, what do you want for breakfast?"

"Er what are we having?"

"Isabella what are we having?" asked her mother to the small house elf near the stove.

"Toast, kippers, and eggs Miss," she squeaked back.

"Toasts fine Bella thank you," She said smiling to her. Isabella was the Glenwood's house elf. They have owned her for over three years now, and Hayley has grown very fond of her. They never beat her, or were ever rude to her and she got pay and days off.

"Where's dad?" she asked sitting down at the table beside her mother.

"Left for work early," said her mother over the top of her mug. "Hayley don't give me that look, he does own that store, and as manager he sometimes needs to be there early."

Hayley hated not saying goodbye to her father in the morning. But lately he's been leaving for work before Hayley gets up, and this quite annoyed her along with everything else in her life.

"Hayley you look awful are you alright, are you still having those weird dreams?" asked her mother, scooting her seat closer towards her.

"No -- I'm fine," she lied through annoyance. She had stopped telling her mother and father about when she had the weird occurrence in her sleep. They only seemed to go nuts about it, and Hayley didn't want to deal with it anymore, so she just kept them to herself.

"Well look at the time, I better be off, now Hayley be polite to Mrs. Kenbreak, she's been tutoring you every since you started your Wizarding Lessons and she deserves respect. None of that rudeness," She said waving her finger in the air.

"Yeah sure mum," she said staring back at the table. Hayley could clearly tell now that her mother had been reading the Daily Prophet before she walked in. The bold headline distinctly caught her eye as she leaned over the table.

**The Return of You-Know-Who, and the
Interview with the Boy-Who-Lived**

Curious taking over her, she reached over and tried to grab the paper before her mother could see. But her mother was too quick for her.

"Hayley we've talk about this, you don't need to read the news," she said tucking the paper back into her bag.

"You know mum sometimes I think you should just put me in a dog cage and lock me up, Merlin knows you treat me like it," she said back through gritted teeth, anger boiling up in her.

"Hayley Lillian Glenwood. Do not speak to me in that tone."

"Sorry," she mumbled back, though she clearly didn't mean it.

"Look Hayley," said her mother sitting in the chair next to her. "You're father and I love you so much, you know that, and there is nothing in the news that's important, expect maybe for You-Know-Who, but you don't need to read about that stuff okay."

"Yeah alright -- sorry," she mumbled back. That was about the thousandth time she had heard that speech in her life.

"Okay, I have to go to work -- your father said he would close down the shop and come home early, love you, and behave today."

"Alright love you to," said Hayley again. Her mother got up from her seat, gave her a kiss on her head and then left through the kitchen door.

Hayley just sat there as Isabella walked over to the table and set down the plate in front of her; four pieces of toast, covered in butter.

"Thanks Bella," she said leaning forward.

"Anything Miss," Squeaked Isabella. "Anything else I can get for you Miss?" Her amber eyes getting bigger from excitement from just the thought.

"No thanks Bella."

Hayley finished up her toast, and headed back upstairs to grab her books, knowing how boring today was going to be, just like all the other through her lonely life.

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Three hours later, and Harry still sat in the Common Room. Books, parchment, and ink bottles scattered all around him. He now regretted putting Quidditch practice before homework. He still had Potions, Charms, and an essay in Care of Magical Creatures. He was thankful when Ron had offered him the choice of letting him copy his Potions homework that was assigned on Wednesday.

Hermione was working on a report for Muggle Studies, and Ron was working on his Star Chart for Divination, and Harry the essay for Care of Magical Creatures.

Ron threw down his chart and let out a huge sigh.

"Finished!" He beamed.

"Lucky you," mumbled Harry, but he was thankful Ron hadn't heard him.

"Hermione what's with all the Daily Prophets?" asked Ron, picking up one that had been laying next to his chair. Harry watched as he started to read the headline. Ron then turned and gave Hermione a confused look. "Hermione these are all about ten years old. Why are you reading about the past?"

"No Ron," she said through an annoyed sigh. "In Muggle Studies we have a report to do. We have to research about something that happened in the Wizarding world that was also reported in the Muggle world, but it has to be over five years old," she said turning her head back to the parchment resting faithfully in her lap.

"Well that's easy just write about -"

"Sirius -- yeah I was going to, but half the class is doing him, no one knows his innocent so I thought it would be easier for me to research on."

"What about Voldemort?" asked Harry, as Ron flinched at the name and took a sharp intake of breath.

"I am so sick of reading those headlines. I wanna write about something not many people know about, because lets face it -- back then it was either Sirius or Voldemort on the front page."

"Wait Hermione you only have one Muggle paper here?" said Ron, looking through the other stash of papers surrounding her chair.

"Yeah my parents only saved the one when I was born," she said turning back towards her parchment.

"When you were born?" asked Ron, his brows knitted.

"In Muggle papers they put in whenever a baby is born in the city, and this was the article that I was in. But don't bother looking my parents -- they cut it out and framed it on the wall. This was the only old newspaper they had so they just sent it. I think there is two in there though, because one is when I was born and the other, is about a year or so later -- I don't know, your welcome to look if you like," she said, returning back to her parchment.

Ron looked at her for a moment, then nodding his head he began skimming through the numerous pages cover the table before him.

Harry turned back to his essay sighing slightly to himself. He really hated homework on the weekends. Not when he could be out flying, or just relaxing in the sun with Ron and Hermione.

"Ooo listen to this," said Hermione "'Police say, oh police are like Muggle Aurors. Police say that investigators are still working on the disappearance of the one year old baby girl, whose name still has not been released. The toddler was reported to be last seen the night of her parent's death outside of there cottage in London seven months ago. The cause of there death still has not been released along with there names. Police say they are still trying there best to investigate, but if the baby is not found or if any information turns up, they will be pronouncing her death in less then five months.'"

Hermione looked up at Ron and Harry, her expression grim, and sad as she glanced back down at the paper.

"God -- how sad," she said setting the paper back down.

"Oh Hermione look here's the Daily Prophet one on her," said Ron handing her the newspaper.

Hermione took in a big sigh and she scanned the paper once more.

"'The disappearance of the one year old baby girl has wizards in fright. Writes Mark Debb. The disappearance of the one year old baby girl who's name still can not be realized do to Aurors giving information out. Aurors believe the disappearance was linked with You-Know-Who, which was last spotted near the death of her parent's cottage five months ago before his downfall. Muggle Police say they are on the lookout for the young girl also. "We are doing our best to find the young child but, still have to keep an alert look out for Death Eaters still looming around," said Ministry of Magic; Cornelius Fudge. "We will be pronouncing her death in less then seven months if no information turns up." If you have any information on the young child, please contact Ministry of Magic right away.'"

Harry watched as Hermione threw down the newspaper with a determined look. She looked to be in to much thought at the moment, her brows were knitted while her lips were pursed.

"I think I'll write about this," she said in a timid, yet sane voice.

"Well at least you and not me, sounds to depressing," said Ron, leaning back into the cotton of the warm chair.

"What do you think Harry?" asked Hermione staring at him. Harry looked up from his essay to stare at her, his brows knitted.

"Er -- well if you want to Hermione, it's not my report," he said turning back to his essay with an annoyed look plastered to his face.

After two more sentences of ink, and half a page of parchment, Harry was finally finished. Pushing his parchment away, leaning more into the couch, and sighing out of relief and tiredness.

"Hey you guys I was thinking of starting my Christmas shopping early this year. What do you want?" asked Hermione pushing her own parchment away also, and getting comfortable into the wool of her chair.

"New broomstick," said Ron, grinning to himself.

"Er -- Ron, I meant something that won't coast me half my Gringotts vault," said Hermione, in a mocking voice.

"Oh no Hermione I mean from mum and dad," responded Ron with a "you-should-have-know-that-face," on.

"But didn't you just get a new broomstick last year from them?" She said, through a stern glare.

"Yeah, but dad got a raise, and he knows the bloke that owns Quality Quidditch Supplies. - You know -- the new one in Hogsmeade they built. Says he might be able to get a good deal, I reckon he's name is Will..Will -"

"Will Glenwood," said Hermione, picking her books back up from off the table, and setting them in her lap, as she reached for her quill. Harry looked up at her with confused eyes. Hermione hated talking about Quidditch unless it involved Gryffindor playing or winning the Quidditch cup. How would she have known this little information?

"Yeah -- how did you know that?" asked Ron astounded.

"Sirius told me that's the man who took the order form for Harry's Firebolt, though how he got it back without any noticing - I'm not sure," said Hermione through knitted brows, returning to her parchment.

"Whose Will Glenwood?" asked Harry; once again his lack of being locked up for eleven years coming in full effect.

"He owns Quality Quidditch Supplies - Fifthly rich if yeah ask me," said Ron through a mumble, his eyes still scanning the headlines of the Daily Prophet.

"And how would you know?" asked Hermione looking up and, glaring at him with a look like he had just stated a prejudice fact.

"Dad's been to his house, says its 'bout four stories high, got one daughter, bet she gets more stuff then all the Malfoy's put together."

"Merlin Ron what are we going to do with you," mumbled Hermione, though Ron didn't catch on, but Harry did, grinning to himself trying to hold his laughter in.

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Hayley sighed out of annoyance as she made her way up the three flights of stairs to her bedroom. It had been another dull day, and if not worse even more BORING then

the rest of them. Her tutor had given her extra homework, and pretty much talked through the whole session. Hayley had to admit, she hated her tutor beyond reason. Hell, yeah she was nice to her, but the studying she was enforced to pull every night, and the lessons during the weekdays....it was a laughing joke to her.

To top it all off, Hayley's mother had lied to her. Her father hadn't come home yet, and was more then likely still stuck at the shop. Once again the thought of Hayley not seeing him tomorrow morning crossed her mind. She smiled even more when she began to ponder that thought more. Tomorrow was Sunday; a day with no annoying Mrs. Kenbreak, and more boring talks about 'The first wand made by some bloke in 1440'.

Hayley pulled the covers back as she got ready to end her exhausting day. She pulled her hair out of the tight bun that she had put up half way doing her lesson; feeling her scalp relax a bit, letting her thick, dark raven hair fall over her shoulders. That feeling alone made her even more tired.

Once she had climbed into the warm cotton sheets, she turned over and turned her lights off. Then proceeding to lay her head down on her pillow; every thought leaving her mind as she fell into sleeps grace.

Little did she know, seven miles away, her own blood was doing the same, as he got into bed.

## A New Change

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Hayley lay peacefully asleep in her bed. She felt the sun gracing her face with its presence as it burned red into her eyelids. She opened them a little, only to have the sun blind her from any sight at all. She rolled over and moaned. For some reason she hated mornings, they only seemed to bring more days. And in the days were more boring, depressing daily activities.

She laid her head back on her pillow feeling a little better from a good nights sleep. She was even happier at the thought of she didn't have tutoring today. She leaned up a little on her bed and sighed. She could hear voices coming from beyond her door. She turned her head hoping her ears weren't failing her.

"Dad..." she muttered throwing the covers off her and running to the door. She flew it open as she heard it hit the wall with force. She didn't seem to care at the moment. She hadn't seen her father in over two days and it was killing her. She turned and slid down the railing of all three floors in the house. Once she reached the living room she ran through, and throwing the door open that lead to the kitchen, she entered.

A huge smile crossed her face, as she saw the two people sitting at the table.

"Hey love, come give me a hug," he said setting down the paper. Even though Hayley was sixteen, she was still very, attached to her father like she was since she was six. He kissed her forehead as she sat down at the table beside her mother on her right and her father on her left.

"I'm sorry I didn't keep my promise and come home last night Hayley," he said looking into his daughters face as he set down his copy of the Daily Prophet.

"Oh it's alright," she said as if it had meant nothing to her, or to the fact of how mad she had been.

She grabbed a piece of toast from off the table, and through her small breakfast she tried catching a few glimpses of the Daily Prophet in her father's hands. But he kept turning it farther away from her prying eyes. She sighed with annoyance, as it filled her again.

Will Glenwood was 38 years old. But even if he was close to turning 40 he still looked as handsome as he did when he turned 28. He had light blonde hair, and beautiful blue eyes. He was very built and muscular for his age, and his shoulders were extremely big also. He was a big man with his height reaching a good 6'4. But Hayley also took that appearance for his job. Her father owned the Quality Quidditch Supplies store that was recently built in Hogsmeade one year previous. Maybe that's was the reason she was so attached to her father. He owned a store full of equipment of a sport she's loved doing since she was six, and might add she was extremely good

at, but never had the chance to get on a team. But getting off one parent, her mother was an extremely different person.

Jane Glenwood was 35 years old. She looked a lot younger then she was, also like Hayley's dad. She had golden brown hair, which was cut up to her ears, framing her small face. She had dark brown eyes, and she was 5'8, but she was still a small women. She didn't take on the same figure as Hayley did; her mothers waist was a little larger but Hayley had always thought of that to be when she had given birth to her. Her mothers work was quite different from her fathers work. She worked as a Muggle tax payer, and she was very good and dedicated to it. Hayley didn't see how she was the Glenwood's daughter. She didn't look anything like her parents, her mother's eye colour, her father's hair; nothing matched. She didn't even have there personalities. But her mother had always told her that she had inherited her great-great grandmother's looks. Hayley sincerely doubted this, being as they never knew her great-great grandmother.

She was some what happy to have one of her parents that worked in the wizard world and another who work in a completely different on -- the Muggle one. Her parents have been happily married for almost 20 years now. They always told Hayley stories of there romance after they graduated from Hogwarts. A place she dreamed about more then Merlin knew.

"Hayley, could you go get the mail for us?" asked her mother. Hayley shook her head a bit confused as she glanced back up at the open window in there kitchen.

"Hasn't the owl already brought it?" she asked through arched eyebrows, and gesturing towards the window.

"No love the Muggle mail," said her mother gesturing towards the kitchen door. Hayley sighed as she got up, and started heading towards the door. She glanced at herself as she passed the hallway mirror before heading out. Her thick raven hair was in it's usually morning mood, and not down and beautiful following over her shoulders in a non-frizzy way.

She caught a small glimpse of her scar as she passed. She never figured out how a car crash can cause a shape of a lighten bolt scar, what had she'd hit that was the shape of that. But Hayley didn't care about what she looked like right now. She would still get what was coming to her, once she passed through the main door. It didn't matter if she walked outside in the nude she would still get the same reaction.

She opened the door as she stepped into the sunlight. She was some what thankful that there house was big enough, and well hidden behind the trees, that not many kids could see it. But if they passed through the driveway they got a clear glimpse of the Glenwood's house.

She walked down the driveway, praying the bus had come early, and not dreading what she knew would be around the corner, but with her luck she doubted it.

Just as she reached the mailbox, parked around the corner of the house, she got just the reaction she was anticipating.

"HEY EVERYONE ITS RICHY BITCH!" screamed the boy walking passing by her.

Soon enough the whole gang surrounding the boy, started the chant they usually do when they saw her presence. She knew they were all Muggles and the resist of not curses them all to hell was a very hard to hold for Hayley.

Hayley let out a very long breath while trying to calm herself, as she watched the boy start to make his way over towards her.

"So tell me richy bitch, how long has it been since you last saw the sunlight?" everyone except Hayley broke out in laughter.

She glared at him with all she could muster. If looks could kill, this boy would be far dead.

"You know Ernie, you should really concentrate on loosing the lump around your ass you call muscle but I call fat, before you wonder if I have seen light," everyone stared at Hayley as they held there breath. They all had looks of excitement, scared, and anticipation plastered to there face. No one had ever stood up to the school bully Ernie Marconi before.

"You have better watch yourself Glenwood, or you'll be crying to that rich father of yours very soon," he turned and left heading towards the bus. Everyone began to follow whispering and chanting "richy bitch" as they passed her. Hayley took in a sigh of relief as she saw them start to climb the yellow motor. She had been dealing with that every since she could remember.

Hayley has never known the word 'Best friend' considering she's never had one. Hell the only person she's ever talked to outside of the house was her cousin that was about 14, but that wasn't the same. One of the reasons Hayley hated her life so much was she had no friends. Not even at sixteen, and she blamed her parents immensely for that. Ever since Hayley can remember she's been home schooled, banded from public schools, including her dream one -- Hogwarts.

She got six years of Muggle education from a very kind young woman by the name of Mrs. Skarda, from the ages of six to eleven. The day she got her Hogwarts letter she cried out of joy, but her father said she was never going there. Well that had crushed her and she felt like a part of her had just died. Not going to Hogwarts. The place her parents met, one of the safest places in the world, and she couldn't go.

After that her parents hired a Wizard tutor.. Mrs. Kenbreak. Every since then, that was her magical school. Tutoring with Mrs. Kenbreak. The reason Hayley didn't have any friends was because she's never stepped a foot into a school to meet any. She's been tutored her whole entire life, stuck at home.

Every time she begged, pleaded, cried, to go to Hogwarts, she would always get the same infamous response from her father.

"-- Anything you can learn there, you can learn from a tutor safe at home..." She had

been coming to the point were begging wasn't enough for anymore. She was a teenager, moods were about to fly and for this sixteen year old, that's just what had happened. She was extremely moody to her parents, and they knew it. The outburst to her mother yesterday morning was another reason she hated her life.

She couldn't read the paper of the Daily Prophet. Seemed harmless right. WRONG. That was a sin for her parents to even let her touch, watch, even hear the slightest news from the Wizarding world. Ever since Hayley can remember Jane and Will Glenwood had been extremely strict about her finding out anything from the Wizarding world that she shouldn't. They were exactly the same way with the Muggle world; she was band from hearing, or knowing anything. They even put spells on the T.V in the living room, so that her parents would know if she was watching the news. The only thing they told her of both worlds was that some whack up bloke named Voldemort had risen again.

She didn't take much of it to thought, having just heard the name for the first time.

Hayley wiped out of thought as she looked up and saw elder women, walking her son to the bus, and kissing him good-bye, before helping him on. Hayley couldn't help but fill with anger at the sight of the scene. Another reason she hated her life, was because she lived it so lonely.

She always begged her parents for a sibling. Someone she could talk to, but that never came. Her parents always told her that her being there daughter was enough for them both. The only friend Hayley had really ever talked to was the house elf, Isabella. But it was extremely annoying to talk to someone and always have them respond with "Miss" after ever sentence.

Her cousins were nice company also, but she only saw them three times a year, and that wasn't what you would call fun, probably because the eldest of all her cousin was 14.

Hayley sighed once more, as she began to walk up the long side walk. One of her dreams was to become a chaser on the Gryffindor Quidditch house team. The position and house her father was in. She was sad to say that her mother was in Ravenclaw, but she knew she wouldn't get in there since she didn't carry any of Ravenclaw personalities. She knew if she EVER would get into Hogwarts she would get into Gryffindor. But she was still determined to put every ounce of ever given minute to get into Hogwarts, and convincing her parents. Heading back into the house; slamming the door behind her, she started heading for the kitchen once more.

She entered and threw the mail down in front of her parents as she sat rather loudly into the chair.

"Something wrong Hayley?" asked her father in a sarcastic tone, eyeing her with a somewhat less stern face then she had hoped for.

Hayley didn't answer. She needed to choose her words carefully, and in a way they can't refuse.

"Is it those dreams again?" he asked. Hayley looked at him with annoyance written all over her face. She hasn't seen this man in over 48 hours, and the only thing he can ask her is what she sees when she sleeps. She tried to stay calm, he didn't know this feeling, he got to go to Hogwarts, and he got to experience the world of the wizards.

"Mum, dad can I er - talk to you?" she said through a sweet voice. Jane look at her startled, Will just threw the paper aside and stared at her to. They hadn't heard that sweet of a tone come out of there daughter since she was 14.

"Sure Hayley anything," said her mother. A look of joy was evident in her face, but Hayley didn't let that get to her, she had to stay clam.

"I'm 16 right?" she said timidly, letting out a long breath as she spoke the sentence. She was going to lure them into her trap very well.

"Yes," they both answered in unison, a little too much pause in there voice. Hayley nodded trying not to smile and keep a straight face at the impact she was having on her parents. I guess with hormones, moods can change very quickly.

'So far so good.'

"I-am-16,-do-you-two-plan-on-keeping-me-in-this-dog-cage-till-I-am-18?" she said, amazingly all coming out in one breath. She took in another inhale before looking at her parents. Her mother was looking at her father, but her father wasn't looking back. His head was down casted in a very 'stay- clam' manner.

"We've talk about this, you're not going to Hogwarts and that's final," he said disappearing behind his paper again that he had picked up seconds before.

Hayley then heard someone let out a very long, clam sigh.

"No - Will," said a determined voice to her left.

Hayley saw her father set the newspaper down to question her mother who was looking at him through as much of a stern face she could muster.

"Sorry," he said; brows knitted.

"I said no, she is totally right -- she is 16, and we have no business keeping someone at that age locked up in a house."

"Jane we've even talk about this and the answer is no."

"She is my daughter to you know."

"I know that, but she is not going to Hogwarts and that's final."

"You know what we will talk about this after work," she said getting up, kissing her daughter on the cheek and heading towards the door.

~`~`~`

And that's just what her parents did. Hayley was already in bed, trying to hear the frantic whispers going on in her parent's bedroom. Haley sighed out of tiredness. She didn't have a long day, but it felt like it. Going shopping with her dad, and spending the rest of the day flying in the back yard with him, trying to get some good use out of her Firebolt her father had bought her, for her fifteenth birthday last year. Her yard was big enough to fit three Quidditch poles in there. And that's just what her father had done, but they weren't as big as the ones she saw at the Quidditch Cup she had attended with him when she was 14 as her present.

Hayley gave up on hearing anything from her room. She threw the covers off her body, and headed towards the door. She made sure not to turn her knob to hard, or make it emerge any rusting sounds. Once the door was widely open, she headed down the four rooms that were on the platform of the third floor.

She put a quivering ear to her parent's door. Her mother's voice becoming so clear it sounded like she was talking to her right there face to face.

"-- Will she is our daughter to, you don't make all her decisions!"

"Jane you know just as much as I do that -- that Potter boy goes there!"

"So what, we made a promise to her -"

"Love, keep it down will you."

"Sorry you know that we made a promise to her Will, and she doesn't know about it, and she won't, until she is ready."

"She may never be ready, but she isn't going to Hogwarts, we've talk about this and that's final."

"No Will you've talk about this. She is my daughter too, I love you so much, and I will stand by you worth everything, but this first time -- I am stepping back, she is going to Hogwarts Will and THAT'S FINAL!!"

Hayley started hearing footsteps walking to the door. With a boost of speed she sprinted down the hallway. Praying her mother wouldn't see her. She finally reached her room, shutting the door a little too loud as she flopped down on her bed. She started hearing foot steps coming to her door now. Immediately trying to look believable, she turned over and grabbed a book that was lying on her beside cabinet. Opening it, she tried gazing over the words while controlling her breathing..

*Knock* *Knock*

"Come in."

She noticed even her voice had changed to. It was high a squeaky.

If her mother had known she was spying on Will and her. she would be dead. She could always remember doing that also, but not really caring about it at the time.

"...Hayley..."

"Yes mum?"

"Can I talk to you?"

"Er -- sure."

"You're father and I talked."

"..Okay - what does that mean."

"And we feel you were right, you are 16 and deserve a life of your own."

"What are you saying mum?"

"I'm saying you're going to Hogwarts love."

Hayley felt like every nerve in her body was just cut off. She stared at her mother. For the first time in months she felt like hugging her.

"Really?" she asked through a disbelieving voice.

"Yes really."

"And dad?"

"He supports but isn't too happy about it."

"Oh my god. MUM!!!" Hayley said wrapping her arms around her mother in a death grip hug.

"When can I go?" she said pulling away from her mother feeling the joy all over her face. She felt like she was going to scream into a million pieces.

"Well that's the problem, see Hayley at Hogwarts semester starts on September 1, and it's already October 24."

"So what are you saying -- that I can't go?"

"Well I don't know -- you know what I will owl the headmaster in the morning."

"Oh Merlin thank you mum," said Hayley pulling her into another hug.

"I know, 12 years of home schooling is enough, and I should have realized it."

"Took you long enough."

"Hayley!"

"Sorry couldn't resist."

"Well tomorrow's Monday and you still have to do tutoring lessons before we get word of Hogwarts, alright. G'night love," said Jane kissing her forehead.

"G'night mum."

Hayley watched as her mother shut the door behind her. She needed to scream. 12 years of work and she was finally going. She thought she was going to burst into a million pieces if she didn't do something soon. She turned around on her bed and grabbed her pillow, as she slammed it into her face, and let out the biggest scream possible. She was too excited to go to sleep, but she knew if she didn't Mrs. Kenbreak would lecture her till dust till dawn.

Hayley laughed to herself at the thought of the old witch. She was never going to have to see her ever again, if all this pulled through. She tired to go to sleep but it was impossible. She noticed the book she was "pretending" to read before Jane had come in, that was still lying on her bed.

'Readings a bore just read and go to sleep.'

She opened the book and tried to start reading the words. She didn't even know what this book was about. It was some rubbish Muggle book Mrs. Kenbreak made her read. She threw it down beside her, giving up. She turned over and turned off the light, before getting comfortable.

'Wait a minute. Who's the Potter boy dad was talking about?'

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**The Letter..**

~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~

Harry awoke as he felt the rising sun on his face, absorbing the dormitory in its depth. He turned over and groaned into his pillow. He clearly didn't want to get out of bed this morning.

He was depressed about something. He could feel it in the pit of his stomach. Maybe it was do to the fact that it was a Monday and that meant the weekend was five days away, and today was first day of Double Potions of the school year.

Giving up on anymore sleep, he threw the blankets off his body as he turned over to get ready to head for the Gryffindor boys' washroom. He leaned over and grabbed his glasses off his bedside table a little rougher then expected, as he put them on his face. The room came into clear view as he sat up in his bed. Harry rubbed his eyes as he glanced over to the bed on his right feeling the sun sting his eyes right above it.

Instead of a sleeping form where a certain red head should be in placement there were muffled blankets on the end of the bed steadying themselves on falling to the ground.

'Must be in the shower.'

He bent over and grabbed his clean wrinkled towel lying on the left side of his bed. He took off his pyjamas, throwing them to the floor for the house elves to pick up later during the day. He wrapped the towel around his hips, then bent over and picked up his bag sitting on the chair next to his bed, full of his clean robs, a brush, and a tooth brush.

He stood up and starting heading for the Common Room, yawning and stretching as he walked. The minute his feet hit the cold stone floor outside of his dormitory door he was covered in goose bumps. Harry really hated taking showers in the morning; he preferred at night where it wasn't so cold, and he wasn't full of sleep, but he was up late doing homework as usual.

Once he reached the Common Room one glance around the room told him no one was up yet. He was thankful at this. Harry never really felt comfortable being seen in public in only a towel, let alone his classmates.

Pulling his towel closer to him he started heading for the portrait opening. He sighed once he was completely out of the Common Room and in the cold corridor; shivering from head to foot.

'Don't they ever heat this place?'

He started making his way down to the Gryffindor boys' washroom a couple feet from the corridor. He turned left and started walking down another freezing corridor. He wasn't surprised not to of find Ron in his bed or in the common room, but Hermione

always greeted him with a good morning kiss which he missed this morning.

Before he knew it he reached the boy's wash room. A portrait of a Troll taking a bath with his wand as the substitute for a water spouts pouring water over the huge body.

"Shackle Berries," mumbled Harry; still full of sleep. He walked into the bathroom, but as soon as his head entered his glasses fogged up blocking him from any sight. He sighed, knowing someone had been in the shower to long. He didn't even bothering retrieving his glasses to see properly. He has been showering in here for six years he was pretty sure where everything was without his sight.

He began walking up the aisle heading for the showers. He turned into the corridor where the mirrors lay. He tried to suppress a laugh as he saw who the source of the fog was.

"Took long enough of a shower eh," said Harry, as he watched Ron jump back from fright.

"Merlin Harry I swear one day I'm gonna kill you if you keep that up," he said clutching his chest getting his breathing back.

"Sorry, why didn't you wake me?" said Harry setting down his bag on the bench, next to him.

"Hermione told me not to," said Ron attacking his hair with a comb and turning his attention back to the mirror.

"Right," said Harry walking down the corridor to the showers. He took off his towel and flung it over the metal bar above his head. He pulled the tab out and turned it to 'hot.'

If Ron was feeling the same way Harry was about Double Potions he could see why there was so much fog in the washroom. A whole morning in the dungeons with Snape and the Slytherins was enough for anyone to stay in the shower past overtime. Over all the six years of attending Hogwarts Harry always wondered why Gryffindor always got paired with Slytherins for potions? He rubbed his body with soap before scenting up his hair with shampoo.

After he was all washed up and didn't smell of sleep anymore, he turned the running water off. He grabbed his towel and wrapped it around his waste.

He felt the goose bumps sprout all over his body as he felt the breeze hit him after reopening the door again. Walking back over to his bag he noticed Ron was not at the mirrors anymore. He grabbed his bag and turned to head down the aisle where the lockers were for changing. He spotted Ron at the end of the aisle with just his uniform pants on and he was fiddling with his shirt in his hands.

"What else did Hermione say," asked Harry pulling his uniform out of his bag and laying it on the bench.

"Calm down Harry you only saw her what ten hours ago," said Ron through a laugh. Harry gave him serious look before he stopped laughing.

"Sorry couldn't resist -- err -- I bumped into her in the common room, she was heading for the girls washroom and asked if you were awake, I said no, and she said to let you sleep a little longer."

"She's sweet," said Harry more to himself then to Ron, but was thankful all- in-all that Ron didn't catch on.

"Acts more like a mother then a girlfriend if yeah ask me," he said throwing his shirt over his head. Harry leaned over and punches him playfully on the upper arm, while him, himself was grinning.

"Have you two told each the three letter word yet," asked Ron throwing his wet towel into his shower bag. Harry looked up at him, confused.

"The three letter word?"

"Don't be thick you know I -- love -- you," he said slowly while giving Harry a knowing look.

"Oh -- well no not yet, but it's only been three months Ron, when are you supposed to say that," said Harry slipping his underwear on underneath his towel, still wrapped tightly around his hips.

Ron laughed a hollow laugh. "Well from what I hear whenever you feel it -- do you -- er -- you know. love Hermione?"

Harry felt shocked; he always assumed when he started dating Hermione he'd be having this conversation with Ginny not her brother of all people.

"I don't know -- yet I mean -- no what I mean is -- I do but I don't know. this is all new to me," he mumbled taking off the towel and throwing his pants on. He did love Hermione in a friendly way but he knew as there new relationship grew they would tell each other soon they loved each other, just give it time.

"Right," said Ron smirking while adjusting his tie.

"What," asked Harry staring at him. He could tell Ron was enjoying this.

"Well how far have you two gone," asked Ron.

"RON!" Said Harry hitting him playfully on the arm again while Ron broke down in laughter.

"What, you can tell me, who I am gonna tell?"

"Ron who do you take Hermione for, she isn't Parkinson she's not like that."

"So you're telling me you haven't even kissed?"

"Well. yeah we have, but not like a groping kiss."

"Tongue?" Asked Ron, Harry could tell his heart was beating fast and his face was burning red hot with crimson. Why was he so nervous talking about this.

"Yes, if you must know. it was actually really nice."

"Wait when you two did it I mean we've been together all summer."

"Oh she er -- came into our bedroom the day we got our letters and it just - happened."

"Oh so after you said I do to dating a couple of days later."

"Yeah, its weird kissing your best friend yeah know?"

"No sorry but Harry don't get any ideas now, remember you have a girlfriend," said Ron bursting into laughter while Harry punched him harder for the third time.

Once they were fully dressed, teethed brushed, and absent Harry combing his hair they left the washroom. He never saw a point in combing his hair, it would just be the same after it dried; messy, and never lying flat. Harry and Ron starting heading back up to the Common Room for their books and to get ready to head down to breakfast.

"Codswallop Tarticles," mumble Harry once they reached the Fat Lady sleeping in her portrait.

"They really need to change that," said Ron through another laugh. Harry glanced around the room where he spotted Hermione in the chair by the fire place, now full of ashes and used wood. Hermione had a book in her hands reading peacefully. Harry walked over to her smiling to himself.

She looked up and smiled at him scooting over and gesturing him to sit with her. Harry sat in the chair by her side, surprised at how they both fitted in so well. Hermione set her book down and hoped on his lap laying her head on his shoulder.

"I never got my good morning kiss," he whispered into her ear. Hermione giggled pulled her face up to his, they kept eye contact before Hermione leaned in. Once there lips meant that sent Harry into a smile. Hermione pulled away with a smirk on her face.

"All better," she said bending over and brushing her lower back up against Harry's lower waist while picking her book back up from the floor. Hermione never did that before and Harry knew it was a tease to him but it probably meant nothing to her.

Harry was in no way into pressuring Hermione into anything she didn't want or wasn't ready to do. Hell he wasn't even sure if he was ready for sex, but he knew if Hermione kept doing that every morning he was gonna have problems.

She leaned back into Harry and let out a huge sigh.

"Come on, I'm famished and I don't want you two to be late again."

Harry sighed as Hermione stood up and look back at him. He got up, feeling defeat running over him. Harry leaned in and gave her a kiss on the cheek before heading upstairs to grab his books.

He ran up the cement stairs to the sixth year boys' dormitories. Once he entered he saw Neville, Dean, Seamus, and Ron near his bed, talking in a casually way. They all said good morning to Harry which he returned and went over to his bed. He grabbed his bag full of his books, and waited by the door for Ron to find his Divination book.

"Did you try under your bed?" asked Harry spotting the black binding hiding under some bed sheets.

"No why," asked Ron staring up at Harry not noticing where Harry glaze was directed towards.

"Because you git, its were you left it last night," said Dean walking over to the bed and handing the book to Ron, whose face was red with a blush.

Once Ron had finally recovered all his books, He and made there way back down to a impatiently waiting Hermione, as they heading down to the Great Hall for breakfast and then Double Potions, even the thought kept making Harry's insides squirm with depair.

When they entered the Great Hall, Harry, Ron, and Hermione made there way over to there usual seats with Hermione sitting next to him, and Ron opposite of them.

Harry started scooping and pulling the eggs and kippers onto his plate. He was so tired he didn't think he brain would fully function properly for him to eat.

'You really need to start getting some more sleep!'

Giving up on eating anything he pushed his plate away. He started looking around for the coffee container before he noticed it sitting on Hermione's left.

"Hermione could you pass the coffee?" he asked sweetly, feeling his eye lids becoming heavier and heavier by the minute.

"Since when do you start drinking coffee?" asked Ron taking a sip of his pumpkin juice.

"Since he's been putting his homework off again therefore staying up all night to finish it!" Said Hermione in her spectral tone, giving Harry a stern look. Harry heard Ron start to muffle a small laugh. He turned to look at him and Ron stopped immediately. Picking up his pumpkin juice again and muttering something that sounding something liked "whipped," under his breath taking another sip.

"How late were you up Harry," said Hermione setting down her fork and pushing away her plate.

"Two, why does it matter Hermione," said Harry giving up on Hermione passing the coffee herself, and leaning forward and grabbing it from her left.

"What were you doing?"

"Homework, and Quidditch practice, Hermione don't worry about me," said Harry giving her a small kiss on the cheek. He watched as Hermione turned a bright shade of crimson, and nodded her head in agreement.

Harry sat in silence for the next five minutes, enjoying small sips of wakening coffee running through him, while listening to Ron and Hermione talked about what Snape might have planed for them today.

Harry getting bored of hearing the name of his Potions Master over and over again turned his head towards the teachers staff table looking for something new to take his mind off of things.

He was expecting to see the teachers talking over a small breakfast, eating in peace. This was confirmed as wrong as he watched Professor Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall sitting by each other, looking to be in some sort of serious talk, while Professor Sprout, was leaned in over McGonagall and Professor Flitwick over Dumbledore.

Even Hagrid was acting weird leaned in over Professor Grubbly-Plank, there heads bowed and talking privately as if someone was listening behind them. The reason Harry found that so weird was because; Hagrid never took to be really friendly with Grubbly-Plank after she taught his class in the pervious year. Harry, Ron, and Hermione started to notice him warm up to her when she got appointed the Defence against the Dark Arts job. Which suited Harry fine, seeing as he finally found a teacher he thought suited the subject well. He did have more confident in that class with her teaching it. But if it was because of Umbridge being gone, or if he really like Grubbly- Plank, he didn't really know nor care.

Harry didn't realize he's staring became evident until he saw Professor Sprouts head shoot up and noticed him watching. Harry didn't pull his eyes off the weird associated teachers, that was until Professor Sprout got Professor Dumbledore attention and then the whole table looked up at him. Immediately Harry pulled his eyes off of the staff table turning back to Ron and Hermione, which he didn't even noticed that they had stopped talking. They were both staring at the Head Table also.

"Er -- Harry why is Dumbledore staring at you like that," said Ron prying his eyes off the table and looking back at Harry.

Harry didn't answer Ron. He had two guesses as to why Dumbledore plus the whole staff table was looking at him like that. Either Dumbledore had informed the entire Staff of Harry's visit to Dumbledore's office a month prior after school had started, to

talk to him about the pervious events of last year and how he was doing, or more logically speaking how he's scar was doing. Which had made Harry, if possibly more inflamed with the man he had once looked up to as a admirer for five years which have now been crushed since last June. When he found out his whole life has practically been a lie. The feeling of living with the fact that the reason his parents died was because of him, Harry. And the fact that his life must consist of murder; either taking his or someone else's life..

The other thought to which Dumbledore was acting in this new attitude would be because he was discussing information with the Staff involving the Order, which Harry sincerely doubted the minute the thought rolled into his mind. Why would the teachers decide to talk about something so private in front of the entire school when they could have done it at Head Quarters, with the rest of the Order.

Harry set down his coffee feeling a little better to say the least and ready for Snipe. He pushed aside his cup and grabbed his bag.

"Let's go," he said through a sigh, standing up. Waiting for Ron and Hermione to acknowledge his movement which they did seconds later with there bags over their shoulders, and heading out of the Great Hall.

They made there way down to the Dungeons in silence. Harry had the feeling that Hermione, despite her love for school was dreading the next class just as much as Harry and Ron was, but she sure did a great job of not showing it. Her head held high, and her books grasped tightly in her arms.

After a few more minutes are silence, and many stairs, they reached the Dungeons door in what felt like to quick for the time to have gone by that fast.

They all stood looking up at the Dungeons door with disgust on there face. Harry can't remember any other time he dreaded Potions this much.

"You think he'll notice if we just ditch, or don't show up?" said Ron still staring at the door like it held his death wish.

"Ron!" said Hermione "You're a prefect where are your morals?" she said in a hushed whisper and heading in the classroom, leaving Harry and Ron alone.

"At least she doesn't know about the fire whiskey last year," said Ron laughing to himself and heading in with a smile on his face. Harry didn't find himself laughing at that memory. hell he didn't even have a smile for it. That night may have been a huge blast because he was turning sixteen, but the next morning was just not worth an ounce of it. Fred and George decided that Harry's sixteenth birthday should be one he would remember and one to be celebrated the right way so they said. So the twins being the twins, brought two bottles of fire whiskey and in three hours it was devoured between the four boys, leaving them in a fit of laughter and not a clue in the world. But half the next day Harry found himself next to the toilet, alongside with Ron.

Harry winced as he remembered that morning and the pain that involved it. He sighed

and headed in. He spotted Ron and Hermione in their usually seats in the back. Hermione already setting up, and Ron sitting down in a chair behind Hermione eyeing her with an evil grin. Harry didn't have to ask why he was smiling at, he already knew. Harry made Ron, Fred, and George, promise not to breathe a word of what they had done to Hermione. Since they had only been dating for a week and he at the time, didn't want to screw it up after telling her they celebrated his sweet sixteen with two bottles of whiskey.

Harry heard the door close behind him. He sat down in a hurry not wanting to infuriate the Potions Professor on there first day of Double Potions. Snape walked in looking more smugger and greasier then usual. The class stopped talking immediately not wanting to start the two hour lesson off bad like Harry.

"Settle down," said Snape. Even his voice was darker and filled with loath. The calls put there undivided attention towards Snape.

"Now since today is the first day of Double Potions, I know it will be fun for you. any mess ups and a detention and points taken immediately," said Snape, looking directly at the Gryffindor side of the room.

Harry could tell he was no more excited about this class then he was.

"Now," said Snape "Since you're all in your sixth year, and today is the first day of Double Potions, we will be starting on a new potion. A complex potion, which will be an amazement if all of you can complete this with no problems," he said looking directly at Neville. For the first time in Harry's life Neville didn't look frightened under the stare of the harsh man in front of him. He looked determined to do something. Harry smiled to himself, Neville was determined to show Snape he can do well in his class, and his face expression were speaking for themselves.

"For five points who can tell me what the Poly Juice Potion is?" said Snipe, now walking around the room.

Harry wasn't expecting that at all. He looked over at Ron. Ron looked amazed at what Snipe had just said. To no one surprise Hermione's hand shot up waving franticly.

Snipe turned his back on her walking over to the other part of the room. He was giving the Syltherins looks of disgust and disappointment. Harry guessed it was because a Gryffindor knew the answer and a Sytherin didn't. This made him smile even more.

Soon enough Hermione's begging pleas of." I know," became impossible to ignore, along with her rushing hand in the air, waving back and forth. Snape walked over to her with a look that could scare a child out his life, but Hermione still kept her hand in the air, and her face straight.

"Yes, miss Granger."

"Sir, the Poly Juice Potion if properly brewed allows the drinker to transform himself into the temporally form of another for one hour."

Harry leaned back in his chair, his smile clearly evident in his face. He loved it when his girlfriend told Snape off like this, or made a fool of the Sytherins. Either way it made Harry love her more.

"Five points from Gryffindor for Ms. Grangers impatient sounds disrupting my class," said Snape walking back to the chalk board.

"What that git," whispered Ron into Harry's ear.

"Now, as Ms. Granger impatiently stated, the Polyjuice Potion transforms humans. Now we will be starting this project today, I will explain how it will work when you all are done brewing the potion which takes  little over a month to complete. Now I want you all in groups in fours, no more. The instructions," He pulled his wand out and flicked it towards the board which soon had white chalk being sprawled out onto it, "are on the board. Now when you come in there will be new instructions on the board and you are to get to work immediately if I catch one of you disobeying this opportunity it won't be fun for either you or me," said Snape staring now at Harry, Ron, and Hermione, which Harry glared right back at him.

"The ingredients are on the table, GET TO WORK," he said turning back to his desk and writing something on his parchment. Harry watched him with so much loathing in his eyes he wouldn't be surprised if Snape blew up at this point.

"I'll go get the ingredients," said Hermione standing up and walking over to the clump of students at the table.

"I can't believe him, we get it right and he makes an excuse to take points away," said Ron standing up along with Harry. His eyes following Hermione over to the table and watching her gather their ingredients.

"Oh come on Ron, you know Snape. he never gives Gryffindor points," said Harry.

"Well it wouldn't kill him to start," mumbled Ron bending over to his bag and pulling out his quill and some parchment. Harry snorted at Ron's comment. He sincerely doubted if Snape could ever do such a task like that.

Hermione walk back over to them; arms full of materials, mostly of glass. Harry and Ron helped her unload them on the table.

"Well this is rubbish we already know how to do this," said Ron eyeing the vials scattered on the table.

Hermione snorted a little too loudly while she started setting up the cauldron. Ron stared at her.

"Excuse me Ron, but I already know how to do this, if I am correct you just took the potion after I brewed it," she stood up and stared at him with pride on her face. Harry didn't say anything, he knew Hermione was right, but this time the two boys were going to help just as much as she was.

"So how do you want to do this?" said Hermione finally getting everything separated out and looking at the two boys.

"What do you mean Hermione?" said Harry eyeing all the vials full of ingredients he'd only seen once, in his second year.

"Well. after the potion is ready we are going to have to take it," she said eyeing Ron with a look of hope. Harry stared confused at her for a while before it dawned on him.

"Hermione are you saying that like, I become you, and you become Harry, and Harry becomes me?" asked Ron.

"Er..yeah something like that," said Hermione waving her hands in the air.

"No way, Hermione -- no way in Merlin am I going to become a girl," he pouted. Harry didn't feel too comfortable about this situation. He was glad Ron was refusing to taking on Hermione's form, he didn't want his best friend in his girl friends body.

Hermione looked relived, after Ron said that, she turned to Harry, but the second her mouth opened Harry already got there.

"Sure love I'll take yours."

Harry saw Hermione blush at his words. Harry smiled to, it was the first time he called her 'love' and he liked it even if they had only been dating for three months.

"Okay, then I'll take Harry's and Hermione you can take mine," said Ron staring at Hermione. Harry could tell he looked a little better with the fact of who's body he was taking. Hermione looked a bit disappointed at the force Ron was inputting on her. Harry could tell she wanted to take his form, but if they did that then Ron would be left without a partner. But Harry didn't care, he still felt better at knowing he was going to be taking Hermione's body even if she wasn't going to be taking his. Not in that sick way that he was happy, but in a protected manner. (OH~ YEAH RIGHT HARRY!)

"Okay so it's settled, Harry will take mine, I will take Ron's, and Ron will take Harry's," she said nodding her head between them. They both nodded in return.

"Oh yeah Potter, a girl form will suit you well with that hair of yours, and now even better a mudblood body," said a voice behind them. Harry turned and saw a laughing Malfoy near them. Harry felt Ron and Hermione grab the back of his robes as he emerged forward at the blonde.

"Let it go Harry," whispered Hermione. Harry didn't hear her. Insulting Harry was one thing, but when he saw Malfoy do it to his girlfriend there was hell to be paid.

"Harry you'll get more points taken," whispered Ron into his ear. Harry stopped sudden and just glared and Malfoy who returned back to his work still laughing quietly to himself.

Harry tired hard to keep his concentration on Hermione showing Ron how to brew the potion, but found his anger was still fully boiled up in him waiting to explode. After each glare shot at Malfoy it was becoming harder and harder for Harry to just not to curse him into tomorrow.

Thanking Merlin as he heard the bell, he gathered his things, and helped Hermione put the cauldron in the cupboard and walking out the door with her and Ron.

"I'm famished." said Ron rubbing his stomach and groaning.

"You're always hungry Ron," said Hermione in a spiteful way, walking beside Harry, intertwining there hands as they walk. She looked up at him innocently, her beautiful chocolate brown eyes full of concern. "You okay?"

Harry looked down at her and smiled. She was always cute when she looked like that all worried. He gave her a feather soft kiss on her forehead.

"Fine."

They kept walking in silence, watching the other students talk joyfully and walk with there friends. Right as they were about to turn into the corridor that led up the stairs to the Great Hall Harry stopped Ron and Hermione.

"Err - I'll meet you guys there in a minute just gonna drop my bag off."

"Okay Harry," said Ron.

Hermione leaned in and gave him a kiss on the cheek before turning and heading up the stairs. Harry followed them until they turned into the Great Hall, and he began to climb the steps.

He hated bringing his bag to lunch with him. He didn't know why, but he had gotten into the habit of dropping is off before lunch. He felt extremely tired again, all that angry towards Malfoy wore off, and leaving him exhausted. Just as he was about to climb the steps to the Gryffindor staircase, he heard voices behind him. He turned and looked to see who they belonged to. No one was there, walking further, curiosity taking over him as he turned and followed the noise.

The voices were coming from the Transfiguration classroom. A little while later Harry recognized them as McGonagall's and Flitwick's. Professor Flitwicks evident squeaky voice was echoing off the walls in the room and lingering out to Harry's ears. Harry walked a little further to the door, trying to be quiet and listen to every word being said.

"...the letter came today..." said Flitwicks voice astounded.

"This morning, before breakfast," he heard McGonagall say in a disbelieving voice. They sounded like they were having a chat over tea as Harry heard the faint 'clinks' of tea cups hitting saucers.

"What did Dumbledore do?"

"Informed the Order immediately, this is huge news, the Daily Prophet will have a field day."

"How do we know it's not just some Death Eater posing?"

"Dumbledore thought so to, but then when he told me who's had her for the past fifteen years, there no Death Eater."

"Who?"

"..The Glenwood's."

"Blimey, wait Will --?"

"Yes Quality Quidditch, Dumbledore knows. Took him totally by surprise."

"What about Potter?"

"Dumbledore said at lunch he would inform him."

"Minerva inform him, this is huge, does he --"

"No he has no clue, that's why were so worried how he'll react when we tell him."

Harry backed away from the door, looking at it as if it might explode right in front of him. He had a sudden urge to burst through that door and demand what they were talking about.

'Ron and Hermione.'

He turned and ran descended down the five flights of stairs with his bag still hanging over his shoulders. Once he reached the Great Hall, he was out of breath. He was clutching a snitch in his side and trying to catch his breath. He was scared for some reason. Every time heard his name in an ease-dropping conversation it never ends good. Making up his mind, he flung the doors open and ran to the Gryffindor table, ignoring all the stares following him.

Hermione and Ron were sitting on opposite sides of each other at the table. Hermione had a bowl of soup under her noise, while Ron had some chicken on his plate.

Harry ran up to them trying to catch his breath again, but failing.

"Err Harry weren't you going to put your bag away?" asked Hermione eyeing the bag, and then looking at Harry's flushed face. Harry turned around and looked at the staff table.

Dumbledore was not there. Harry started to get really worried. He started scanning the

sign of the white haired man. He was no where in sight. Remembering the conversations he just heard...' "Dumbledore said at lunch he would inform him." '

"Harry what's happened?" asked Ron also staring at him. Harry looked at there faces, they both looked extremely concern and confused; just like he felt.

"I was just walking up to the --"

"HARRY HEY, HARRY!" called a voice behind Hermione. Harry looked up and saw Colin Creevey running towards them.

He ran over to them. He face was flushed and he was extremely red in his place face. He was clutching his side and catching his breath. Hermione turned to look at Harry. Harry ignored her and looked at Colin who was slowly recovering his breath.

"Dumb - ledore wants to see you - in his office." Harry stared at Colin.

"What?"

"Dumbledore, he wants to see you in his office, he said - that you two" gesturing to Ron and Hermione "need to go with," said Colin looking back at Harry.

Harry looked at Ron and Hermione who were already standing up, and getting ready to leave. They began to start heading out before Colin called back to them.

"HARRY, HEY wait. he said something else. er someone was there - oh yeah Snuggles or some rubbish like that that."

"Snuffles?" questioned Hermione. "YEAH that's it snuffles he's there to," said Colin threw a shrug.

Harry's eyes grew wide with fear.' did he just say snuffles'. He looked over at Ron who nodded his head and they shot from the Great Hall in a dead run. Ignoring Colin's "whose snuffles?" comment.

Harry was running so fast, he didn't even notice he was bumping into people and dropping there books everyway while heading they were heading toward lunch.

Why would Sirius be with Dumbledore, what more could of happened in his life? What if he was hurt or someone else was hurt. Did he get caught?

'Don't think that!'

Before Harry knew it, after two flights of stairs, Harry, Hermione, and Ron were standing outside of the Head Masters Office.

"Black Liquorice," mumbled Harry, his breath getting caught in his throat. He was breathing extremely hard but he had the feeling that was out of nerves then running so fast. He looked over at Ron who was giving him a confused look; also breathing hard.

"It's a Muggle candy, he told it to me when I had to come to his office a month ago," said Harry. Ron nodded his head in acceptance.

"Come on Harry," said Hermione rushing up the stairs that had stopped just a moment ago. Harry and Ron followed her up, but not running as fast as she was. The minute Harry and Ron finally caught up with her she was already at the door listening intently.

"Hermione just go -"

"SHHHSSHH," she hissed, silencing them with the wave of her hand.

"Harry," she said in a whisper so low that Harry had to lean in to hear it, "listen to this."

Harry walked forward and put his ear on the door next to Hermione's. Seconds later he felt Ron follow his movements behind him. The three teenagers listened closely, as they heard the sound of two people inside the door, one yelling and the other talking calmly.

"..Dumbledore I'm begging you, this isn't the way he should find out."

"Please Sirius, he needs to know -"

"How do you know it isn't some Death Eater working for Voldemort eh?"

"Because, this letter in front of me explains everything Sirius, how she was separated from Harry...everything."

"But Albus they pronounced her dead fifteen years ago, remember I was there."

"How could I forget, you and Lupin both attended."

"..Dumbledore...how - how can you trust people this easily?"

"Because Sirius I know these people -"

"IF YOU KNEW THEM THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU KNOW THEY HAD HAYLEY?"

Harry with no mistake knew that voice was the voice of his angry godfather, and of course the other being the voice of Professor Dumbledore.

Harry couldn't take hearing Sirius in that tone, something was wrong, and he had to find out. Taking his ear away, he knocked twice. Hermione and Ron were giving him reassuring smiles before the door flew open and there stood the form of Professor Dumbledore.

"Come in," he said standing aside for the three teenagers to pass.

"Professor Sir, where's Sirius?"

"I'm right here Harry," said voice in the corner. Harry turned and there sitting by the window sill was his godfather, being sunken in by the sunlight. He didn't look like himself, he looked scared, and anticipation was clear on his face that it was dancing in his eyes.

"Sirius what's happened?" asked Hermione next to him.

"Sit down Harry," said Dumbledore. He pulled out his wand and with one flick three chairs appeared before there eyes. Ron took the right seat, Harry the middle and Hermione the left.

Sirius stood up from the window sill and walked over to Dumbledore.

"I'm begging you please don't -"

"Sirius would you like to tell him or would you prefer I do," said Dumbledore keeping his smile on Harry. Harry didn't trust this smile whatsoever, he knew something was happening. The atmosphere in the room could be cut with three knifes it was so tense.

".Sirius.." said Hermione looking at him instead of Dumbledore. She looked just as equally scared as Harry felt.

"I'll tell him about her. you can begin from there," said Sirius through a sigh and walking behind Harry and putting his hand on his shoulder in a fatherly-way gesture. Harry had to admit it clamed him down a little bit, knowing Sirius was here with him.

"Very well, Harry do you know why you were called into my office today?" asked Dumbledore looking intently at Harry and nothing else. Harry shook his head from side to side.

"It's because of this letter Harry," said Dumbledore picking up a thick letter and handing it to him. Harry looked at Dumbledore confused.

'What's he playing at?'

"You don't have to read it, but that letter contains information that could change your life forever."

Harry felt Sirius grip tighten around his shoulder. Harry could tell he was more nervous about this then he was which was-very-not-Sirius.

"Harry, have you heard of Mr. Will Glenwood?" asked Dumbledore setting down the letter and looking back at him.

"Yes he's owns. Quality Quidditch right?"

"Yes, now I don't know how up to date you kids are on taking notes on famous people, but if you didn't know he's married."

"To Jane Glenwood," asked Ron. Harry jumped at first to his voice; he hadn't spoken for a while now. Ron smiled at him friendly, which Harry returned to his best friend.

"Yes Jane, I received this letter this morning, as you saw the display in the Great Hall."

"The teachers." mumbled Harry more to himself then to anybody in the room.

"Yes I was informing them of it. Well informing is an understatement of how they took it," he chuckled to himself, but Harry didn't return the happy gesture. He was tense, and nervous like something was about to happen.

"Once again Harry I don't know how up to date you and your friends are but do you know anything else about Mr. and Mrs. Glenwood?"

Harry shook his head. The name did ring some bell but he didn't ponder the thought any longer. To no surprise Hermione knew.

"They have a daughter, don't they?"

"Yes very good Ms. Granger," said Dumbledore smiling proudly at her, which Hermione returned sweetly.

Harry once again felt Sirius tighten his grip around his shoulder. Why was he doing this? He was begining to hurt his shoulder but Harry had no intent of telling him this. He looked sad about something, but Harry couldn't make it out, and didn't want to make Sirius mad at asking.

"There daughter is around your age, well Harry's age to be precise," said Dumbledore. Harry was started to get angry with him.. (Nothing new lately) why was he telling Harry this, he doesn't even know this girl.

"Sir I'm not understanding -"

"Let me finish Harry" said Dumbledore. The twinkle in his eyes were evident at the moment, but that didn't make Harry feel any better.

"Jane sent me this letter Harry, something very important contained within it, and could change the Order and you're life immensely, someone who hasn't been known to the Wizarding World for fifteen years...Sirius I believe this is were you come in," said Dumbledore looking up at Sirius.

"Sir pardon me, but what does this have to do with Ron and I?" asked Hermione.

"OH yes pardon my rudeness Ms. Granger. I asked for your company because I need you two here to support Harry, and I thought it was best for all three of you, being as your so close," said Dumbledore, that same twinkle still highly evident in his eyes.

"Sirius if you please?" said Dumbledore gesturing towards Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

"It's not an invite Albus," said Sirius in a cold voice, letting go of Harry's shoulder and walking over to the desk beside the Head Master. Dumbledore didn't seem at all taken back by his rudeness in that statement, but it took Harry by surprise as to why he would act such a way to Albus Dumbledore.

Harry looked at Sirius. Still one question on his mind that he was dying to ask now...

"Why are you here?"

"Nice to see you too Harry," smiled Sirius but didn't look like he took the comment to heart. Harry grinned back, this is what he loved about Sirius he could take anything thrown his way and laugh at it.

"Sorry, but why are you?"

"Professor Dumbledore owled me down after he received this," said Sirius picking up the letter and throwing it back on the desk again.

Harry watched as Sirius sat gently on the edge of the desk, staring at Harry like he saw him in a new light. Harry only stared at Sirius like he was hitting on him, but he grinned out of despite of the situation when he thought about that. Sirius gave him a serious stern look, a look Harry would have to take a picture of, to remember it, since this was never how Sirius acted, and Harry would probably never see it again.

"Harry there is something that you need to know," said Dumbledore. Harry looked at him, he too seemed like he was dripping with anticipation on his face. A look that didn't make Harry feel any better about this.

'What the hell, first Sirius and now Dumbledore?'

"Okay."

"Harry can I ask you something personal?" asked Sirius, looking at him now with concern on his face every serious look whipped away. Harry nodded his head a little too much caution evident, as to what he was saying yes to.

"Do you remember the night your parents died?"

Harry looked up scared. The word parents stirred something in his brain. Maybe this had something to do with his parents, is this why everyone was acting so weird? Excitement filling in him he shook his head, trying to keep his face straight as possible.

"I didn't think so, you were only one after all," said Sirius his face calming down a bit which scared Harry more.

"Harry the night your parents died there were five people in that house, do you know who?" Harry thought for a minute. This sounded honestly like a riddle, but not a funny one at that. He thought for moment longer. He felt really stupid even thinking

this. five people, there was him, his mum and dad, Voldemort and -

"Wormtail?"

Sirius looked shocked at first. After a minute he frowned. After all, the chances of this 'fifth' person could have been very well Wormtail, since he was the one who betrayed his parents in the first place.

"No not Wormtail Harry. Err, god this is hard - " Sirius took in a huge inhale of breath and let it out in a long grasp looking back at the ground, "please just remember that we all love you Harry, but. it was -- your sister," he said through a whisper.

Harry felt like someone had just put the oblivious spell on him. He couldn't feel anything around him, everything went silent. He didn't even feel Hermione hand intertwine his. Harry felt his face draining of colour and his body turned unexpectedly cold. Did he just hear right?

"Harry?" he heard Ron whisper next to him. Harry blink a few time feeling his brain come back to his surroundings.

"I'm sorry what," was all he said looking at Sirius again.

"Your sister. Harry --- Hayley," said Dumbledore putting his head down. Harry did hear right. The room went even colder like a dementor just walked through the door. He couldn't take it anymore, he needed out. The room was becoming blurry and his face was growing more ghostly white then ever. He stood up, knocking his chair over in the process and ran to the door. Throwing it open and running out as fast as he could onto the stone platform, ignoring the faint calls of Hermione, Sirius, and Ron echoing behind him.

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## Explanations and Hangovers.

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Harry ran from Dumbledore's office, without even giving a second thought to glance back. He didn't even know where he was going. He just needed to get away, away from it all, Dumbledore, Sirius, Ron, Hermione, he couldn't take it anymore.

He knew his face was still extremely pale, and the fact that he was running so fast wasn't helping his heart as it was already beating fast from when he left Dumbledore's office.

A sister....how can he have a sister? It didn't make sense, it couldn't be. It was all a weird dream. How can it of happened, he was only one when his parents had died, he couldn't of had a younger sister, she would have been a newborn when Lily and James died. But then how can he have an older sister. Even after fifteen years, more and more lies are told each year to Harry, and by the end of it all the truth is reviled.

And the look on Sirius face...The look of sadness when he told Harry. Or how he kept gripping his shoulders in a protective manner, that gesture right there told Harry this wasn't a dream, this wasn't a lie, it - was all true.

Harry was running so fast, and in to much thought, he didn't even notice that he came across the one eyed old crone's hump on the third floor. He blinked a few times, trying to get his face colour back and his vision from going all blurry, and his breathing resided. His heart was beating so fast he thought he would pass out if he went any farther with his running, and he felt extremely hot and dizzy. He stared at the crone still lost in thought, only this time a different thought.

Does he stay or go. He had the feeling that if he didn't show up for dinner, Dumbledore would send a search warrant out for him. Then the image of Professor Dumbledore crossed his mind.

'Screw him, of all people, he deservers to suffer; him and his lies..'

Harry knew he hadn't meant that, but he sure felt it at the moment. Anger; that was the only emotion running through the sixteen year olds body at the moment. Anger towards a man who in Harry's opinion could sink no lower. Lies and more lies, that was all Dumbledore was about these days. Telling Harry more things, more things he's decided to hide from him for fifteen years. He could understand the Head Master not telling him of the reason his parents were dead was because of him. That was reasonable but it still hurt to think about, that fact had been denied from him for so long, but the fact he didn't tell Harry that he had a sister. A sister; a relative; not just a relative a blood relative, his blood.

Making up his mind, he pulled out his wand and taped the crone's hump and muttered "Dissendium," under his breath.

He watched as it opened with glee. Harry smiled to himself, as he pocketed his wand.

He was leaving for Hogsmeade, when he clearly knew the next school visit wasn't for another month. He was breaking more rules, he didn't care. Breaking more rules would relieve his anger. Another thought came to Harry's mind. He was going to do a Fred and George Weasley tactic. Harry stepped into the hole smiling like crazy, he turned around as he watched it close, breaking all light connect off while his eyes were adjusting to the dark. Harry grabbed his wand from his robes and held it out in front of him.

"Lumos," he muttered, holding his wand high. Once his eyes adjusted to the light he started walking down the alley way that lead into Honey Dukes; into Hogsmeade...

'I really need a drink.'

Harry's smile increased across his face as he kept walking, his wand held tightly in his hand.

~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`

Hayley was sitting outside on a thick branch of an apple tree in her backyard. She would always come out here if she needed to be alone or just to watch the sunset and relax after a stressful day. At the moment she consisted of both. Her mother had already sent her Hogwarts attendance this morning. Oddly enough when Hayley asked to read the finished letter her mother right out refused. Nothing out of the usual, but this was her Hogwarts letter.

Now all that waits is the reply. The air was getting colder as well as breezy as it was preparing for November to approach. This depressed Hayley a little. For some odd reason every Halloween she was always depressed about something. She didn't know why, and she couldn't control her feelings, every since she could remember as a little girl, Halloween always made her cry, and the weirdest thing was she didn't know why, or what she was sad about. The weirdest incident was when she was eleven. She dressed as a witch out of spit of getting her Hogwarts Letter. When she was getting ready in her room, she just broke down in tears, and was depressed the whole rest of the day. She didn't even go trick or treating with her parents.

She as always never told her parents of this. Hayley always thought of herself as a weird child, not just for the weird occasion on Halloween where she was depressed but other things also. For one her scar.

She never knew what started it but it would burn into her scull with pain sometimes Hayley had never experienced before. But lately it was starting to get worse, this started when she was eleven also. She didn't know why, but it always scared her. The worst of these occasions was when she was fourteen, and it was around dinner time on an earlier June night. She remembers perfectly as if it was yesterday. She was in her room reading a book assigned from Mrs. Kenbreak, when she was about to get up and leave for dinner, but her scar exploding with pain beyond reason. Hayley didn't think she had every dealt with pain that bad before. Out of instinct she ran to her parents and they took her to St. Mungo's immediately.

After that night her parents never mentioned Hogwarts every again.

But her depression and scar weren't the only reason why Hayley always consider herself weird. It happened when she was thirteen, after this Hayley was ready to determine herself a mental patient ready to be shipped off to St. Mungo's. It was around November as she remembers; it was late in the afternoon on a Saturday.

She was in the shower while washing her hair. All of the sudden a woman started screaming. When she ran out of the shower as fast as she could, thinking it was her mother's voice she began searching the house for a sign. After searching the whole entire house in her towel, she noticed no one was home, and the screaming was still pounding inside her head. That's when she realized she was hearing the scream. The voice was oddly familiar to her; it was as if she remembered it from when she was little, very little. But what scared her the most was that the voice was screaming a boy's name, something about not killing him, and that this boys name was Harry.

She never told her mother or father of this, she was too frightened to. She remembers that voice from somewhere but couldn't put her finger on it. What scared her more was later that year when she was still thirteen the screaming came more frequently. But she will never forget one night while she was getting ready for bed, instead of a women voice screaming she heard a mans. What scared her more was that the man had spoken of her name, not Hayley but her middle name Lily. Not just Lily but he said Harry to. This voice was so oddly familiar to Hayley she thought she was going to go nuts thinking of it. She had heard those voices before but she didn't know where. A very long time ago indeed.

It wasn't just these voices that scared Hayley. The night her scar hurt her so bad when she was fourteen and she had to go to St. Mungo's. Her parents had just stepped outside to talk with the Healer. That's when a new voice came to her, a boy's voice. This voice was new to her, it didn't sound familiar like the man and women's did. After a while of listening to this voice Hayley figured out she could hear this boy's thoughts, but what she heard disturbed her beyond reason. That voice still rang through her head sometimes and it scared her still to this very day.

Hayley can still remember the first time she heard it but vaguely. 'Let it drown, please let it drown, don't let it live, let it drown.'

After that Hayley was starting to become accustomed to hearing voices in her head. But last June was the last occasion her scar, and the voices came to her. Her scar had burned so bad she thought she would never feel anything like it again. But the voice, the voice she remembered so clearly, but what it had said was what worried her. Especially the name it had spoken.

'Let the pain stop. Let him kill us. End it, Dumbledore. Death is nothing compared to this...'

Dumbledore, the voice whoever it was spoke of the Head Masters name. Hayley got shivers whenever she thought of that voice. His words, 'Let him kill us' still ran in her head at night. And to top it all off, she was still having her weird dreams mostly every other night.

Sighing and getting tired of sitting in the tree, Hayley started climbing back down. After a few close calls of falling and some scratches on her legs, she was back on the ground. Once again she could hear her parents fighting in the kitchen. One of the reasons she came out her in the first place.

Sighing she began to walk back up to her house. She was always grateful her father had extended there yard to the distance of a Muggle football field. And the better part was the neighbours (who were all Muggles) couldn't see it unless they had the abilities of magic. Her father would always take down the Quidditch posts at the beginning of the summer and summon a pool in for Hayley since she was home most of the day.

Hayley always loved to swim, when she was little everyday during the summer after her tutor with Mrs. Kenbreak she would go for a long swim. The best part about her pool was her father summoned it to be 20 inches deep. So naturally she could hold her breath under water for period's amount of time. This trick took Hayley a couple months to master. One of the strategies was just stick your head under water and hold it there until you really had to breath and were on the verge of passing out. After trying that a few times Hayley's longest under water time was a minute and twenty seconds.

But since it was October her father had already taken the pool out, and summoned the Quidditch post in, for during the winter. Usually on a stress full day she would go out a have a good fly, one of the things that always made her feel better, if she was depressed about something. And oddly enough since the first day her father first put her on a broomstick when she was six she always flew better then him. This first struck her when they were playing a game of Quidditch one day when she was ten and it was just the two of them. Will decided they would both play seeker and Hayley caught the snitch within five minutes of the game.

But Hayley hadn't gotten on her Firebolt that her father bought for her when she was fifteen for about two weeks now. And she couldn't swim since it was already getting close to winter, so lately she was spending considerable amount of time in the apple tree in the backyard.

Once Hayley was close to the door she decided a little ease dropping was in order. Getting closer she put her ear underneath the window, keeping her well hidden she could hear her parents perfectly.

"You wrote to him this morning," said Will. Hayley was only guessing this was about Hogwarts as all of there fights were lately.

"YES, I wrote to him this morning," said Jane.

"But you told him everything love, everything!"

"So what if I did, how would you of rather us tell him huh, just march Hayley in there and tell him right there."

"There are better ways to approach it, by now he's probably got the whole Ministry

involved."

"Well for you information Will, he hasn't. I asked him to only inform the Order, I want him to meet us first."

"Jane he already knows us -"

"Hayley I mean, I want him to meet Hayley."

"But Jane what about.." Hayley didn't catch the last part of his sentence. All though she could hear him whisper something to her mother.

"I asked him not to inform him," said Jane.

"You asked Albus not to inform the boy, why?"

"Think about it Will."

"But how - are we going to tell her, she'll never understand Lily and James..."

"No, I'm not going to tell her, and neither are you."

"But the boy -"

"I asked Dumbledore not to tell him."

"What if he does?"

"What do you mean, if Albus tells the boy then he is more then likely going to want to see Hayley, and that is not going to happen."

"The more of the reason why I didn't want her in Hogwarts in the first place."

"Look, she needs to go to Hogwarts, we can't keep her here all her life, and if neither of them knows about it then it's not a problem."

Hayley sighed, once again her parents were talking about things she didn't have a clue about, and if she asked she wouldn't get any answers, and probably more lectures. She decided now would be a good time to go in to the house.

Standing up she walked casually over to the glass door, and opened it. When she turned around from shutting it, both of her parents were staring at her wide eyed.

"Is something wrong?" she asked sweetly. Ever since her mother informed her last night she was going to Hogwarts she has been trying to be as sweet as possible, even if it had only been a day.

"No love nothing is wrong," said Will. He smiled at Hayley and she returned the gesture sweetly.

They sat in uncomfortable silence after that. Jane was fiddling with her nails, Will was looking at his feet and Hayley was staring out the glass door; watching the sunset, and regretting ever coming in the house in the first place.

After a while she began to get sick of this and took a stab at another conversation.

"Has er - you know - the letter come yet?"

"No not yet, but I just owled him this morning, give it time," said Jane walking over to the sick and turning on the water.

Hayley nodded her head feeling slightly better. She could still tell her father was staring at her oddly. She was beginning to get uncomfortable under his gaze, but trying not to be rude. She looked up at him and he still kept all his attention on Hayley. Staring into her eyes. Eyes so unlike his own.

"Something wrong dad?"

"No Lily," he said. But the minute the words rolled off his tongue he went wide eyed. Jane looked at him so fast Hayley heard her neck crack.

"Lily," said Hayley, her eyebrows arch. Why was her father calling her by her middle name? He had never done that before. And why was he still staring at her like that.

A few more minutes went by with Jane and Hayley looking at Will questionly. Will kept looking from Hayley to Jane, clearly trying to think of an answer as to why he called Hayley that.

Hayley once again began to become uncomfortable. She looked at her father one last time, before trying anything to get out of this.

"You know I'm going to head to bed earlier," she said running out of the room before anyone could call her back. But the minute the kitchen door closed behind her, she changed her mind and slowly walked back to the door she quietly put her ear up against the cold wood.

"...Will..." she heard her mother say slightly worried.

"I'm sorry," said Will.

"Why Lily," said Jane.

"I'm sorry she looks so much like her it just slipped," said Will.

Hayley pulled her ear away from the door, and started running up the three floors to her room. Once she reached it out of breath and her face flushed at how fast she was going. She flew her body onto her bed. She felt her exhaustion run through her as she got comfortable on the mattress. She didn't even pay a second thought to what had just happened with her parents in the kitchen. It was probably because her middle name was Lily so it probably didn't mean anything. Her father probably just has an

interest in calling her that. They were probably mentioning an old relative Hayley didn't know about.

Before she knew it, she fell into a deep sleep, still fully dressed in her robes.

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Harry walked back into Hogwarts five hours later. He's already tripped over himself about seven times, and his shirt was soaked from spilling his drink down his front, and at the moment he was concentrating on keeping his balance straight. But after three different wrong turns through the corridors he finally was in the right one leading back to the Gryffindor tower.

After Harry had finally gotten into Hogsmeade, his first stop was Hogshead. After Harry had finally entered Hogshead, he ordered himself a Fire Whiskey, and strangely enough after that. It turned into four shots of Whiskey and now he was on his full bottle of Vodka that was only half full at the moment, with him taking a few sips here and there.

Let's just say that at this precise moment Harry Potter was extremely drunk, and finding his way back to the Gryffindor tower had been a real treat for him to accomplish. His was practically on the verge of passing out after all the alcohol he's consumed in the last five hours. He couldn't even stand up straight let alone walk through the halls and still know where he was going. After many passing minutes he finally succeeded his task.

The Fat Lady look at him oddly with her eyebrows knitted. She shook her head and still proceeded with her job.

"Password."

Harry on the other hand didn't even remember the password. His vision was getting burlier by the second and his posture to stand up was failing fast as he stood bent over still clutching the Vodka bottle.

"Mr. Potter the password please," said the Fat Lady, her force keeping calm but either way Harry was slowly getting the message. He stood up slowly and looked up at her; only to him she was only a big pink blur.

Once they meant eye contact Harry burst into a fit of laughter. He dropped to the floor still clutching the Vodka bottle in his hands, and still laughing hysterically.

"Mr. Potter shall I call the Head Master," she spoke again.

Harry stopped laughing and got back up slowly. He lifted the bottle to his lips and he took a full gulp, but failing as some of it was slipping out of his mouth and down the front of his shirt.

"Mr. Potter?" said the Fat Lady. Harry looked up at her as if he had just noticed her there.

"Yessssssss," slurred Harry. He had to blink a couple of times to get his vision from blurring everything out completely.

"The password please."

"Ha-Ha-Ha..Merlin, just let mur in," said Harry, bursting into a fit of laughter again.

"Pardon," said the Fat Lady.

"Ha-Ha-Ha, how come you never change your clothesss?" The Fat Lady raised her eyebrows at him, but then shook her head.

"Mr. Potter I can't let you in without the password."

"Just let mur in..Ha-Ha, oh look I'm a Gryffindor forgot- Ha-Ha-Ha."

"Mr. Potter shall I inform the Head Master."

"Ha-Ha Dumbledork, Ha-Ha-Ha."

Before Harry could continue his insulting of Dumbledore the portrait opened, nearly knocking Harry over.

"Harry!" said Ron wide eyed. Harry watched as Ron turned his back on him and turned to face the Common Room as he yelled..

"HERMIONE HES HERE!" While Ron was taking the time to flag down Hermione, Harry took another full gulp from the Vodka bottle. Seconds later, a red faced Hermione ran up next to Ron.

"Harry, oh thank god your okay, were you've been you've missed all the afternoon classes?"

Harry started laughing again. "Hermione, have I told you how beautiful you are?"

"Oh Merlin he's drunk," said Hermione looking at Ron, who at the moment was trying not to laugh and contain himself.

"What do we do?" asked Ron, looking back at Hermione who was still staring at Harry with disgust.

"Put him to bed and inform Dumbledore."

"Hey, Hermione I think its time we," Harry leaned forward attempting to whisper into her ear but instead yelled. "SHAG," as he burst into laughter again trying to keep his posture.

Hermione glared at him, she looked like she was trying to keep herself from crying and slapping him at the same time, but as she was about to open her mouth Ron got

there first.

"Hermione he doesn't mean it you know that, it's the," Ron stopped talking as he tried to read the font on the bottle still held tightly in Harry's hands. "It's the Vodka, Merlin Harry how much have you had?"
Harry raised his right hand while his left was still on the bottle. He held up five fingers and began to laugh again.

"Moreee then thissss."

"Ron he smells of Whiskey also," said Hermione, wrinkling her nose at him. Harry smelled of a strong stench of Vodka and Whiskey that probably could have been smelled all the way down from the dungeons if they attempted to try.
"Harry give me this," said Ron reaching forward to grab the Vodka bottle away from him. Harry saw this and turned his back on him while shielding the bottle from Ron, as it attempting to protect a child.
"NO YOU CAN'T HAVE HER," he screamed still bent over.
"Harry give me the BOTTLE," screamed Ron, grabbing Harry by the shoulders and turning him around. Harry pushed his arms away as he ran to Hermione.
"Harry stop this -" But she didn't finish her sentence in time. Harry threw his lips onto hers, grabbing the back of her head and forcing his tongue into her mouth. Hermione stood there before her mind came back to reality of what he just did. She pushed him off her and slapped him hard across the face, sending a loud snap echoing through the corridors.
"Harry I'm warning you, give me the bottle or else," she said warningly. Hermione was giving Harry one the deadliest glares Harry had ever seen ever come from her. Ron finally taking fast action grabbed the bottle from Harry and handed it to Hermione. Harry, starting to get angry with them both, ran forward to Ron, knocking him over. Ron didn't see this coming as he fell to the floor with Harry on top of him. Harry didn't know what he was doing, started punching Ron in the stomach, but sense his aim was so bad due to the amount of alcohol in him. His punches merrily felt light hits to Ron.
"HARRY!" screamed Hermione running forward and trying to pull him off, but it was no use as Harry was too heavy for her.
"HERMIONE! DO SOMETHING," screamed Ron shielding his face in case Harry decided to start throwing punches in that direction of him.

Hermione dropped the Vodka bottle to the floor hearing it shatter and sending glass everywhere. She didn't seem to notice as she pulled out her wand and aimed it at Harry's back.

"STUPEFY!"

Harry's full weight fell on top of Ron as he black out completely.

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## Hayley Lillian Potter...

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Harry awoke as he felt the sun sting his face. The second he opened his eyes and the sun pried into them, he felt the pain of last night's pleasure. He turned over as he felt his head pounding. But the second his body felt his movements they reacted with a surreal feeling of being sick. Right when he was about to get up and run to the toilet, someone handing him a trash can.

"Here take this," said Ron patting him on the back as he sat on the bed. Harry nodding his thanks before throwing his head in the bucket, watching and feeling lasts night's events roll out of his mouth. After about the fourth sessions of throw up, he sat back up, wiping the left over essence off his face.

"What happened?" asked Harry. His still felt like he was going to be sick, and the taste of puke still rested on the tip of his tongue. His head ache was nothing compared to any of this though.

"Take a sip of this," said Ron handing him a bright purple vial. Harry looked at it cautiously, before accepting it.

"What is it," asked Harry eyeing it. That's when he noticed his glasses never got removed before he went to bed last night, if he was seeing clearly that is.

"Hermione made it last night after you - er - well after she knocked you out," said Ron. Harry looked up at him shocked and confused at his words. His head was pounding so hard he felt like he was going to pass out from the sun still pounding into his eyes.

"Trust me, just drink it," said Ron pushing the vial farther under Harry's chin. Harry nodded lifted the liquid to his lips. It had a unique taste about it, something close to street tar, and raspberry flavour.

After the cold liquid slid down his throat, he sat waiting in shivers at how cold it reacted to his body. In less then seconds the pain in his head subsided but not all the way, but he still felt nauseas.

"It's a hangover potion, helps with head aches but not so much with the puking," said Ron handing him a towel to wipe off some of the liquid that spilled down his front.

Harry nodded taking another sip. This one took the head ach away completely and that only left the nausea feeling settling in the pit of his stomach.

"Had a fun night did yeah," laughed Ron. Harry looked up at him again not shocked, but just confused. He didn't remember anything of the pervious night. And Ron's laughing wasn't making him feel any better at the progress.

"What happened?"

"Well you ran out of Dumbledore's office, and then show up five hours later more drunk then anyone I've ever seen, and I live with Fred and George."

"What did I do," asked Harry, somewhat dreading the answer.

"First off how much did you have?" said Ron, his eye brows in an angled arch.

" Er - well I got there, had five shots of Whiskey and I don't remember after that," said Harry taking another sip from the vial.

"Well that's good, cause you showed up here with half a bottle of Vodka left," Ron began laughing at this, but Harry didn't seem to look shocked or confused at that information. He did remember purchasing more then just Fire Whiskeys last night.

"Where did you go?" asked Ron.

"Hogshead, thank Merlin no one was there, just the bar tender, but he was so far up the nutter I don't think he minded serving me," said Harry looking around the room. He just noticed Hermione wasn't anywhere in site.

"Well Dumbledore almost sent Sirius after you, but asked us to go look for you, Hermione and me couldn't find you anywhere."

"Yeah well, I just ran straight to Hogshead," said Harry through a shrug. He ran a hand through his ruffled hair. When he brought it back down, it accidentally brushed against his cheek, then suddenly it started to sear with pain across the skin. He rubbed the spot softly only to find out it hurt more on contact.

"Oh yeah er - Hermione slapped you," said Ron turning his face to muffle his laughter from Harry's eyes.

"She did what," asked Harry rubbing his cheek more, only to find out that his cheek must have been severally red, if it felt this sore from his touch.

"She slapped you, you er - weren't the politest to her lets say," said Ron getting off the bed, and walking over to Harry's dresser.

"..Ron.."

"Alright, alright, you came back to the dormitory drunker then a ninny on wine, and when we tired to grab the Vodka bottle from you, then you ran to Hermione and like kissed her a little rougher then you er - usually would, and then she pushed you off her and slapped you pretty hard, and when I grabbed the bottle from you I handed it to Hermione and you pushed me over and started punching me, then Hermione -- well stunned you."

"Oh my god," said Harry throwing his head into his pillow.

"Well there's something else though -" Ron stopped talking as the dormitory door squeak open. Hermione entered the room with a tray in her hands, walking over to the bedside table. Harry could tell she was trying extremely hard to keep eye contact off him.

"Oh you're up, I brought you breakfast," she snarled setting the tray down on the bedside table next to Harry's. She then turned her head and looked at Ron, smiling a good morning-smile at him, then she turned to walk out, her bushy hair bellowing behind her.

"Hermione wait," said Harry trying to sit up. Hermione stopped instantly at his voice then turned around glaring at him for a minute, before she started shaking her head and spoke up again.

"Forget it Harry, your safe and that's what matters," she snarled turning on her heal and slamming the dormitory door behind her, a little harder then expected causing the whole room shake.

"What was that something else Ron?" asked Harry still staring at where she just exited.

"You er - told her it's about time that you -- two shag..."

"I DID WHAT!"

Harry grabbed the bucket feeling like he was going to be sick again. He threw his head in just in time, feeling another doze of lasts nights adventures wash out of his mouth. At least this hang over wasn't as bad as the first night he got drunk on his birthday. But then again they didn't have a Hang over potion to take then either.

"Yeah well, when we tried to grab the bottle from you, you were acting like it was your child or something," said Ron through a shrug.

Harry felt like his head ache was coming back slightly into his head. He told Hermione, his girlfriend, that he wanted to shag her when he was DRUNK! Then he forcefully kissed her, what would have happened if she hadn't of slapped him, or if Ron wasn't there..

'I could have really hurt her.'

"But Hayley," muttered Ron, sitting back down on the bed. His face contained excitement and scared two looks that never did well with Ron.

Then it all hit Harry so fast. Everything -- the reason he was hung over in the first place. He got drunk because he was told he had a sister.

'Please let it be a dream.'

"What's that Ron," said Harry, trying to keep his voice sounding as if he wasn't pleading this to all be over.

"..Harry." said Ron, rearranging his body so that he was looking straight at him. Harry didn't like this at all, it wasn't a dream, Harry could tell just by looking into Ron's eyes.

"After you left, Sirius told us everything, about you - and - and your sister.."

Harry looked away from Ron, begging his mind for him to just leave him alone. He didn't need this right now. Not with the hang over, and Hermione.

"Dumbledore asked you to go see him when you're up," said Ron getting up and pushing the tray Hermione left earlier near him.

"I don't want to see Dumbledore he - he doesn't deserve to talk to me anymore," said Harry turning his eyes on the tray Hermione had left; it contained of toast, bacon, and a cup of hot tea. Harry ignored Ron's pleading looks, as he smiled in admiration at that the plate of how far Hermione goes even if she is mad at someone.

"Harry.."

"Look Ron -- !"

"Harry you don't get it do you, YOU have a sister, that's all I'm allowed to say, and Sirius said Lupin will be there today to, in his office."

"I'm not going I'm flipping hung over Ron! I don't want them to see me like this," said Harry.

"They already have," muttered Ron under his breath, the look on his face told Harry that Ron was hoping he hadn't heard what was just said. Harry caught his eye, and he was glaring deeply at Ron. After a few passing seconds Ron began to suddenly grow crimson in his cheeks.

"After Hermione stunned you we had to go and tell them, Sirius was in a right state and they came to see if you were okay, before we put you in bed."

Harry didn't answer Ron. He felt his anger rising quickly over boiling point. He had a feeling if Ron stayed any longer he would more then likely hex him.

"Merlin Harry, you had Hermione crying like mad, Sirius going nuts pacing the office every blipping second, and then Sirius told us the whole story. the whole entire story Harry! Hayley's real, and you'd better go to see him today," with that Ron walked out of the dormitory slamming the door mirroring Hermione minutes before.

Harry felt like crap. His best friend and girlfriend were both mad at him, and now he has to go see Dumbledore today.

'Sirius and Lupin will be there.'

Harry smiled at that thought. At least they will be there. To hold Harry back in case he starts going nuts and wants to hurt Dumbledore for ever ounce he's worth. Harry threw the covers off him, and started getting ready to head to the boys' washrooms.

Without even touching his breakfast that was still sitting on the bedside table, he grabbed his tea and gulped it down.

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An hour and half later, Harry now stood waiting outside of Dumbledore's office impatiently.

He hated this. He didn't want to be here, nor did he care. This was all some weird joke. Only a little part of him wanted to be here. To see Sirius and Lupin; being with them always made Harry feel better, like the feeling of having your parents back but slightly shorter. Harry shook his head, his parents are dead there not coming back!

'I could be using this time to make up with Hermione and Ron.'

Making up his mind he raised his knuckle and knocked twice on the cold wood. He heard urgent whispers coming through the door. He closed his eyes and took in a big breath as he heard the door open.

"Harry!" said Lupin stepping aside for Harry to enter. Harry smiled at him but didn't enter the office.

"It's okay Harry," said Sirius turning up, standing right next to Lupin's shoulder.

Harry smiled at them both, and stepped into the office slowly. There at the desk was Dumbledore staring at Harry in a look of disappointment. Harry didn't care; he wanted to get out of here. He turned his back on Dumbledore as he stared at Sirius and Lupin.

"Sit down Harry," said Sirius gesturing to the chair just inches from him. For the first time in Harry's life he was actually getting angry with his godfather.

"We did this yesterday Sirius, and that didn't turn out peachy keens now did it."

"Yeah well getting drunk wasn't the answer either Harry," said Lupin started to walk over to Dumbledore's side.

"Look I have homework to make up, what's this about?"

"Sit down Harry and we will explain everything," said Dumbledore behind Harry. He turned around again. Emerald eyes meant blue instantly, only this time there was no twinkle in them.

"Harry I know you have ever right to hate me at the moment -"

"You got that right," said Harry glaring at him. Lupin looked shocked but Dumbledore didn't look anything but beyond a smile on his face.

"Harry let us explain -"

"How much farther is this going to go huh? I mean last year I find out my parents are dead because of me, and this year I have sister, none of this is making sense!"

"I said it once Harry and I will say it again, you have every right to be angry with me, but if you won't let me explain then will you let Sirius or Remus?"

Harry looked into Lupin's eyes. Lupin looked desperate for this opportunity. Harry turned his head behind him and looked at Sirius. He smiled at him but Harry did not return it. He turned back to Dumbledore.

"They can," said Harry.

"Please sit then Harry -"

"BUT, without you here," said Harry. Down casting his eyes to the ground away from the Professor blues orbs, but he could still see the Dumbledore's expressions. Dumbledore didn't looked shock at all. Another smile came to his face before he stood up gently.

"I understand completely, Mr. Lupin will you come and get me when you are finished?" asked Dumbledore walking towards the door.

"Yes sir," said Lupin. Harry heard the door close softly behind them.

"Harry that was uncalled for," said Sirius walking over to face him. Harry looked up at him, not glaring but yet he was still angry.

"It doesn't matter," snarled Harry.

"It does Harry, you can't be rude -"

"Oh and he can do this to me!"

"Do what Harry?" asked Lupin, his voice sounding like he was more interested in stopping the row that was about to break out and calm the angry sixteen year old down. He began walking slowly over to him.

"Lie to me, about -- everything."

"I don't have any control over the prophecy Harry, but yes I am partly to be blamed for Hayley," said Sirius kneeing down to Harry so that there eyes were level. Harry stared at him not believing his ears. Sirius eyes now looked sorrow, like sadness was filling beneath the dark blue orbs.

"What?"

"Lupin shall you began or shall I?" asked Sirius standing back up and leaning against the head masters desk.

"I'll start and you can finish," said Lupin walking next to Sirius and leaning on the

desk also.

"Where shall we start," asked Sirius nodding his head at Harry, who only glared at them confused. He only wanted to leave, even without Dumbledore in here; he still didn't want to be.

"Let's start with a baby girl sixteen years ago-- Hayley Lillian Potter..." said Lupin smiling softly at Sirius. Harry confused expression change immensely as it turned into shocked, as his eyes turned wide.

Harry didn't say anything. He only kept staring at them both waiting for one of them to speak, finally after seconds Lupin did.

"Your mother was four months pregnant. One night I got an owl from your father to come over the next night for a celebration. I flooed to Sirius and found out he got the same owl. Then I had Sirius contact Peter to ask the same thing. Only to find out he got the same owl. So we all being curious went over there the next night. James had invited his parents, Lily's parents, and all three of us over.

"We asked what it had all been about, but Lily wouldn't tell us a thing until after dessert was over. We all assumed she knew the sex of the baby or something and had thrown a little party for it. Well we were all incredibly wrong," chuckled Lupin before continuing. "James couldn't stop kissing Lily that night and patting her stomach annoyingly. Well after a fine dinner and dessert, they all sat us down in the living room. And that's when they told us -- that they were having twins..."

Harry felt every cell in his body leave. His heart beating so fast he could have sworn Sirius and Lupin could hear it. He could feel himself going extremely pale, and felt really parched all the sudden. He cleared his throat a little to get some air back into his lungs. He looked up at Sirius begging for this to be a dream, but Sirius merrily looked back at him with no expression whatsoever on his face.

"..T-twins.."

"Yes Harry, -- Hayley is your - your twin sister," whispered Lupin, looking down at the ground; averting his eyes anywhere but at Harry's green orbs.

"When your mother was eight months pregnant, they found out Voldemort was after them -- as you know they were both in the Order. Well Dumbledore immediately started planning and put them into hiding, in a house with so many magical detectors that it would only let certain people in when organized to detect who they were. He wouldn't let them leave the house, only if your mother went into labour. Which Dumbledore had built an emergency Port key for, so no one would spot them when they arrived at the hospital.

"Well after Voldemort had ordered the Death Eaters to murdered Lily's parents and torture them to get information to whereabouts to Lily and James which they never told because even they didn't know where Lily and James were hidden at the time. After that Dumbledore moved them to Godrics Hollow, and that's when they decided to get a Secret-Keeper. Well at first they got Sirius, but it wasn't until after Hayley

and you were a month old that they switched to Peter.

"Well when you and Hayley were around eight months old, the Death Eaters murdered James parents. After that Lily knew they weren't going to make it. That's when she went to Dumbledore for help - Dumbledore offered him taking Hayley and you, while James and Lily went into better hiding, but Lily right out refused to leave you guys. That's when her and Dumbledore started working on a plan...a plan to get you and Hayley out of there safe. But the plan wasn't finished in time, before they were murdered...

"The night of your parent's death, Sirius had contacted me when I was working late at the Order on Halloween. We ran so fast into that house you wouldn't of believed it. The first thing we saw was James body lying on the floor in the living room, his wand held in his hand and his glasses shattered. I couldn't leave James side, I couldn't stop crying right there at the site of his body. But Sirius -"

"Maybe I should take it from here Moony," said Sirius sitting up slightly from the desk. Lupin looked a bit put out but nodded his head anyway and summoned himself a chair and sat down next to an extremely pale Harry.

"Where were you Moony - oh yes. The minute we found James we knew our worst fears had happened. While Lupin was by your father's body, I ran upstairs screaming Lily's name at the top of my lungs. I looked in there bedroom, but no one was there, and then I remember running to the nursery. That's when I found Lily's body on the floor - right next to your crib Harry. Just looking into her eyes had told me enough. That's when I heard a baby crying from the crib Lily was lying next to. But the problem was it was only one baby crying....Not two.

"That's when I realized Hayley was missing. I ran back down the stairs to find Remus. But he wasn't near James body anymore, he was looking outside the living room window. That's when half the Ministry was there that night. I don't know how it got out so fast, but I'm guessing Peter let is slip that his master was gone, and that you were his downfall. Only problem was Hayley wasn't anyway to be seen. Well after when we informed the Ministry. Fudge at the time wasn't such a git. He got all the Auror's involved immediately. That's when one of the Auror's asked if she might of died along with your parents.

"There was no baby's body found in that house that night, that's how we kept telling ourselves that Hayley was still alive. After you were taken to your Aunt and Uncles, and well I got carted off to Azkaban, that's when something hit Snape hard in the head and he contacted Dumbledore immediately the day I left. Back then Snape was still a well breed Death Eater working for Voldemort, but after Peter supposedly died, and I went to Azkaban, he went straight to Dumbledore begging for forgiveness. Dumbledore which I still can't figure out why he did but he forgave him. That's when we realized we had a spy from the other side - something we never had before, and we immediately began asking Snape if he new anything about Hayley's whereabouts. That's when he told us probably the biggest news the Orders ever heard of.

"He didn't know where Hayley was, or where she had disappeared to that night. But he did know about where she might be...You see Harry after the prophecy was made,

Voldemort needed it, -- wanted it. After a Death Eater had over heard Dumbledore and Trelawney in Hogshead that day when she told Dumbledore what contained the prophecy, the Death Eater informed Voldemort of it straight away. But at the time, Voldemort didn't know Lily was pregnant with twins, which wasn't until Peter had told him. But Voldemort did know something about the pregnancy that neither James nor Lily knew -- that one of those twins was a boy, and that boy was you.

"The day Peter got granted the power of the Secret-Keeper, Voldemort went to planning immediately. Well little did we know that Voldemort was after just you Harry not Hayley. So the plan was to have Peter tell Voldemort the last location to where Lily and James were hidden, then break in on Halloween night, and kill Lily and James then kill you and Hayley. But they started planning that when you and Hayley were only newborns still, and Voldemort had no reason for Hayley. Oh but little did we know Peter did. -- Peter offered Voldemort the option of instead of killing Hayley to keep her and raise her into a Death Eater. Voldemort was highly amused by the offer and accepted it. That's when another plan came to him.

"Narcissa Malfoy was nine months pregnant and due any day with a baby boy. That's when Voldemort ordered that Peter would take Hayley and raise her as his own daughter, and that one day her and Draco would be married and Draco would take over for Voldemort's heir.

"Well after Snape told the Order that, they started searching every Death Eaters house in London. Especially the Malfoy manner since Peter had already faked his own death and couldn't have taken Hayley. The Order even did a double search on the houses, and then they carted the rest of the Death Eaters off to Azkaban. Well then that left the Order helpless yet again. The Dark Lord was gone, half the Death Eaters were in prison, and we still didn't have a clue to where Hayley was.

"The news went so big that even Muggle Police offered to help us. Well we had to lie about our cover and say that we were what Muggle's call Detectives. They of coarse bought it, and the search went even bigger for Hayley. We gave them all the information we knew about her except the part about how her parents died since we couldn't tell them about magic. So instead we said that they were murdered by being poisoned in there own home and there bodies were already confiscated. -- After about a year of searching and still nothing they had to pronounce her dead. All the cases were closed and they had a little memorial service for her next to Lily and James grave.

"But that was until this letter arrived here yesterday telling us everything. Where she is, how she was doing -- everything. Dumbledore contacted me straight away, and then I had to contact the whole Order including Remus, and well -- now were here."

Harry sat in silence taking in everything. He couldn't believe Sirius, or any of this for that matter. After a while of just sitting with thoughts swimming and swarming in his head, Hermione's voice came to him, remembering him of something. The day in the Common Room..

'The report she had to do for Muggle Studies that was Hayley, the baby girl who was missing, that -- that was my sister.'

Harry took in a big breath before he cleared his throat.

"Sirius how -- how did you know all this if you were in you know -- in Azkaban?"

Sirius chuckled a little laugh most unlike his bark one. He then started walking around to the desk and sitting in the Head Masters chair, thinking of Harry's amusement question.

"To be completely honesty with you Harry I didn't. I was forced to sit in Azkaban for twelve years with the guilt of knowing that not only did I kill my best friends that I killed my goddaughter also."

"But then how did you --"

"Moony informed me all last night at dinner, and -- I'm still quite amazed at the story." An awakening silence sat after Sirius words. Harry still in oblivious form mat. He looked back up at Lupin now wanting answers from him. Lupin was still sitting against the desk looking at Harry with a look of guilt plastered to his face, his sandy blonde hair was ruffled and he looked rather tired.

"Why didn't anyone ever tell me?"

Lupin faces soon turned into pity. Harry could only guess what this meant.

"Harry -- we didn't think you could of handled it --"

Before Harry knew it he couldn't take anymore lies, he'd had enough, and then his voice suddenly darkened to an evil level as the volume in it rose so much that is shook the room as he spoke:

"HANDLED IT!"

"Calm down Harry --" said Sirius, but once again Harry cut him off.

"DO YOU GUYS THINK I'M STILL A BABY? YOU KEEP SOMETHING LIKE THIS FROM ME, YOU ACT LIKE I'M NOT ALLOWED TO KNOW, THAT I HAVE NO RIGHT! A SISTER, A REAL SISTER! SOMEONE WHO'S MY BLOOD!"

"Harry stop yelling!" said Lupin, he himself sounded like he was trying to contain his voice and keep it down to a minimum. Before Harry had a chance to defend himself once again Sirius cut into the row.

"Harry we couldn't tell you, we knew you'd have more guilt on your shoulders then you already do now, even after Dumbledore told you about the prophecy we told him not to tell you about Hayley --"

"YOU TOLD HIM NOT TO TELL HIM ME 'BOUT MY SISTER!"

"Yes Harry, could you of taking the fact that the prophecy killed your parents and your sister?" said Lupin, his voice holding the tone of a stern parent, as he looked at Harry with the same look that could match his voice.

Harry didn't know what to think, how would he of felt. He'd probably still blame himself like he does now, but there was just one problem here. Hayley isn't dead, she's alive.

"Where is she?" snarled Harry. His voice was much deeper rather then yelling, but in a deep growl towards the two men. Sirius and Lupin looked a bit surprised at his attitude towards this. But he could merrily care at the moment. They to had kept this from him. So then it wasn't Dumbledore's entire fault.

Harry calmed himself down a bit. Another thought questioned his mind, getting curious he spoke it:

"What about the Dursleys?"

"Those people you call humans, barely even knew Lily was pregnant let alone twins," said Sirius. Harry could tell he wasn't keeping the name calling down an appointment level, and the angry he showed toward the Dursleys only made Harry feel slightly better.

"I wanna see her," said Harry, his voice sinking in anxiety and worry.

"One problem though Harry, -- her well...her adoptive mother when she sent this didn't want us telling you."

"I still can't believe they've had her, even after all the reports," said Lupin turning to Sirius now and sitting up off of the desk. His voice now turning slowly to anger, though Harry didn't understand why.

"Who is she?" asked Harry.

"Jane and Will Glenwood --" said Sirius with disgust dancing off his tongue, but once again Harry cut him off.

"No I know that I mean how do you two know of them?"

"Oh well -- Jane and Lily were good friends despite that Lily was in Gryffindor and Jane Ravenclaw, and well Will was on the Quidditch team with James."

"They didn't try to contact you over the years even after Voldemort's downfall?" asked Harry, a tint of hope in his voice. Sirius look at Harry spectrally before he shook his head.

"According to this letter no."

"I -- I can't be --lieve this, I -- I have --"

"Harry you have to understand we didn't do this to hurt you, we did it to protect you," said Lupin, his voice back to normal and wasn't so harsh as it was before as he spoke to a much calmer Harry.

"Can -- can I see her?" asked Harry. He looked at Sirius. Sirius looked at him for only a mere second before guilt set in on his face. Harry knew this didn't mean something good.
Lupin catching the look on Sirius face said, "She doesn't know who she is Harry."
"What Remus means to say Harry is that, she was never told of her past life, she thinks Will and Jane are her real parents, she doesn't have a clue to who you are, or even Voldemort for the matter. Her parents shielded her from all that," said Sirius, throwing his hand in the air as if there was an invisible pile of junk he was pushing away.

"But how do you know about her being alive then," said Harry. This was started to get confusing again. Her parents -- adoptive parents didn't tell her who she is, who her family tree was, or even of him.

"We've told you Harry, Jane sent us this letter telling us everything about her, even how they found her, and something a little surprising as well," said Lupin, looking back at Sirius. Sirius was clearly debated the same thing Lupin was, Harry could just see it in there eyes.

"What is it?" asked Harry. He was becoming rather sick and annoyed of the little glances the two men kept throwing at each other, acting like they were in some big talk with a little child present.
"That...that she is coming to Hogwarts," said Sirius, his voice sulking down a bit at Harry's wide eyes.
"Not just that, but she coming on the fifteen anniversary of Lily and James death," said Lupin.

"Halloween..." said Sirius again.

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## New Expectations..

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Hayley sat on her bed; watching peacefully as she watched the sun sink beneath the earth. She knew she was grinning like a ninny, but she couldn't help it. Her face muscles couldn't stop from contracting and turning into the widest smile that played her face in months.

Hayley had just witnessed probably the best scene in the history of a lifetime; Mrs. Kenbreak getting fired.

Hayley knew she should feel somewhat sorry for the elder women, but for some reason she didn't. Just hearing the words:

"I'm sorry Jill, but Hayley's attending Hogwarts now. She will truly miss you and we appreciate everything you've done for her these last six years."

Well hearing that come out of her mother's mouth was like hearing an angel speak those words to her.

Just being with Mrs. Kenbreak for the past six years; five days a week, for five hours a day, just reminded her that she wasn't going to Hogwarts and was stuck here. But not anymore, her smile grew as she remembered the events of this morning...

(Flashback, morning)

Hayley had been lying sound asleep in her bed. She like every night; didn't get any sleep. Those dreams were haunting and playing her mind again, and the anxiety of the Hogwarts acceptance was just another thing to add to her head aches, and sweaty nervousness. But that was before her mother flew the door open and ran over to her bed.

"LOVE WAKE UP!"

Hayley groaned into her pillow. Only three hours of sleep, and her mother was already awake with the dawn. Hayley felt the sun stab her face as her mother opened the curtains. A routine she did every wake up session.

"Mum, please no Kenbreak today.."

"No love, no more Mrs. Kenbreak, just wake up for mummy."

The last few words caught Hayley's attention at her mother's pleading voice.

'Wake up for mummy? What the hell..'

Hayley turned over while rubbing her tired eyes. She looked up into her mothers eyes;

eyes of excited crispy brown, eyes so unlike her emerald orbs.

"Mum are you alright," said Hayley, watching as her mother was bouncing on the balls of her feet; like a small child would do if they got candy. And a smile that could of gone from London to China from how far it stretched. That's when Hayley noticed she was holding a letter in her hands. Hayley looked up into her mother's face, not daring to believe it.

"...Mum...."

"YOU'RE GOING TO HOGWARTS!!" screamed Jane.

Hayley sat in awe, her eyes wide and her mouth hanging open. She felt tears sting her eyes as she heard those words. Words she's longed to hear since age eleven. After six years, her wish was answered.

Jane was beyond holding in her excitement anymore. She grabbed Hayley by the shoulders and pulled her in for a tight hug. Hayley knew she was crying. It wasn't hard to figure out when you add up the snuffing and wet tears hitting your shoulders.

"Oh my baby's all grown up," said Jane, holding Hayley tighter to her. Hayley smiled again letting more tears spill out. She didn't speak, she knew her mother; like her, had wanted her to attend Hogwarts for so long. But Will just refused. That was all over now; she was going, away, away from everything. Hayley just sat letting her mother soak in her happiness with her.

"It's just like yesterday you were my beautiful little angel, you - you with your huge green eyes as a baby, and your beautiful mess of black hair, and I could just hold you all night long but nope...Not anymore, you're all grown up, with your beautiful eyes, and you're thick raven hair - my baby, my Lily."

Hayley felt her mother grip her tighter as she pulled away, still holding her shoulders tightly. Her face was shinning with tears. It was killing the moment in Hayley's opinion or maybe it was just that little speech her mother had said.

Why was, her mother and father calling her by her middle name all of the sudden? Hayley wiped the left over essence of salty tracks off her face, sniffing her nose at the same time.

"Wow, mum you have no idea - when am I going?"

That was about the only question swimming in her head now, that alone with many others. But this one was the first in line.

"Halloween night baby," said her mother wiping her face as well of salty streaks. Finally letting go of Hayley's shoulders, which at this point were raw red at how hard she was gripping them.

"But Halloween that's three days from now, don't I need supplies?"

"You have it all love, you've already got your books for sixth year, your wand, and robes, well yeah you have plenty of those," said her mother gesturing to the dresser that lay a few feet ahead.

"Mum...where's dad?"

"He's downstairs, he didn't want me to wake you."

(End flashback)

Hayley smiled as she recited that memory. A memory she was sure she was going to take to the grave with her.

'That was probably the first time I hugged her in. months, let alone cry on each other.'

But Hayley nearly cared anymore. But something else was still bothering her. Her mothers words were still ringing in her mind...'My Lily' repeating itself over and over again.

Will on the other hand, was a bit surprising with his emotions to Hayley. He didn't cry, nor did he yell. He held Hayley tight for a long time, not letting her go. Hayley was freaked out by her parents' emotions; never really experiencing them to this phase. She didn't understand why they were acting like the letter was pronouncing her death sentence.

Three days - she was leaving home in three days. She still was in complete shock. She wasn't at all nervous now, but she knew that would change, and soon enough she hoped. She had only three days to get used to this....

Three days slowly turned into two, as the new day approach.... 'Don't panic it's going to be alright, you'll do fine --'

Then two days slowly turned into one.

Hayley was on the belief that her parents had bewitched the clocks to make time fly faster. She barely even slept the night before her departure. But as she woke up the next morning, she had the sickness of a pregnant woman in her stomach. She was lying flat on her bed; wide awake. She felt like this was the first morning in a year that she had actually gotten up with the sun. Then the door burst open and in walk Jane and Will smiling like mad at there soon-to-be-Gryffindor.

"Look at our baby Will," said Jane, referring to Hayley like she was just a new born in a crib; with them leaning over and observing her.

"She's all grown up, it's just like yesterday I put her on her first broomstick," said Will smiling at Jane. Hayley snorted at there trying. But she still felt extremely sick. Trying to divert her parents' from running and grabbing the family album from there room and showing her pictures of her past self (as her mother loved to do when she felt that Hayley was too old to be there little baby anymore.)

"How am I getting there?" asked Hayley, sitting up slightly, and leaning back onto her pillows.

"Dumbledore is sending an old friend. He is coming tonight, your going to Floo there. Since you can't exactly take the train, but he owled last night," said Will.

"What's his name?"

"Remus Lupin," said Jane. Will exchanged looks of worry with his wife for a moment before turning back to there only daughter's anxious emerald depths.

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"How are you feeling Harry," asked Ron as Harry came down from the dormitory three days later, with the same sick feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"I'm fine Ron," said Harry sitting on the couch next to Hermione on his right and Ron on his left.

"Sleep well?" asked Hermione leaning over and planting a small kiss on his cheek. Harry on the other hand would have deepened the kiss if it hadn't been for the circumstances in his stomach. He barely acknowledged Hermione lean over and peck her soft lips on his skin.

He just sat there, staring into the left over ashes of wood and paper that laid in the fireplace; crisp black.

"Harry?" asked Ron, staring at him. Harry finally noticed he must have been staring into space again as heard the calls of the people next to him.

"What Ron?"

"Hermione asked if you slept well."

"Yeah, same as every night."

"Harry come on; let's go out to the lake or something you know before it freezes, or go down to see Hagrid, get your mind off this," said Hermione, standing up and offering her hand to Harry.

Harry didn't reject. He knew if he just stayed up in his dormitory all day (which is what he wanted) Hermione and Ron would just come and drag him out.

The last three days had probably been the worst Harry has had to get through while attending Hogwarts. After he left Dumbledore's office three days previous, he just wanted to be alone. Harry knew Lupin must have informed Hermione and Ron of Sirius and Lupin telling him, since they had left him alone the second night to just lie in his bed all day and miss classes which he was already falling behind for, after the night he got drunk that is.

Everywhere he went his sister rang in his mind. Day in and day out. He would wake up with her in his mind, and fall asleep with her still there. He tried to cheer himself up by imaging what she might look like. ('If were twins, I hope she has mum's eyes') But this merely depressed him more, as to when he would finally get to see his sister, he wouldn't be able to hug or hold her like a brother should do.

What killed him most was that he had promised Sirius he wouldn't say anything to Hayley. ("It's not your place, its Jane and Will's") That Hayley would have to find out for herself, or her adoptive parents would have to tell her. This just infuriated Harry more. Someone who was supposed to be his parents' friends in Hogwarts, had pretty much betrayed them by keeping there daughter away from there son.

Sirius had told Harry to inform him immediately if anything had happened, or if Hayley had found out. Lupin on the good side of things, said that he would be staying at the Order along with Sirius, to accompany him if anything went wrong.

It was becoming more and more difficult for Harry to face public. He was started to assume that everyone in Hogwarts had a secret about him. The more and more Harry thought about it, every adult he ever knew had lied to him about this. Dumbledore, Lupin, Sirius, Hagrid, McGonagall, Snape, the Dursleys (despite how little they knew. Harry was pretty sure Dumbledore must have informed them of there niece in the letter he had left for them the night Harry was bought to there house) even Peter knew about Hayley and he didn't even tell him about her the night they found him in the Shrieking Shack. Even thinking of that made Harry more furious. He had the chance to kill someone who not only killed his parents, but was half the problem Hayley disappeared away from him fifteen years ago.

"Let's go see Hagrid," said Harry grabbing Hermione's hand and standing up. He started walking over to the portrait; Ron and Hermione on both his side.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione walked out into the crisp October air, feeling the wind sting there face at the temperature, as it prepared itself for the arrival of November; with a chilly breeze, and greying clouds. Harry pulled his cloak closer to him as they kept walking to the small hut. He could just see a small curving line of smoke coming out of the chimney.

Harry felt Hermione intertwine there hands together. He felt weird again, feeling the warmth run over his body from her hand. He turned and smiled at Hermione. Hermione smiled back at him, and suddenly for the first time in three days Hayley left Harry's head completely as he looked at the smile being shot at him.

As they reached Hagrid's cabin, Ron raised his knuckle and knocked twice.

Surprisingly there was no loud bark emerging from the door. Like the usual greeting they got from seeing Hagrid. Instead the door slowly opened and Hagrid's two beady eyes appeared behind the massive shag of black hair trapping his face and leaving only two little wholes of eyes for appearance.

"Come in Come in," smiled Hagrid gesturing them inside. Harry had the distinctive feeling that Hagrid had been crying as they stepped into the cabin. Harry looked over

at the massive bed sitting in the corner of the small hut. The pillow had small water stains on the front, like someone had spilled small drops of water onto it, or if someone had been crying while they were laying there.

"Would yeh like some tea?" asked Hagrid getting up and walking over to the cabinet. Hermione and Ron both said yes but Harry barely above a whisper said a slow "no thank you."

Hagrid caught the tone in his voice and turned to look at him. Along with Ron and Hermione giving him reproachful looks. Hagrid frowned a bit at him, then turned back to grabbing the mugs out of the cabinet; that had been opened seconds before.

After the water was boiled and the room just sat in silence, Hagrid set down the three mugs in front of Ron, Hermione and himself.

Hagrid look at Harry one last time before he said "Sure you wouldn' like some tea 'arry?"

Harry shook his head slowly as he continued to stare at the ground, lost in to much thought to stay focused on the three people around him. He just wanted to get out, away from everyone, to be alone. But that wasn't what he really wanted and he knew he was lying to himself over the thought of it. He knew it and felt stupid for acting this weak.

'I just wanna see her.'

"Bet you lot can't wait until the feas' tonight eh?" said Hagrid taking a sip from his mug. Harry lowered his head even lower as he knew where this conversation was going. Hermione and Ron on the other hand both sent Hagrid looks that contained both wide eyes and mouths hanging open. Hermione started shaking her head back and forth, while nodding it at Harry at an attempt to say "Don't say it Hagrid" but no words came out.

Harry was at the attempt to just get up and run out, but he legs were suddenly paralyzed from moving. Why was he acting like this -- especially to Hagrid of all people. If it were he, who was in Hagrid's shoes he'd be the happiest person in Hogwarts right now. Someone who actually had the chance to meet Lily, James, and Hayley fifteen years ago. As Harry pondered more on the thought he suddenly knew how Hagrid must be feeling right now.

To have two people that were your friends to die, while there daughter disappeared and there son was taken away to his Uncle and Aunts for a life of misery. But now Hagrid was suddenly getting half of that back at the feast tonight. Awaiting the arrival of someone who's been ancient to the Wizarding World for fifteen years.

Harry bought his head up after the thoughts cleared a bit, and looked into Hagrid's eyes. He suddenly felt ashamed at himself for acting like this. He smiled at Hagrid which was returned in general.

"Look, I'm sorry Hagrid -" started Harry but Hagrid cut him off, with the shake of his

shaggy head and the wave of his hand.

"No 'arry, don' be sorry at all. I know tis' a big day fer yeh."

"It's just, -- its hard to get used to you know," said Harry. For the first time in three days he was actually starting a conversation about his sister, ignoring the pain in his stomach as he thought more and more about her.

"I know 'arry."

"Does the whole school know or something?" asked Ron, taking his eyes off his best friend and turning them to Hagrid.

Hagrid looked shocked at Ron's question but slowly started nodding his head.

"Just the order," said Hagrid reaching for his mug again.

"What are they planning tonight?" asked Hermione.

"Well - on the accoun' of the new studen' not to mention someone the Wizardin' World pulled out there hair' looking fer, a big dinne' I image, Dumbledore probably be planning re'lly big."

Hagrid stopped talking and looked back at Harry. Half way through there 'little' chat, Harry's head slowly sunk back down to the ground.

"It's gonn' turn out okay 'arry, just wait, just wait," said Hagrid.

"It's just, I can't - d-do anything about it when I - you know see her tonight," said Harry.

"Sure you can Harry," said Hermione leaning over to him on the couch.

"You can give her a welcome hug, or talk to her at dinner, it's going to be alright!" She smiled brightly at her boyfriend before grabbing his hand and giving it a gently squeeze.

The rest of the stay was spent talking about the new Quidditch game coming up in three months (Gryffindor versus Hufflepuff) and the after several more "Sure no tea 'arry" from Hagrid, he finally accepted.

As dark was starting to set in around them, they pulled there cloaks back on and started heading up. Hagrid was right; it's going to be alright, everything will be okay. One of the things Harry kept telling himself as he checked his watch over and over again. As they walked into the warm castle, most of the teachers in the hallway were giving Harry sympathy looks, which only made him a tint mad. He didn't need there sympathy, not along with the anxiousness and pain in his stomach.

Once they reached the Common Room, they sat on the couch together warming up before the fire. Harry was slightly cheered up by Hagrid's words. He suddenly smiled

a little as he reached for Hermione's hand which was resting dangerously next to his knee. He held it tight as he look into her eyes. He needed to ask her something, and he felt completely stupid for doing it but he would feel a lot better if it were her instead of him or Ron accepting the answer.

"Hermione.." he said timidly.

"Yeah."

"When Hayley gets here, could you - er you know, try and talk to her maybe - maybe even friends since she's new?"

Hermione looked shocked. She smiled at him before leaning in and kissing him softly on the lips. When she pulled away she wasn't very far from his lips still, but she kept her gaze aimed into his eyes.

"Of coarse Harry, I would do that anyway, me and Ron both," she said setting her hand on Ron's shoulder. Ron smiled at Harry and nodded his head.

'That's better.'

Harry looked down at his watch for the hundredth time that night and looked at the time.

'Just two more hours..'

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Hayley sat on her Firebolt watching the sun set while she was about miles and miles above the ground.

She smiled sadly as she wiped away the last tear from her face. Once again it was Halloween, and that meant it was the day for her unexplained depression. She felt the tears coming on slightly right before dinner, and got out of the house and onto her broom just in time before they came spilling out. She hated this holiday. She never knew why, but she never was accustomed to it when her parents took her to 'trick-or-treat' let alone the depression.

She glanced down at her watch for the thousandth time that day.

'Just one more hour to back out.'

Hayley kept counting down all day. By now, Hayley was feeling like that if any food came down her throat it would just come right back up. Something she figured out today at breakfast, when her mother had insisted she try Isabella's new Kippers. After that she had to run to the bathroom, and just puked it all right back up.

As the day progressed Hayley had realized something. Something that scared her beyond reason. That at Hogwarts she was going to have to start over on a new life. Not literally in speaking terms. Making friends, a new home, and a new place

adjusted to her. What if no one wanted to be her friend there? No it's not like here where you've been stuck for the past six years.

Hayley spent most of the day packing up her trunk. Packing extra robes, and books she would need, and most importantly her wand. Her father said he would send her an Owl once she was all settled in and more relaxed. Jane had spent most of the day crying over everything or anything she saw of Hayley...Pictures, clothes, shoes, combs, you name it, she cried over it.

Will had also had a little 'one-on-one' talk with Hayley or as he called it. Mostly this talk consisted of Boys, Boys, Quidditch, and Boys. Suddenly now Hayley couldn't believe she ever wanted to leave home. True Hogwarts has been her dream, but now with everything new happening, she just wanted to stay home.

'Your sixteen not six - you can do this.'

"Hey love, what are you doing way up here?" said a voice behind her.

Hayley jumped nearly falling off her broom. She turned to see her father smiling at her, sitting perched up on his Firebolt.

"Just needed - to think," she said turning her back on him and watching the sun set once again.

"I understand, your mother is having another fit so I left her to it," he chuckled to himself. Hayley didn't even laugh. She was still feeling the depression washing over her eyes; like her brain was tied to some remembrance of this day.

"Hayley are you alright," asked her father flying to her side and resting there.

"Yeah - Yeah I'm fine," she said wiping the last unknown tear away.

"You don't have to go you know, you can still change your mind."

"NO! - I mean no, I wanna go, just," Hayley sat for a minute thinking of a fast lie. "Just sad I'm leaving that's all."

'Good one Glenwood.'

"Well, just promise me one thing."

"What's that?"

"That you'll get on the Quidditch team!"

"Ha-Ha I'll try."

"It's in your blood you will."

"What was your Gryffindor team like dad?" asked Hayley turning her broom slightly

to face him. Will smiled broadly as the memories were flying through his head.

"We won every game."

"Really ever single one?"

"When we got our seeker yup, as you know I played chaser, and an old friend of mine named Josh Digles, he played Keeper, and then the other two chasers Ella Renate, and Ethan Hamblen, both the beaters were boys they were really good but to serious I thought, but they were Shane Hillock, and Eric Woodcock, and our seeker James Pott-"

Will stop talking immediately, right as his face went slightly pale.

"Dad are you alright?" asked Hayley to grabbing the end of his broomstick to keep him steady.

"Yeah I'm - I'm fine, just, I'm going to go down and see if your mother is alright," with that he turned his back on her and flew to the ground. Hayley stared at him confused.

'James Pott? What's he playing at?'

Sighing, she turned her broom around from the sun set, and started for the ground. She landed perfectly on the cold material and ran into the house. Jane and Will were talking in the kitchen when Hayley had entered. She just ignored them as she crossed the room; her head held high and her broomstick still clutched tightly in her hand. Once the door closed behind her Jane and Will went right back to talking.

Hayley ran up to her room; up the three levels of stairs. She slammed the door irratated and mad. She turned and set her broomstick on her truck, which had been lying on her bed. Ready to be taken to Hogwarts. She realized she hadn't checked her watched in a while as she looked down.

"TEN MINUTES!" she screamed standing up from her bed. She ran to the mirror to check her appearance. She had chosen dark emerald robes for the feast. Her thick raven hair down as always; and also cascading down her shoulders, and most importantly; hiding her scar. Her emerald eyes were shinning green with her robes reflecting off them. She sighed to herself.

This was it, her last chance. No she wasn't going to turn this down, it's just a new school.

'It's your first school!'

Hayley sat on her bed. The depression completely gone now, but substituting it was a huge spot of anxiety.

That's when she heard her mother yell from up the stairs; her voice ten times louder then usual. She must have used the yelling charm to magnify her voice since she was

yelling three stair levels up to her daughter's room. She listened closely to her mother's voice, echoing up to her.

"HAYLEY HES HERE, COME DOWN!"

Hayley's heart dropped. She was actually shaking from how nervousness she was. Before she left she checked in the mirror of how she looked. She saw sweat on her hair line. She took a soothing breath in and a breath out. Feeling slightly better she started walking towards the door.

Hayley walked slowly down to the living room where the fireplace lay. She was on the second level of the house and she could feel her heart beating in her throat. She gripped the railing tighter as she hit the last landing of the house. (Besides the basement)

She slowly crossed the kitchen as she heard the voices emerge full force into her ears.

She could hear her mother, father, and the man's voice talking...

'Lupin wasn't it?'

It sounded vaguely familiar to Hayley. Like she had heard that voice many, many years ago...

Once she reached the door, something else came to her. It sounded like the people in the next room WERE NOT getting caught up in old reunions, rather then it sounding like they were fighting. Instinct taking over Hayley put her ear to the door as she listened to the words.

"Remus, look I know this isn't exactly easy," said her father.

"What did you think it was going to be Will, just me march in here after fifteen years of searching for her, half of England mind you, did you think I was just gonna take her and leave!"

"Look we didn't know about any reports or anything after we took her in."

"What are you talking about, it was everywhere -- it was huge for probably a year, Daily Prophet...even the Muggle's knew about it!"

"I'll go get Hayley, see what's keeping her," said Jane. Her voice sounded as if she didn't want this little row to go any farther then it was already heading, and that she didn't really need to be involved in it anyway.

Hayley after many years of doing this technique stood up quickly. She took in one last breath as she heard her mother's footsteps coming closer to her body. She put her hand on the white wood, and opened the door as she stepped into the living room.

The minute she stepped into the room, it immediately went dead silent. Hayley looked at her mother as she was beginning to feel uncomfortable under all the stares;

especially the stare coming from Remus Lupin's face.

"Love, this is Remus Lupin, the man who's picking you up," said Jane, steering her over to where Remus was still staring at her wide eyed.

"Nice to meet you sir," said Hayley, extending her hand in front of Lupin. He just stared at her, like she was a ghost of some sort. After a while this began to get Hayley's nervousness to about a fast sweating pace.

"Would you like some tea Remus," asked Will, walking over and putting a hand on Hayley's shoulder. An act like he was showing Remus that he was protecting her in an attempt way. Remus stared at Will as if he had just hit Hayley rather then resting his arm on her shoulder.

"Er - no we've better be getting back, feast starts in less then an hour," said Lupin now staring at his watch and trying deeply to stare them away from Hayley.

Hayley turned to look at her father who still had his hand on her shoulder. He pulled his eyes off of Lupin who was currently staring at the pair somewhat wide eyed again.

"Hayley do you have your trunk ready?" said Jane, walking forward and also placing a hand on her shoulder. Hayley was now feeling so uncomfortable she was ready to bolt for the door at any passing second.

If an onlooker happened to look into the window of two Fairfax way; they would see a scene before them that looked something like a lion heard in the middle of the living room. Jane and Will were standing on Hayley sides, both with there hands on her shoulders looking like they were reading to pounce at any giving moment if Remus Lupin decided to change the plans of his trip and hurt their cub in anyway.

Hayley was started to feel the tension in the room heat up again, and trying to divert it another way, she shook her head at her mother.

"No er I'll go get it now."

As Hayley got out of her parents' tight grips, she started heading for the kitchen door. Right as she was about to lay her hand on the wood Lupin spoke up for the first time in three minutes:

"I'll help you there Hayley."

Hayley felt scared at this. The man's behaviour before didn't display much for her to trust him, but for some reason deep down she did.

"Okay," she said pushing the door open and holding it for him. As Lupin nodded his thanks, Hayley caught a glimpse of her parents before the door closed.

Will was standing there stiff as a bone, clearly regretting letting Lupin help Hayley to her room. Jane also was standing in the same proper position, her husbands hands intertwined with her own.

Hayley frowned as she turned back to sandy-haired man, waiting for her by the long white carpeted staircase, his hand gripping the gold railing that connected into the wall. The stairs which Hayley usually slides down when she's in a hurry to get down the stairs instead of walking down the three sets.

"Lovely home you got," said Lupin, following Hayley up the stairs. Hayley didn't really know how to respond to that. It wasn't exactly her own home, but she said her polite 'thank-you' to be nice.

As they reached the first landing of stairs, Hayley began walking down the aisle that led to the second set of maroon carpeted staircase in the house. As they began to walk up, Lupin was slowing down a bit. Hayley could tell by hearing the 'clink clink' of his shoes on the carpet began to pace a little. She turned around and he was staring at the millions of pictures covering the wall. The only picture getting stared at in most admiration was the one of Hayley when she was eighteen months.

She watched as his eyes slowly traced every picture covering the huge wall. She didn't disturb him. He had a look on his face, like he just lost someone important in his life. His golden tired eyes examined every picture slowly filling with tears. As she watched him for some reason she was feeling the depression coming on to her again as well. The tears were hiding behind her eyes; daring to fall, and she could do nothing to stop them. Luckily enough she wasn't making enough noise for Remus to notice her unexcused hormones.

Once she got herself under control she looked back at Remus. His eyes were resting on a certain picture about half way up the wall. The tears still lodged up in his golden brown eyes and not trailing down his pale cheeks.

It was the picture that her mother took of Hayley and Will the day she first rode a broomstick when she was six. Hayley was smiling like mad in the picture, while Will was holding the broom and smiling at camera as well looking at Hayley like she was in a whole knew light.

Hayley glanced back at her watch and realized that they were going to be late if they didn't hurry.

"Mr. Lupin?"

"Please call me Remus," he said extending his hand for Hayley to shake. Slowly prying his eyes off the picture to turn towards her. Hayley looked at the hand in front of her, then feeling that trusting feeling float back into her stomach she grabbed it and shook it firmly. She felt weird at the mans touch, it was soft, but she just knew she had known this man before. But where?

As Hayley and Remus still stood there; shaking hands. Lupin's eyes mysterysly travelled up into the depths of her eyes.

"Lily," he said in the lowest whisper that Hayley didn't even hear the words come out, just his mouth form them.

Hayley was astounded at this. Now he was calling her by her middle name. Getting curious she asked:

"How did you know my middle name sir?"

"What oh - er Jane told me when I talked to her, now where is your room we'd better get going."

He walked past Hayley who was still staring at the back of his head. She had the distant feeling that this man was lying to her, but she nodded her head all the same and finished climbing the second set of stairs. After they reached the third level, Remus was so out of breath he was bending over trying to recover. Hayley who had reached the stairs in fine conditions, held the pleasure of not bursting out laughing. She had been climbing those stairs every day since she could even walk, and with her small body figure it seemed to be no problem.

Hayley began walking towards her room that lay at the end of the hallway. She was feeling a bit self-confident. She had never shown her room to an adult before, let alone someone she didn't know. She opened the door and walked in. Right as she turned to her bed she heard the gasp from Remus. Hayley's room was covered in Quidditch posters. Mostly of her favourite Quidditch teams the Chuddley Cannons and the Tornado's.

"See you're a Quidditch fan," chuckled Lupin as he watched one of the Tornado chaser's score; his body zooming in and out of view on his broomstick away from the prying eyes.

"Yeah my dad is, so I guess I've always been," said Hayley checking her trunk for anything she might have missed; for the tenth time that day.

Lupin seemed to be neglecting to tell Hayley something as he opened his mouth, but shut it quickly, as she turned to him with her trunk in her hand. Lupin extended his hand, and took the heavy trunk from the raven girl. She smiled her thanks and ran across the room to grab her Firebolt. Once she brought it back to Lupin's side his eyes went wide.

"You own a Firebolt?"

"Yeah, since a year ago, I got it on my birthday."

"Oh wow, consider yourself lucky -- well must be off then," Lupin said.

Heaving the trunk onto his shoulders and walking towards the stairs. Once they walked down the aisle with Hayley still holding her Firebolt close to her as she walked. When they had reached the stairs Lupin gave her a concerning look, while looking back at the stairs.

"Something wrong?" asked Hayley watching his weird expression after the next.

"Er-no nothings wrong, I'm just going to apparate down with your suitcase alright?"

Hayley tried to stop herself from laughing but nodded her head all the same. There was a loud pop and a second later Remus Lupin's body was gone, right along with her suitcase. Hayley was feeling a bit better now. Finally being able to be on her own again. She, like Remus; didn't want to walk down the three flights of stairs carrying luggage. So after many years of this process she placed her rear on the cold gold railing, hooked into the wall, and held her Firebolt close. Before she knew it she was speeding down the railing and had already reached the second level of the house. Hayley walked down the aisle of the hallway. Then she came upon the second level of stairs. Only this time she didn't slide down them but walked slowly, looking back at all the pictures Remus had been gazing at, before they went up.

Pretty much the proportion of this wall consisted of her, with very little pictures of Will or Jane. Hayley never paid much attention to this wall before. Yeah a few glances here and there while climbing the stairs but she never took the time to actually stare and focus on these pictures like Remus had done minutes before.

That's when Hayley noticed something of the wall. There were no infant pictures of her. True there were pictures when she was two, three, and even maybe four, but there were no real baby pictures of her. Pictures that were taken the day she was born, took her first step, said her first words. Why hadn't she ever thought of this before? Was is it that she didn't care anymore about herself as much as she did the boys down the street to even ask her parents for baby pictures of herself. She felt irritably dumb at herself for her selfishness. Sighing she turned from the wall, and began making her way down to her parents again. For there last good-byes, hugs and kisses.

When she reached the first landing, she was surprised there was no fighting coming from the kitchen this time. She began walking into the kitchen. She jumped back from where she stood as her mother scared her, standing at the stove, and fiddling with the kettle.

"Mum what are you doing?"

"Making tea."

"But - isn't that why we have a house elf?"

"Hayley what have I taught you about using the name like that, and besides Isabella has the day off, remember its Friday and Halloween."

"Don't remind me," mumbled Hayley, walking over to the door that lead into the living room. When she entered she saw Remus and Will sitting on the couch talking in a clam sort of way. Hayley could see some sort of hate in this man's eye, and exactly being directed towards her father.

"All set to go then?" asked Lupin, standing up slightly as Hayley laid her Firebolt against the wall. She nodded reluctantly not wanting to leave her parents side for seven long months, only now that's what it felt to her. It was hard to believe that even six days ago this is what she would give anything for, and now look at her; backing

out at any chance.

"Sure you got everything love?" asked Will walking over to his 'baby-girl' looking down at her. The same look, like it was the first time he laid eyes on her.

"Yeah dad - besides you can always owl me if I forgot anything right?"

"Right...."

The door that led to the kitchen opened slowly and creakingly and out stepped Jane. She looked like she was trying very hard not to cry and keep herself calm, but emotions were winning with this women's head.

"I'm going to miss you so much," said Jane. Hugging Hayley into a death grip. She felt extremely embarrassed to have her mother be sobbing over her like this, when she was freaking sixteen and in front of an adult no less. But all the same, she still loved the attention, and knowing she wasn't going to be seeing it for a long time, she hugged her mother back.

Jane pulled away and kissed Hayley gently on the forehead while gazing down into her emerald eyes. Jane then looked up at Lupin with a look of determination on her face. Hayley glanced over at Remus who was currently standing by the fireplace; her suitcase in his hands. The look her mother was shooting at him didn't seem to be affecting him at all, but it was certainly scaring Hayley. He looked like English was a second language to him as he nodded his head slowly.

"Don't worry Jane, she's in good hands with me."

Will seemed to be thinking along the same lines as Jane. Looking at Remus and giving him a look that clearly said 'She-better-be-alright-or-its-your- head!' but no words escaped his mouth.

Hayley walked over to her father and gave him a tight hug. Will held her tight, not wanting to turn her over to this stranger, or that was at least the attitude her parents' were acting towards him. She felt her father gently kiss the top of her head, and pull away.

"Owl us as soon as you can alright?" said Jane, walking over to Will and leaning into his body for support.

"I promise," was all the response from the raven head.

"We love you Hayley, okay remember that," said Will wrapping his arms around his wife. Hayley at the moment, her emotions changing fast wanted nothing more then to just leave. Her parents' were acting as if she was going to her death march, let alone her 'future' school.

She looked over at Remus. He had his eyes down cast from the room. The words "We love you Hayley" was ringing in his ears, and making him feel uncomfortable at the word vocabulary that was chosen or maybe that was just how Hayley was reading his

body language.

"I love you to mum 'n' dad. I'll owl soon I promise."

Will walked over to the wall and picked up her Firebolt that still lay upon it. He walked back over to the Fireplace and handed it to her. She smiled at him, and he smiled back planting another small kiss on her forehead.

"Get there, and make the Quidditch team love," he said laughing a little at the smile that had spread across her face at his words.

"Yeah I seem to remember those games extremely well, did you happen to tell young Hayley, why we won all those games?" asked Lupin, his resistance to staying quiet far from resisting anymore. Will looked at Remus with a scared look of something plastered to his face. After many passing second Remus started shaking his head and looked down at his watch.

"Hayley we've better get going, the Headmaster is eager to meet you."

He started to walk over to the fire place once more. Hayley pick up her trunk and handed it to him slowly.

"I take it you do know how to travel by Floo?" he asked, heaving the trunk onto his arm. Hayley nodded slowly at him, but not slow enough. Even if her movements had been slow, it still moved some of her raven hair out of her face and her scar stood there stuck to her forehead, openly showing to the world without her realizing it.

Lupin's eyes went as big as those of a house elf could. He stared at Hayley scar disbelievingly. Hayley who was under enough pressure as it was, was beginning to feel quite annoyed at all the stares she kept getting like she was famous or something.

Remus seemed to be acting like he couldn't move, or maybe that was just how it looked to the prying eyes in front of him.

"Remus," asked Jane walking forward to Hayley's side.

Remus; with as much difficulty possible, pulled his eyes away from Hayley's scar, shaking his head slowly, and not returning them back on her forehead.

He reached into his pockets and pulled out a small velvet bag that looked to be Floo Powder. He was about to drop some into his hands when his eyes darted back up to Hayley's. He stood thinking about something for a minute, then he slowly stepped out of the Fire place, his gaze now averted on Jane and Will. He handed the bag to Hayley who looked at him confused; not understanding and really confused quite evident on her face.

"I want you to go first," was all he said before shoving the bag into her hands, and pushing her towards the fire. Hayley didn't say anything; at that point she was just as ready to leave as he was. She opened the bag and spilled a hand full of the ashes into her opened palm. Sighing, she looked back up towards her parents. Giving them one

last smile, before throwing the powder into fire place, and yelling "HOGWARTS!"

The last thing she heard before the fire pulled her away was the voice of Remus screaming:

"SHE HAS THE SCAR TO!"

Everything went blurry as she flew very fast, seeking looks into other living rooms as she passed before she hit the stone cold floor of the Headmasters office.

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Harry now sat waiting in the Common Room, sitting on the red couch that lay inches from the fire which he was staring into dumbly. Remus had just informed him half an hour ago that he was leaving for the Glenwood's residence soon, and Harry couldn't help but feel a bit more cheerful then he had been this morning.

Hermione was up in her dorm getting ready for the feast, while Ron had gone out for a quick fly out in the Quidditch pitch, after Harry had urged him to go on without him.

He was becoming more and more in a less denial mode, and actually cheering up that in less then ten minutes he would be heading down to the Great Hall for the Halloween feast and the welcoming of the new student.

The door to the sixth year girls' dormitory opened and out stepped Hermione. She smiled once she spotted Harry on the couch and started making her way over to him.

She sat down and as soon as her rear hit the couch she leaned into kiss Harry. He was a caught a bit off guard but after a few passing seconds he deepened the kiss anyway. Hermione pulled away minutes later a bit flushed in the face, but she looked happy all the same.

"Are you ready?" she asked. Harry didn't need to ask what she had meant, he knew. Was he ready to go see his sister. A part of him screaming YES, another part screaming, to just stay in his room all night.

"Harry I know your scared," she started again, after realizing her boyfriend wasn't going to go into the subject himself, so she would have to ease him in and get the feelings off his chest. Harry knew Hermione for six years, this is how she got people to talk about there feelings.

"I don't know what I am really," he said crossing his arms over his chest in a childish way, lowering his face to his chest. Hermione brows furrowed at his attitude before nodding and starting again:

"Harry its okay to be scared you know."

"I know Hermione."

"Merlin I'm even scared."

"Hermione what if she never finds out?"

"She will Harry maybe not for a while but she will eventually."

"I can't handle a while, I need to know she knows. Knows that her parents are dead, her brother is famous, and that she is to, I can't let her just stand there and not know, she's living a lie Hermione."

"You talked to Sirius didn't you?"

"But how am I gonna deal with this - wait Sirius how did you know?"

"That's exactly what he said, well - not exactly but along those lines."

Harry didn't say anything after that, he turned his head away from Hermione's and turned to the fire. But of coarse he should have known Hermione wasn't letting him off this easily.

"What do you think she'll look like?"

Harry looked at her confused. He didn't know why, but talking to Hermione about Hayley made him feel a lot better. Maybe it was because she was a girl and could understand these feelings, more so then Ron could have anyway.

"Well I don't know what she'll look like to be honesty."

"Well - then what would you like her to look like?"

"Er - this may sound corny, but I want her to have our mum's eyes, my eyes I mean, and maybe mums hair colour, its red if you haven't seen any pictures of her, she's really pretty I think, and maybe if she doesn't have mums hair then I would like her to have our dads hair colour, that's mine also, but maybe not as messy. I'd like it to be thick and straight like my mum's was."

Harry stopped talking after he finished telling Hermione those personal details. He felt utterly weird for using the word 'our' involved with his parents.

"Harry.."

"Yeah Hermione?"

"I've never seen what you're parents look like, do you have any pictures with you?"

Harry look at Hermione again. She looked like she really wanted to see this. Harry felt very spectral at the moment. He had never repeat NEVER shown his friends what his parents look like. He always felt those pictures where the only things he had left of them, apart from the invisibility cloak he inherited.

"Yeah I have an album - want me to go get it?"

"Please..."

"Okay be right back," said Harry getting off the couch and walking over to his dormitory. He felt excited for some reason. Like a little child waiting eagerly to show his parents what new pictures he had painted today. Maybe that was a little to cheerful for the way Harry felt but it still cheered him up. He was showing his girlfriend pictures of his dead parents, but he still felt happy to have someone actually want to see them.

He returned to Hermione's side in no less then two minutes later. The brown album lay tucked tightly between his arms, held in a protective manner.

"That's them on there wedding day," said Harry flipping to the first page looking at his father and mother waving at him from the camera. Hermione let out a shallow breath as she put her hand over her mouth.

"Is - that - that Sirius?" she asked staring at the laughing figure behind the new married couple. Harry nodded slowly as he looked into the now wasted face of his godfather. Harry never noticed how happy he looked in this picture. That's when Harry spotted Remus standing right next to Sirius. Both in there tuxes and smiling at the couple now heading down the aisle as man and wife.

"Merlin Harry - he looks so, so -"

"So happy, yeah I know," said Harry turning his eyes away from the book. It wasn't that his godfather wasn't a happy man, but ever since Harry had met him and compared him to this picture, it was two different people with two different souls.

"Your mum is really pretty, you really do have her eyes," said Hermione still staring at the book. Harry smiled at Hermione. After watching the couple walk out of the picture, Hermione turned the page.

"Awww you're so cute," she said nudging him in the side of his ribs. Harry smiled back at her, before leaning in and giving her a quick kiss on the cheek. She blushed as usual and looked into the babies eyes.

"Harry you don't - er have any photos of Hayley in here do you?"

"No, I don't think they put in any when they gave this to me, to 'protect' me or so they put it."

"Harry you know they were just doing what they were requested and felt what was right in there hearts to do, if they had told you Hey-Harry-sorry-to- bother-you-but-you-have-a-sister-but-one-problem-we-don't-know-where-she- is! What would you of said to them," she said taking in a great deal of breath at how fast she speed through her speech.

"I don't know Hermione," said Harry leaning farther into the couch. Hermione let out a frustrated sigh at her boyfriend before turning the page. She gasped again as he eyes

went huge.

"I didn't know you put this in here," she said pointing to the picture that had been taken the last day of school in there first years. Hermione and Harry were dangerously close to one another as apart from Ron who was somewhat at a distance but still shoulder to shoulder from Harry.

"God I look retched!"

"No you don't I put that in there because that's my favourite one of you," he said scooting closer to her as they both looked at the picture.

"Look how much we've all grown," said Hermione in a awed whisper.

"Yeah it's hard to believe that, that picture was taken six years ago."

Before they continued on with there talking of the past and memories, the portrait swung open as Ron stepped in. Dripping wet and his broom held in his hands.

"Oh hey what are you two up to?" he smiled as he saw how close they were sitting from one another.

"Looking through old pictures," said Hermione turning back to the first- year-old self-her.

"Oh well er -- Hermione could I talk to you for a second?" asked Ron. Hermione looked at Ron her brows furrowed together. She then turned her eyes to Harry looking for some sort of explanation but Harry was just as shocked as she was at Ron's words.

"S-u-r-e Ron," said Hermione setting the book back down in Harry's lap and walking over to Ron. Ron dragged her into a near by corner near the fire. Harry watched them for only a second before opening the book again. It landed on the page with him, his mother and father.

"SHES WHAT!" screamed Hermione standing from the other side of the room with Ron. He seemed to be trying to hush her down like a crying baby with his hands.

"What's going on?" asked Harry standing up, and setting the album down behind him. Ron gave Hermione a 'don't-you-dare-look' but Hermione looked anything but innocent at the moment as she stood glaring at Ron.

"It's about Hayley isn't it?" asked Harry walking over towards Ron, now trying to persuade him to spill the beans.

"Yes," said Ron setting his head into his hands, and rubbing his tired eyes.

"Tell him Ron," said Hermione, in a very stern voice. Harry looked at Ron with a need of anxious in his emerald orbs.

"I can't Harry, Hermione ---"

"Merlin Ron I can't believe this! Harry, Hayley's already here, there talking about her in the portraits and Ron heard them on his way back from flying."

"COME ON LETS GO DOWN TO THE GREAT HALL THEN!" was all he said, before he could even move his legs his mind wandered back to the album that lay on the warm red couch.

"I'll take it up for yeah mate, I got to change anyway," said Ron eyeing where Harry's eyes were aimed at. Harry smiled at him thanking him for all this help.

"Are you sure?" asked Harry staring now at Hermione who looked a cross between slapping Ron or hugging him. Neither seemed to be going down well with Ron.

"Positive, meet you down there in a few minutes," said Ron looking away from Hermione's eyes. Hermione started for the portrait with Harry not far from behind her.

Harry took Hermione's hand into his own as they stepped out of the Common Room turning and heading down to the Great Hall were excitable talking was floating out of the doors towards them.

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Hayley stood up from the cold floor, whipping the dust and soot off her new robes. The first thing her eyes took in was the room she stood in, it was beautiful she thought. The walls were lined with many pictures of different witches and wizards of the past masters. As Hayley noticed a bird resting near the desk, Lupin flew out of the fire.

He stood up and mirrored her movements once she had arrived, whipping the soot off himself as well.

"Where are we?" she asked walking away from him, and over towards the bird that which due to all of the racket was already awake.

"This is Hogwarts Hayley, and this is Headmaster Dumbledore's office," said Lupin walking over to her. Hayley looked up at him really quick, searching for an explanation to his behaviour before she had taken flight mere minutes before.

Once she felt that there wasn't one coming she decided asking was the best way to try.

"Sir, may I ask what happened before I left my house."

"Nothing important Hayley."

"What so special about my scar?!"

Lupin looked at her with a confused look on his face. Then something dawned hard on him as he looked harder at her.

"Hayley have you heard of Voldemort?"

"Yes, but only once though I think -- who's he?"

"Tell you later but first we've -"

"OOOO ITS YOUNG GLENWOOD CRYSTAL LOOK!" yelled a witch in her portrait right above the door, who apparently had been awake for several minutes watching them through her frame, while sitting and knitting quietly.

"Keep it down over there," yelled another wizard from behind Hayley. He was old and looked to of had a bad back since he wasn't standing up straight. His eyes were dark and nothing could be read of those eyes. Slowly Hayley turned back to the elder witch who wasn't knitting anymore but staring at Hayley.

"Must - tell - Velvet," she breathed excitement filling her face as she ran from her frame, and disappeared beyond the golden rim.

"What was that," ask Hayley turning back to Lupin who was looking right where the painting had now stood....empty.

"Paintings -- they can move from picture to picture --"

"Oh I've known that but never seen them act like that."

"Just wait then," whispered Lupin who had already started to head for the Headmasters door and escort the young miss out. Hayley faintly caught his words but didn't make anything of it. She followed him out of the office, as he gently closed the door behind them.

"But Mr. Lup -- Remus, my supplies," said Hayley throwing her index finger at the door.

"House elves' will deal with it, they'll bring the stuff all up to your room later."

"Where are we going now," asked Hayley as Lupin turned the corner and was now walking down the stone steps.

"The feast of coarse!" said Lupin smiling at Hayley. She felt like she was drowning into a fit of sweaty nervousness. The feast, but that meant lots of new people and she would have to see them all and vise versa.

'It'll be over quick enough.'

"Are you nervous Hayley?" asked Lupin as they walked down the moving stairs something that was freaking Hayley out as she looked at all the stone surrounding her, holding onto the railing for dear life.

"Er - yeah just a little bit."

"Don't be, it'll go by so quick you'll wonder were the years went."

"How do you know my parents' Remus?"

"We were really good friends back in our days of Hogwarts."

"REALLY!"

"Ha-Ha yes quite the crew we were to, great man your father but your mother well that's another story.."

"What were they like?" she asked excitement running through her. She had never been told a tale story of Hogwarts before and now was the perfect time to get informed on her parents' history before she went and got sorted into hers.

"They really hated each other at first, but we all knew they liked each other. No surprise really when they announced they were dating, it was gonna happen they were meant for love, and your father -- best Quidditch player I've ever seen, besides a young boy - aw-ha here we are. Hayley this is the Great Hall, you'll be eating your Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner in here, and you'll sit at your house table always at meals."

Hayley glanced at the doors that lead into the Great Hall. They were huge golden brown, and she could hear the echoes of the pupils inside just fine and her heart was beginning to pound so hard she could feel it in her throat. She closed her eyes and started taking big breaths in and out. She wanted to run, far, far away! To go back home, no not that. This was her own doing and she was going to have to face it. It was just a new school and she just needed to take things slow, little bits at a time. That was all.

Remus stared at her smiling faintly. He put his hand on her shoulder and she opened her emerald eyes to him not feeling any calmer.

"You'll do fine, now Hayley I'm going to go in there, and announce that your here, okay and then I'll come back out and then I'll escort you in and get you sorted into your house and the feast will began. Does that sound too hard?" As there was no response from Hayley, Remus was about to turn to open the doors, when she suddenly stopped him with her pleading voice.

"Remus what do you mean sorting?"

He turned too looked at her confused, "You know the sorting hat? Didn't your parents tell you?"

"Yes - Yes they told me, but I'm not getting sorting privately?"

"Ha-Ha, no afraid not, don't worry remember -- I was just as scared as you were, you'll do fine!" With one last smile at her, he turned and opened the doors to the Great Hall. Instantly the entire hall quieted down and looked at the source of noise.

Hayley jumped out of view of the door not wanting to be seen just yet or at all for that

matter.

'What if they don't like me, they think I'm ugly or something or my stupid scar!'

Hayley could hear Remus shoes hitting the floor on the ground as he walked further and further up to the teachers table. Hayley was shaking. She was actually shaking from how nervous she was. Why did she want this, why couldn't she have just stayed home and have been tutored with Mrs. Kenbreak her whole life. The pain of that was nothing compared to how scared she felt now.

The hall was dead silent, as Hayley still stood behind the door begging with all might that she could just go somewhere else. Was there a fire place around here, probably not. Maybe just in Dumbledore's office. She laid her head against the huge oak doors. Then she heard the noise of a chair scrapping against the stone floor, and echo out through the hall. Someone was standing up from there chair. Hayley knew what this meant, and as if on cue of that thought an elder voice echoed to the room:

"STUDENTS I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET HAYLEY GLENWOOD!"

Hayley couldn't move. Her legs were still as stone. The minute the pupils in the Great Hall didn't see a figure appear, whispers started breaking out causing her more difficulty to move her body.

She didn't know how fast time was flying but she knew she couldn't turn that corner. On cue Remus came around the door looking for her. Once he spotted her standing by the wall he walked over to her.

"Hayley come on everyone's waiting," he said gently taking her arm and trying to lead her in.

"Remus I - I - c-can't d-do it!"

"Yes you can Hayley I'm right here, everything is going to be fine just trust me alright," said Remus. His voice was so calming to Hayley, that she slightly stopped shaking and but that only caused her heart to become more evident to how hard it was beating against her rib cage and she could feel her breath was slow and shallow.

Remus took full grip onto her forearm and gently led her to the door. Once HIS body was in full view to the students again, the whispers stopped suddenly while they all sat in silence waiting, suspense killing them almost. Remus stood up and opened the second huge oak door and pushed it back. The minute that door even opened Hayley jumped out of site of view and ran back behind it. Remus didn't seem mad but smiled at this girl who was supposed to be sixteen but acting the age of six.

"Hayley please trust me everything is going to be fine.."

Hayley did trust him. She didn't know why or where the feeling was coming from but she did trust this man a lot! He reached his hand out to her and she grabbed it from behind the door. Remus smiled and turned to the students now almost standing with aplause. The teachers all along the front wall were standing up already. There heads

held proud in the air as they waited for Hayley Glenwood to make her appearance to the world again.

Remus tightened his grip on her. She looked up at him still behind the door and nodded very slowly. Remus nodded back and let go of her arm and let her do it on her own. Hayley took every ounce of courage she could muster and turned the corner....

The entire hall gasped as she turned that corner, especially the expression coming for the emerald-eyed raven-haired boy sitting at the Gryffindor table.

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## The past never leaves....

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Hayley's heart sank into the bottomless pit of her stomach. She couldn't move, literally. She suddenly forgot the process of moving the bodily functions.

Remus tried to push her forward but she couldn't and wouldn't budge or move at all. All the faces being shot her way was causing her so much pain and sweat extending from her hairline she was glued to the stone cold floor.

She slowly began to back up, and Remus seeing this put his hand behind her back to keep her in place. She still tried to push the hand away with her back pressure and run from the Great Hall, but Remus wasn't letting her go anywhere.

Remus began to push on her back shoving her forward slightly. She slowly took a step forward wanting nothing more then to take a step backward and run.

Hayley started to walk up to the teachers table that looked at her point of view to be at least miles away as she walked. She was walking between the two tables out of all the four in the hall. As she walked she slowly took in all the faces being aimed at her.

Mostly all the boys were sitting wide eyed and there mouths hanging open. The girls, on the other hand; some where sitting with wide eyes and hands over there mouths, and some just staring at Hayley like it was the first time they laid there eyes on a human being.

Remus and Hayley were now half way there. As they walked Hayley watched as

Remus was staring at the table to her right. He was staring at one of the students who Hayley couldn't tell at the precise moment at how she was just trying to keep her eyes focused on the table that lay ahead of her. All the teachers expressions where slightly the same as the students, most if not all had there mouth gaped at her, but there eyes weren't as huge as the students had been. This calmed Hayley down a bit.

Once Remus and herself reached the bottom of the platform he led her up the stairs to the teachers table. Hayley was now breathing extremely hard when she spotted the stool to her left, which held upon it a ratty old brown hat.

Remus pushed Hayley over to the middle of the table where stood a very tall old man with his sliver hair falling down below his belt. He had robes of light green lime and half moon glasses that beneath Hayley could have sworn he had eyes that could have been seen from London to France. She jumped back a few feet of the Professor a little surprised as that moment all the teachers took there seat and still looked at the three still standing before them.

Hayley didn't need to ask who this man was. She could have guessed it from all the times her parents had described his looks to her.

"Hayley this is Head Master Albus Dumbledore," said Remus pushing her a little forward to greet her new Head Master.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Hayley," said Dumbledore. He took his hand in hers and shook it slightly, she returned the gesture; trying not to be rude but still slightly nervous at the tingling feeling in her stomach.

That's when Hayley felt it. She felt eyes upon her, like someone was glaring at her and the Head Master somewhere in the crowd. She didn't know how she felt it, but she did. The eyes were burning a hole in the back of her head it felt so surreal. A feeling that was telling her to turn around and look at the source, but Hayley shook the feeling out of her head and continued to greet Dumbledore.

Once Dumbledore dropped her hand, Remus led her over to the end of the Table. Hayley's eyes went huge as she saw the man accompanying the seat before her. He had beady black eyes, and hair so bushy Hayley would have betted a comb hasn't touched it in nearly ten years. She had the feeling if this man stood up he would be about ten heads taller then her. Something that wasn't pleasing her. The man pushed his chair back and stood up. As Hayley had suspected the man was exactly maybe more ten heads taller and more built then her.

"Hayley this is your Care of Magical Creatures teacher Professor Hagrid," said Remus looking at Hagrid with a slight appease look, like he was telling Hagrid to calm down a bit and be gentle, something that wasn't making any sense to Hayley or comforting her.

"Nice to meet you sir," said Hayley extending her hand to his, but that was clearly something that Hagrid wasn't going to accept from Hayley. Instead he pulled her into a deep bone crushing hug, and that's when Remus look had suddenly made sense to her. She was now more scared then she had felt at the door. She didn't know this man

at all, and here he stood, hugging her for dear life; acting like an old friend being reunited with someone he had loved and missed dearly.

Once Hagrid had finally released her he placed both his hands on Hayley's shoulder causing her to fall to the ground before Remus caught her around the waist and set her back on her feet. "Sorry 'bout that," said Hagrid. Once Remus helped Hayley back up she now could see tears running down Hagrid's face sinking into his beard.

Suddenly Hagrid released his eyes off Hayley and placed them into the depths of the crowd. Hayley looked at him for only a second confused before turning and following his gaze into the zoo of pupils still staring at them or more prohibit to saying they were looking at her; Remus hand still placed on her shoulder.

Once Hayley eyes scanned the hall it wasn't hard to find the person Hagrid was looking at. Giving the fact that he was probably the only living soul in this Hall whose eyes and mouth had regained control and wasn't staring at her like some robot from hell like the rest of his piers.

Given the distance between the boy and her, she just had the feeling that his eyes were dark sparkling emerald. The boy smiled nervously at her as she finally caught his eye. But Hayley didn't return the gesture. She turned her head back around to Remus who was also staring at the boy. Hayley then looked at Hagrid who was now staring from Hayley to the boy back and forth. And as for the rest of the Hall they all were staring at Hayley and Hayley only.

Hagrid finally stopped his pacing between the boy and girl, and now just stared at Hayley. Remus instead was smiling at Dumbledore which Hayley wasn't understanding much. Remus pushed Hayley down the row of teachers; introducing one after the other, but only none to take the effect Hagrid had towards her. But one thing was for sure, after she had shook hands with the last teacher, she already knew she wasn't going to like the third hand she shook. The Potions Master; even if she had been in this castle less then twenty minutes she just had that feeling. The introducing with Snake, no Snape had been one Hayley had a feeling was going to last like that for the rest of the year.

After the last hand shake took place between Hayley and some teacher she thought she remembered the name by Ms. Faith was it? (AN~ I have a feeling there are more then just the teacher JK.R describes to us in the books, so I'm going to add a bit more in)

Now Remus was leading her over to the stool where the old hat lay upon still restless and dirtier then ever. Hayley remembered being told of this hat many, many times from Hogwarts. She wasn't scared of it, just scared where it will put her future and friends along the way.

As Hayley stood behind the stool, another chair scraped the stone floor, as another teacher rose from there seat and started walking over to Hayley and Remus.

This teacher, despite how stricken she looked was very kind toward Hayley when they had shook hands, and she had the feeling that she was going to like the class she

taught very much.

The teacher walked over to mainly Remus and stopped before them. Remus smiled at her and nodded his head as he did when Hayley was introduced. She smiled back at him and then to Hayley. Hayley smiled sweetly trying to get her sucking-up-teacher-pet-time in now, rather then getting off to a bad start. Hayley had never seen or been a teachers pet, and she surely wasn't one with Mrs. Kenbreak.. rest a sure!

The witch leaned forward and picked up the old ratty hat and gestured for Hayley to sit. Hayley didn't want to sit. She had already got entering the Great Hall over with, but she didn't think she could cope with the fact that the whole school was getting the chance to watch her get sorted.

"It's alright dear," said Professor McGonagall putting a hand on Hayley's shoulder and gesturing her forward towards the stool. Hayley looked at Remus giving him another pleading look, but he just smiled at her and stepped back slightly towards Hagrid to get a better view of the scene.

Hayley already more scared then she had been seconds before, turned her head towards the thousands of pupils still looking at her like she was the most beautiful list thing they had ever seen. Or so that was the look Hayley was concluding was coming from the boys, especially the boys to her far right. (Slytherins)

Professor McGonagall walked forward again with the hat held tightly in her hands a small smile on her old ravened face. Hayley not really having experienced this before; instinct taking over, she titled her head back and shook the raven hair out of her eyes before the hat could be placed on her head.

That's when everything happened in fast motion, motion to fast for Hayley to take in or handle.

McGonagall screamed and dropped the hat before Hayley's feet and stood there very pale and wide eyed. The younger students sitting close to the front of the Hall at just the middle tables, gasped too as there eyes went huge and mouth dropped, just as McGonagall's had.

Hayley turned to look at Remus for some sort of help or question as to what was happening, but he was already dashing to her side. All the other teachers were trying to get a peak at Hayley as she turned her head, trying to figure out what had caused all the commotion.

All the students in the back part were either whispering franticly to there neighbours' or craning there necks to get a better view.

Remus though Hayley couldn't figure out how, already knew what the problem was. He reached forward and gently pulled the hair that had fallen before the incident had took place and moved it back over her pale face. That's when Hayley noticed he was setting the hair directly over where her scar had laid.

"Minerva?" asked Remus, in a snappy sort of tone. Remus had placed an arm on

Hayley's shoulder causing her from getting up and just running from the hall. McGonagall very slowly at that, closed her mouth, and shrank her eyes back to there normal size. Though she was still gazing at Hayley in the way she was before, a look that was like she couldn't see her there or something.

"I'm - I'm s-sorry, er -- yes the - sorting," said McGonagall, looking directly towards Dumbledore with a look that Hayley read as 'Meet me after dinner.'

The students slowly settled back down and stopped there commotions and loudness to the unexcused absents. All though it took a couple of glares and yells from the teachers to finally get them to shut their mouths and listen, which they did patiently.

McGonagall walked forwards yet again, but this time there was no cheery smile on her face, and Remus wasn't standing near Hagrid, now that he was still standing on Hayley's left, with his hand still placed on her shoulder...slowly comforting her in ways she didn't know how. Hayley took no regard to push the hair out of her eyes, now that she knew what a riot it starts but didn't know how or exactly why.

McGonagall slowly approached Hayley, walking as if she was walking toward something with a deadly disease, but after passing seconds and suspense stares, the hat was finally placed on the raven head, not supremely surprised that the hat didn't fall beyond her ear point. The brimmed opened and a voice spoke in Hayley's ear....a very husky voice.

"Ah ha - another Potter!"

"What," asked Hayley at the voice. She knew she was the only one who could hear it speak, now that Remus and McGongall had stepped back slightly away from her. Something she wasn't comfortable with at all.

'Wait Potter but....Glenwood.'

"Yes it's all right here in your background, your bloodline everything I see. Clever - smart -- powerful, ooo yes very powerful I see, but something else is there. - Yes something very much, something worthy of all - Bravery.

"Yes two things very worthy of all, great things shall come your way I'm sure, great things, great discoveries, but where to put you. Bravery and so much power you would do very well in Slytherin yes, very good, great things, but there is too much bravery here yes, yes only one place..

"GRYFFINDOR!"

The entire Hall erupted with cheers and screams as the Hat was removed from Hayley's head. One of the tables second off from the left stood up clapping and cheering. Clapping and appropriate smiles were flashing through the Hall also, but the most excitement was coming from the table with students standing up already to greet there new house mate.

Remus walked back over to Hayley with a smile so big she couldn't help but smile

back at him. Hayley watched as Remus looked over at Hagrid with a weird sort of reproachful look and then over to Dumbledore then back to the table that was still standing on its feet; cheering and clapping.

Hayley slowly stood from the stool looking over the Hall. The students at the table slowly lowered there yelling and clapping and sat quietly with the rest of the Hall. McGongall came up from behind Hayley and grabbed the stool with one last scared smile at her and walked off towards a back way door behind Hagrid. Hayley was now confused. She had just been sorted into Gryffindor, a house she knew she was going to get sorted into from her father's side of the family, but which table was it?

"I told you, you'd do great," said Remus walking up to the side of her.

Hayley looked back over at the teachers table behind her. Each teacher was smiling at her proudly, all but one, and no doubt that was Professor Snake, no Snape. She was going to have to learn that fast or else there first class together would not be a good one.

"Go on and sit down then Hayley," said Remus smiling at her sweetly, Hayley looked at Remus and smiled back at him. This man had done a lot for Hayley tonight, he made her conquer one of her biggest fears she had been endearing half her life; entering a new school. Now all that mattered was making a reputation in the school and Hayley hoped it wouldn't be "Richey Bitch," as before.

"Thank you Remus," said Hayley. She leaned forward and gave him a quick hug around the stomach; he hugged her back in a fatherly manner as in a protective way that told Hayley she was safe here. A manner that comforted Hayley a lot. Before pulling away and giving him one last smile, she started heading off the platform.

That's when she noticed she had forgotten which table was the Gryffindor table. She began looking around the Hall for some sort of sign baring 'Gryffindor' over one of the tables. But Hayley saw no such thing. She turned back to Remus with a confused look on her face. He smiled at her again and pointed to the table in front of her. Hayley turned to the table, and sighing as she began walking down it. Every step she took eyes all over the Hall followed her, not to mention everywhere she looked at the table looked to be to full to sit, and now since she wasn't being covered by Remus or Hagrid she had a free quick bolt from the Hall.

Right as Hayley was pondering over this decision as she kept on walking down between the two long tables; containing the students now looking at her again with wide eyes and whispers. A girl some what down to the far end stood up, and walked over to Hayley a huge smile etched across her face.

She looked extremely friendly and judging by the look on her face, she was coming over here to be just so. The first thing Hayley took in was her hair, bushy brown.

She smiled again at Hayley again and Hayley (knowing that making friends was the next thing on the list) smiled back. She extended her hand slowly in front of her and said:

"Hermione Granger."

Hayley took the hand firmly and shook it smiling as she did so.

"Hayley Glenwood."

"Nice to meet you Hayley, come sit over here there's a seat saved," said Hermione pulling Hayley towards the far end where she had gotten up before. Once they reached the table Hermione let go of her hand and started gesturing to everyone.

"Hayley - this is Seamus Finnegan, Neville Longbottom, oh and that down there waving to us is Ginny Weasley, -- this is Dean Thomas, Lavender Brown, Pati Patel, and this is Ron Weasley that's also Ginny's brother, and er -everyone this is Hayley Glenwood."

"Hi Hayley," said Dean, Seamus, and Neville, all in unison, all giving her expressions of dogs drooling all over there food.

"Here Hayley sit," said Hermione sitting down and patting the spot next to her.

Right as Hayley flipped one leg over the bench she felt a hand grip her shoulder. She instantly through her head back towards the source, and followed it up the forearm till her emerald orbs met dark silver.

"Sorry to bother you, -- Draco Malfoy Slytherin," he said to her. All though Hayley even half noticed he had spoken to her; she was to lost in his eyes.

Hayley may have not been very well known to having boyfriends, or even guys for friends for that matter. And every boy she had ever met had been the ugliest and last she hoped. But as she looked into this boy's eyes she knew he was no Ernie Marconi.

He let go of her shoulder and extended his hand out in front of her. Hayley grabbed the table for balance. Why was she acting like some fool all of the sudden, falling for this boy? The Hayley back home wouldn't have acted like this; who hated boys or at least the ones she knew, but Hayley knew this one would be different, not to mention extremely cute in her opinion.

"H-Hayley Glenwood," she said grabbing his hand also as he shook it. His touch was cold, but Hayley only half noticed it as she was still staring into his eyes, as he was her.

"Well Hayley since I know your new to the school how about one day when were not busy I give you a tour," he asked his voice getting a bit snarling towards her. That's when he stopped shaking her hand, and slowly raised it to his lips, planting a soft kiss onto the tip of her skin. Hayley felt shivers shoot down her body at his touch and his lips on her hand.

"I'd l-love that Draco."

That's when Hayley felt it again. The glare burning into her skull like it had before,

when she was shaking hands with Dumbledore but it was a more painful glare. Someone's eyes were looking at her, she felt it, and the anger being director along with it, and they were extremely close to her and Draco.

That's when she noticed that the glare was coming from somewhere behind her. She turned and surprisingly saw the boy Hagrid, Remus, and McGonagall had gazed at earlier. The boy was glaring at Draco with every killing glare he could muster.

"Get out of here Malfoy," he snarled.

"Calm down now Potter only paying my manners to this beautiful girl here," said Draco, glaring equally right back at him.

That's when the boy drawled out his wand, and pointed it directly towards Draco's chest.

"I mean it Malfoy get - out - of - here - now!"

"You know where to find me Hayley," and with that Draco slowly dropped her hand with one last look into her eyes and walked away to the far end of the tables.

Hayley now mad, turned to face this boy and question him on what the hell his problem was. But she merely got anyway to opening her mouth as the boy was already running out of the Hall. Hayley was tempted to run after him, something telling her she had to. But as she began to walk towards the door, Hermione grabbed her shoulder.

"Its fine Hayley let it go."

"Who's he and what's his problem!"

"That was Harry - Harry Potter, him and er - shall we say Draco don't get along very well."

"Well that's no excuse to just say that to him."

"Only if you knew how much they hated each other," said Hermione slowly sitting back down. Hayley sighing and now feeling how hungry she really was, sat slowly down also next to Hermione and the red head, she had mentioned earlier. Dean - no that was the other boy- Eric - no that wasn't it either. Ron - YES, yes that was it.

Only as Hayley sat Ron hadn't said a thing to her. He (like most of the guys) was still staring at her like he was seeing her in a bright light.

Hermione seeing this coughed impatiently till she got his attention which wasn't doing much until she got fed up. Hermione leaned over and pinched Ron hard on the shoulders. He instantly jumped back from gazing at Hayley and now glared at Hermione while rubbing his shoulder.

"What was that for!"

"Because you looked like some bloke staring in space, go check on Harry will you."

"But dinners about to start I'm sure he's fine."

"RON! Just go do it now, you'll be back before dinner starts I bet."

"FINE, fine I'm going!"

And with that, Ron dropped his cup full of whatever it contained it. It didn't matter really. Hayley watched him as he walked out of the Hall a small smile on her face at how much attention he was giving her before.

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"I mean it Malfoy get - out - of - here - now!"

"You know where to find me Hayley."

After Malfoy had dropped Haley's hand, Harry pocketed his wand, and the first thing coming to his mind ran from the Great Hall. He couldn't face her again.

Once he had climbed the second level of stairs, he didn't know where he was going. Just that he had to get out of there.

He had been three inches from his sister. From his blood; he could have reached out and touched her, hugged her even.

The minute Remus had opened those doors he felt like his whole life and body stopped at that second..

(Flashback in the Great Hall)

"Harry you're shaking calm down," said Hermione putting a comfortable hand on his forearm from across the table and rubbing it softly. Harry smiled at her, but he was still on the end of things.

"I wonder where he is?" asked Ron peering at the doors as if someone was about to step through with Hayley by them.

Harry didn't answer. Ron had joined them just minutes before, and now all that waits was his sister to also remount herself.

"Oh Harry by the way I couldn't get into your trunk so I just left your album on your bed," said Ron grabbing his drink and taking a sip from it.

Harry only half heard him, taking deep breaths in and out.

Then slowly the Great Hall doors opened, and out stepped Remus Lupin with a smile that couldn't be denied worth anything.

As Remus walked forward he shot Harry an 'everything's-fine-I-have-her' look. Harry smiled slightly at the reassurance of Remus.

Remus walked right up to Dumbledore and all the teachers. Dumbledore looked just as anxious as the rest of the Hall, but nothing more then Harry. Remus leaned forward into Dumbledore's ear which he muttered something very quick and hurried. Dumbledore nodded slowly, before pushing his chair back, and slowly standing to the pupils and raising his hands to the entire Hall.

"STUDENTS I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET HAYLEY GLENWOOD!"

Harry looked at Hermione and Ron after Dumbledore had announced that. Slowly after that all the teachers rose from there seats, and held there heads proudly in the air. Harry could only guess why.

Remus sat and waiting slowly for any sign of Hayley emerging from the door, but none came. Seeing Remus throw one last questioning look towards Dumbledore, he nodded his head and started walking down the Hall. This time without even glancing in Harry's direction.

Remus exited the Hall and Harry knew he would enter back in with his sister by his side. Harry felt Hermione grip his hand tighter from across the table and smiling a assuring smile at him.

That's when it happened..

The second door opened, and Remus came back into full view, only with no Hayley at his side. He watched as Remus slowly stepped out of view again.

Harry was slowly ready just to get up and bolt for that door, busting it down if he had too; he just had to see his sister. His only need.

That's when his wish came true -- very slowly his sister turned the corner and the whole entire Hall gasped out. Hermione's eyes went huge and her hand covered her mouth; Ron looked like he needed something to drink before he passed out from how they expected her to look but it wasn't anything compared to this.

But Harry eyes must have been the biggest of them all. His mouth hanging open as he looked at her. -- Hayley.

"...Mum..."

(End Flashback)

That was the last thing out of his mouth, before Malfoy had to come into it all.

Mum. that was the first person into his mind and mouth once Hayley had turned that corner. How much she looked like his mother. Their mother. It was unbelievable.

The only thing Hayley had that Lily didn't was James hair colour. Just from being that close to Hayley he knew she had her mother's hair material. thick, and long.

Hell Hayley looked more like Lily did more then Harry and James did. Hayley had Lily's eyes, face structure, body figure, nose, cheek bones, hands, it even looked. It scared Harry. It felt like his mother had just hopped out of her grave and stepped into Hogwarts again posing as his sister. But Hayley of coarse was younger then Lily.

And then......Malfoy!

How dare he even come near Harry or Hayley. Even to put his lips on her hand, Harry thought he might have actually mutter the killing curse if he ever touched Hayley, or even Hermione for that matter. Even if Malfoy had touched Ron Harry was pretty sure he wasn't going to let is just happen and not give Malfoy some payback.

He had been was totally wrong, now with Hayley here, and the way she fell for him that easily. She clearly didn't know who and what a Malfoy consisted of.

And Hermione. Merlin that was not the way he had pictured them meeting. Just having her walk up, introduce herself, and then all sit down in a peach-keens way. Yeah well Harry was starting to think Hermione really needed a brother if she thought he was going to react that easily towards Hayley.

But now come Monday, Harry had to spend the next two years at this school with his sister. Who knew how long it would be until she found out, or if she even did. But one thing was for sure, Harry was going to protect her, protect her better then before, like a big brother should, despite even if they are twins.

'I promise mum 'n' dad.'

There was still just one problem. Harry had to actually face Hayley, to actually have the guts to look at her again without running.

That's when he started hearing hurried footsteps echoing up to him by the stairs and he smiled to himself.

Ron and Hermione were always at there best when it came to looking out for him, but they always seemed to have the worst timing.

Just as Harry suspected Ron came darting around the corner, but it wasn't just Ron.

Remus was running a couple of feet behind him; only one extremely out of breath.

"There you are 'arry," said Remus bending over and catching his breath.

Ron wasn't breathing as hard as Remus was given the honesty fact that Ron was younger and had to run up those stairs everyday, but it was still pretty amusing to watch. Remus stood back up and took one last breath of air before smiling at Harry.

"Merlin - I haven't run that hard since you and Hayley were one and I had to baby-

sit."

The smile immediately whipped itself off Harry's face. He should have known, they came to fine him to talk about Hayley.

"Why did you just run out like that?" asked Ron, raising his eyebrows to him. Though Harry wasn't near ready answering that question. But apparently Remus was for him.

"I saw Malfoy Harry, it's okay if you needed to leave."

He stepped forward and put a comfortable hand on his shoulder that calmed Harry down a bit, but the name of Malfoy had just enraged him more.

"How - I mean it - he touches her again I'll kill him," said Harry slowly backing out of Remus's grip and backing up against the wall. Remus and Ron both seeing this got the clue and moved to the wall with him, both slowly sitting down on either side of him.

They sat in silence for a while but that still didn't stop Remus from his next question:

"So - er what did you think of her?"

Harry looked at Remus. Not with a confused look but with a baffled one. Did he honestly want to answer that question? He shook his head in a defined way before averting his eyes to the ground.

"Mum."

"I know Harry that was the first thing out of my mind when I saw her to although I don't think I made the greatest impression at first on her family."

"So you met her parents then?"

"Adoptive parents yes, although wow they sure have changed."

"How so?"

"Last time I saw Will Glenwood and Jane Camprahave that was her maiden name at the time. They were both rich, just newlyweds, and trying to get pregnant. But never succeed I guess."

"Yeah until they got Hayley."

"They were scared of the idea of her being alone with me, I reckon there just scared she'll know the truth."

"How did she disappear Remus?"

"If I'd known that Harry she wouldn't have."

They sat in silence for a little while longer, none really knowing what to say to the

other. Before once again Remus opened his mouth:

"But Gryffindor at least better then Slytherin eh."

"Yeah brilliant," snarled Harry. He didn't know what he was saying, and he had a feeling he was going to regret it later. But of coarse Remus never gives into a fight.

"You two look exactly like James and Lily --"

"Where's Snuffles?"

"I told him he had to stay at the 'house' and I would inform him when I get back."

"Right."

"Harry c'mon, let's go back to the feast, you shouldn't let gits like Malfoy get to you mate," said Ron slowly standing up and extending his hand out to Harry.

"It's okay Ron, you go - I'm not hungry anymore."

"Are you sure."

"Positive."

Ron nodded his head one last time at Harry, before turning around and heading for the stairs.

"Harry you really should eat," said Lupin taking his eyes off of Ron after he disappeared into the halls, and back to Harry.

"I'm fine."

"It's going to be fine Harry."

"Why does everyone keep saying that?"

"Because it will be, I know it will."

"I think - I'm gonna head up earlier."

"You sure."

"Yeah, more tired then I thought."

"If you need me or Sirius just use the mirror - if I don't have it Sirius defiantly will."

"Right - thanks Remus."

"Sure Harry."

Remus turned and walked down the Hall. No doubtfully going back into the Great Hall and saying good bye to Hayley and then leaving to explain every detail to Sirius and everyone else at the Order.

Harry had just sat up against the wall for what felt like a good half and hour. So many thoughts going through his head, the time was flying by so fast Harry hardly noticed.

So many thoughts running through his confused mind. The Order - Voldemort - him and Hermione - The next Quidditch game - Hayley - Hayley - oh and - Hayley.

Before Harry knew what was happening he realized that dinner must have been over since all the students were now exiting the Great Hall, and some even passing him on the way to there dormitory's.

He slowly got up and knew he was going to have to face his class mates and Hayley soon. Maybe not for a while with Hayley, but his class mates he betted very soon. Classes didn't start till Monday. That meant he had some time to relax and get used to this and maybe even take things slow.

But with Harry Potter's life, anything had been but slow.

He slowly walk back to his Common Room, hoping. NO more like preying Hermione, Ron, and most defiantly Hayley had already gone to bed. But he couldn't have been more wrong when he muttered the password and stepped inside.

~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`

"...This is the Common Room, we usually do homework in here or just sit and relax by the fire quite relaxing really, the sixth year girls dormitory's are over there, and the boys are just to the left of that. Oh and they changed the password every so often, since me and Ron are prefects we know the password and have the duties to inform all the Common Room when it has been changed. But you aren't allowed to tell anyone the password or bring any other houses up here alright?"

After a fine dinner, probably one Hayley hadn't had so good in weeks. She was ready to bet it was even better compared to Isabella's cooking and that was saying something. Hermione had offered to give her the full grand tour of the castle tomorrow, but for now it was the Common Room on the agenda at the moment.

Slowly Hayley heard a small creak from behind her. Before she had turned around Hermione was already running to the boy and eloping him into a tight hug. She watched as Hermione whispered something into his ear.

The boy apparently was trying very hard to keep his eyes off of her and keep them on Hermione. Hermione slowly let go of his body and started backing up towards Hayley.

"This is Harry - Hayley, Harry this is Hayley."

"Yeah we've already met," said Hayley. She still wasn't really pleased with the appropriate act this boy showed to Draco at dinner, but something was telling her to

just forget it and start off again.

"Hi," he whispered quietly to her; his eyes down cast from hers. Hayley feeling slightly hurt at how little this boy was making an effort to be friendly. She turned to Hermione and said she was going to unpack her stuff and be back down for the rest of the tour in a short while. Hermione smiled nervously and let her go.

Once Hayley had finally got all her things unpacked, and sorted away she put her night dress on that only came down to her knees. She began to walk slowly back into the Common Room. It had become quite clear to her that Hermione and this boy ('Harry was it') were an item.

Before she left to her dormitory an hour before she knew they were kissing, and as she walked out of the dormitory now she saw Hermione giving him a quick kiss on the lips before he turned and walk up the stairs to his dormitory; not even noticing Hayley near the door to her's.

Hermione turned slowly around and let out a loud 'yelp' at the surprise of Hayley standing quietly near the door frame, a little smirk on her face.

"Don't - do - that - again," she said clutching her chest from fright. Hayley let out a small giggle before turning one last glance to the Common Room. She loved the colour gold so she had a feeling she was going to love this house. Just the house her father was put into, the house she knew she would be put into.
"Are you coming to bed?" asked Hermione walking up the stairs to there beds'. Hayley nodded and followed Hermione slowly up the stairs and into there room. Once Hayley was lying comfortable in her new four poster bed, she started thinking about her day and how exhausted she really was by all the events that contained it.

Remus - Hogwarts - Meeting new people. She knew her and Hermione were going to be good friends. All through dinner they laughed and giggled and told stories of there house lives, and when Ron returned Hayley noticed it was partially hard for him to talk to her when she addressed him. She didn't know if he was shy or just forgot the use of a tongue.

Hayley had become quite acquainted to the girls she was sharing and room with. Pati, Lavender, Hermione, a few more she didn't have the time to meet, but was sure she would be tomorrow.

Ginny (Ron's brother as she remembered) had been quite the nice gal like everyone else was towards her. And most of the boys she tried talking to just stared at her still like dogs over there food bowls.

Hayley pulled the covers up around her as she fell into a deep sleep from how comfortable she was. Laughing in her mind at the fact that not less then three hours ago, she wanted nothing more then to leave Hogwarts. Muttering a quick 'good-night Hermione.' Before sleep finally took her as its victim.

~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`

Harry pulled on his pyjama pants only half listening to the talk going on between Dean, Seamus, Ron and Neville. Harry was not in the mood for little chats with his mates tonight, but he was defiantly in the mood for sleep. That's when the talk between the four teenagers suddenly changed from the homework they had to do, to the new student that had arrived here tonight.

"But that Hayley eh," said Dean pulling on his pants.

Harry suddenly feeling the sleep run off him turned to Dean.

"What 'bout her?"

"What do you mean 'bout her?" said Dean laughing a little, Harry was not enjoying the laughter in his voice at the way he was talking about his sister.

"Ha - Ha when she walked through that door, I didn't think she would be that hot," said Seamus laughing also while sitting on his bed and playing with his shoe lace.

"I thought she was extremely friendly," said Neville, laying on his bed and looking through a book on the certain amount of magical plants in the world.

"Coarse you did Neville, but did you see the way Malfoy just marched up to her...ha - ha.. I'm sure by the way she was looking at him he'll get her in the sack," said Dean again.

Ron was starting to notice the anger boiling up in Harry's face and took a step forward.

"I don't wanna hear this alright."

"Oh c'mon Ron, by the way you were looking at her it was that obvious you wanted her," said Seamus, not noticing the rage building up more in Harry's face.

"I wouldn't mind having a go either eh," said Dean.

That was it they had just pushed Harry's last button that was holding all his strength to keep calm. Harry lunged himself at Dean and instantly punched him hard in the cheek. Feeling the skin split and blood spatter from under his knuckle as his fist once again collided with Dean's other cheek.

"HARRY!" screamed Ron, Neville, and Seamus all running forward and trying to pull him off.

They after many tries succeeded, but as Harry got up, he realized during the middle of there 'row' Dean had gotten him some pretty good times in the chin, as his lower lip was bleeding.

But compared to Dean Harry looked great. Dean was bleeding on both sides of his check and holding his knee were no doubtfully were Harry had landed on him when they hit the floor.

"What the hell Harry," said Dean rubbing his cheek but only smearing more blood over his face.

"LOOK DON'T EVER TALK ABOUT HER AGAIN LIKE THAT!"

"Harry what's wrong -"

"DO YOU HEAR ME?"

All four boys stood in the dormitory scared for more then just one reason standing before the angered sixteen year old who was more like likely to do more next time if he got caught in a conversations like that again.

They all nodded and Harry gave out a sigh of relief. He had never gotten so mad in his life so fast. All because of Hayley and his dorm mates talking about the best way to shag her. He knew he shouldn't have gotten mad at something so silly as that. And staying low and keeping it cool was slowly unravelling out of the box at the moment when he had promised Sirius and Lupin that he wouldn't let anyone know of him and Hayley's relation.

After a moment of stained silence, Harry finally got into bed. Feeling his tiredness ache beneath his eyes. He pulled the covers in around him feeling the warmth they had on his body. He pulled off his glasses and set them on his bedside table before turning over and getting comfortable.

After a while Harry fell into a deep, deep, dream somewhere that was oddly familiar to him and berried deep beneath his mind coming back slowly with the welcoming of Hayley to him...

~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`

A woman was standing leaning over something. She was leaning over a sink with the water running down her pale skin, as she cleaned the dishes that lay in the depth of the cubed space.

She heard the faint noise of voices and then a door close softly in the living room and she knew what that meant.

Stacking the last bit of the dishes into the dish washer she closed it, and turned the knob waiting to hear the sound of the water running.

She sighed as she stood back up. She arched her back and stretched it slightly feeling some bones crack and bringing more tiredness to her eyes.

She walked out into the living room where she found a man sitting on the couch. Reading what looked to be a paper, with a picture of the dark mark board over the front page.

"Who was that love," she asked titling her head and putting her hands on her hips slightly to catch the man's eye.

He looked up from his paper and smiled at her and she returned it.

"Last trick - or - treaters," he said folding up the paper, and setting it on the couch beside him. The women nodded slowly watching as the man stood up slightly and made his way over to her form. She flashed him a tired smile before he leaned in and gave her a quick kiss on the lips.

As the man pulled away from her, she regretted it immensely. The kiss had felt so good to her aching body, and it had woken her up a bit.

The man laughed a bit seeing the effect he had on the women and moved back down; his lips meeting hers again. She wrapped her arms around his neck bringing him closer to her.

His nimble fingers moved up to her hair, as hers did the same with him. Their wedding bands on there left finger hitting one another's with a soft 'clank' from the mental on mental echoed the room.

As the passion got heavier and unmistakably the mans hands were now on the woman's lower form pulling her closer to his body. The woman now completely awoken at this time, was tugging lightly on his hair, while there tongues fought one another's in there mouth.

Getting intently caught in the moment the man was getting ready to just pick up the women and carry her to their bedroom but before he even had the chance to mouth this to her, a piercing cry filled the upstairs and echoing into the living room.

They broke apart right away looking clearly disappointed at each other. They both craned there necks to the ceiling. Staring as if the source of the cry was right above there heads staring down on them.

The women smiling slightly lowered her eyes back to the mans.

"Can you guess?" she said while giving him a feather light kiss on the lips.

The man laughed slightly and leaned forward for another light kiss on his lips before he whispered into her ear:

"Harry?"

The women pulled away from him nodding slightly. She began to pull away more and start heading for the stairs but was stopped when the man grabbed her around the wrist; holding her from going to attend to the cry.

"James -"

"Maybe he'll go back to sleep," he suggested pulling her back into his arms and wrapping them around her waist.

The woman started laughing quietly while sinking her head down and shaking it back and forth.

"What?" asked the man getting confused.

The woman lifted her head back up and looked into his eyes before another smile played her face.

"He won't go back to sleep," she said wrapping her arms around his neck, not in a teasing way but just for a place to rest them.

"How do you know?" asked the man.

The woman sighed heavily and said: "I've heard that cry for the past fifteen months I've known it since week two, and not to add he didn't get dinner."

"You didn't feed him?"

"No I fed Hayley, remember you took Harry flying with Sirius when I was feeding her and when you bought him back he was so tired I couldn't get a bloody bottle anyway near his mouth without him falling asleep, -- so I just put him to bed."

"Oh well - the flying was Sirius idea."

"Your such a git James," said the woman leaning forward and giving him one last kiss on the lips before walking off to the stairs but not before the man followed her to the bottom step.

"The git you married and had babies with."

"Yes yes - I'm just the helpless girl in love," said the women on the stairs landing, laughing before she disappeared into the darkness in the hallway. Heading for the room where the little cry was slightly getting louder and louder.

The man watched her before he could no longer see her. He sighed and walked back into the living room and sitting down on the couch. He picked up the paper he was reading earlier and turned it to the new posting of the Quidditch game last week against London and Belgium.

He started to hear the cry from upstairs slow down slightly and come to a muffled sob. He could now hear footsteps over the ceiling again and knew his wife was coming back down.

As if on cue of that thought the women walked back down the stairs, no doubt a baby in her arms wrapped up in an big blue baby afghan.

The woman walked forward and gently set the baby in the mans arms. The baby began to give a little whimper out before the man pulled him closer to his body and started cooing soft things to him.

The woman gave him a quick kiss on his head before standing up and looking at the scene before her; smiling.

"I'm gonna go make him a bottle?"

"Okay Lily - what was Hayley doing?"

"Sound asleep, it's a wonder he didn't wake her."

She turned and headed into the kitchen as the door swayed behind her.

The man watched her leave and then gazed down at the baby in his arms. The baby was doing the same amount of gazing back into the mans face as the man was the baby.

The man leaned forward and gave the small child a kiss on the forehead. Grinning into the skin as he heard his son giggle at his touch.

"Da," was all the baby said.

"That's right Harry dad, can you say mum ma," said the man putting one of his fingers into the baby's hands as he felt him give it a soft squeeze.

"Da," he repeated. The man gave him another leather kiss on his soft forehead covered in raven hair.

"Ha - Ha.. okay we'll just have to try with your sister then."

He stood up with the baby tightly in his arms and walked over to the two basinets sitting in the room near the kitchen door. He set the toddler gently in the blue one covered in golden stars, before making sure he was warm by the blanket surrounding him. He bended over and gave him another kiss on his cheek where the salty tracks were still showing slightly.

While the man had been fiddling over the small child, the women entered the room again. A bottle held in her hands. But she didn't immediately walk over to the basinet containing her child. She looked to be searching for something in the living room.

The man catching this stood up and walked over to her.

"Lily."

"Sorry - thought I heard something."

"Like what."

"I dunno - it sounded like a bunch of popping noises."

"Bet your just hearing things love - everything's going to be alright okay were safe here."

"Yeah I know - I must be more tired then I thought, would you like to feed him?" she asked gesturing to the two basinets in the room; one where a baby's hands were sticking in the air and waving while making gurgling noises.

"Sure," said the man walking forward back over to the basinet.

He bent over and gathered the baby in his arms and laying him gently to his body.

"Boy your getting bigger," said the man rubbing his back and heading over to the couch.

Right as the woman was about to hand him the bottle before he sat down it happened:

BOOM!

The door burst open, wood, and dust flying everywhere. The man after all his Auror training grabbed the women and pulled her into his body with one hand still clutching the baby tightly to him.

The man sat, holding the women and the baby to his body. Acting as a shield as the wood and dust hit him hard in the back while he was doubled over the two of them; the women clanging to him and her child.

Once the dust cleared a bit, he let go of the women who had been muffled into his shirt.

He slowly turned still keeping the baby from any wide view of the door. In case wood started flying again.

Then a black cloak creature stepped through the door frame; his wand held tightly in his right hand.

"I believe you have something I want," his cold voice said inching up the mans spine. He had escaped this living foul three times with only a few cuts along with his wife. But something was telling him tonight was going to be different.

Knowing what he had to do, he turned holding his son tightly to him for the last time.

"Lily! Its him! Take Harry and Go! Run! - I'll hold him off!"

The woman looked like she didn't want to leave his side. But as she felt him shove the child into her arms she knew she had no choice. She knew what she had to do.

With one last glance at each other, she bolted for the stairs her child held tightly in her arms.

The minute she even reached the second landing she started running for the door down the hall to the left of her room.

She threw it open and ran inside, flipping on the light as quick as she could. The room had two cribs in it, one by the window and one up against the wall. That one of which she ran to and set the baby in.

She then ran to the closet and slammed it open as fast as she could standing on her tiptoes and reaching for something in it on the higher level shelf. When she pulled away she was holding a bright pink basket big enough for a two year old to sleep in.

The women ran to the crib by the window and set the basket there gently on the ground before reaching in over the railing.

When she stood back up, she had another baby in her arms. Only this baby wasn't the baby she came up the stairs with.

"Hayley wake up for mummy c'mon wake up," said the women getting down on her knees and setting her gently in the basket.

The baby eyes slowly fluttered open but the women wasn't paying attention. She was reaching under the crib for something. When she found it she pulled out two letters both baring a name upon it in blue ink. One that read...'Hayley Lillian Potter' and the other that read 'Harry James Potter.'

She set the one that read 'Hayley Lillian Potter' in the basket before she stood up again and ran to the window. She flew it open and instantly whistled a soft whistle into the dead of night.

Four owls suddenly flew to the window sill. One black, one white, and the other two both brown with small white spots all over there feathers.

"Dawn, Midnight come here," she said. The black and white owls flew forward to her.

"Take Hayley somewhere safe, anyway then here do you understand?"

Both owls hooted and nibbled there beaks at her.

She knew she was running out of time and had to hurry.

She tied the basket to both the owls before lifting it to the window. Right as she was about to let go of the basket and watch it fly out, she gave the baby one last kiss on the lips before saying:

"Mummy loves you Hayley, and will always be with you, remember that."

By that moment tears were leaking down her face as she let go of the basket and both owls took flight in the night.

She couldn't stand and watch the flight; her plan wasn't done yet.

Now that it was silent she could hear the curses being yelled from below her. Her soft beautiful husband's voice didn't sound sweet and witty like it always did with her; it

was hard and evil.

She turned from the window and ran back to the closet. She stood on her tiptoes and reached for another basket. She grabbed the basket and ran to the crib now by the wall. She set the blue basket on the floor and reached over the railing again.

When she stood back up, she had the baby tightly in her arms. He was of coarse wide awake to all the noise. The women began to wrap the blanket around the small form when she saw it...

The green light shinning through the door. Her time was up.

She grabbed the baby and ran for the door. As soon as she opened it she ran to the stairs.

Tears fell faster then she had ever shed in her life as she looked into the, blood stained face of her dead loved one. His eyes wide open scared with fear, with blood flowing down his face, and his glasses on the floor completely shattered.

That creature was standing over him with his wand still pointing at his chest. The women held her child tightly from looking at the scene and ran from the stairway and back towards the room crying harder then she could have even imaged.

Right as she reached the room again she turned to slam the door but was to late. The foul thing was standing right in front of her, and she knew she had no choice. She slammed the door shut and ran over to the crib. She pulled her baby closer to her body muttering soft things like 'I love you' or 'I'll see you soon.'

The door for the second time that night burst opened. The women doubled over screaming with the baby still in her arms, shielding him from any dust or wood that was hitting her with force from the back.

When she felt the wood stop, she leaned forward and set the baby down in the crib. She turned and faced her attacker; knowing what she had to do, her only choice.

There was no way in hell that, that creature was going to even get near her child without her dead first. She grabbed the railing to the crib hard, ensuring her son that she was still there.

"Give me the child and walk away free."

"No."

"Do you wish to end up like that fool lying dead in your living room."

The woman let out a brand new batch of tears to the name he was referring to. She was going to join her love soon, she knew it. She just knew her children would not be joining them tonight, that she would make sure of, and she was already half way there.

"Give me the child now."

"No."

"Walk away free, give me the child now, don't you want him to be with his father. The man that has escaped me for the last time."

"NO!"

The women lunged herself at the creature pushing him away from her son's crib.

"PLEASE!"

"Stand aside you silly girl."

"Not Harry please - not Harry."

"Stand aside now."

"Please - not Harry - have mercy."

"STAND ASIDE NOW!"

"Please have mercy, take me, -- kill me instead."

The creature raised his wand and pushed her off him. She flew back a few feet, but didn't fall over to the ground, standing firm and keeping her balance. He pointed his wand at her chest and screamed the two words that all wizards fear beyond anything in there lives.

The woman let out her final scream as the green light engulfed the room. She hit the floor with a soft thud.

The creature stood standing above her, smiling softly to himself. He now had a clear view to go ahead. The fifteen Death Eaters waiting outside of the house eagerly in case the stupid family had tried to escape. The first move Voldemort made after standing over the dead body was to the crib by the window. He looked over the railing expecting to find another small soul.

But he found nothing. His anger now more over boiling point then it had been before facing and dealing with the two stupid and careless people of this house, who had escaped him for last time. The perfect husband and the Mudblood. He huffed in disgust at the thought; he didn't need his heir to be born one day destined to be married to a Mudblood's child.

He turned from the crib and started walking to the other one up against the wall. He sneered as he saw the gracious child sitting up in it; not one tear to have fallen at the green light. The last person to have ever touched him to be his mother. But now he had a clear view to murdering the boy who he's been spending a good year looking for.

He raised his wand for the third time that night and pointed it at the hairline of the boy.

"You have caused me more trouble this year then in many years young Potter. But no need to worry you will be with your fifthly worthless parents soon -- rest a sure."

"AVADA KEDAVRA!"

The green light filled the room emerging itself from the wand. But this time it didn't shoot forward to the young heart before it, instead it shot backward. Hitting the creature full in the chest as another scream echoed into the room. The light brighter then ever before. Burning green against the green eyes in the crib....

~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`

Hayley shot up in an instant. Her scar burning into her forehead with so much pain she was seeing a white light instead of a green one anymore. She was drenched in so much sweat it was dripping off from her raven hair that had become dishevelled from all the turning she had been doing.

Her covers were held tightly around her, resembling a body guard suit.

She was breathing so hard that it hurt when her chest would let out the air at how tight she was wrapped up.

She detangled herself from her covers, and tried standing up slightly. She realized just how dizzy she was when she finally caught her balance before falling over onto the floor.

The burning in her scar slowly ebbing away but still there enough to make a little girl cry from it.

That dream...it had been so vivid. So real. So -- she couldn't explain it.

'That women - she, she looked so much like me, she had my eyes.'

Hayley was now shivering at how cold her body suddenly had turned from all the sweat. The dormitory was freezing. She couldn't be here, she knew she wouldn't sleep after that.

She needed someone to talk to right now. Her parents, probably not they would probably have a train ride home fast then saying Quidditch. But she needed someone who she felt comfortable with.

'Remus'

Rubbing her hand over her scar she started walking over to the door. She didn't even bother putting on a night robe. Feeling the cold breeze hit her thighs as she opened the door quietly trying not to wake her new dorm mates.

She stepped out and shivered at the feel of her feet on the stone floor.

'What bloke would put a stone floor in a castle anyway?'

She began to walk down the step a little feeling a little better. She could already feel the heat of the fire hitting her legs from the Common Room.

She pushed open the sixth year girls' door and stepped out.

Almost instantly she felt the pain in her scar ebb away completely and her body warm up due to the fires heat still burning in the room. She glanced up at the grand clock Hermione had pointed out earlier near the third year's door.

1:56 AM

It was still dark out, and students were still resting peacefully sound asleep in there dorms, not due to be up for nearly a few good more hours.

That's when Hayley noticed three red chairs near the fire. They looked old but then again extremely comfortable.

She walked over and sat down before the fire. Feeling it warm her face up a bit and take the left over essence of sweat away.

Hayley just sat; gazing into the fire, and after several minutes she had nothing to think about but to recall the dream.

What had it meant, what was it going to mean? And what had happened to those two babies?

She sighed in frustration at how little the brain loved to work at times like these.

She was in so much thought that she didn't even notice the sixth year boys' dormitory door squeak open, and out stepped a emerald-eyed raven-haired boy stopping before her.

~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`

Different views and greetings..

~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`

~Right after Remus left Harry by the wall. ~

**"Harry you really should eat," said Lupin taking his eyes off of Ron after he disappeared into the halls, and back to Harry.

"I'm fine."

"It's going to be fine Harry."

"Why does everyone keep saying that?"

"Because it will be, I know it will."

"I think - I'm gonna head up earlier."

"You sure."

"Yeah, more tired then I thought."

"If you need me or Sirius just use the mirror - if I don't have it Sirius defiantly will."

"Right - thanks Remus."

"Sure Harry."

Remus turned and walked down the Hall. No doubtfully going back into the Great Hall and saying good bye to Hayley and then leaving to explain every detail to Sirius and everyone else at the Order.**

~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`

Remus turned and walk away from Harry sighing and shaking his head as he went. He knew Harry was going to have a hard time about this, but neither he nor Sirius knew he was gonna have this bad of a time.

If Harry was suffering, Remus didn't even want to think about what Sirius would be like when he got home. Or anyone else for that matter, who might be at the Order at this precise moment.

Now for some reason Remus was regretting even taking the offer from Dumbledore. The offer to go and get Hayley and bring her to Hogwarts.

Just seeing her walk through that kitchen door in the house was like seeing someone who's been dead for fifteen years walk through that door. He is of coarse speaking of no one but Lily Potter.

Her eyes - god they haunted him. Remus remembered the first time he ever saw Harry. It was hard enough to teach classes when he was in them. Just being he resembled James so much and Lily in the eyes. But now Lily's twin was attending Hogwarts, or so her daughter by any manner saying.

One of the reason he regretted taking the job was he knew he wouldn't be calm about it. Stepping out of the fire place to number Two Fairfax Way, was something he wasn't expecting to be a fair trip.

Seeing Will again, bought back memories. -- Bad memories at that. And Jane! Just the way she was fiddling over Hayley before they left. That had caused Remus a lot of strength to keep calm in that house and not end up screaming "SHE'S NOT YOUR DAUGHTER!"

But what would happen now. No one knew, did anyone even care? Of course no one in the Great Hall really had a clue to who that new student really was. Only half the teachers did, and those are the ones who belong to the Order. Other then that Hayley Glenwood was just a new student to them.

Remus never knew Hayley would turn out that way. So gorgeous in a lot of people's mind. But Remus never saw Lily Evans attractive in the way James Potter did so Remus wouldn't find their daughter either. Just extremely pretty.

One thing was for sure, green eyes, a slim body, and raven hair meant a dog treat in Hogwarts to most of the boys. Or maybe that was just the display they were showing towards her when she first entered the school. A display that didn't make Remus comfortable.

He turned and entered the Great Hall for the second time that night. Instantly his eyes fell on the Gryffindor table as they found Hayley at the near end. Talking quietly to Hermione and Ron.

Remus smiled at that. If Hermione, Ron and Hayley were friends then Hayley was safe here and in good hands. Even if Hermione and Ron weren't enough; Remus knew that Hayley was in no harm with her brother here. Just as soon as he got the courage to talk to her. But for all Remus knew, and how stubborn Harry can be sometimes, that could be forever.

He walked slowly over to were the trio was sitting and gently tapped Hayley on the shoulder. She turned and smiled at him when she saw who it was. Something that almost brought tears to Remus's eyes at how much she resembled her mother.

"Er - Hayley could I talk to you for a second?"

"Sure Remus," said Hayley standing up and walking over with him towards a coherent corner.

When Remus made sure they were out of ear shot he turned towards Hayley, who was smiling at him, and not looking like a scared rat under a door, like she had been when

he first brought her here.

"Having fun?" asked Remus.

"It's a blast here, have you met Hermione?"

"Yeah, I've met her a few times nice girl."

"Yeah she is - so what's wrong?"

"Oh er -- just wanted to let you know I'm leaving and if you need to get a hold of me, Hermione knows how, and I'll be sure to stop by your house and inform your parents about everything, if that's alright with you?"

"Yeah, yeah that's fine."

"Right, have fun Hayley and be good."

"Thanks again Remus."

"Sure."

She smiled at him, then turned and started walking back over to the table with Hermione. Merlin even watching her walk reminded Remus of Lily. She used to walk like that; so free, like life was just one big present being opened slowly at a time.

He shook his head, getting Lily out of his mind and began heading for the door again.

He shot Albus a short nod which he got in return seconds later.

He turned and looked at Hayley one last time before leaving. She was laughing with Hermione about something that Remus couldn't figure out. She even acted like Lily. Her laugh, her hand gestures towards the food, and to the hall.

He saw some of James in her, but it wasn't as obvious to the viewers' eye as Lily's looks were.

She had James hair, and James spitefulness and maybe some of his cleverness. And guessing from what Will had told him of her years of tutoring, she had a lot of James brain. Maybe not all of Lily's smart straight O's but that didn't matter much to Remus.

And judging from all the Quidditch pictures he saw of Hayley, she also had James talent on the field. Something that really pleased Remus. He couldn't wait until the day he could actually get to see both Potter's on the field; flying freely. Both zooming towards the snitch.

'To bad Harry can't be Hermione right now sitting at that table, laughing with his sister...soon enough.'

Remus turned and walk out of the Great Hall.

He didn't bother turning and going back up the stairs to check to see if Harry had left yet. He knew he hadn't, and probably wouldn't for a long time.

Sirius and Remus had told him so much about his life, that he probably didn't even think he had one anymore.

But now all Remus had to do was go to Dumbledore's office; Floo to Diagon Alley, and then apparate to the Order.

He turned the opposite way from Harry, and started heading for another staircase he remembered it to be hidden somewhere around here.

He turned and smiled out of relief as he spotted the staircase in front of him. He walked forward and began climbing it, Hayley still the main priority on his mind.

Remus vaguely remembered the last time he ever saw Hayley. It was the night Lily and James died to be exact.

She had short raven messy hair. That came down to her tiny shoulders. Green eyes so bright they used to shine like mad, when she was happy.

He used to remember how much Hayley and Harry looked alike. When at times they were laid down next to each other on the floor. Green eyes, raven hair, small hands and noses. Really the only way to tell them apart as babies was that Hayley's hair was longer then Harry's had been. Just plain beautiful babies really.

Not to mention how much they needed to be together.

Oh how much he remembered that. If you separated those babies for to long they would cry for each other. Distinctly they would cry for there parents also, but just something they had together. Like it was a bond, and if they were separated for to long, they would know it. It was like they could read each others thoughts and feelings. And judging by Hayley's scar, he was ready to bet on it, just had to figure out how she got it.

If Remus remembered correctly Hayley's and Harry's first words had both been "Da."

He used to remember Lily trying to get them to say "Ma" for hours on end. Until they finally did when they had turned a year.

But now, even if Remus looked at Hayley or Harry, they still looked the same as they did fifteen years ago.

Raven hair, green eyes, and the incredibly resemblance to their parents.

Remus reached the second landing in what seemed to be no time. He turned and started heading down the hallway to the Head Masters office.

"Black Liquorice," muttered Remus to the stone gargoyle.

The creature stepped aside, as Remus walk inside and began walking up the spiral stone staircase.

Once he opened the door to the office he stepped inside. He chuckled to himself slightly at what he saw still sitting by the fireplace. The house elves evidently hadn't been up yet to gather Hayley's supplies.

He walked over to the fireplace and feeling generous; moved Hayley's trunk over to the door.

He pulled open the small velvet bag, like he had before at the Glenwood's house, and dumped a handful into the palm of his hand.

He sighed again. Did he really want to go and do this? Was he even ready to do this? Go to the Order and tell Sirius everything he knew about his goddaughter. How she acted when she got here, what house she's in, and most importantly what she looks like.

He shook his head. He had to do this, if it were him in Sirius place right now, he would probably be going nutters over it.

Remus stepped into the fireplace and gave a last look around the office before he smiled to himself. He had the feeling that when he returned back to this school, Hayley would have finally found her way.

He threw the soot down to the ground before he called out:

"DIAGON ALLEY!".......

Remus slid out of the fireplace, carefully taking in his surroundings as he stood up.

He smiled to himself. He had flooed into Gringott's Wizarding Bank. He stood up slightly more, cracking some sore bones hidden in his back from the travel.

He didn't even bother to make an effort to wipe the soot off his robes. As he saw it, he liked people to take in the appearance of him after he's travelled, and if making his outfits dirtier did the trick, then so be it.

He began to make a way towards the exist, when he had finally spotted it, to the left of him.

He stepped outside, taking in the midnight sky filling in the Alley ways.

The atmosphere was indeed preparing itself for the rise of night and the fall of the sun as it prepared for a new day, and now a new month, since today was the last day of October.

Remus could distantly hear young children behind the village cheering and talking quietly to there friends or parents. Of course he should have known; it was the last

batch of trick - or - treaters gathering and collecting there goodies and treats from the Muggles.

It had occurred very odd to Remus that today of all days Hayley came to Hogwarts. The day his former best friend and her late parents had past. Maybe it was fate, or maybe it was just a coincidence and Merlin loved to punish people. Neither Remus really cared about.

He sighed again when he finally realized where he had to go next.

Having really no choice or say in the matter, he shook his head.

There was a small 'pop' that echoed his surroundings; and then he was gone.

Remus landing softly on the street beneath him. Almost falling over at how hard he hit the ground and how little his balance was working at the moment.

He caught himself before he fell, and stood up slowly. He raised a hand and now began to wipe the soot off of his tattered robes. He didn't need to make an impression to anyone at the Order, they all knew him and that's all he cared about.

That's when he noticed he had apparated on the top of Grimmauld road. This all suited him fine. He still had some time to stall and not just rush in there.

He began to walk down the road, now finally taking in all the beated down houses surrounding the civil. True, there were Halloween decorations out on some of the houses. But other then that, this road might as well be consider a dump if it hadn't been for the Order being placed here.

His emotions were so out of control at the moment, Remus was starting to understand why Lily had been so moody during her pregnancy.

He didn't know which emotion would corrupt the other; the huge smile that lay berried beneath his cheeks waiting to spout. Or the tears that lay hidden beneath his golden eyes, waiting to fall.

He could understand the smile, but the tears made no sense whatsoever.

Had Hayley being found bought back old feelings, which had been hidden deep inside for so long.

Well that was easy to figure out, yes. He had fifteen long years to grieve over James, Lily, and Hayley and even though he was safe, most defiantly Harry. Now that he had finally found Hayley, the emotions were all coming back to him. Feeling like it was being reopened with a knife to his stomach.

That's when he noticed he was now standing between the houses of number eleven and thirteen.

'Number twelve Grimmauld place - Number twelve Grimmauld place.'

Slowly number thirteen and eleven began to spread apart. The Muggles not even having a clue as to what was happening outside of there home.

Then number twelve slowly appeared between the two. Remus smiled to himself as he overlooked it. They really had done a great job at cleaning the place up last year. Or maybe it just happened to look better from the last time Remus saw it, which happened to be when he was sixteen with James and Sirius.

He slowly opened the gate to the house and stepped inside.

Maybe if Sirius was feeling like Remus right now he would have gone to bed earlier, and waited to discuss Hayley later on tomorrow. Remus really doubted this. If a Black wanted something he would more then likely get it.

Maybe he could sneak in quietly through the door without being seen or heard and head upstairs to his room.

Nodding his head at his brilliant idea he slowly and very quietly opened the door.

But he frowned at what he saw when he got inside.

It was Sirius.

He was pacing back and forth through the hallway; his hand rubbing his chin in to much thought. His hair looked like a mess, but Remus guessed that it was probably from how many times he ran his hand through it.

"MOONY!" said Sirius, finally noticing his presence and walking over to him.

Remus knew he wouldn't wait till morning to hear about his goddaughter. So that meant that he would more then likely be up all night running through ever detail of her.

"Hey Padfoot."

"Well..."

"Well what?"

"Well what - did you find Hayley, did you see her?"

"Can we talk about this in the kitchen, maybe with some tea?"

"Wait, tell me what happened -"

"The kitchen Sirius."

"Er - sure Remus."

Sirius and Remus slowly walked into the kitchen, Sirius drowning in anxiety, and Remus drowning in spite of himself for not just staying at Hogwarts longer.

"So is anyone here?" asked Remus, who had just sat down at the table. He watched as Sirius filled the kettle with water.

"No there all coming tomorrow, to I guess talk about it."

"Right."

After a few passing minutes Sirius brought over two old mugs from the cabinet. Remus took his and took a big gulp, but regretted it sorely as he took in how hot it was to his tongue.

'Two bad there's no fire whiskey.'

"Moony come on, I need to know," said Sirius gripping the table tightly waiting for the answer he's been waiting for since five o'clock today.

"Fine, fine I'll tell you -"

"HowisshewhatdoesshelooklikedoesshelooklikeLilyorJamesmore -"

"PADFOOT, calm down."

"Right sorry -- go on."

"She's well she's fine...Merlin Sirius -"

"What, what happened Moony?"

"She - she looks exactly like Lily."

"How so."

"Eyes, hands, nose, cheek bones, body figure, attitude, everything."

"What about -"

"She has James hair colour and a bit of his attitude, bit clever I thought."

"Has she changed much over the years?"

"She's bloody sixteen Sirius I would assume so, she isn't in diapers anymore if that's what your asking."

"Alright - Alright I get it, how's Harry doing?"

"Not good, I left him by the wall near the Ravenclaw dormitory."

"You what, you left him?"

"I looked like the last person he wanted to see, he just needed to be alone."

"Why what happened to him, is he alright -"

"He's fine, he's okay -- calm down, just got er - well okay Malfoy talked to Hayley and he wasn't happy about it."

"Well I would hope not."

They sat in silence after that. Sirius sinking in more anticipation imaginable, and Remus dreading what he would have to say next. He turned his eyes away from Sirius's pleading blue ones, and started what he knew he would have to do.

"Padfoot there's something else..."

"..What...."

Remus lowered his head a little from his friends. Did he have the guts to say this. He knew if he didn't tell him now, he would be in deep trouble if he found out tomorrow by the Order. He lifted his head up, nodding slightly at what his mouth was about to start.

"She - has t-the scar - to..."

~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`

~Right after the dream.~

**She sighed in frustration at how little the brain loved to work at times like these.

She was in so much thought that she didn't even notice the sixth year boys' dormitory door squeak open, and out stepped a emerald-eyed raven-haired boy stopping before her.
~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`

Harry woke up faster then he had accepted. His scar was burning tightly into his skull, giving him the sickness feeling in his stomach. He was drenched in cold sweat. He was panting so hard he felt like he had just run through all of Hogwarts.

Sweat was dripping down his face, and he felt immensely dizzy, and slightly seeing white spots in front of his gaze.

He was shaking all through out his arms. And his heart was pounding so hard against his body. He could feel its every fast 'bump' in every vein or every limb in his body.

He ran a hand down his scar, cooling it down from all the sweat on the skin.

That dream - he knew what it was.

The night is parents died, and - he got to see is sister for the first time.

His sister as a baby, right before he was separated from her, there last night together as a family. It all made sense now.

Lily tried to save both her babies, but only got Hayley out before James had died and stalled her for time.

What would have happened if Lily hadn't gotten Hayley out, or what would have happened if she had gotten them both out of the house. Harry wouldn't have been separated from her, they would have still been together. Half of a family.

After he felt his heart calm down a little, he began to feel how hungry he felt, in his stomach.

He didn't eat dinner like he usually would have, and something odd in his head was telling him to go down to the Common Room.

He detangled himself from his tight embrace of covers wrapped around his skinny form.

Why of all nights to have his brain relive that memory. On the night his sister returned to him. Was it a sign, or just a coincidence. Both choices haunting Harry.

He stepped out of bed and took a huge breath of air to calm himself.

He wasn't crying, but he had the feeling he would have tears later when he recalled the dream; which he knew he was going to do. Seeing his mothers face, or his fathers face when he had to hand the baby back to its mother.

He pulled his baggy nightshirt around him harder as he felt the cold floor underneath his skin.

The left over sweat wasn't helping much either. He opened the door quietly, trying not to wake his dorm mates who, he was in enough trouble with already.

He had a feeling if they hadn't have trusted him last year with all the lies about the Daily Prophet, they sure as hell wouldn't now, after his reaction to Dean. Somebody who actually trusted him. And as for Seamus, well Harry had some work to do there.

He gently shut the door behind him and shivered at how little heat was between him and the Common Room.

As he walked down the stairs, he wiped the sweat off his forehead, while he rubbed his scar. It had stopped burning, but what scared Harry most was he didn't know how it even started burning in the first place. He hadn't dreamt of Voldemort.

Well okay he did, but it wasn't the kind of dreams he got last year. This was a memory dream, something that made no sense or as to why it came on this night of all

nights.

He ran a hand through his hair as he sighed. He would ponder the thought later, now all he needed was to comply to his stomach aching pleas of hunger.

As he shut the door behind him he turned around...

That's when he stopped dead in his tracks. There sitting on one of his favourite chairs in the Common Room was Hayley; staring into the fire.

Harry didn't want to be here, it was to soon. His hunger could wait till breakfast. He then slowly began to back up to the sixth year boys' door again.

Right as he turned around his toe stubbed the table to his right.

Harry took in a great inhale of breath. Daring himself not to speak or swear so that he wouldn't attract Haley's attention.

Right as he was about to pull the door open and bolt back inside and right up to his bed, he heard her voice.

"Oh - sorry I didn't know anyone was up at this time."

Harry let go of the door, knowing there was no way out. He slowly turned back around to face her.

He had to admit, if he hadn't of known she was his sister he would have thought of her to be very pretty.

The fire was dancing off her raven hair and pale skin. Her eyes were shinning green through the darkness, giving her an eerie glow around her frame. She was sitting Indian style in the chair. And wearing to be what look like a pink spaghetti night dress that fell down to her knees. Her hair slightly messy and frizzy, not like he had seen it at dinner.

But then again that's when Harry thought more of this, why was she down here anyway?

"Yeah - I er came for a drink," said Harry. That's when he mentally slapped himself. The water was upstairs in his dormitory. Hayley clearly knew this to as she said:

"But isn't the water in the dormitory's?"

Harry turned his head away from her's and looked down and mumbled:

"I didn't get any dinner so I was a little hungry."

"Oh -- right."

Hayley stopped talking as she turned her head back to the fire. Harry casually lowered

his head to the ground again.

That's when something clicked in his mind.

If he wanted his sister to know about him, then why the hell was he avoiding her? He peered back over at her through his bangs, and noticed she had been staring at him also. He smiled at her like he had done in the Great Hall, as he watched her get sorted.

His heart gave a huge leap of joy when he saw her smile back.

"Are you - hungry by chance?"

Hayley looked at him confused a little. Harry couldn't blame her, he hasn't been the sweetest thing to her tonight, but that would change soon.

"Yeah I guess I could do with a little snack," said Hayley slowly standing up from the chair and robbing her night dress down from the crinkles that had settled in the fabric.

"Wait stay here," said Harry. He turned and opened the door to the dormitory and started running up the stairs.

When he returned seconds later, he had a cloak tucked tightly under his arm.

Hayley looked at the lump confused before looking back at Harry.

"It's an invisibility cloak, -- you know for teachers, so they can't catch us."

"We can get into trouble?" asked Hayley worry and confused written all over her face.

That's when it just occurred to Harry that this was Haley's first night here. She may not want to go screwing that up by getting caught in the late hours of the night.

"Well yeah we can get caught, but - not with this on," said Harry pulling out the cloak and holding it up to Hayley's eyes.

"You're sure."

"Positive," said Harry.

He then started walking towards the portrait. Hayley seeing this began to walk behind him. But right as they were about to step out, Harry stopped her.

"We need to put this on first."

He pulled the cloak high over there heads and covered them both up. Harry turned his head to look at Hayley. She looked to be extremely excited at her first 'sneak-out' in the middle of the night.

"We need to walk very slowly," Harry whispered to her. She nodded and waited until he made the first move to start going. When he finally did she followed closely behind.

Making sure that neither of there feet could be seen underneath the cloak.

Harry felt like a part of him had been sealed. Completely filled. He felt like he couldn't ask for anything anymore. A best friend, girl friend, and - he loved saying it, a sister.

He could just picture what his parents would be thinking right now looking down at them. He amused himself with a look of his father laughing, and his mum frowning at them but smiling all the same. It still bought pain to his heart, feeling Hayley's presences behind him, knowing that maybe one day; far away, she'll know soon.

After minutes of slow paced walking and descending down of many stairs, they finally given the time, reached the bowl of fruit. Hayley looked at Harry disbelievingly at the fact that a kitchen could lye behind a portrait of fruit.

Harry reached his hand slowly out of the cloak and gently tickled the pear.

It giggled lightly before Harry heard the latch click, and the door swing open. Hayley was starring baffled by this, and Harry could tell just by looking at her, she wasn't very renewed with the magical ways of Hogwarts.

Harry stepped inside with Hayley behind and, gently pulled the cloak off. Harry watched in amusement at how Hayley's eyes reacted to the kitchen. Beautiful could be read in her emerald eyes as she scanned the miniature Hall posed as the kitchen.

She was currently taking in all the small tables before the house elves came charging over to them.

No doubt Dobby in the lead of them all.

Harry was quite surprised not to see Hayley jump back in fright at how excited these creatures get when someone graces them with there presence.

"Harry Potter sir, what a pleasure to see you sir," said Dobby. Harry tried not to laugh as he watched all the other house elves echoing Dobby's sentence.

"Bit hungry Dobby, could we get some left over dinner?"

"We sir," asked Dobby. Harry once again tried not to smile. He looked up at Hayley who was still taking in the outlook of the kitchen. Dobby seemed to understand and looked back to Harry, with a look that clearly said they were on a date.

"Don't worry Dobby, just showing her around, how 'bout those left over's then?"

"Oh no sir, Harry Potter deserves the best, so therefore he will get the best, Dobby will make Harry Potter new food sir."

Harry watched as Dobby gave the orders and all the elves sent off to work immediately. Most of them running off to the stoves, or cabinets pulling out food and throwing them into the pans.

"He seems to like you," said Hayley walking over and sitting at one of the house tables.

"Yeah I guess - how come you weren't you know -"

"Surprised by them?"

"Yeah."

"My family owns a house elf - her names Isabella, we've had her for three years now."

Harry didn't say anything, just nodded. He walked over to where Hayley was sitting and sat across from her. He was beginning to get that same feeling he had before of just wanting to jump up and hug her, or tell her about her life. Neither seemed optional and Harry knew that.

They sat in silence for a little while longer, Harry watching the elves work, and Hayley who had become very interested in her hands all the sudden.

"So you and Hermione eh?" she said taking a stab at conversation.

Harry looked shocked to hear her voice, but was more shocked to hear her say that.

He nodded his head at her, and she seemed content with that, trying again she asked:

"For how long?"

"Bout - er three months now."

"Three months -- when did it happen?"

Harry didn't know if he wanted to tell her this, but hell maybe given the slightest chance of hope, she might finally realize the numerous things they have in common.

"It was on my birthday."

"That would have been July then right, when was your birthday?"

"July 31."

Harry watched while Hayley's eyes got real big and field with excitement slightly, she starting to open her mouth a little then closed it and turned her head away from his.

"What," asked Harry trying to catch some sign of her expression; that he had made an impact on.

"Sorry just -" she turned her head back towards him, and he could she was doing some hard explanations and thinking in her head.

"What."

"Just that - that's my birthday to," Hayley said. Harry tired to act surprised at that news, but he knew he was failing badly.

"What's wrong?" she asked. Harry turned back to look at her. God to him, it felt like he was staring back into the face of his mother. He tried to make it seem like he wasn't staring at her, but it wasn't helping. That's when he noticed he could see some of his father in her to. She seemed to have inherited his cleverness to rule breaking, he could still see the excitement in her eyes at the fact that they snuck out.

"Nothing," he said taking his eyes away from hers.

Right at that precise moment, Dobby came rushing over with two hot plates waving in his hands. He set them down in front of Hayley and Harry.

"Had them work extra hard, Harry Potter deserves the best and Dobby gives the best."

"Thanks Dobby," said Harry. They watched as Dobby turned and walk back over to the counters to start cleaning up the pots and pans.

Harry turned his attention towards his food and felt his stomach growl harder at how delicious everything look. Dobby seemed to have out done himself with mashed potatoes, Shepard's pie, and Kidneys pie, along with a cup of milk.

Harry slowly began to start eating, trying not to look like a pig in front of Hayley at how hungry he was. He looked up at Hayley after the fifth bite of his potatoes and noticed she hadn't even touched her food.

"You alright?" he asked setting down his fork, and pushing his plate away. It was quite clear that something was troubling Hayley, and Harry would never eat if she needed to talk about anything.

"I'm fine," she said. She picked up her fork and started picking at the potatoes.

That's when something clicked in Harry's head yet again. She was acting this way in the Common Room also, when he had first went down, and she was acting like it now. Getting curious he asked:

"Why were you down in the Common Room anyway?"

She looked shocked at first, but then shrugged it off and began to finally eat.

"It was nothing."

"You looked sad about something, c'mon you can tell me."

"I - just had a dream."

Harry turned his head away from hers so she wouldn't see his shocked face. A dream,

then it couldn't have been about - could it?

"What kind of dream."

"I dunno really - it was all mixed up and like there was this women and this man and they looked an awful lot like -"

Hayley stopped talking when she looked back at Harry. Her eyes widen when she looked at him. That's when Harry noted her eyes were just as emerald as his were. Hayley pulled her eyes away from Harry's and shook her head when she began to talk again:

"There were these - two little babies, and - a-a lot of green light. This - wizard I guess, killed the women and the man, and I woke up when he was about to kill -"

"-the baby?"

Both Hayley's and Harry's eyes widen after Harry had said that. They both looked up catching each other eyes. Hayley looked surprised he even knew that, and Harry felt extremely stupid for even saying it, but it just seemed to have popped out.

"How did you know that?" asked Hayley setting her fork down and pushing her plate away.

'Think of a quick lie!'

"I er - guessed it."

Hayley didn't look convinced but she didn't bring the subject up anymore.

They sat in silence once again, and this time Harry didn't seem the slightest bit hungry anymore.

Giving up he pushed his plate away and took in a great inhale of breath. He knew he couldn't hold it in anymore so turning back to Hayley he said:

"So why are you coming here now -- at sixteen?"

Harry felt relieved that this time Hayley didn't looked shocked at his question. She shrugged again and turned her head to look at his.

"My parents really."

"What happened."

"I guess er - they didn't want me here, they said I was fine at home."

"At home, so wait - you didn't get schooled at all?"

"Oh Merlin I got schooled yeah, for six bloody years with two teachers and I just

couldn't stand it anymore, and finally after many - I mean many begs they finally let me come."

"Why didn't they just let you come before? Are they Muggles or something?"

Harry knew for a fact that Jane and Will Glenwood were not Muggles, but be couldn't let Hayley know that he knew it.

"No - no there both wizards, I guess - they were just a little over protective of me, like my mum would never let me read the Daily Prophet, they think I don't need to know about 'certain' things."

Harry mentally cursed himself. So that was one of the reason Hayley hadn't heard of him, her parents had hid it from her. That's when something again clicked together in Harry's mind.

'They both knew, and they stopped her from knowing.'

"So what's your family like?" asked Hayley setting her cup down and staring intently at him. Harry looked away, he had a feeling that if he didn't control his temper right now, Hayley would leave this kitchen knowing things that could get Harry into serious trouble.

"They all - died years ago.." he mumbled. He couldn't see it, but he knew that, that had scared Hayley.

"Oh god - I'm sorry, I-I shouldn't have - forget it," she said turning her face away from his.

'Yeah if only you knew they were your family to.'

They sat in silence once more. Both faces turned from each other. Harry felt it and he knew Hayley could feel it to. It was an uptight uncomfortable silence. They both getting fed up with the deadly echoes of pans scrubbing and water running, turned to each other at the same time.

Harry seemed at lost for words when he stared at her, but Hayley clearly wasn't.

"Do you wanna go back up?"

Harry didn't think he had heard words more welcoming than those. He stood up and pushed his plate farther away from him. He let Hayley start walking first to get ahead of him. He turned and quickly waved a good-bye at Dobby before he followed her.

He went over and picked up the Invisibility cloak from off the floor. But when he stood back up he heard the portrait open again and looked up immediately.

Hayley was already starting to walk back up to the Common Room; without the cloak over her. She must have assumed Harry was right behind her, because she just kept on walking. Harry knew he couldn't just yell for her, so instead he grabbed the cloak and

tucked it inside his robes.

Once he was outside of the kitchens he started to grow panic when Hayley was already out of the corridor.

"Hayley," he whispered, walking very fast to find her. He turned the corner and sighed in relief when he spotted her already walking up the stairs.

"Hayley," he whispered again, but she still hadn't of seemed to notice him. Getting annoyed and scared for his own safety he yelled this time:

"HAYLEY!" She immediately whipped around and stared at him in surprise. That's when Harry noticed that his yell had just echoed through about six corridors. His heart began to pound loudly in his chest.

"Who's there!" snarled a voice a few feet from Harry.

His heart began pounding so hard he was sure that it was about to burst through his rib cage. That's when he just realized, he was in the corridor where Filches office was located.

He turned back towards Hayley who was frozen to the spot; six stairs ahead of him. He didn't waist time running to up to her. Once he reached her he didn't take anytime to throw the cloak over them selves. He just grabbed her hand and bolted down the corridor.

Half way down he noticed a brown door half way down the hall to his left. Pulling Hayley over with him, he opened the door and they both ran in.

The minute he closed the door, he wanted to curse himself. He had chosen the broom closet of all places. The cubic centre was barely enough to hold Harry in, but let alone Harry and Hayley. Hayley was pressed up against the cold wooden wall, with Harry a little to close to her. His back was up against her front.

Tiring to ignore how close they were he turned and put his ear up against the door. He sighed when he heard Filch muttering to himself already half way down the corridor. Far away from the closet.

Harry pulled his ear away from the door and turned around.

He regretted it immensely when he felt how close he and Hayley were now touching. He might as well of hug her, at how close there bodies were connecting.

Harry could feel her smooth legs touching his legs through his cotton pants.

He was in no way finding this scene sexually at the moment. For one 'MY SISTER' was ringing through his mind, and two, he was scared Hayley might be thinking just the opposite of what this closeness might mean.

He tried to pull away slightly, but realized that the closet was so tight that the only

room he had was with Hayley touching him. He tried his best not to look at her while he pulled out the Invisibility cloak.

He opened the door, and looking out he made sure Filch was lone gone from this corridor. He pulled the cloak out all the way from his robes, and turned to put it over Hayley.

They started walking back to the Common Room without even a half glance towards each other. Harry was scared she might have taken that scene to mean something, and Harry was just taking it as awkward and weird, and not a first greeting he had planed on giving her.

He was wiped out of his thoughts as he came upon the Fat Lady. Hayley pulled the cloak off of them, and waited patiently for Harry to say the password.

"Codswallop Tarticles," said Harry. The Fat Lady eyed them carefully, but Harry was quite evident that he didn't want to talk to anyone. He just wanted to go up to his dormitory and back to sleep.

Hayley started walking in, and Harry followed her. Right as she reached the door to the to the sixth year girls' she turned back around and to look at him.

Harry walked forward to her and stopped about three feet in front of her. She smiled at him and he returned it slightly, but he knew it probably looked more like a frown then a grin.

"Thanks Harry," she mumbled while lowering her head towards the ground.

Harry didn't know what to do or say. He just stood there, frozen to the spot, gazing at her. She walked forward slowly and stopped right as there eyes met.

She raised her hand up to his stomach, and smiled.

He looked down at her hand and nodded before he gripped it in his own; and shook it tightly. The minute his skin even touched Hayley's he let go immediately, as he felt a shock surge through his veins. Hayley evidently let go also and almost fell over backwards at the vibrant reaction.

"What in Merlin?" she asked looking back at Harry, "What was that?"

"I - dunno," said Harry holding his own hand. It was stinging slightly. It felt like a powerful electric charge had just shot through him and his sister; at the same time.

"Okay I'm gonna go to bed now," she said backing up once more into the door that lead up to her bed. Harry nodded, at her, and personally he was anxious to be alone, now after what had just happened.

"G'night Harry," she said opening the door to the dormitory and walking in.

Harry stood and watched as her form disappeared into the darkness and into stone

hallway. Once he was sure she was totally out of ear shot of him, he looked back down at his hand.

The pain was ebbing away slightly from underneath his skin; but that didn't mean it hadn't of hurt. He had a somewhat guess as to what had just happened. The first time he had actually touched his sister in fifteen long years.

Sighing he looked back up to where Hayley had just stood seconds before.

Smiling to himself he muttered "G'night sis."

He turned and started walking back towards his dormitory, ready to get the full rest he needed, ready for a full day tomorrow.

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## A late night swim..

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Hayley lay quietly asleep in her new four poster bed. She could positively get used to this bed in the little time she'd been attending its company.

Even through her deep slumber she could already feel the warm light puncturing her face, while littering through the cold glass windows hanging in her dormitory.

How could Hayley have forgotten? She was being greeted with the new day. A new day especially for her; the new day of Monday, the new day she started classes.

The weekend sorely as it was, seemed to have flown by for Hayley. She still couldn't believe she had been a student at Hogwarts School for nearly two days now.

She had a hard time saying this, but she already felt like this place was the closet thing to home she had felt in a long time. Not that she didn't miss her home already; even after two days without its company. But Hogwarts gave a whole new meaning to Hayley of the word 'home.'

Every since that one evening, two nights ago. Hayley felt like something inside of her was sealed shut. She didn't know why she felt it, but she did, and she could tell it was one of those feelings that don't go away quickly. She is of coarse speaking of the night, she had spent with Harry.

Hayley wasn't surprised the morning after the 'incident' happened that word from Ron; Harry was still sound asleep in his bed. She was a bit more surprised at herself, given the fact that she hadn't slept in late either, rather then get up earlier and none the tired. Despite the fact that when she had told Harry she was going to bed that night she did just the opposite. She had laid in her bed; true, but didn't get any sleep well until the rise of dawn.

Hayley had the feeling that Harry didn't want anyone to know about there little 'sneak-

out' two days previous. And for reasons to the unknown Hayley was pleased with that. She didn't know if she had felt bad for sneaking out with her new friend's (Hermione) boyfriend, or the actual fact that they had snuck out. After collecting the confused thoughts through Hayley; she still didn't understand what the electric shock had been about when, her and Harry had shook hands. All through Friday night, Hayley's hand had stung at how powerful the touch was, but now all that was left of its presence was unknown answers and more confused thoughts. But she felt a lot better now after that night, because Harry was making an apparent choice to talk to her a lot now, and he would surprisingly glare daggers at boys looking at her through the Great Hall, or the Common Room. Something she felt very comfortable with his protection.

Hayley was even more pleased to find out that at breakfast over the two mornings, her parents hadn't written her yet. Not that now was the time of need for there company, but she was still positive that if in some moral need, she had written them she was sure that if one wrong thing was said about Hogwarts; like if something unpleased her, or she didn't feel safe here, or the teachers were cruel, she'd be heading right back home to where she started.

What was the most surprising to Hayley was that in the concept of just two days, how many friends could one make? To Hayley that answer could be a lot.

When she had gone down to breakfast Saturday morning, along with Hermione and Ron. She had been greeted with a welcome far beyond her reach. Even other houses were going out of there way to get to know Hayley, despite the matter that most of them were boys, but for the girls part it was quite different.

Hayley had already formed a quite frictional friendship with her room mates. She had come to find out that on Saturday her room mate by the name of 'pati' was in reality called parvati, but 'pati' for short. Her other room mate Lavender, was extremely outgoing towards Hayley, which was quite a release of suspense, since Hayley was more the shy type towards meeting new people. And of coarse there was Hermione, who Hayley was the closet to, of all four of the room mates.

Hermione had given her the grand tour everyday of the school, and Hayley was becoming more and more comfortable with her stay. But later on in the day Hermione had taken her down to lunch where she became more acquainted with everyone else in the school. She had been introduced to a lot of the Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff girls, and though not on Hermione's time; some of the Slytherin boys. The girls seemed to already have something against her in that lot.

But now that all lay ahead, is starting today. The first day of classes. Hayley had already heard quite a few rumours and quotes about the teachers here. Mostly everyone had a few words to say about Professor Snape. One teacher that Hayley was already sure she would be avoiding.

As Hayley lay in her bed, she could already hear her room mates getting ready for the day. The faint sounds of someone's feet brushing across the floor, or the cluttering sound of clothes being thrown to the ground. She thanked herself mentally that she had shut her curtains the night before, as she fell more into her slumber.

But Hayley still being new here, hadn't become fully acquainted with Hermione's other side. Her schooling personality.

Hayley curtains were pulled back in a fast motion, and there before her stood Hermione. Fully dressed and a small smile plastered to her face.

"Hayley time to get up," she said.

Hayley who was still in a deep sleep turned over at the intrusion, and mumbled into her pillow.

"Not yet mum."

"Yeah that took me a while to, too get over."

"What?" Hayley mumbled back, then realization dawning on her. First of all, her mother would have never woken her up that gently and easy going. Maybe sixteen years of practice with it, you aren't as patient anymore, and second her mother of coarse didn't have the voice of a sixteen year old girl.

"Come on breakfast will be soon, then your first day of classes," was all Hermione said before walking out of the dormitory.

Feeling defeat befallen over Hayley. She lazily threw her covers over her body. She regretted it immensely when she felt the cold morning breeze sting at her body. Goose bumps sprouting over her pale thighs.

She slowly got out of bed, but with more challenges then one in hand. Once she finally recovered her balance and her gaze through her tired eyes, she had realized that she was now alone in the room.

This pleased Hayley somewhat. She needed to be alone right now. She was nervous true, but not as nervous as she had been two nights pervious when she had first arrived here. But with each passing minute, the feeling in the pit of her stomach was growing in a pace that didn't sooth Hayley one bit.

Twenty minutes later, she was fully dressed, despite the many 're-dos' she had to do in the time. She had put her shirt on inside out, then only to realize she put it on backwards. After correcting her mistake she put on her skirt, and then her shoes and socks, then the hardest part -- the tie.

A school uniform was something Hayley was going to have to get used to. And most defiantly the tie. She had never worn a tie in her life, but hell as she put it, 'why not start now.'

After she had all her clothes and other processions on correctly, she began to head down to the Common Room.

Instantly she spotted Hermione talking quietly with Ron and Harry near a corner. They all looked quite hushed and whispering quietly amongst themselves.

Hayley didn't want to 'intrude' on them; if it was something private going on between them, it obviously didn't concern her. She scanned the Common Room some more in the mean time. That's when she spotted the other red-head she had met on Saturday named Ginny. She was always in a corner talking quietly with a girl Hayley didn't remember quite well.

She walked over to her as the girl Hayley didn't recognize waved good-bye to Ginny and started heading towards the portrait.

"Hey Ginny," said Hayley stopping before her.

"Hey Hayley, sleep well?"

"...Er.."

"Nervous 'bout classes huh?"

"Just a little bit."

"Trust me, it's not as bad as it seems, but I'm famished -- are you going down to breakfast now?"

"Actually I was waiting for Hermione."

"Oh okay, see you down there then."

"Okay Ginny."

Ginny smiled one last time at her, and started heading towards the Portrait as well.

Hayley glanced back over to were Hermione, Harry and Ron where standing. Only now they didn't look like they had minutes before; like in some secret meeting.

"Finally up I see," said Hermione, once Hayley had walked over to them.

"Sorry 'bout that, more tired then I thought," said Hayley shrugging her shoulders.

"It's alright - are you hungry by chance?"

"Starving."

Hermione glanced back towards Ron and Harry who were still staring at Hayley closely. Hayley wasn't bothered by Harry's gaze, she was pretty used to his weird glances towards her every now and then, but for some reason she felt a blush coming into her pale skin under Ron's eyes.

"Shall we go then?" asked Hermione turning her eyes away from the boys and directing them equally at Hayley. Hayley nodded her head. Harry, Ron, Hermione and Hayley walked down to the Great Hall in a silence. Hayley was now feeling more

nervous then she had been up in her room as she took each step.

Once they finally entered, they started walking towards there usually table. Hayley immediately scanned the hall for Draco, as she did every morning now lately. She frowned when she didn't spot him sitting in his usually spot. She sat down at the table, and suddenly she wasn't feeling hungry in the least bit.

Hayley just sat, staring at her hands while the rest of the table began to 'dig' in. After about the third bite from Hermione into her toast, was when she stared at Hayley in a concerned manner.

"You are going to eat aren't you?"

Hayley jumped slightly at her sudden voice. She turned her eyes away from Hermione's and pushed her gaze towards Harry's and Ron's across from her, she didn't even notice that they had stop eating and was staring at her now.

"Yeah I er," Hayley glanced around at the sudden choices of food. She had a deep feeling if she tried to eat any of the solid ones she'd either puke it all back up, or not just touch any of it. She spotted a bowl of porridge to Harry's left.

"I'll just have porridge," she said, reaching over, but before she could grab the bowl Harry grabbed it and handed it to her. She smiled her thanks to him before grabbing the bowl and scooping two spoonfuls of it onto her plate.

Hayley was surprised at how more refreshed she felt at the feeling of food in her stomach. She must have not had that much from dinner last night. No surprise there. Lately she had been a bit touchy, and never really had much of an appetite for food either.

Once they were nearly finished with there meal, Harry got up. Hayley taking this as a sign to finally leave, stood up to; dropping her fork into the bowl with a loud 'clank'

"Were are you going," asked Hermione looking towards Harry.

"I was going to go grab my stuff, since I'm finished now."

"Well were done here, we'll walk with you?"

"Speak for your self at mealtimes Hermione," said Ron, giving her a kind of glaring stare before going back to his toast.

"No - no it's fine, stay here and finish up," said Harry.

"I'll go with you Harry, I can't eat another bite anyway," said Hayley, stepping out of the bench.

Harry looked like he wanted to be alone right now, but he nodded before giving Hermione a small kiss on the cheek and a smile at Ron before stepping out.

"OH HAYLEY!" Someone called behind her. She turned around and was completely surprised at who she saw. It was Ron. He was staring at Harry, with a look of help on his face. Ron reached into his pocket his hands shaking slightly but Hayley hardly noticed that.

He pulled out a white piece of parchment and handed it to Hayley. She took it; there hands brushing slightly skin to skin before Hayley retrieved her hand. She had to look away as she felt the blush coming back into her cheeks.

She opened the piece of parchment and looked back at Ron with a confused expression.

"I-It's your time table."

"Oh thanks," said Hayley pocketing the parchment and turning back to Harry. He was giving Ron a look that was crossed between a glare/smirk smile.

Harry and Hayley turned around again and started heading out. They were silent as they walked. Hayley still trying to hold her smile, re-thinking back to the moment were her skin had touched Ron's. It felt like such a warm -

"Nervous 'bout today?" asked Harry whipping her out of thought. She turned to look at him, and nodded her head slightly.

"It's not as bad as it seems, just stay away from Snape and you'll do fine."

"Why does everyone keep saying that?"

"Saying what?"

"The rubbish 'bout Snape, he can't be that bad, -- I mean okay maybe at the sorting he could have cheered up a bit."

"You really don't know him then do you."

"Guess not," she said through a sigh. She didn't feel in the mood to fight with Harry at the moment, not with the feeling in the pit of her stomach.

Harry and Hayley finally reached the Common Room, but through there silence it seemed like hours till they reached it. They parted from each to go retrieve there bags and met back down in the Common Room minutes later.

"So what do you have," asked Harry after they had stepped out of the Common Room again.

Hayley shifted her bag to her other shoulder, before reaching into her pocket and retrieving the parchment Ron had given her.

She opened it and then handed it to Harry, who started to read it off to her.

"Double Potions first....then Divination....Care of Magical Creatures, you'll like that class, Hagrid teaches it........"

His voice trailed off as he scanned the paper more closely.

"Yeah well sorry to say that's just Monday's classes."

"What do you mean?"

"Tuesday you have, Defence Against The Dark Arts...then double Transfiguration...Charms...Then Wednesday, you have History of Magic, Potions, Double Divination...And Thursday - same as Tuesday really, Double Defence Against The Dark Arts, Transfiguration, then Charms...and Friday - Divination first thing. then Double Care of Magical Creatures, and the last class History of Magic."

"So basically I have whatever you have."

"Something like that," was all he said before he handed the paper back to her. She took it from his grasp and tucked it into her robes rather roughly.

"So. how are you and Hermione?" asked Hayley, taking a shot at the annoying silence that loved to engulf them at times like these, lately.

"Er - okay I guess, -- why?"

"Oh - umm - you just seem tense around her lately."

"Not tense really, just feelings."

"Feelings?"

"It's just -- weird kissing your best friend, but it's a brilliant feeling as well when you love them."

"You love her?"

Hayley tried to stifle back her laughter as she saw Harry's face slowly start to turn a little red under her gaze and personal questions being shot at him.

Luckily Harry didn't have to answer that question. They had already reached the dungeons in record time through there talking.

"Looks a bit gloomy," said Hayley eyeing the stones filled with moss, and the cold breeze that was running through her robes, chilling her to the spot.

Harry didn't answer her. He just stepped past her and into the room. Hayley followed him in after a few minutes of just staring at him, and as she entered the room, immediately her eyes caught Draco's figure in the corner of the room. Talking to two people Hayley couldn't remember at the moment though didn't really care either.

She took her eyes off Draco's head, and turned to follow Harry into the back of the room. When she set her bag down in the table in front of his, her eyes carelessly wandered back over to Draco. She felt her stomach drop when she saw Draco staring back at her, just as intently.

Hayley tried to smile at him, but was stopped suddenly. She was getting that feeling again. The feeling of someone glaring at her, through the back of her head. She knew the gaze was coming from behind her, and when she turned to look, Harry was the only one standing behind her. He was glaring at Draco with every passion of hate that could have been imaginable to human kind. Hate was pouring through his emerald pools.

Hayley was about to open her mouth, when the Dungeon door slammed opened, and in stepped all the Gryffindors with it.

Hayley spotted Hermione and Ron rather quickly before turning back to Harry. He still looked mad, but he was no longer staring his anger at Draco. Hayley was about to yet again open her mouth to talk to him, before Hermione, came walking over and setting her bag down beside Hayley's.

"Sorry it took so long," she started exhaling an amount of breath before she turned to face Ron and Harry. "Neville couldn't find his Potions book, so we helped him look," she said throwing her hand in Neville's direction.

"That's all right," said Harry pulling out his book, and slamming it onto his desk; causing the room to echoing with its fall.

"Something wrong mate?" asked Ron, looking immediately at Hayley, like she was the first to blame for Harry's unknown moods.

"No everything's peachy," he said sitting down in his chair in a kind of huffed way. Hermione turned her eyes away from Harry's and then stared them at Hayley. Hayley gave her a kind of 'got-me' look, before sitting down.

They only had sat for no less then two seconds later, the door had slammed opened again, and in stepped a very unsurprisingly angered looking Snape.

"Settled down, settle down," his voice even sounded more husker and angered then in general. He pulled out his wand, and whipped it at the black board.

Hayley stared in confusion as he tapped the black board with his wand, and out popped with it, a bunch of letters and ingredients, plastering themselves on the board.

"You have two hours, get to work," he said with the wave of his hands. Hermione got up from her seat, like all the other students had, and started walking over to a black cabinet hidden in the back of the room.

If Hayley had been confused when Snape ordered his class to work, she was completely lost now.

Looking around to Harry and Ron, she was surprised to see them in another hushed gathering near the back of the room; out of ear shot of Hayley. From what Hayley could tell, Harry was talking and Ron was listening intently.

Getting sick of this, she raised her hand high in the air. Snape was doubled over at his desk reading something, and concentrated hard on it. Hayley started to wave her hand back and forth in the air to let him see some movement with it.

After about ten seconds of this Hayley's hand was beginning to feel numb from hanging in the air. She pulled it back down to her side. In a huffed manner.

"Professor?" she asked in a sweet mock voice, trying not to get her works up the first day of class. Mrs. Kenbreak did have some influence on Hayley with her anger; while during there lessons. And they were seemingly following out of her with Snape's lessons.

"Professor?" Hayley tried again, and her only response was auto silence from Snape, who was still doubled over on his parchment.

Hayley not knowing how high her voice was about to get, screamed:

"PROFESSOR!"

The whole room seemed to have stopped moving at her voice. Hermione who had been a few feet behind her, froze her eyes wide and she looked like she was about to drop there cauldron at any minute.

Harry and Ron turned towards Hayley also, Ron's eyes were wide and Harry's mouth was parted while staring at her. Draco and all the other Slytherins' turned towards her to. But not all there looks were as obvious as the Gryffindors'. Snape looked up at from his parchment and was now glaring at her.

And as for Hayley. She stood frozen to the spot, under all the room's gazes.

"Yes Ms. Glenwood?" his voice if possible, sunk down about three levels and was still full of anger, which wasn't helping Hayley in the least bit.

"Er - W-what exactly a-are we er - doing?" she finally stuttered out. Snape look like she had just spoken the world's dumbest question. He took his dark eyes away from Hayley's and turned them towards Draco now.

"Mr. Malfoy you will show Ms. Glenwood what precisely we are doing in class."

"NO!" screamed a voice beside Hayley. Hayley turned around and Harry was now standing right next to Hayley, looking scared and temptations all in one.

"What, did you say Potter?" asked Snape now fully standing up from his stool, and wrapping his arms around his cloak pulling it closer to him.

"I mean no - sir, I'll show Hayley what were doing."

"I asked Mr. Malfoy."

"But I'm sure, -- Malfoy is busy, Hayley can join our group - sir."

Hayley turned to look at Snape, and she tried to hold in her expression when she saw the look on his face. He was not glaring at Harry, but thinking thoroughly.

"Fine Potter," was all he said before he turned back to his desk. His 'important' parchment still lying upon it.

Hayley turned to look at Draco, and she felt her stomach sink once again. Draco was glaring at Harry, and Harry was glaring right back. When Draco caught Hayley's eye, he smirked at her before turning back to his cauldron.

'What the hell is wrong with these two?'

"Right - I think I'll go grab the ingredients -" started Hermione, before Ron could interject with:

"I'll help."

They both walk away from Hayley and Harry who were both looking awkwardly towards the ground.

Hayley, who was now getting too used to there silence already, spoke up.

"So what are we doing in here?"

"Look," started Harry, looking up and meeting her eyes. "I don't mean to be like that, but you just have to understand -"

"Understand?"

"Yeah - I hate everything involved in Malfoy, and if you think he's just trying to be nice to you, then you haven't fully met him yet."

Hayley who was already annoyed at his tactics towards Malfoy, was beginning to fume her anger towards Harry.

"How do you know?"

"Because I've known that bloke for six years Hayley, and he isn't giving his friendship just for the hell of it."

"Look Harry, I may be new here, but let me fight my own back, alright," she said turning around and smiling proudly at her comeback.

Hermione and Ron starting walking back over them, there hands full of vials and other glass ingredients.

"Alright Harry, did you explain to Hayley about the Poly Juice?" asked Hermione, looking now at the cauldron beside her.

"No, -- didn't get that far," said Harry now looking at Hayley with an emotion she couldn't detect at the moment. Hermione seemed to understand before she nodded her head. Ron just kept looking between both Harry and Hayley. He looked like one of them was about to blow up at each other, though Hayley couldn't understand why Ron and Hermione were so scared to be around Harry or Hayley lately.

"Well," started Hermione. "I'll just do it, -- okay Hayley have you heard of the Poly Juice Potion before?"

"Er - no."

"That's fine, it's a Potion that..."

And so Hermione told Hayley everything that contained the Potion. Hayley found it to be quite exciting for her first day, but then again kind of worried she might mess it up, for a first timer and all.

That's when Hermione told her that they were all sharing the Potion, and that they have to have a partner for the appropriate switch once the Potion was completed. Hermione was still determined to have Harry's body, and it wasn't that obvious how Harry felt on the matter. So it was settle that Hayley and Ron would switch bodies once the time the Potion was complete. Something that gave Hayley butterflies in her stomach. She found it sweet at how careful he was towards her, and given the fact at how long she had known him, how kind he was towards her, despite how little he talked to her.

After a few minutes, more ingredients were added to the Potion, a few side comments towards each other here and there, and the proportion of Hayley's first class, spent in silence, when the two hours were up.

Hermione and Hayley gathered all the vials up, while Harry and Ron gathered there books and packed them away.

Once they exited the classroom, Hermione turned towards Harry.

"See you next hour?"

"Yeah."

She leaned forward and gave him a quick peck on the lips before waving bye to Ron and Hayley.

As they started walking again, Hayley made a reach into her pockets for her time table, but before Harry could stopped her he said:

"We have Divination next."

"Yeah you're going to love Trelawney," said Ron through a smirk as they kept walking. Hayley didn't bother answering him, but just kept on walking with them in silence.

After ascending four stair levels, even Hayley was out of breath. Ron and Harry didn't seem to be the least bit tired, but just kept on walking. Hayley out of breath as it was, had to stride to keep up with them.

They came upon a stone hallway that didn't look anything like a classroom to Hayley.

"Where are we?"

"Divination tower," said Harry staring above them at the stone wall.

"Divination tower, where's the bloody classroom -"

Before Hayley could finish her sentence, a trap door opened above there heads, and out slid down a silver ladder.

Hayley look towards Harry and Ron to make sure she was seeing right. But they were already starting up the ladder into tower.

Hayley followed them, not quite seeing how a classroom could be hidden in a trap door. As she stepped into the room she was greeted with a heavy scent of fumes, and a dark lit room, that was giving an eerie pink glow around the walls and the shadows dancing off them. Hayley looked around, and noticed Harry and Ron were already sitting at a back corner table, in fluffy old beaten red chairs. Right as she was about to follow over to them, someone called her name.

"Hayley, over here!"

Hayley turned and she could see Pati and Lavender waving her over to them. Hayley; feeling great full at there kindness started walking over towards them instead.

"We saved you a seat," said Pati excitedly.

"Thanks," said Hayley setting down her bag next to Lavenders and taking a sit.

"What's this class like?" asked Hayley after she got comfortable in her chair and looking around a bit.

"Oh absolutely amazing, you'll love the professor pure genius, she is," said Lavender. Hayley was starting to get anxious, as she listened to how excited Lavender and Parvati were acting while telling her about the class.

"Good morning," said a husky voice somewhere in front of Hayley. She went wide eyed when she saw a witch step out from the darkness, a green shimmering shawl covering her pale arms. Hayley was feeling crept out by how big her eyes look through her specks.

"I see we have a new member in our mists, I've been watching you through my crystal gazing," Hayley gulped back her fear as the Professor advance towards her. She didn't feel comfortable at her tone of voice and the words 'I've been watching you' didn't make her any more comfortable.

Professor Trelawney seemed to have noticed her fear, before she had a small smile on her face. "Do not fear dear, the inner eye never lies."

When no response came from Hayley Trelawney spoke up again, her voice a bit sweater then Hayley suspected it to be. "Tell us your name dear."

"H-Hayley," she started, but Trelawney broke her off.

"Hayley what dear?"

"Glenwood," she said more calmly, slowly getting her normal rate of voice back.

"Let me see your palm dear, I want to see into your future and past," said Trelawney. Hayley didn't understand a word of what had just escaped her mouth. She sat confused in her chair, while the Professor stared at her.

"Your hand dear, let me see your hand," she said again. Hayley slowly raised her hand up to her level, and was a bit taken back at how gentle Trelawney had touched her skin, before she turned it over. Gently running her index finger over the skin she found there.

Hayley, feeling scared now for sure, glanced a look over at Lavender and Parvati. They both seemed to be hanging off there seat with anticipation.

"Yes - yes I see a troubled past here," started Trelawney. "You have lost something, -- something very, very important to you, many years ago."

The fear was slowly beginning to die down as she listened to Trelawney. Hayley seemed confused. She hadn't lost anything in her past, what was this 'teacher' playing at.

Trelawney, slowly started running her index finger down Hayley's palm once more, and after many routines of this, she gasped and her eyes went huge.

Lavender and Parvati were nearly on the edge of there seats now. The whole room had had gone quite in an uncomfortable and defining silence.

"Something wrong?" asked Hayley staring up at the Professor who still looked like she had just witnessed her own death.

"No I - I mustn't say," said Trelawney, shaking her head back and forth and waving her hand. She was also stuttering under her breath.

"What is it Professor," asked Lavender, her voice higher then usual and the

excitement glowing in her eyes.

"I - you dear," said Trelawney pointing her finger at Hayley. "Have something big coming. I see trouble in your future, -- horrible trouble, great discoveries, oh - but horrible trouble along with it."

The room sat in silence staring intently at Hayley. She didn't know what to say, or how to respond to that. She felt her face going red with all the eyes upon her. After many passing seconds, Trelawney stepped back from Hayley in a slow motion. She was giving Hayley the impression that she was dangerous from how her face was still locked onto her's.

"Yes - we will - we will continue with our palm readings today class, I want you all to be looking into the palm of your partner, and see within its depths. What lye's ahead in there future, and what may you detect from there past. Homework tonight I want two parchments full of how the inner eye and palm reading mix together, get to work now."

Trelawney turned and started walking back into the darkness. Hayley taking this as her moment to get some answers, she turned to Lavender and Parvati. They were both looking at her like they had just seen her die also, just like Trelawney.

"What's wrong?"

"Did you not hear what she said?" asked Parvati, she looked frightened, while she stared at Hayley.

"She seemed caught up in my past -"

"Not just that Hayley, she said you have danger in your future," said Lavender.

"But doesn't everyone?" asked Hayley.

"Professor Trelawney, never sees wrong, Hayley, just ask Harry, she said she saw danger in his future to, and she has never been wrong," said Parvati throwing a look behind her, where no doubtfully Harry was sitting.

Hayley turned her head behind her. Sitting at the table directly behind them, was Ron and Harry. Ron was looking at Harry's palm and Harry was looking at Hayley. Feeling slightly rude for her attitude to him in Potions she turned back around to Lavender and Parvati. Lavender was looking at Parvati's palm now, while both girls were giggling slightly to each other.

"I'll be right back," said Hayley standing up and walking over to the table behind her.

Harry seemed surprised by her sudden intrusion. She sat down in the chair next to Ron and smiled at them.

Ron let go of Harry's hand and stared at Hayley also.

But Hayley wasn't staring at Ron, she was staring at Harry; trying to read the emotion in his eyes.

"What's up," said Ron after a few minutes of silence between the three of them.

"I just got sick of hearing Lavenders and Pati's predictions."

"That'll sink in fast," said Harry through a small laugh escaping after his words.

Hayley smiled at him and then towards Ron. He surprisingly seemed to go red from Hayley's smile.

"Do you mind if I sit here for the rest of the hour?" asked Hayley, trying not to smile at the impact she was having on Ron right now.

"No go ahead," said Harry.

Hayley was slowly starting to feel comfortable again under Harry's gaze. Trying to stir up the conversations a bit more, she added:

"Do any of you know how to do this?"

Ron and Harry both looked like they were trying to hold in there laughter as they looked at each other.

"I'm starting to see why Hermione dropped this class," said Hayley, through a sigh. Re-quoting on Sunday when Hermione had been telling Hayley about her classes, and how much she despised of ("Load of rubbish really") Divination when she had took it.

The rest of the hour was spent in mostly for Harry, Ron, and Hayley laughter, and small talk of Quidditch. Basically anything that steered away from the subject of Divination was fine talking about with Hayley. Ron, though after many tries from Hayley, slowly started making small talk with her also, and after a few side comments, Hayley was realizing she was blushing from his comedic side.

After the bell had rang, Hayley was slightly disappointed how the urgent ending. She had felt so comfortable laughing with Harry and Ron. If more so Ron.

Hayley walked ahead and grabbed her bag from her forgotten chair by Lavender and Parvati.

She turned and already waiting for her was Harry and Ron by the trap door.

She smiled at them and then proceeded to walk towards them.

Ignoring the faint 'good day dear.' Coming from Trelawney somewhere from behind her.

"Where to now?" asked Hayley after they had walked down the silver ladder and started down the corridor.

"Care of Magical Creatures," said Harry who was on Ron's left, and Hayley on Ron's right.

"Hagrid teaches that right?" asked Hayley.

"Yeah, all though he loves to put the danger on the line," said Ron with a small smirk from Harry.

"Danger?" asked Hayley slowly feeling excitement and suspense all at once.

"You'll see," said Harry while they walk on.

Harry and Ron turned down a corner and that's when Hayley realized that they were walking towards the front entrance.

"It's outside?"

"Yeah, near the forest," said Ron.

Hayley didn't understand the slight tone of 'forest' in Ron's voice. They both seemed excited to show Hayley to her next class, or maybe they were just as eager as her to get there themselves.

As they stepped outside, Hayley felt the sun piece her skin. She felt so content at that very moment standing under the suns gaze. Today was probably the last day of warmth or sun for that matter, before November fully took over and drowned Hogwarts with it's sorely snow.

When Hayley noticed she was falling behind from Ron and Harry she picked up her pace towards them. They were walking towards a cabin Hayley hadn't recognized there before. Before she could voice her thoughts Hermione turned up next to Harry's side.

"Hey," she said a bit flushed from running up to them.

"Hey," said Harry bending over slightly to give her a small kiss on the lips.

Hermione smiled at Harry, before looking towards Ron and Hayley.

"How was your first Divination lesson Hayley?"

"Er - it was okay. Can't exactly remember what I learned though," she said through a laugh towards Harry and Ron.

Before Hermione could get answer out of them, Malfoy and his gang came walking over towards them.

Awkwardly and unexpectedly Harry moved in front of Hermione as if Malfoy was about to just start throwing curses her way.

Malfoy just glared daggers at Harry Ron, and Hermione before walking on with his 'thuds' behind him. Not a word to be said.

"You two must really have it out for each other," asked Hayley, watching as Draco walk out of ear-shot of them.

"If only you knew," said Ron through a sigh and walking back over towards Hermione and Harry.

Before Hayley could ask any more question. The cabin door behind her shut loudly and out stepped Hagrid. He looked rather cherry red in the cheeks, but a small goofy smile on his face.

Almost instantly all the Gryffindors chatter died down as everyone turned to look at Hagrid. From what Hayley could see the Slytherin's looked immensely tired, and not in the mood to throw side comments at the Professor today.

"Good day," started Hagrid. "Now were gonn' start today' lesson off by' a litt'e quiz'."

Hayley wasn't surprised when all the Slytherins groaned there disapproval behind her. She had heard enough from Hermione about there attitude towards Hagrid in this class.

"Now, now, it'll be fun, now fer ten point' who can tell m' what a tally' cathrow is?"

Hayley was a bit surprised to see Hermione's hand shoot into the air. Hayley obviously hadn't been listening, when Harry and Ron were telling her of Hermione's study habits in Divination.

"Yes Hermione," said Hagrid, the smile on his face growling slightly, from the anticipation on Hermione's face.

"The Tally Cathrow is a disguisable animal. It has the form of a hedgehog, but in reality isn't anything compared to one. The head of the Tally Cathrow is the really the back end, and the back end is acting as the head as a false disguise. But this isn't really the reason the Tally Cathrow is famous. It's famous because of the hump on its back. It is known as a mood hump in manner speaking. If you squeeze it, it will form with a colour, and detect your mood at the time being. You can sometimes ask it questions and it will answer you through colours. Wizards in the 1900's sometimes used these animals on people who they suspected to be lying to them, and get information out of them, through there moods."

Hayley stood in shock staring at Hermione. She had heard of her annoying habits to studying, but by god how much did this girl study?

"Ten point' to Gryffindor!" said Hagrid smiling proudly at Hermione. "Now sadly the Tally' Cathrow only works with you, if on a full belly' terday we will be lookin' fer food fer them.

"Now can anyon' tell mer what a Tally Cathrow eats?"

Even to Hayley's surprise, Hermione didn't know the answer. The students seemed so used to her answering there questions, they all looked around for anyone who might know it. Hagrid looked a bit put out by this, but continued on anyway.

"The Tally Cathrow, eats stick', le'ves, and usuall' whatever grow' on the trees'. Terday, you lot will be gathering foods' fer them' for Thursday's lesson, when we actually will use em."

Hagrid turned and started heading towards the edge of the forest. Hayley took this as her chance to talk some more to Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

She walked up to them as the rest of the class followed Hagrid towards the edge of the forest.

"Doesn't sound too dangerous," said Hayley.

"Never judge Hagrid on what he says, it's usually always dangerous," said Hermione looking over her shoulder to make sure they were well out of ear- shot of anyone.

Hayley didn't bother asking Hermione how she knew the answer to the question she was asked minutes pervious. Instead she glanced a look over towards Malfoy, who was talking to Crabbe, Goyle, and Parkinson in an annoyed manner.

Hayley curious taking over her, walked a little closer to catch a glimpse of what he was muttering off.

"...and why do we have to do this, -- isn't this his job," said Malfoy throwing his finger up at Hagrid.

"Because Malfoy the Tally Cathrow only answers you, after you've fed him, after each question that is," said Hermione coming up from behind her.

Malfoy turned around at the sound of mocking voice. And his eyes instantly turned cold towards who he saw standing next to Hayley.

"Gee Thanks, for that useless information on me Granger, but maybe you should throw your pitiful brain on someone who actually wants to hear it."

"Watch it Malfoy," said Harry and coming up next to Hermione in another protective manner.

"Looky here, boys, Mudbloods got herself a guard, lwittle Potty," said Malfoy in a baby mocking voice. All the Slytherins burst into laughter behind Malfoy, who was always doubled over in laughter.

Hayley, who was actually starting to like Malfoy, was getting a different perspective on him, more then when she first met him two days ago. Maybe Harry was right about him.

"Harry let it go," said Hermione laying her hand on his chest, and pushing him back away from the laughing group of green robes.

"Hermione when are you going to stop being the civil one and just let him have it?" asked Ron coming up from behind them also.

"Because Ron, I would like to actually finish my schooling here rather then get expelled over a stupid row!"

The rest of the class was spent in silence for Hayley, Harry, Ron, and Hermione. Hayley was too lost in thought about Draco to actually be paying attention to the weeds she was pulling from the ground.

She had noticed half way through the hour that Hagrid kept staring at her, and then Harry. The same look on his overly large face, as the night of the sorting. Hayley was still crept out by his efforts to keep her company here, but every time she would say something to Harry, Hermione, or Ron, Hagrid would do the 'look' as she called it now.

She was thankful when she heard the bell an hour later sounding for lunch and the end of there classes. She glanced down at her hands and noticed that they were fifthly black, and her finger nails were buried in dirt. She turned her head around trying to catch a glimpse of something to wash her hands off with.

That's when she noticed the lake half way down the green slopes. Something she hadn't noticed during her stay here, since she had been inside for her first couple of days.

Hayley stared at the lake. It looked so welcoming to her, even at this distance. It was the kind of feeling she used to get when she wanted to go swimming back home after a long day of lessons.

Well if Hayley wasn't correct, the day wasn't even over and she was tired as hell.

She still looked at the lake lovingly as Harry, Ron, and Hermione started walking back up to the castle, Harry and Hermione's hand intertwined together.

She noticed she was slacking behind from them slowly while she gazed at the lake, and she didn't seem to mind. She just wanted to sit and stare at it. Hell to be honest she had the temptation to just go swim in it right now.

When she finally pulled out of her daze she began to run back up to trio, walking mindlessly beside Ron, who was listening intently on something Harry was explaining. Hayley was only half listening.

Once they reached the Common Room, Hayley and Hermione walk up to there dorms to throw there bags in. When they came back down, Hayley noticed the boys were no were to be seen now after they parted.

"C'mon lets go wash this dirt off," said Hermione, waving her back over to the Portrait. Hayley was becoming more and more familiar with Hogwarts now, that she didn't need Hermione to direct her to the girls wash room anymore. Once they reached the Portrait of a Troll washing his back with a long club disguised as a scrub washer, they walk in. To no surprise to Hayley, the entire sixth year girl Gryffindors were washing the dirt and muck off there hands as well.

After about ten minutes of scrubbing and making sure no dirt was left, Hayley was ready for a good hard earned lunch, maybe even a nap after her Divination homework for the time being.

Hermione walked out of the bathroom with her, and they met back up with Harry and Ron, in the hallway.

"How's your first day going so far Hayley?" asked Harry looking over to her with Hermione on his left, and Ron on Hermione's left, and Hayley on Ron's left.

Hayley stifled a long yawn, while stretching her arms widely in the air as they walk. After she felt more relax she turned back to Harry, who was smiling at her.

"Does that explain it?"

"Ha - Ha........okay I get it."

The rest of there walk down to the Great Hall, was spent talking about Hermione's day with her Athermancy class, along with her Muggle Studies after lunch. Hayley didn't understand how anyone could take Athermancy. From what she had learned from Mrs. Kenbreak, that subject was probably the most boring of the lot, but as Harry had said, "You haven't been to History of Magic yet."

Once they all sat down in there usual seats at the Gryffindor table, Hayley immediately dived into some Shepard's pie besides her. She probably should have listened to Hermione's advice earlier and should have just had some bloody breakfast rather then starve all day through lessons.

If anything was going right today, she was thank-full her nervousness was now completely gone. First day of classes wasn't what she had expected it to be. First Snape, and then Trelawney who Hayley was to scared to even talk to now, and then Hagrid; not that he did anything wrong, but his annoying looks shared between Harry and herself were becoming most annoying.

"So did you get much homework?" asked Hermione pulling her bowl of soup closer under her chin while she was taking small sips of it every now and then.

"Just Divination, Snape must have been feeling extra cheerful today and didn't slam us with any," said Ron, biting into his mashed potatoes.

"Lucky you, in Athermancy, we got slammed with this star chart, --feels like Divination all over again," said Hermione before turning back to her soup.

"Hey," started Ron. "What was up with Hagrid today, did anyone see him acting weird, he kept looking at you and Hay - OUCH! Hermione what was that for?"

"Sorry, my first just kicks every now and then," said Hermione glaring at him, before turning her eyes away from Ron who was now rubbing his red ankle from where Hermione had just kicked him.

Hayley who was lost in to much thought was surprised at herself at how fast she had just downed her Shepard's pie completely in less then two minutes. She was feeling a little more tired now with a full stomach, and bed was calling her name more then ever.

"Hayley you look exhausted everything all right?" asked Hermione, pushing her bowl away also.

"Yeah I - didn't get much sleep last night," she said true fully. If truth be told, she barely got any sleep last night. She had tossed and turned in her bed all night. Mostly at how scared she was feeling about today. But now with all the classes over with, all the sleep missed was catching up to her and all she wanted to do was go lie down for a couple of hours and regain it.

"Why don't you go lie down for a few hours, I'll wake you for dinner if you'd like," said Hermione, giving her a sorrow respectful look.

"Yeah, thanks Hermione," said Hayley standing up slowly. She heaved her heavy bag onto her shoulder and waved good-bye to the three of them before making her way out of the Hall.

The walk up to the Common Room was a very tiring one. Hayley figured she'd finish her Divination homework after dinner, or maybe tomorrow. But as she thought about it, she'd probably just get slammed with more homework tomorrow.

"Codswallop Tarticles," muttered Hayley to the Fat Lady.

The portrait, opened slowly and Hayley stepped inside feeling her eyes growing heavier by the second. Once her feet finally carried her to her dorm room which was a surprise to Hayley, when she didn't even realize at how fast she was moving towards her bed.

She dropped her bag down, next to her night stand, and practical fell onto her bed in a matter of seconds. Sleep taking her almost at once as her head hit the pillow.

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After a long lunch, Hermione bid Harry and Ron good-bye before you she took off to her last class of the day.

Harry was feeling a little tired himself. It wasn't his first day back at Hogwarts, but just watching Hayley as her first day progressed made him a little exhausted as well.

Harry didn't know how many more 'Hayley/Malfoy' incidents he could take. He knew Malfoy wasn't being the kind sweet bloke to her just for her friendship in return. Harry just couldn't figure out why Hayley didn't see it. Malfoy only wanted her for sex, it was that obvious.

Harry supposed to Malfoy, Hayley was just a new piece of meat waiting to be devoured.

He had, had hard enough time over the weekend trying to keep ever boy that even look at her, to back off. But Harry couldn't deny it much more. He knew he couldn't protective Hayley in the way he wanted too; not without her thinking he liked her in a crush manner from his 'sweetness.'

The best he could do now, was just keep close to her, and make sure he knew were she was at all times. He was beginning to feel like a father now with Hayley around him. Always wanting to know where she was, or who she was with. After he got over his fear of talking to her in the last two days, he tried to keep a slow eye on her.

Hermione had informed him on Sunday of all the Slytherins, during lunch that day, and how they just pretty much threw themselves at Hayley. It didn't help him feel any better at his feelings towards keeping Hayley away from them, and safe.

In the mean time, Harry and Ron had decided to go to the library to start there essay in Divination.

They had chosen a little table in the back of the library where they'd be well out of ear-shot of any passer-byes.

"Found anything yet?" asked Ron skimming through his Divination book in an annoyed way.

"No, nothing - this is pointless," said Harry throwing his book back on top of the other books he had pulled out of the shelf's in the subject relating to 'Palm Reading', and 'Future Tellings.'

"Hey," said Ron glancing around there area to make sure no one was listening, even though they were quite alone. "Now that Hayley and Hermione are gone, what was up with Hagrid today?"

"I dunno - I saw what you had meant though," said Harry.

"Well he's been doing that every time you and Hayley are together."

"Can you only guess why?"

"Not really."

"I can already tell he's freaking Hayley out though, and Snape and Trelawney weren't helping much."

"Harry - do you think - Trelawney's prediction today, -- might be true?"

"At this point I'm almost hoping, -- but I'm a little worried about something."

"What?"

"Trelawney said, Hayley has danger in her future, very grave danger, and - I know Trelawney always does that, but, Ron she's never been wrong."

"What kind of danger do you suppose."

"Well with Malfoy hanging around her all the time, -- I don't want to think about it."

"You don't think Malfoy would be setting her up with You-Know-Who would he?"

Harry looked at Ron clearly surprise at his words.

"What do you mean?"

"Well think about it - we already know the Malfoy's are Death Eaters, and what if You-Know-Who, knows about Hayley or something like that, and set Malfoy up to get her -"

"Shut up Ron!"

Ron looked a bit taken back at his 'brilliant' idea, but also looked regretful after what he had just said about his best friends sister being taken into the hands of a mass murder, just like in the way Ron's had many years ago.

"Look," said Harry. "I didn't mean to snap, just - let's just finish this instead alright," said Harry motioning towards the tower of books scattered all around there table.

After another hour, they had finished there two page essay.

Hermione had joined them shortly after her class got out, and sat down to start a bit of her homework as well.

"Did you check up on Hayley Hermione?" asked Harry over the top of his book.

"Yeah 'bout half an hour ago, when I went to go get my books, she was sound asleep."

"Well its time for dinner, should we wake her?" asked Ron glancing up at the clock hanging from the wall.

"No - just let her sleep, she seemed extremely tired this morning," said Hermione, starting to pack her books back into her bag.

Hermione gathered the rest of her books, as well as Harry and Ron before they left the library five minutes later.

"So how did Hayley's first day go anyway?" asked Hermione while they were walking down the cold corridor.

"Hermione you were there for most of it," said Ron taking his eyes away from the window he had been staring out of then turned them towards Hermione to mock at her.

"Well, fine how was her first Divination then?"

Harry glanced over at Ron, and Hermione seemed to have catch the look in his eyes.

"What happened?"

"Er - just Trelawney being herself," said Ron through a shrug.

"What did she predict this time?"

"Hayley has great danger and big discoveries coming soon," said Harry, now looking back towards Hermione.

"Well we already know the danger part is rubbish, but what did she say about the discoveries?"

"That she was going to discover something very big, coming very soon," said Harry still staring at Hermione, who face was scrunched up in thought.

"Harry maybe -"

"She'll find out?"

"Well - yes!"

"I dunno Hermione, I - god do I wish, but with Sirius and Lupin and Dumbledore I highly doubt it."

"Harry listen to me - she can find out, Lupin and the others just said you can't tell her, there's always a chance."

"Well I hope that chance is in Trelawney's prediction."

"Hey what is that?" asked Ron still staring out the window. Harry and Hermione stopped walking to look at where he was looking.

Harry couldn't see anything but a great mass of black, as the sun was setting and night was taking over, before he could mouth his confusion Hermione spoke up hers.

"What exactly are we looking at Ron?"

"The - lake," he said, his eyes narrowed as he kept gazing out of the window.

"Oh my," said Hermione putting her hand up to her mouth, with her eyes going wide.

"What is it!" asked Harry looking all around the window for any sign of movement to answer his confusion.

"Look - at - the - lake," said Hermione very slowly standing back up.

Harry followed her gaze until he spotted some kind of movement in the middle of the lake.

There was something pale and shinny sticking out of the lake; the moon casting a shadow from it. From what Harry could see, it was sinking into the depths of the water rather quickly. Once it was completely out of site and beneath the water, a dark raven head popped up beneath the water, the moon shinning off from it.

"Hayley.." was all Harry said before darting towards the nearest exit, and out of the castle.

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Hayley woke up in a deep slumber. She could feel presence in the room with her. Glancing one eye over to her clock she realized that it was already 6:00 PM. Half and hour till dinner time.

She could hear someone in the room throwing books into a bag somewhere behind her.

Then before she could add curious glances to the source of noise, she had already heard the door shut closely behind the person.

Sitting up and rubbing her eyes she glanced around the room.

That's when she noticed the few books scattered around on Hermione's bed.

'What was Hermione doing up here this early?'

After the sleep wander off Hayley refreshed eyes she stood up from her bed. She took in a huge stretch and yawn before walking over to the opened window. Right as she was about to close the latch and head down to the Common Room, she spotted the lake, hundreds of yards down from the castle; the moon shinning and reflecting off it. Making it even more welcoming towards Hayley.

She glanced back around the dormitory, just to make sure that none of her other room mates had decided to take a little snooze before heading down to dinner. That's when Hayley couldn't take much more of this.

She closed the window in a sigh and started to back up towards the door. She opened it and walk down to the Common Room. She was glad after a thoroughly full look that no one else was there at the moment. She must have slept pretty late for no one to be in the Common Room, and all at attending dinner.

She walked over to the portrait before running out of the frame. She glanced to her

right then to her left, making sure that no other soul was in the hallways besides her.

She started running down to her left, and then after ten strides she reached a pair of long narrow stairs. She nearly jumped down five steps at a time, at the pace she was going.

Once she reached the bottom step, she began to run for the entrance hall. She snuck by the Great Hall doors in a cat like manner before heading towards the doors that held the exit to the castle.

She opened them with as much force as she could muster, before closing them softly behind her.

Hayley breathed in the nightly relaxing air into her lungs. She had done it. She was finally able to walk around the grounds without anyone bugging her the whole time.

That's when she spotted the lake a couple hundreds yards away from her.

She began to pick up her pace as she ran toward it. When she came upon it, she was out of so much breath she had to double over to recover her heartbeats smooth patterns. Feeling like she had caught most of her breath back, she bent down to feel the water beneath her hands.

She was surprised at how warm it had felt under her skin, and before she could have even decided what was happening next, she was already untying her shoes and throwing them to the side of her.

Then she threw off her socks, and threw them to the side were her shoes already lay. Then slowly unclipping her cloak from around her body she also threw that into the puddle of clothes already lying at the side of her feet. She quickly untied her tie as well and pulled that over her head in a fast motion before throwing that down beside her as well.

She didn't even bother to remove any other pieces of clothing before diving into the warm water.

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"HARRY WAIT!" screamed Hermione somewhere behind him. Harry reached the entrance hall, and didn't even bother to make his presence silent. He just bolted for the castles doors.

With one fast motion he flew the doors open and ran outside. He could already spot the lake, hundreds of yards away from him before sprinting after it. Hayley the only minority on his mind the whole time his feet hit the ground so fast Hermione and Ron were lagging behind him.

He could see Hayley's legs sticking up and out of the water again, before sinking into the depths once more.

"HAYLEY!" screamed Harry advancing towards the lake, and getting ready to dive in, when he didn't see her reappear beneath the surface. She evidently couldn't hear a word he was screaming at her, since she was already to far under, to hear anything.

Harry was only three feet from the lake when Hayley had already been under the water for a few good forty seconds now. Right as Harry was about to dive into the water, not even caring about this clothes; something sharp hit his shoulder and he flew over hitting the ground with a soft 'thud.'

After Harry stood back up rather fast, ready to recompose his position to dive back in, he just realized that it was Ron that had hit his shoulder. Ron had dived into the water after Hayley.

"RON!" screamed Hermione running up beside Harry. She was out of so much breath; it was coming out in hard, rigid gasps.

Only ten seconds later Ron's head had reappeared beneath the water. He was clutching Hayley to him tightly, who was moving around franticly under his grip on her.

"RON WHAT THE HELL!"

Ron swam back to the bank of the lake, Hayley still clutched tightly beneath his arm. They were both soaking wet, only Ron hadn't removed his cloak before he dived in so therefore he was probably more wetter then Hayley was.

Once they reached the edge Harry and Hermione immediately grabbed Hayley from Ron's tight grip and pulled her out of the water.

She fell to the ground in a puddle of water, before getting her breath back at everything that had just happened. Hermione kneeled down before Hayley also, making sure that she was alright.

"Hayley what in hell were you doing!" screamed Harry, while watching Ron hop out of the water as well, and sit down next to her. The moon was now reflecting so much off of Hayley's wet hair that Harry was ready to bet it looked blue right now.

"I was swimming what did it look like!" she screamed back at him.

"Like you were drowning," said Ron, unclipping his cloak and letting it fall to the ground. With all the water that had soaked into the fabric, it was nearly suffocating Ron around the neck.

"Well I wasn't!" screamed Hayley back at him again. She raised her hand up to her forehead and pushed her wet-raven hair away from her eyes.

That's when Harry felt his eyes go wide, and his mouth part, while his knees nearly collapsed from under him. He could now see her lighten bolt scar. The moon was glimmering off of her skin where the scar lay.

Ron and Hermione seemed to have seen it also, as they were staring at Hayley also like they had never seen her before.

Hermione was the first to recover her composer rather then Ron who was still staring at Hayley, Hermione turned her head up towards Harry's pale face.

"Harry..." said Hermione in a slow attentive way. She very slowly stood back up, and started walking back over to him.

"I-I have t-t-to go," Harry stammered slowly backing away from Hayley, Hermione and Ron still kneeled down beside Hayley. His hand laid gently over her now cold shoulder.

Harry eyes darted back up towards Hayley's scar still glistening in the moon light. Before Harry finally knew what he was doing, he felt his legs get some feeling back before he turned and bolted back up towards the castle.

"HARRY!" screamed Hermione running after him, leaving a completely forgotten Ron and Hayley in her wake, as she ran ahead towards her boyfriend.

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## Love formations...

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Harry's brain was concurrent. His body felt like lighten against the hard winds, stinging at his skin. His legs carrying him over the grounds of the castle. His body willing to take not even one rest until he was completely back on the platform of the cold stone.

"HARRY WILL YOU JUST WAIT!"

That voice. -- That voice Harry loved hearing. Loved going to sleep while hearing it in his head, loved having shivers run through his body, from hearing it so close to him, loved to hear it bate at him over school work. Even that voice couldn't have an impact on him as his legs carried him over the Hogwarts grounds.

But no one could ever doubt Hermione. Not even in the most incoherent times of life. When it came to her mind "where there's a will there's a way."

Unfortunately for Harry she found a way.

Harry; who by this point had blocked everything, that even so much, dashed by his mind to be totally oblivious to him. So oblivious in fact, that he didn't even noticed let alone hear Hermione pull out her wand and aim it at his back. Mere minutes later after careful aiming, she screamed:

"IMPEDIMENTA!"

Harry had been running so fast, that once the spell hit him full force in the middle of his back, he fell over hard, almost smashing his head against the cold stone, before he could prevent it with the blockage of his hands.

Harry was almost tempted to turn back around towards Hermione and demand she resurface the spell off his body.

Once he fully got his body contained again, he, having hard enough time as it was, turned over towards Hermione.

The site before him made ever angered cell hovering in his body, die away so quickly he felt like he had never felt it corrupt in his body to even begin with. That's how

much of an impact Hermione had on him.

She was crimson red in her subsiding tan cheeks. Her breath was coming in rough gasps, she wasn't doubled over, but looked like she was about to faint on the other hand.

"Good -- lord..." she finally managed out.

"Hermione do the counter curse," said Harry, trying to move his arms around. He was more then willing to bet Hermione knew what his plan was going to consist of once the spell had been released from him. He was of coarse going to keep running. At this moment running away from everything seemed like a brilliant idea, but once again Hermione's mind was working wonders at keeping him nailed shut to the floor.

"Harry what happened back there?" asked Hermione advancing towards him. A mood he clearly wasn't anticipating. Something more along the lines of echoing yells carrying down the corridors in the wee hours of the night.

Harry feeling defeated rested his arms in a more comfortable position then he had been resting them mere seconds before.

"Harry?" she asked again. This time her voice wasn't fooling anyone. She seemed determined for something, only Harry couldn't figure out what.

"The s-scar," Harry muttered. He seemed almost afraid to say the word.

Hermione didn't say anything. She just slowly and lightly walk over towards Harry stunned position. She gently sat down next to him, shivering slightly at the cold floor touching her legs from beneath her skirt.

They sat in silence awhile longer. Hermione kept glancing around there bodies to make sure they were in no way to be over heard. Hermione only got the chance to stun Harry right as he had reached the platform connecting to the castles entrance.

"She really is my sister isn't she," said Harry after more seconds rolled bye.

Hermione looked shocked at his words. She turned her body so she was facing Harry face to face. Her eyes boring into his.

"Why would you even say that Harry?"

Harry turned his eyes away from her pleading brown ones. He didn't feel comfortable telling Hermione his thoughts, despite how much he knew she was the safest person to keep them with.

"Harry...." said Hermione in a more commanding voice. One so unlike her sweet mocking tone.

Slowly Harry began to tell her. "Ever since that day, when Sirius and Remus had told me I even had a family much less a sister, I didn't even have a clue one even existed

to me."

"Remember the night I got drunk?" asked Harry, turning back towards Hermione.

To Harry that day seemed weeks ago, but in reality it was only five days pervious.

"How could I forget -- my lips are still bruised from you kissing me so hard," said Hermione in a sarcastic tone. Harry knew she was joking, but it still didn't make him feel better at the fact that he had implied Hermione with that. It still scared Harry to think about what he could have done to her, if Ron hadn't of been there. But then again Hermione was the one who had stunned him in the first place.

"Hermione you know -- that I would never hurt you like that aga --"

"I know Harry. We all make mistakes, and given what you were going through then, I can totally understand, but you were saying..."

"Right -- well the day I got drunk, when I was in Hogs Head, I was still denying the whole matter, so much in fact, that I thought this must have been a Death Eaters trick, -- or Voldemorts. I still think it is, but after seeing that scar on her forehead, -- she really is my sister."

"Harry -- I thought that also. Ron and I both did, -- to be quite honesty Harry, Sirius, Remus, and Dumbledore all thought that. From what we were told, they had searched for Hayley for a good two years. They looked through ever Death Eaters house in England, -- hell they even did a double search. They got Muggle police involved; to them it was quite obvious Hayley had died. Not once comprehending the thought of another Wizarding family taking her in and raising her."

"Yeah, I guess your right. Your always right Hermione, I guess, I'm too much of a prat to see the evidence right in front of me."

Hermione smiled a little at his comment. She leaned over and gave him a soft kiss on the lips. As she was about to pull away slightly, Harry taking a daring chance, brought his hands up to her cheeks, to hold her in place.

After Hermione leaned back into Harry's lips, it was just then that Harry realized that after all the 'Hayley' commotion; Harry and Hermione had, had very little time together.

As Harry was complying his thoughts and mentally cursing himself for not paying more attention to his girlfriend, he was more shock to say the least when he felt Hermione's tongue gently brush over his lips.

Harry; who was still not comfortable with the feel of kissing with his inexperience harpooning over everything, uneasily opened his mouth to her.

He momentarily melted into the kiss. All thoughts of Hayley emphasized from his mind for the time being.

Reputedly Hermione pulled away from him gasping for air. Harry retreated her movements and pulled away also.

"Are you hungry?" asked Hermione snuggling her head closer to under his shoulder.

"Not really -- you?"

"Same."

Harry felt Hermione shiver from under him and snuggle closer, as he felt a new gust of wind blow down upon them. Harry hardly felt it through his warm thick slacks and cloak, but as he looked over Hermione form of clothes, he realized that despite how warm her cloak must be, her skirt probably wasn't doing many wonders in that area of her body.

Harry was tempted to get up and carry her into the castle. But right as he tried to push himself away from the cold cement he found he couldn't. That's when he realized Hermione still hadn't cast the counter curse on him yet.

Hermione hardly noticed his inability to stand up.

"Er -- Hermione could you do the counter curse now?"

Hermione looked at him confused for a moment, before realization dawning on her; she pulled back out her wand and aimed it at Harry's chest.

"Finite Incantatem," said Hermione quietly.

"Thanks," said Harry standing up and trying to get some feeling back into his legs. Hermione leaned over and gave him a short kiss on the lips.

"C'mon, dinner isn't over yet, and I'm freezing out here -- lets go to the Common Room and sit by the fire."

"Alright," said Hermione, taking her hand within his as they started to walk back into the castle doors.

"What 'bout Hayley and Ron," said Hermione when she realized that they had left them down by the lake in the middle of there hectic incident.

"I'm sure they'll be fine," said Harry, with a mocking grin covering his face. He hadn't been the completely arrogant prat today which is what he should have been. Harry could tell from day one from Hayley's arrival that Ron was taking a little partially huge fancying towards his sister. It did make Harry glare at Ron from time to time, mostly grin, when he saw him being his most clumsiness around her, or stuttering for words. But then again compared to Malfoy, Harry would welcome Ron with open arms.

Harry tightened his hand around Hermione's as they began to ascended up the narrow stairs leading to there Common Room.

"Was it me, or was Ron holding Hayley's shoulder before you ran off?" said Hermione.... ~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~`~

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Hayley lay sitting on the wet ground beneath her. She watched as she saw Hermione's retreating form run after Harry's, all though unless Hermione had running powers no one knew about, there was no way she was going to catch him at his rate of speed.

Hayley watch as both forms of running bodies vanished into the shadows of the night before them.

"What was that?" Hayley asked Ron, who was sitting beside her. She was to lost in the ramose of the moment that had just accrued, that she didn't even notice his hand was lying gently over her shoulder, somewhat keeping her warm.

"Ron?" asked Hayley turning to look at him. He seemed dazed, and in some form of inability to answer Hayley.

"Ron.." tried Hayley again moving her hand franticly in front of his face. After the fifth wave he finally started to gain his composer.

"Wha...What?"

"Are you alright?"

"Yeah -- yeah I'm fine."

"You sure?" asked Hayley, trying to gain her bodily functions and stand up. The water had somewhat stunned her muscles to react to any of her brains connections. It may have been warm while she was sinking beneath the waters depth, but out here, it was just plain freezing, as the November wind flew down upon them, freezing them to the spot.

"I'm fine," Ron assured her, while standing up beside her.

"What was that?" asked Hayley again, turning her head towards the place that Harry and Hermione last stood; before being engulfed into the shadows of the castle.

"I -- dunno," said Ron, in a Eucharistic tone. Hayley stared at his depilated face. He seemed like he was keeping something from her. But Hayley as she was usually grown up with this attitude from her parents, simply just ignored it and put her mind

else where.

Hayley shivered as she felt the piercing winds shoot through her cold and damp wool fabric.

"Merlin you must be freezing, -- here put this on," said Ron, bending over before her and retrieving the hand full of clothes Hayley had chucked off before diving into her vanquish mission.

Ron stood back up, and handed Hayley her cloak.

"Here let me," he said dropping all the other procession and holding the cloak out to her so she could come and greet its warm presence.

Hayley slowly walk over to him, and then turned and greeted Ron with the face cover of her soaking wet back. She shivered more as she felt Ron's hands brush over her wet shoulders. Despite the many layers of clothing Hayley was harbouring she could still very well feel his touch, even through the thick fabric.

"There," said Ron after fasting the buckle of gold around the small form of Hayley's neck.

Hayley blushed at the sincere action from Ron. When she turned around to face him, she noticed that he was probably just as cold as she was minutes pervious. When Hayley spotted his cloak; it was still laying on the ground, cold and soggy wet.

"What about you?" asked Hayley gesturing towards his cloak.

"I'll be fine," said Ron, waving her off.

"No -- no -- here share mine with me," said Hayley, reaching up to the hem of the cloak to where the buckle lay. Right as she was about to unbuckle the gold strap, Ron put his hands over hers. She looked up to him with a confused look on her face.

"It's better if one of us gets the cold, and not the both of us," he said with another smirk on his face.

Hayley slowly brought her hands back down to her waist. If he wanted to freeze his arse off for an act he commented, that was fine by her.

"Shall we go then," asked Ron, eyeing the castle longingly. Hayley was more then with him, the Gryffindor common room fire was probably the most longing thing she wanted right now.

Hayley nodded her head, before bending over to pick up the left remains of her scatter clothes.

That's when it just accrued to Hayley that, while she was in her divisional phase, she had been too lost in the thought of the lake to actually acknowledge how much clothing she had been peeling off.

Hayley shuddering at the thought of Ron diving in to the lake to rescue her, and she being totally naked.

She tried to hide her grin as her and Ron began to walk up the sloppy damp slopes.

As they walk on, Hayley could visibly feel Ron shiver against the cold night air, and despite the warm thick fabric against Hayley's wet form, she was still freezing. Feeling incredibly ashamed at herself for letting Ron stay out in the cold this long without some kind of clothing, she finally reached up to the hem of her cloak and unbuckled her cloak.

Ron didn't seem to have noticed as she peeled the fabric off her body, and walk closer to him. Right as she laid the material over his shoulders, he looked up to her with a puzzled look.

"Hayley - I said no -"

"Just take it will you, might as well, were probably going to both be in bed tomorrow!"

"Are you sure?" his voice seemed like he didn't want the cloak, but his eyes were now longing it. Maybe a little more that, then the warm common room fire awaiting them.

"I'm sure," was all she said as they kept walking. Hayley kept her head down as they walk.

Hayley began to picture more and more of Ron diving into the lake, and pulling back out a naked ---

"Hayley?" said Ron, in an audible whisper.

Hayley looked up towards his eyes, but they weren't focused on her. He was looking at the castle doors with an amusing/shocked look on his pale face.

"Ron?" asked Hayley, trying to wipe away his gaze, but suddenly after she realized he must be looking at something unique, she felt her eyes following his towards the castle doors.

That's when she wanted to mentally slap herself and Ron. One her brain never seemed to work at moments like this, and two Harry and Hermione were sitting meters away from them, practically jumping down each other throat with there tongues lodge into each others mouths.

Ron grabbed Hayley's wrist and darting towards the other side of the castle. He seemed to have jumped into a jogging mode since now that he was running, Hayley trying to keep up with him.

Once they were safely out of ear-shot of the snagging couple, Hayley nearly burst into a fit of giggles and fell into a heap of water lying flat on the ground, Ron beside her.

"Are *laugh* they always *laugh* like that?" asked Hayley trying to sit up.

"If not that then staring at each other like goons," said Ron trying to sit up also.

"Bet you see a lot of that huh?"

"Not really, they usually never do it around me, so I don't mind, but -"

Ron stopped mid-sentence, and suddenly look foolish for almost starting what he was about to say, which clearly caught Hayley's attention.

"But what?" she asked without knowing how close she was scooting towards his body. Suddenly as her arm touched his, and she didn't seem cold anymore.

"Nothing."

"Tell me!"

"No - No its fine."

"What's not, who am I gonna tell?"

"Alright, alright fine, it's -- just weird, you know - they can snog nonstop, and look at each other all day, but they can't say I love you."

"Really?"

"Well that's what Harry told me last week, but who knows."

"Well I don't know about love so don't ask me anything in that gender," said Hayley through a stifled laugh.

When she turned back around to face Ron, he had a perplexed look on his face.

"What?" asked Hayley.

"You mean to tell me you don't know anything about love?"

"Yeah."

"C'mon your kidding me you must have a boyfriend back home?"

Hayley instantly went into another fit of giggles. She tried to contain herself, but Ron's words were sending her into oblivion format of laughter.

"What's so funny?" asked Ron after Hayley some what contained herself.

"Me a boyfriend!"

"You don't have a boyfriend?"

"Ron - can I be honest with you?"

"Sure."

"I've never ever in my life even had one."

"YOUR KIDDING!"

"What's so surprising?"

"Your serious."

"Yes."

"Oh - okay," he said with a shocked look on his face. He turned his face away from Hayley's and stared ahead. An uncomfortable silence stretched out between them.

"Hey Ron?"

"Yeah?"

"Why did you jump into that lake?"

"I - thought you were drowning."

"Really - did I look like I was actually drowning?"

"Well when someone goes under water for more then twenty seconds people start assuming!"

"Well even if I wasn't - thanks anyway."

They sat in silence once more. Hayley feeling a little surprised at Ron words. Why did everyone assume she must have a boyfriend. Hermione had asked her, Harry well he already knew why she didn't, and now Ron? Maybe it was because she was sixteen, and maybe at Hogwarts most sixteen year olds are involved in a relationship.

'Wait a minute - most sixteen years old, Ron's sixteen, I wonder if he -'

"I bet the snogging fest is over - do you want to head back up?" asked Ron, who was already on his feet, staring down at her.

Hayley nodded her head, trying to get the last etherizing thought out. For some reason, she wanted to ask Ron, but then again she didn't want him to think she was throwing herself at him. She was just probably feeling some of those great sixteen year old hormones.

After Hayley got back up - she realized that she didn't have her clothes with her.

"Ron?"

"Yeah?"

"Where are our clothes?" asked Hayley while taking in the fact that Ron wasn't holding his damp cloak anymore.

"I don't - oh no!" His face immediately changed as the realization dawned on him. It must have been an incredibly hard realization because he looked immensely foolish right about now.

"What?"

"We - er - must have left them by Harry and Hermione."

Hayley doubled over with laughter again. Clutching her stomach for relief at how hard it was causing her to release breath from her lungs.

"Well c'mon lets go see then," said Ron.

Hayley stood back up, shaking slightly at how cold it had suddenly gotten. As they walked she was still letting out some giggles and stifled laughter here and there.

Right as they turned the corner, Hayley sighed in relief when Harry and Hermione were no longer sitting on the cold cement. She spotted her clothes inches away from the very spot Hermione had been sitting. It's a wonder that neither of them spotted Hayley nor Ron.

Once Ron had spotted his still dripping cloak near the cement platform, he went over and picked it up.

Hayley walked over to her belongings as well, as she bent over to retrieve her shoe. Right as she was about to stand back up, she felt something small and very cold hit the tip of her nose. Ignoring the tingling feeling at the tip of the soft skin, she walked over to the other spot where her other shoe lay.

As she bent over to pick up the bound leather, she felt the same small cold feeling hit her neck.

"Hayley...." said Ron beside her.

Hayley stood back up to face him. Before she could question his delusional form, Ron had pointed towards the sky.

"It's snowing!" said Hayley, looking over the thousands of snow flakes now starting to fall towards the depth of the earth.

"Hayley we really better get inside, before we could get really sick," said Ron.

He started to walk over to the remains of Hayley's clothes and pick them up.

"Thanks," said Hayley taking the clothes out of his hands and laying them in hers. Hayley never usually liked snow, maybe which was because she usually never had anyone to go out and play with it in. Despite her father and mother. Now with her at Hogwarts, she was sure that would be changed fast.

"Coming Hayley," asked Ron. Hayley didn't even notice him start walking ahead of her. She began making her way towards him, trying her best to ignoring the now cold shivers running down her back, where her still damp clothes lay; moisten the skin that lay there.

Hayley and Ron walked silently through the hall. Hayley feeling the warmth of the castle against her cheeks as her feet hit the ground. She now wanted nothing more then to slaughter her brain and her foolishness games.

She would bet anything she owned that by tomorrow morning she'd be starting her second day of classes off, with a cold.

They slowly walked up the stairs, ascending towards there beds. Hayley was too tired to start another conversation with Ron, and judging by the way he was pulling his cloak from behind him, he was just as exhausted.

"Frisbee Wiznets," said Ron, mumbling the new password to the Fat Lady.

She smiled down at them before opened her frame and allowing them access to the only thing they wanted to do and cuddle up on tonight; there separate warm beds.

"God these two never give in!" said Ron staring at the couch. Hayley walked over to him, but this time she wasn't stupid enough to follow his gaze, but curiosity getting the better of Hayley, she followed it moments later.

As she suspected it was true. There were Harry and Hermione. Fast asleep before the fire, cuddled up under each other arms and sitting on the warm couch; not either of them having to worry about shivering from goose bumps all over there bodies and robes so full of water, that it was making small puddles on the floor beneath him.

"Should we wake them?" asked Hayley turning back towards Ron.

"No, they'll wake up early probably, and go to there own beds."

"Well speaking of beds, I'm exhausted," said Hayley, slowly walking back over towards her dormitory door. Right as she was about to open it and begin walking up the cement steps, she turned back towards Ron; who was still standing in the same spot she had left him by.

"Thanks again Ron - you know for the lake," said Hayley, descending her head somewhat towards the floor so Ron couldn't see her face start to flush.

"No problem," said Ron.

"See you in the morning then," said Hayley.

"Yeah -- G'night Hayley."

Hayley flashed him one more smile before turning her back on him, and walking up the steps. Once she entered her dormitory, her bed was probably the most welcoming thing she had ever seen. She cursed softly when she realized she still had to change out of her damp robes.

Going over to her trunk, she pulled out a long sleeved-ankle length pink night grown.

Trying to keep her concentration on the buttons of her shirt, and off the picture of Ron's face, she slowly pulled off her soggy shirt that was now started to smell of lake water.

She shivered as the air hit her bare chest but she barely acknowledged it as she proceeded about her work.

After Hayley had pulled off her shirt, bra, knickers, and pulled the warm night shirt over her cold body she put her hair in a messy ponytail before pulling back the covers towards her bed.

Hayley slowly started to climb in under the covers and nearly sighed with contempt. Hayley suddenly loved the work the house elves will go to; too make the students beds warm. Not another thought crossed Hayley's mind, as she began to drift off into sleep; Ron's face still pictured under her closed eyelids before sleep finally took her as its victim.

It had only seemed like two minutes later since Hayley had finally crossed into the morality and blissful emotion of sleep, that she was being poked in the sides and shaken in a hard and demanding way.

She could hear a voice somewhere in the room, but the voice seemed so distant from her.

"Hayley...."

Shake.

"Hayley."

Shake.

"Hayley!"

Shake and huff.

"HAYLEY!"

Hayley immediately shot out of bed. She regretted it immensely when her gaze was anything but focused rather then filled with spinning objects and an extremely sore throat.

"Sorry 'bout that," said Hermione, hovering over her.

Once somewhat of Hayley's focus was becoming clear, she noticed the look in Hermione's eyes.

"Are you alright."

Hayley nodded her head. Even though she wasn't talking, she could tell if she even let to much breath escape her lungs it would scream bloody murder at how red the skin must be.

"Hayley how long did you and Ron stay out last night?"

"I dunno."

"Think!"

"Er - probably 'bout half hour before we headed in - why?"

"Merlin Hayley you could have ammonia - did you know it snowed last night!"

"Yeah - please don't yell?"

"You two didn't get pissed did you?"

"NO!"

"Then why is your head hurting -"

"I dunno, it just hurts, is all."

Hayley wasn't looking at Hermione, but could tell she was beside her, when she had felt the bottom part of her bed decline under her weight.

Hayley felt Hermione's hands come up to her face, and pull away her hands. Hayley rested her hands by her sides as Hermione put the palm of her hand flat against Hayley's forehead.

"Well it must have been more then half an hour Hayley," said Hermione pulling her hand away.

Hayley looked up to meet Hermione's now stern brown orbs. She was giving Hayley a stern look, and not looking pleased with her at the moment.

"What's wrong?"

"Hayley, you have about over a hundred degree fever!"

"How do you know?"

"Because you're burning up!"

"What time is it?"

"'Bout twenty minutes till breakfast."

"Is Ron sick as well?"

"I dunno - I'm going to go see Harry in a few minutes, I'll ask then, but you're not going anywhere," said Hermione making Hayley lay back against her pillows.

"Hermione I have classes!"

"Hayley you go to classes, they'll send you right back here, and then you'll get the third degree from Madam Pomfrey!"

"But it's only my second day I can't miss anything!"

"It's okay, I'll take good notes, and let you look them over, and I'll bring you your work if you want after classes, and if you're not better by tomorrow you can go and see Madame Pomfrey."

"Thanks Hermione."

"Anytime - oh and by the way I'll bring you some warm tea back from breakfast alright."

"Yeah thanks again."

"Rest up, this'll be the only day, you can miss this year."

Hayley watched as Hermione slowly closed the door behind her. After she left, Hayley laid back down on her pillows, sleep concurring her once more.

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Harry stepped out from the sixth year boys' dormitory looking clearly and evidently tired.

"Hey," purred a voice beside Harry. He turned and instantly smiled at the look of Hermione before him.

As Harry leaned in to coax her lips with his, he noticed his neck was oddly sore.

"Sore neck?" asked Hermione reading the look in his eyes and slightly pulling away from him.

"Yeah guess the couch isn't the most suitable place to sleep - don't get me wrong I loved spending it with you, but my neck is disagreeing at the moment."

"Yeah - thanks for that Harry, but I must say your chest was a very soft pillow."

"Thanks - hope you've had a better start at the morning then I have."

"Why what happened?"

"Er - just watching Ron retch into the trash can isn't the way I like to start my mornings off by."

"So Ron is sick also?"

"Very, he puked two times before I left, and when I felt his head he was burning up."

Hermione quickly glanced around the Common Room for any on-lookers in there area. But most of the students were one with themselves at the moment.

Hermione turned back towards Harry, before leaning in towards his ear and whispering:

"So is your sister."

"Hayley's sick as well?"

"She's burning up, I told her she needed to stay in bed and rest, and I'd bring her tea after breakfast, but Harry I think they stayed out there long after we headed in."

"Are you thinking the same thing I am?" asked Harry, a puzzled expression on his face.

"So please tell me I'm not the only one seeing Ron drool when he's around her?"

"Hardly Hermione, you should have seen Ron give Hayley her time table yesterday."

"Why what happened?"

"Well - Ron kept stuttering, and Hayley wouldn't stop blushing."

"Ha - Ha...love formations I see."

"Personally I wouldn't mind it, as long as she stays far away from Malfoy as possible."

"Yeah but Harry - Oi, Lavender where are you going?" asked Hermione focusing on the girls dormitory behind Harry, where no doubt Lavender stood, holding the handle and looking perplexed at her own room mate asking her where she was going.

"Upstairs," she said, gesturing her head towards the cement stairs before her.

"Why?"

"A letter came for Hayley and I was going to give it to her -- if you must know."

"She's sick and probably sleeping; we'll give it to her."

"She's sick, is she alright?"

"Just a case of the flu I think -- the letter please," said Hermione walking over towards her, and out stretching her hand.

Lavender pulled the letter out from within her pockets and handed it to Hermione in a smug way.

"Thanks," said Hermione turning away from her and heading back over towards Harry.

"Little bi parlor today are we Hermione."

"Just, this is only Hayley's second day of classes. I don't want her missing anymore work then she has to, and she needs all the rest she can get, but Ron -- well I guess there's nothing I can really do there."

"Who's the letter from anyway."

"HARRY!"

"What I'm only asking!"

Hermione did a sort of huff/pout, before she pulled the letter from within her robes and began scanning the top of the parchment.

"Hermione?" asked Harry seeing the look of nauseas and caution spread over Hermione's features.

"It's no one important," said Hermione stuffing the letter back within her robes.

"Must be someone important if Lavender is delivering mail for her now."

"Harry just drop it."

"Hermione c'mon who's it from."

"No one Harry."

"Hermione."

"Honestly - fine it's from her parents."

"Oh."

"Happy."

"That wasn't so hard now was it?"

"Well now you're mad aren't you.?"

"No me being mad would be having half a mind to go and march up to your dormitory, and tell that girl lying in the bed besides yours who she really is!"

"Harry," hissed Hermione. "Keep your voice down!"

Harry didn't answer her. He didn't mean to take his anger out on her, but then again, she was the one being stubborn seconds before and just not telling him who the letter was from straight up.

"I'm parched, let's just go and have some breakfast eh?"

"Look I'm sorry Hermione."

"It's fine Harry, I completely understand, like I said to you last night, this isn't going to be easy."

"Maybe -- you're the best Hermione."

"Yeah so are you."

Harry lowered his head away from hers. He had a burning desire to suddenly speak something off his mind.

"I dub vu," mutter Harry under his breath.

"What did you say?" asked Hermione, looking at him with shocked eyes.

Harry kept his head down, his cheeks blushing crimson.

"Harry."

"Yes."

"What did you just say?"

"That I - I love you."

"OH HARRY!" screamed Hermione. Throwing her body at his, almost causing him to loose his balance footing and fall backwards.

"I love you to Harry!"

"Ha - ha didn't know you'd take it so well."

Hermione scowled a little, smacking him playfully on the forearm.

"C'mon love -- lets go down to breakfast now I'm famished."

Hermione didn't say anything by his words, just leaned up and her lips met his in a good morning kiss full of there new announced love. Harry kept her there for just a few blissful seconds before she pulled away.

Harry took her hand within his, and began to walk towards the portrait.

"You know - maybe I should talk to Ron about Hayley tonight.." said Harry.

"Harry your kidding me?"

"What I'd like to know, what's really going on."

"Harry, if you do that you'll embarrass him up until next Tuesday!"

"He'll probably still be barfing by next Tuesday anyway Hermione."

"Your not funny Harry."

"Yeah well - wait HERMIONE!" said Harry grabbing her by shoulders, and giving her a lopsided smile. Causing her to freeze to the spot he was holding her in.

"What?"

"Right before I had left Ron asked me if he could burrow the Marauders Map."

"So?"

"Why would he need the Map when he is going to be lying in bed all day and wasn't going to get into any trouble for being out of classes?"

"Maybe he wasn't using it for that reason."

"Exactly, but then why would he want it -" realization dawned on Harry as he kept pondering the thought.

"Oh my, Harry your not serious?" asked Hermione giving him a reproachful look.

"Oh Hermione, it's so clear, he didn't want the map to avoid people he wanted it to check up on them, -- spy on them in a way."

"Harry that's totally barbaric."

"Then why else would Ron want the Marauders Map then to spy on Hayley?"

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## Trouble Lurking..

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Maybe it was all the work the Professors had enforced on them that week, or maybe it was all the Quidditch anxiety that had build up inside the pit of his stomach. Harry didn't know what it was, but something had made these last three weeks fly by like a blur upon the eye.

If possible, Harry was beginning to feel his fifth year all over again. After every essay, parchment of questions, or more dutiful work that the sixth years were getting slammed with work. To top off Harry's mood, he had Quidditch to worry about in the upcoming two weeks.

Now that Fred, George, and Angelina were gone, that only left Harry as Seeker (which the spot had been offered to him again after Umbridge had been departed from the school. Harry almost cried out with joy when McGonagall had presented him with his broom again) Ron as Keeper, and Alicia, and Katie as Chasers.

Harry had been even more relieved that after an announcement that had been made two weeks previous, which had informed him that Katie Bell had been voted the new Gryffindor Quidditch Captain. It wasn't that Harry didn't want the spot, but he had a feeling on top of everything else he wouldn't be able to handle the responsibility.

Gryffindor try outs were to be held two weeks from now, and that would determine who would become the new Chaser, and the two new Beaters.

Harry had to admit, that maybe it wasn't all the work and Quidditch that was drowning him in exhaustion. Harry seemed to think that sleep lately was the only way for him to escape from everything. And even then he was scared of that also. Scared that the minute he closed his eyes, his parents death would re-play itself out before him once again.

Harry had been extremely busy that he barely had any time to spend with Ron and Hermione. Maybe especially Hermione, since now she was taking up the quest of studying for there post term tests. The tests that were to be taken at the end of the term to practice for there NEWTS in the upcoming year.

But even beyond all that, Harry knew maybe that wasn't even the blame for all the reasons he was beginning to feel battered everywhere he went. Oh no, not at all. Hayley was probably the main, if not the number one thing on Harry's list as to why he was so tired.

Harry had been keeping such a close eye on Hayley that he was really beginning to feel worried that she would miss interpret his protection as a sign of emotional feelings.

Everywhere Hayley went, Harry made sure either Hermione or Ron was with her if not him. To Ron's dismay. Harry was still on the fighting quest to prove to Ron that

he harboured feelings for his sister. Every time Harry would bring it up, Ron would shrug it off muttering things like "just friends" or "why would I like her Harry, she doesn't even like me," over and over again.

Harry felt a little better when he had Hermione talk to him about it. When she had come back she said Ron had talk very little and after many, many lectures from Hermione on her part, Ron finally gave in blushing crimson and admitting that he does like her a little. A little was good for Harry.

Harry was tempted to tell Hermione that she needed to start a class called 'Girls intentions and how Boys can read them' and have her teach it.

Harry was beginning to get so used to Hayley in his presence, that he had to admit that he wasn't all likely surprised when Ron had showed him the Marauder's Map three weeks ago right when Ron and Hayley had both been induced by the stomach flu and sent to bed for a week. Causing Hayley to miss her first week of classes.

When Ron had come to Harry that night in the Common Room, and showed him the Map, Harry at the time didn't know what to say, or really know how to feel at the matter. That map had contained on it both Hermione and Hayley which were in the library at the time that evening; studying to make up for loss time on Hayley's absentness in classes. One dot had read 'Hermione Granger' and the other had read 'Hayley Potter.'

Harry knew the Map never lied about its contaminates. He had learned that when Peter Pettigrew had showed upon its presence after twelve years spent as a rat. So then why would it seem weird that after fifteen years, and under the name as Glenwood no less, that Hayley's real profile would appear upon the map as 'Potter.'

It was just more of the evidence to add to Harry that this really was his sister, and not some trap, or evil trick set upon him. When Harry and Ron had showed Hermione the map, she took it the way Harry wasn't expecting her to. ("How dense are you two, how far you going to go to prove this wrong Harry?")

Hermione obviously miss understood Harry when he had pointed this out to her. But he nearly shrugged it off as any other weird thing they had encountered.

Harry had been relieved to see Ron and Hayley both back up on there feet days later, and not lying in there bed puking there lives out. Harry had made Ron visit Madame Pomfrey days following, and he insisted that he take Hayley as well with him. Both came back looking better and healthier then they had in days.

One thing Harry was trying desperately not to show too much, was at how much Hayley had been in contact with her parents the last three weeks. Harry knew this was the spot that he wouldn't and couldn't be allowed into of her life. He couldn't let Hayley's parents know that one of Hayley's new best friends was her long lost brother. Yeah -- he could almost picture the look on Hayley's face when her parents came and dragged her out of here if they had ever found out who there daughter really hanged out with.

Harry, himself, had been keeping in close contact with Sirius and Remus as well. He usually addressed the letters to Remus, instead of 'Snuffles' so there wasn't any confusion to any of his dorm mates except Ron. Sirius was usually still lecturing him to stay out of Hayley's life. But other letters Sirius was plainly begging for information about her. Harry had a hard time writing to his Godfather about what she looked like. How could he put it into words. But Harry was spared the moment when he had found out Remus had already done it for him.

That night had probably been a rough one for Harry since Hayley's arrival. His scar kept twigging, and stinging him at times all through the night. He kept having weird and un-kept dreams also. The first one had been about Hermione announcing to him that she was pregnant, the second one had been about Ron telling him that Voldemort had killed Hayley and Hermione, and the third, which Harry will probably never forget, had been about Hayley and both Hermione and Ron and that they had been stolen from him, and murdered by Voldemort.

Harry could feel the already rising sun shinning on his face. Groaning at the loss of sleep, Harry rolled over onto his other side to block the defining light from straining him from the only sleep he had concurred during the night.

"Harry....." purred a soft voice besides him. Shaking him slightly from the sides.

He moaned, feeling himself coming out of his drowsing sleep state and sinking his head deeper into his pillow.

"Harry....wake up love...." purred the voice again. Harry then felt something warm and soft plant itself onto his left cheek. Moaning some more and feeling instinct taking over, he brought his hand up and swatted at whoever the intruder beside him was.

Once again he felt something incredibly soft and warm plant itself onto his cheek. He then felt something fall down in front of his face and tickle his nose slightly, the smell of strawberries filled his nostrils.

"Bugger off Ron," muttered Harry from within his pillow. He then heard someone start to giggle, and another person somewhere in the room huff with offence.

"I sure hope not that Ron doesn't wake you up like that."

"Bloody hell right!"

Harry slightly pulled himself away from his dreamy state. He opened his eyes and faintly caught the two burly figures none other then Hermione and Ron. Hermione was sitting on his side, while Ron was standing behind her.

Harry reached over and grabbed his glasses from off of his beside cabinet.

Once they were properly on, Ron and Hermione were in clear focus.

Hermione was smiling sheepishly, and Ron look flushed and blushing a crimson

colour at Harry's statement.

"Sorry Ron," said Harry rubbing at his tired eyes.

"Forget 'bout it, just never thought you'd assume it was me waking you up by kissing you!"

'So that was what had been so warm and soft.'

"Mmm Hermione you smell of strawberries," said Harry, leaning up slightly to give her a good morning kiss. She hardly seemed to mind his morning breath as she gave into the kiss.

Once Harry pulled away from her warm lips, he scanned the room incredulously, trying, but not seeking to get the left over essence of sleep out of his eyes.

Harry looked back over to Ron and Hermione and a floating feeling rolled over him like a part of him wasn't here right now.

"Er -- Ron where's Hayley?"

"I haven't seen her this morning -- have you Hermione," asked Ron slowly walking over to the other side of Harry's bed and planting himself next to him.

"I woke up and she was already gone," said Hermione in a 'oh-stop-worrying- about- her' voice. Though Harry wasn't buying it.

"Neither of you have seen her then?"

"I just got up, and then Hermione comes bursting through here telling us we've slept in again."

"Well you have!"

"Wait slept in, what time is it?"

"Oh no Harry, slept in for Hermione is not getting up with dawn, trust me we still have a good half hour till classes start," said Ron, glaring the best he could at Hermione.

Harry didn't bother saying anything to them at that point.

He pulled the warm and soft silk covers off his form, and crept past Ron, who at the moment was going at another row with Hermione.

Harry grabbed his robes off of his beside chair.

He bent over and picked them up, and Harry not feeling in the greatest mood for a shower this morning, headed into the small bathroom near there dormitory.

After he placed his robes on correctly, and dealt with his tie; which he hated doing in the earlier hours of the morning.

After a few good rises and teeth brushed, he started heading back out towards his bed.

Ron and Hermione were still going at it, but he merely noticed.

He went back over towards his trunk, to set his left over pyjamas in there. After he made sure the house-elves would find them, he noticed the Marauders Map, laying next to some crumpled up old parchments he had tossed in there a few nights back. Feeling foolishly at his tactics to take care of his things, he picked it up, and unfolded the old and solely piece of parchment.

Right as Harry was about to put it away he got another idea.

'What's the hurt of checking up on her.'

Once he made sure the parchment was thoroughly unravelled he grabbed his wand and pointed it at the middle of the parchment.

"I solemnly swear that I am up to no good."

Harry watched as the map unravelled itself into the form of Hogwarts.

He scanned the Map carefully through the corridors and classrooms looking for any sign of a 'Potter' over it.

That's when he spotted Hayley. She was sitting in the Great Hall, but the dot Harry saw sitting next to her --

"Oh well excuse me Ron for not being a dolt and not caring about my school work!"

"School work! Hermione please you do more work now, you could be retired by the age of twenty-two."

"Oh right, because I don't play Quidditch, and waste my time over such silly things that my school work -- Harry what's wrong?"

Harry ran back towards his doers, and threw the parchment inside, not caring at the moment if it got even more ravelled up.

"Harry where are you going?" asked Hermione as she spotted Harry walking towards the dormitory, and slamming the door behind him.

"Ron get the map!" said Hermione, gesturing Ron towards Harry's beside cabinet again.

Ron looked like he wanted nothing more to do then follow Harry, but curiosity taking over him, did as he was told.

Once he pulled the parchment out, and set it on the bed beside him, Hermione leaned over to catch a glimpse of it also.

"Oh my --" said Hermione, putting a hand over her mouth after she spotted clearly what Harry had.

"What I don't see anything," said Ron scanning the map furiously with his nose a inch away from the parchment.

"Here! Do you see it!" said Hermione pointing her index finger towards the two dots.

One labelled 'Hayley Potter,' the other none other then 'Draco Malfoy.'

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Hayley lay still as a bored, still deep within but softly drifting away from her slumber.

She had, had another dream last night that hadn't haunted or played with her mind since she arrived here three weeks previous.

This dream had probably been a new one to Hayley for quite some time now.

Hayley rolled over to her side, as she felt the moon cross over her pale features. She tried to close her eyes, inveigle trying to get the picture of the laughing red head out of her mind.

Usually Hayley's dreams consisted of just a man and a women. But this last one, has been with the same man and women, but two babies as well. The most frighten one she had, had in a while had been the one where both the man and women died, along with there baby.

This dream had probably been the happiest one she has seen in a while. There were no murders, no screaming dying people begging for there lives to be taken. Just the same red-head and black-haired man, and there two babies.

Hayley glanced back up at her side table clock and sighed with frustration.

5:27 AM

She glanced over at Hermione sound asleep towards her right. Sighing with contempt at how peaceful she looked, she glanced over to her left where Lavender laid.

Throwing the covers off her, Hayley got out and grabbed her bed-time robe, and bent over to grab her shower bag.

'Nothing like a warm shower to wake you up in the morning.'

Hayley made sure she had her towel, and her new robes for the day along with her shower bag before heading out of the dormitory.

She felt for some reason extremely light headed as she walked. Maybe it was aftermath of her scar last night. It had been twigging her and slightly keeping her up past the time she needed to be far into sleep poetical.

"Fortuna Fire," muttered Hayley to the girls' washroom portrait. The troll smiled sweetly down at her, before opening up to her.

Hayley stepped inside, shiver at how little heat the bathroom had consumed during the night.

She walked over towards the shower stalls, before setting her bag down and turning the water onto 'hot' before stepping inside.

She pulled out her brush, and she laid down her robes for the day. Making sure she hadn't forgotten her knickers she pulled those out and set them upon her clothes.

Grabbing her towel she set that beside herself before reaching up to un- button her night grown.

She pulled the fabric off of herself before setting it within her bag. Hayley turned and grabbed the towel that still laid beside her, and wrapped herself up in within its cotton material.

Heading back towards the shower Hayley threw the towel up above her, before stepping inside the cubic centre.

She sighed with bliss and she felt the warm water run down her long raven hair that laid wet sprawled out over her shoulders.

After a long shower, which contained, four washing over her body, and two shampoo flavourings before finally stepping out.

Once Hayley stepped out, she could tell she may have been in the shower a little longer then she should have been. For one the whole entire bathroom was filled with fog, and for two the clock now read:

6:23 AM

Sighing, Hayley flipped her hair over her head, then proceeded to wrap its wet raven locks tight within the cotton wool of her towel.

After Hayley was fully dressed, teeth brushed, she started to pack all of her other remains of disregards into her bag. She then reached up to grab the towel off of her head, and let her still wet raven locks fall over her shoulders.

She grabbed her brush, and proceeded to work through its tricky spots where the hair hadn't been brushed properly. After setting it in a low pony tail, she then threw her towel back into her bag.

Hayley then began to make her way towards the door, clearly and evidently ready to

give into her stomachs pleading grieves of hunger.

When she stepped out into the chilly hallway she shivered again at how little the school loved to consume its energy to keep its warmth in the stone corridors.

Hayley then began to walk back up towards the Gryffindor Common Room. She sighed after she felt the tiredness leak back into her eyes. She knew she couldn't keep doing this every morning. But then again who says she could help the dreams that love to taunt her during her slumber presence.

"Frisbee Wiznets," muttered Hayley to sleeping Fat Lady.

Without noticing Hayley's presence she still opened her frame to welcome her in.

Hayley walked in and sighed with relief when she noticed that there were no students up yet.

Feeling incredibly lazy and retaining more attention towards her stomachs pleas, she just threw her bag down next to her. Not even bothering to return it back up, towards her trunk.

She turned and started heading back out towards the portrait. She seemed in a daze as she walked. Hayley usually did this often when she was left alone to ponder her thoughts. She had been here already for three weeks. Three weeks seemingly flying by in a blur.

Hayley and Hermione were becoming the best of friends, if not they weren't already since the day Hermione had introduced herself towards Hayley. Hayley and Ron, well in Hayley's opinion were becoming more and more closer then usual. Since that incident at the lake, he had been nothing but sweet and gently towards her. And Harry. Well Hayley didn't know what to say there. At times he seemed he wanted nothing to do with her, but other times he seemed like he needed to guard her from place to place with as much security he could offer. Hayley still had the distant feeling that he was still hopped up on the Malfoy plaque three weeks ago.

It had been already three weeks here, and not once has Hayley spoken to Malfoy since the night of her arrival. Ever since then, she was merely becoming less interested in him, knowing Harry would never get off her case if she did talk to him.

Hayley slowly began to descend down the stairs of the castle. Holding the railings tightly in case her sleep slumber decided to show its presence as she walked. She reached up and pulled her hair out of its pony tail.

Hayley flipped her hand throw her hair; making sure it fell over her shoulders in the exact way she wanted it to. She was in a immense mood for coffee, rather then tea this morning. And already knowing the school habits, probably very little students would be in the Great Hall this earlier in the morning.

Hayley slowly walk into the Great Hall, and instantly began scanning it for anyone she might know.

'No one.'

Sighing with relief, she began to make her way over towards the new table that she was welcomed into three weeks previous.

Sitting down, she tired to stifle her short yawn that escaped her lips.

Hayley slightly moaned in agony as she felt her tired aching muscles above her shoulder to apply to the rest of her bodies aching pains. Her head hurt, her limbs, and now her back.

She glanced up towards the teachers table, and then proceeded to roll her eyes in the back of her head.

'Even the bloody teachers aren't up at this time!'

"I know how you feel," drawled a cold voice behind her.

Hayley instinct taking over, turned around immediately, but regretting it along the way as she felt her neck crack at her fast reflexes.

Draco smiled down at her as she began to rub her sore neck.

"Mind if I sit?"

Hayley looked up at him confused for a moment. She had long ago gotten over the 'puppy-dog' face she usual had on her face when his presence was around her. Hearing enough of him from Ron and Hermione had giving her second ideas towards him.

"Sure," shrugged Hayley, turning back around towards her coffee.

She felt Draco sit slowly next to her. A little to close in her opinion. Trying to divert him away from her, she reached over slightly and reached for the coffee cauldron to her right. After she grabbed it, that's when she sat back down, although a little farther then Draco would have like.

"Why are you up so earlier," he asked. Hayley despite her attempt to try and not talk to him, knew she was going to give in no matter what.

She turned towards him while pouring her coffee carefully into her mug, before setting the cauldron back down beside her.

"I couldn't sleep."

Draco nodded slowly at her statement.

Hayley watched as his eyes began to return back to his own table. Hayley followed his eyes over until they landed on the group Draco consider his 'friends.'

They were all giving Hayley looks of deep desire, and some of them giving Draco looks of smirks and smiles. Hayley turned her eyes away from them. Now knowing where this conversation was heading.

"Ignore them," said Draco turning back towards her.

Hayley didn't even bother shaking her head as she heard him speak. She just sipped her coffee quietly, feeling the warmth of the liquid fill her tired aching body.

"So where's the dream team?" asked Draco in a mocking voice.

"Pardon?" asked Hayley eyeing him with a look of confusion.

"Oh -- right, your friends with them, I mean Mud -- Granger, Weasley, and Potter."

Hayley tried to hold in her giggles. She could now see why Harry loved to glare every time Malfoy was even in the same room as himself.

"Still asleep," muttered Hayley again, picking up her mug and sipping it quietly to herself; while staring off into nothing.

"I can only image what they've told you about me," said Draco. His voice seemed to be in the sympathy tone, something Hayley was clearly not buying.

She still didn't bother answering him. She just shrugged her shoulders up in a defined way.

"Look Hayley, can we just start over?" said Draco. His voice becoming in a more sympathy tone.

Hayley turned to look at him, and feeling slightly rude at her tactics for ignoring him, nodded her head weakly.

He nodded his head back at her also. Hayley took one last sip of her coffee before setting it back down beside her. Draco then took that opportunity to stand up off of the bench.

Hayley didn't even bother to watch him walk back over towards his table. Feeling extremely foolish now, she stood up also and turned back around towards him.

"Draco!"

He turned almost instantly, as if he had been expecting her to call him back towards her. He then started to walk back over towards her.

Hayley faintly caught the snickers and laughter now coming from the Slytherin table.

"Look -- I'm a little tired lately and just -- sorry," muttered Hayley, lowering her head slightly away from his eyes.

"How about a hug, and then we'll call it even," said Draco with anticipation holding in his breath.

"Okay," said Hayley lifting her head back up towards him. She held her breath as she felt Draco pull her into his arms. It wasn't what she had expected it to be, his touch was cold, and his embrace was rigid and stiff. Draco was holding Hayley close to him, a little to close in Hayley's opinion.

That's when she felt Draco's cold hands start to move away from where they were laying on Hayley's shoulders.

Hayley then felt his hands slowly start to descend down her back. Hayley breathing started coming out in short gasps as she felt his hands now at her waist. She felt trapped, isolated in a box. She had never been hugged by a boy before; beside Ron. But he had been gentle, and his hands had been kept close to her shoulders. No were near to were Draco hands were now.

Right as she felt Draco's hands began to skim down the front of her buttocks, the door to the Great Hall flew open. Hitting the walls with a definite bang, and echoing threw the Hall.

"GET YOUR HANDS OFF HER!"

Hayley was so close to Draco she couldn't turn her head towards the source of the voice. Eyes didn't matter at this point; she already had that voice memorized in her brain.

Hayley then felt Harry grab Draco off her, and throw him to the ground. After Harry made sure that Draco was far away from Hayley, he turned his back away from him and proceeded to walk over to Hayley.

"Are you alright -- did he do anything --"

"HARRY!" screamed a voice behind her.

Hayley's head spun around to seek out the voice. Instantly her eyes settled on Hermione and Ron both running in, and evidently flushed in there faces at how they had to keep up with there raven friend.

Harry turned and even Hayley didn't see Draco stand up and walk back over towards him. The minute Harry's face was in clear view of Draco's he lifted his fist up and then moved to slam it into Harry's jaw.

Hermione and Ron both screamed out as Harry stumbled backwards right into Hayley.

"What the hell POTTER!" screamed Draco, walking closer towards them and hovering over Harry.

"Ron take Hayley back to the Common Room," said Harry touching his now bleeding lip, and glaring at Draco.

"What?"

"Take her now."

"But Harry --"

"TAKE HER NOW!"

Harry then struggled to get out of Hayley's tight embrace around him that she had ensured after Harry was slammed into her.

Harry then ran forward, almost charging at Malfoy, who at that moment hadn't been expecting that as they fell to the floor in a heap of tangled bodies.

Harry then sat up away from his face, slightly straddling his hips, as he reared his fists up for more motions towards Draco's face.

Ron then walk forward, taking this as the moment to grab Hayley and go. She barely even noticed his hands grab her arms and slowly start to retreat back towards the corridor.

"HARRY STOP!" she screamed suddenly finding her voice.

Harry barely acknowledged hearing Hayley's voice and kept pumping his hands into Draco's chest and face.

"HARRY!" she screamed again and finally breaking out of Ron's strong embrace, she ran forward.

She had been right behind Harry, and ready to pull him off. That was right before Ron had charged back up to her again, caught her by the arms, and proceeded to pull her away in a fast reality motion.

"HARRY STOP IT!" screamed Hayley, thrusting against Ron's tight embrace, only to succeed in Ron tighten it.

Hayley finally feeling that her only chance to save Draco of even keeping a beautiful face, was to take fast action.

She quickly thrusted out of Ron's embrace, and turned to quickly towards him Ron couldn't have stopped her if he had tried.

Hayley then raised her hand, and with one shot sounding echo through the Great Hall, she brought it down towards Ron's face, and slapped him with all her might.

Hayley didn't take measures to see the aftermath of her pain on Ron, just proceeded to run forward again towards Harry who by now, was on the bottom of the row with Draco and himself. Draco taking the action to pummel his fists into Harry now.

Right as Hayley's hands reached Draco's blond hair; something tight seized around her waist, and started dragging her back.

Hayley kicked and fought as much as her muscles could oblige to; but she soon came to realize she could no merely escape her trap, then a child could twenty Death Eaters.

"Hayley -- will -- you - stop!"

"Ron - let - me - GO!" Ron didn't seem to be willing to obey those orders from her. Merely he just kept trying to pull her back up towards the Common Room. Hermione seemed to be in kind of "shock state" to say the least. She, reasons to the unknown, was rarely talking while Ron continued to drag Hayley.

Finally Ron pulled Hayley into an empty classroom just off the second floor.

Once Ron released her, he took numerous steps away from her, knowing all to well that Hayley might as well just start slapping again.

"What was that?" asked Hayley as she tried to calm herself in the corner of the room.

"What was what?" asked Hermione finally finding her voice and stepping forward.

"You know - Harry and Draco!"

"Hayley we told you before, they have and probably forever will hate each other, I don't know how it started but it just did," said Hermione. Her voice was in a calm manner, and astoundingly it was calming Hayley along with it.

"Hermione...." asked Hayley in a pausing tone. She didn't know how to voice her next question, but she had a feeling if she didn't do it, she would regret it later.

"What?"

"Why is Harry always like that?"

"Like what?"

"There has to be something more then just evil rivalry to set Harry off like that whenever Draco is near me."

Hayley watched while Hermione changed nervous glances with Ron, who was still keeping arms distance away from Hayley.

"I don't know what to tell you Hayley -"

"No you know don't you, why is Harry always like that?"

"We really don't know," said Ron lowering his eyes towards the ground.

"He's just been acting weirder and weirder ever since that night," said Hayley in an

audible whisper, though Hermione seemed to have caught it perfectly well as her head shot up.

"What night?"

That's when Hayley literally just wanted to curse herself. It was just then that she realized Harry and her had decided not to tell anyone about the night they snuck out. The electric shock that happened when they had shook hands was mainly Hayley's reasoning why not to.

"Nothing never mind -"

"Hayley what night!"

"Never mind its not a big deal -"

"It obviously is if it has something to do with Harry's behaviour."

Hayley, only knowing Hermione as much as she did, wouldn't let this go.

She took in a big breath, as she turned to face them. She didn't even notice Ron walk back over towards her and Hermione.

So Hayley started to talk. She told them about the weird dream she had had, while reliantly trying to recall all the presence of the dream that her mind had remembered, and evening the parts she didn't want to. Then after that meeting Harry in the Common Room.

Once she was finished talking, Hermione and Ron were pretty much in shock. Hayley didn't know if it was because they were mad at Harry for not mentioning this to them, or because of everything that had happened.

"So let me get this straight, you just shook hands and then you felt something shoot through you, and your arm hurt after that right?" asked Hermione.

"Pretty much, I don't know how to explain it, we just shook hands and then we both felt it and -"

"But what about this dream?" asked Ron.

"I already told you," said Hayley. Even if she had only explained it once, it still scared her to run over the events all over again.

"You said there were two babies right and one got out of the house and the other died?" asked Ron.

"Yes -"

"And there was two people, and they died also?"

"I only saw the women get murdered, the man was already dead I guess I don't really remember, just the man and women they looked...." Hayley trailed off from the last sentence, drifting into her own thought.

"What - what did they look like?"

Hayley looked back up at Hermione. For some reason she couldn't say it, it would probably sound like the biggest rubbish Hermione had ever heard.

"Nothing that doesn't matter."

For once she was glad when Hermione didn't start pestering her again.

"You're sure the other baby died Hayley?" asked Ron in a long tentative voice.

"I just remember a lot of green light and I woke up."

Ron seemed like something was lingering on his tongue for a moment, before he turned and leaned down into Hermione's ear. Hayley didn't catch what he was saying but she distantly heard the word 'Harry' along with it.

"Yes Ron I know all that," said Hermione pulling away from him.

"What - know all what?"

"Nothing it's not important."

"Yes it is - what is it."

"No it isn't, just something its no big deal I promise you."

"Hermione you know who that baby was now tell me who is it!"

"Hayley -- I can't."

"Yes you can I promise - I-I won't say anything to anybody just tell me -"

"It has nothing to do with that Hayley I just can't -"

Hayley never got to hear the end of Hermione's sentence. For all she knew she couldn't even see Hermione. The room has suddenly gone immensely burly, and Hayley could barely hold herself up straight.

The pain had come so fast, she couldn't even register what it was. That's when she felt it. The pain her forehead was raiding off. Like someone had just taken fire and laid it upon her skin.

She could barely hear Hermione and Ron's pleas and cries for her to respond to them. Hayley couldn't talk, she couldn't stand anymore. She felt her knees come crashing to the ground under all the pain in her forehead.

She could distantly hear Hermione rambling at her, but none of it was making sense.

"HAYLEY! HAYLEY WHATS HAPPENING!"

Even if Hayley couldn't see around her, she could still feel, along with the pain torturing her mind. She could feel hot fresh tears running down her cheeks.

"RON IT'S HER SCAR, LOOK - IT'S BURNING RED!"

Hayley couldn't feel anything around her. She felt like everything was sinking in towards her, like she was trapped. Her scar pounding into her head, attempting to sink beneath the skin that lay there.

"HAYLEY CAN YOU HEAR ME!"

Hayley could hear her, but she couldn't respond.

"RON GO FIND HARRY NOW!" was the last thing Hayley heard before blackness engulfed her, as she hit the floor with a silent thud.

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(Fifteen Minutes previous)

Harry felt his knees starting to give way as he felt yet another fist slam across his blooded cheek.

He wouldn't fall. He wouldn't surrender to the fight he started. He raised his head back up, trying to blink the blood out of his eyes, as he stared back at the beaten and bloody face of Draco Malfoy.

Harry raised his head and wiped off the blooded essence lingering off his bottom lip. He could barely see Draco through his shattered glasses but he could still make out where he was.

"If its pain you want Potter its pain you'll get."

Harry didn't have to register what he had meant. He saw Draco start to proceed back towards him. The Slytherins standing behind him now, who had somehow joined in as a circle around the two boys earlier on during the fight. Draco had to yell at them to keep back and not for any reason to jump in and help him.

Harry had the feeling that Draco didn't want to give off the impression during the fight, that he was wussing out and was resulting to ordering his hound dogs on Harry.

Once Draco was even three feet from within him, Harry proceeding to hit him again. Sending them both to the ground in blooded heaps.

Harry didn't waste any time savouring the fact that Draco was beneath him, and he

was taking in as much as he could to punch him in every body point his brain would send his hands to.

Draco was obviously used to Muggle-Fighting tactics, and was very quick with his hands as they came up and cupped them tight around Harry's neck.

Harry could feel the pressure of his hands squeezing into his flesh, and he could feel his breathing being block from reaching the hem of his mouth.

Harry knowing Draco was about to win this part if he didn't act quickly, starting lifting somewhat of his body off Draco's. Not so much that Draco could take advantage of this move, and kick him off, but far enough off to keep a still hold on him. Harry lifted back his left knee just a few feet into the air and proceeded to bring it back down and slam it right between Draco's legs, or more seemingly onto his groin.

That suddenly seemed to get Draco to do two things at once: one let go of Harry, and two, start coughing rapidly and have to turn onto his side to cough up the blood from within his mouth.

Harry took this opportunity to stand up fast, and start taking a hold of this fight.

He started kicking Draco everywhere, and was pleased to hear the sudden cracks that were emerging from his body.

Harry knew that any of the Slytherins present wouldn't be thick enough to take a hold of him and fight him.

Draco had made it quite clear to them after the third punch, that this was his fight and for them to stay back or they would regret it. Not to mention the fact that it would seem very un-Slytherinish to have another mate help out another during a fight, which he claimed as his.

Right as Harry was about to slam his foot back into the same spot he heard the cracks coming from, he heard the doors to the Great Hall slam open and in came running Professor Dumbledore, McGonagall, and Snape.

"MR. POTTER - MR. MALFOY STOP!"

Harry didn't even notice when Draco had reached around and grabbed his legs. Causing him to fall straight to the floor and letting Draco have another clear shot of his face.

It took both Snape, and McGonagall to pull Draco off of Harry, but they finally succeeded. Though once Draco was standing it was quite obvious to the viewer eyes' that the kicking Harry had submitted him to earlier, was taking its toll on him.

"You two," - said Professor McGonagall pointing between Harry and Draco. "Head Master's office - RIGHT NOW!"

Since it was only the Slytherins present at the moment Snape had ordered them all

back to there breakfasts.

As Harry walked he could practically hear Professor Snape carrying Draco out of the hall. He couldn't suppress the smirk playing his face as he kept hearing the whimpering after each step, and Harry being none the wiser, knew that he wasn't faking it.

It took Harry seemingly a quick amount of time to reach the Head Master office. But as he turned to face Snape and Draco, he really had to fight control of his face muscle from contracting into a smirk.

Harry was in such a bliss mode, despite the feeling in his nose and chin, and the blood still pouring from both body parts, he didn't even hear Dumbledore muttered the password.

Harry proceeded up the stairs second, behind Professor McGonagall.

As Harry watched her hold the door open for him, he could almost feel her anger running off her towards him, and suddenly the blissful feeling of almost making Draco Malfoy cry, was fading away quite fast, uniquely as fast as the blood running off his face, and hitting the floor in soft 'thumps'.

"Sit," order Professor McGonagall to Harry.

He was somewhat glad that Snape couldn't give him the same manner tone as Professor McGonagall was, but once again he had to fight the smirk that lay beneath his cheeks after he realized that Malfoy would must defiantly have to.

Harry watch as Snape gently set Draco into the chair next to him, and Professor Dumbledore make his way around to his desk.

"Never, in all my years as Head Master have I ever seen a fight corrupt like the show you two just put on."

Harry was only half listening, putting enough facial expression on his face to make it look like he was, but pretty much to him it was Dumbledore just rambling again.

"What in Merlin possessed you two to make such a scene!" hissed Professor McGonagall behind the desk.

"Potter just came up and hit me Professor," murmured Draco, trying his best to sit up slowly in his chair.

"WHAT, I only hit you because you were groping my - I mean Hayley!"

"Groping?" asked Professor McGonagall from behind the desk. Her eyebrows were arched and her eyes looked to be confused.

"WHAT, I WOULD DO NO SUCH THING, I WAS ONLY HUGGING HER!"

"SLIENCE!"

Both Harry and Draco turned towards the voice.

"Thank you Severus," said Dumbledore in a calming manner. Taking in a deep breath before continuing with:

"Now Severus would you be so kind to take your student outside, while Professor McGonagall and I talk with Mr. Potter here."

Snape walked forward and tried to help Draco out of his sit, but stopped suddenly after he heard the whimpering Draco was enforcing.

"Broking ribs Albus," said Snape looking back up at Dumbledore.

"Then proceed to take him to the Hospital wing, I shall be there in a few short minutes."

Snape nodded and bent back over to retrieve the task of picking Draco up out of his chair.

Once Harry heard the door close softly behind him, he knew he was in for it.

"Well Potter," started Professor McGonagall. "Explain."

Suddenly it dawned on Harry that he didn't know what to say. Sure he was happy he caused the pain Draco was now limping with, but in all actually reality he had started the fight.

"Harry," came Professor Dumbledore voice.

He looked up as emerald orbs met tired blue.

"Did you hit Mr. Malfoy because he hugged your sister?"

Harry nodded slowly, not really sure what other kind of emotion he should show.

He then heard Dumbledore take in a considering amount of breath, and Harry watched him as he brought his hand up and began to massage his tired eyes.

"It's not even ten and I've already have to deal with this," he chuckled from behind his desk.

Harry let a small smile cross his face. As his lips met he could feel the now dry blood lingering off of the scrapped up skin.

"Harry, I must admit, I am very proud of you these previous weeks."

If Harry didn't feel surprised by that, his expression sure showed it as he looked back up at the Head Master.

"Sir..."

"You've coped with this over three weeks now, and I am most proud to admit that Ms. Glenwood is much happier then from what her mother had told me while she lived at home."

"I don't understand -"

"But," interrupted Dumbledore. "Mr. Malfoy hugs her and you pretty much loose control am I correct?"

Harry solemnly nodded his head once again. Knowing his voice probably wouldn't make much of a difference to what was coming.

"Potter you can't just walk around the school hitting your classmates because of silly reasons," said McGonagall.

"But it wasn't a silly reason Professor -"

"I don't want to hear excuses, your punishment will have to be a month worth of detention -"

"But Professor -"

"No buts Potter, do you not remember the last time you and Mr. Malfoy got into it. You ended up with a life time bang away from Quidditch, and as I most sadly don't want to admit it, if this continues I will have to put up the same barriers."

Harry didn't say anything after that. A month worth of detention sounded beautiful compared to a life time bang of Quidditch.

"You may leave Harry, but please try to take in consideration that if you keep up acts like that, Hayley will probably find out -"

"Professor?" interrupted Harry, raising his head a bit to stare at the tired Professor.

"Yes Harry?"

"Why can't she found out?"

"Because Harry, if Voldemort happened to find out, then it will put you in more danger then before -"

"I don't care about danger anymore, I don't care if Voldemort right now showed up here demanding to take me, and I don't anymore!"

"Please keep your voice down Harry."

Harry slowly stood from his chair.

"May I go?"

"Of coarse, but please take in mind what Professor McGonagall said. Oh and I don't want you going to classes today, I want you to stay in bed. I could ask Madam Pomfrey to mend those wounds but I think you'd be missing your lesson in this incident."

Harry only nodded his head, then turning his back on them he proceeded to walk towards the door.

"Wait Harry," said Dumbledore behind him. "I will have to inform Mr. Black of this incident being as he is your godfather, and you will have to meet with Professor McGonagall for your punishments....."

Once the door was closed, Harry let out a huge sigh he didn't realize he had been holding.

Raising his hands, he tried to clear off the rest of the blood still plastered to his face. He shuddered as his fingers fingered his nose where Draco had hit him.

Harry turned and began making his way back down the steps. He wasn't at all in the mood to go back to the Common Room. Knowing all to well, that after Harry was done getting the third degree from Hermione, he would have to put up with Hayley.

'She'll never know, no one will ever tell her. She'll grow up still being none the wiser - '

Harry fell doubled over as he felt something hit his head. He couldn't see anything. The corridor had suddenly gone all burly. Harry reached his hands up to rub his forehead where he felt the pain emerging from, and that's when he realized it was his scar.

It was hurting so back Harry could have sworn he heard it sizzling.

He couldn't stand anymore, and that's when he felt the pain in his knees as they came slamming into the stone corridor.

He couldn't breath, he couldn't see, his eyes were shutting down, he felt trapped.

He tried to stand, but he couldn't even see where he was leading himself. He tried crawling around feeling for anything to help support him, but he couldn't find anything. He tried to open his eyes but the pain was preventing him.

"HARRY!" said voice behind him.

Harry couldn't make out the voice, but he could most defiantly make out the faint mess of red hair.

"HARRY - HARRY CAN YOU HEAR ME?"

Harry tried to respond but his vocal cords wouldn't let him.

"God your scar is bright red also," he heard Ron muttered.

"Harry try to stand up c'mon," said Ron putting one hand between his arms.

Harry couldn't feel his legs. He didn't know what was happening, all he remembered was looking at Ron before he completely black out.

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"Do you think they'll wake up tonight?"

"I should hope so Madam Pomfrey said Harry will but she didn't know about Hayley, where did you find Harry again?"

"Three classrooms down from Professor Dumbledore's office."

"God look at his face, Malfoy got him good."

"Malfoy's got two cracked ribs Hermione, and Harry just got a few cuts."

"Yes, but don't you find it weird that they both felt there scars at the same time."

Harry could hear voices around him. He involuntary brought his hands up towards his forehead.

The pain had been so bad; he could still feel it lingering inside his forehead, bringing on with it, a strong headache.

"Harry - Harry can you hear me?"

Harry knew that voice he could identify it anywhere, even in a crowd of fifty pupils if he had to.

"What happened," he whispered. Even his voice was hard and rough.

"Ron found you and you just passed out."

Harry opened his eyes slowly, the light from the room told him immediately he was in his dormitory and lying in his bed.

Everything was still blurry, and that's when it dawned on Harry that he didn't have his glasses on.

Harry saw the burly form of Hermione lean over and grab them off his bedside cabinet and hand them to him.

He slipped them on, trying to sit up as he did so.

"I fixed them for you," said Hermione gesturing towards his glasses.

As Harry looked around he could see his glasses were much cleaner and not one bit scratched from where Draco's hands had hit him.

"Harry why did you fight him?" asked Hermione her eyes examining over his beaten face.

"C'mon it can't be that bad can it?" he whispered. Trying to clear out the roughness still trapped beneath his throat.

"Well you have a swollen lip, and a black eye."

"Well I'm not in the hospital wing like Malfoy so I don't care."

Harry brought his hands up to massage his eyes. He could clearly see what Hermione had meant by a black eye. His eye stung when his fingers even touched it.

When he brought his hands back down he saw that Hermione was staring at him with a sympathy look, but when Harry look at Ron, his eyes were staring towards the bed next to Harry.

"Ron?" asked Harry in a tentative voice.

Ron didn't even so much take in consideration to the fact that Harry had spoken to him. Harry getting curious followed his gaze over towards the window and that's when he gasped out. His eyes running over the form of his sister lying on Ron's bed. The sun giving her body an eerier glow.

"What happened?"

Hayley didn't look anything like Harry did. But as he looked on her forehead where her scar lay, he could see that it wasn't the colour of her skin. It was a pink-reddish colour.

"Remember when your scar hurt before you passed out?" asked Ron taking his eyes off Hayley and turning them back to Harry.

He nodded slowly still not taking his eyes off Hayley's sleeping form.

"Well Hayley's hurt her to, and she passed out along with you."

"Is she okay?"

"She's fine Harry, she just sleeping, all though you've both been sleeping for four hours now," said Hermione.

"Did you guys go to classes?"

"Its lunch time right now Harry, and no we didn't go, but I'll tell you Hayley really scared me, she couldn't breath, her scar was like this blood colour red," said Hermione, Harry could almost see the panic in her face.

"Does anybody know about this?" asked Harry turning back towards Hayley.

"Professor Dumbledore and Madame Pomfrey."

"Dumbledore, but -"

"Harry we had to tell him, Ron said your scar was just as red as Hayley's was, and neither of you could barely breath," said Hermione.

"What did Pomfrey do?"

"Just checked you two out really, she said you were both fine but were going to sleep a lot, and that your scars are going to be that colour for a couple of hours," said Ron.

"What did Dumbledore say about it?"

"That we had to make sure you two were in the same room together for some reason, though he wouldn't tell us why," said Hermione.

"I've never felt it hurt that bad before," said Harry mainly to himself then to the three other occupants in the room.

"Harry he also didn't know why it hurt both of you at the same time, but he said he had a pretty good idea, and oh before I forget someone sent you this," said Hermione reaching into her robes and pulling out a letter.

She handed it to him, and that's when Harry noticed it hadn't been opened yet.

He took the letter from her and ripped the envelope open. He wasn't dumb; there could be only one person who would send him a letter at two in the afternoon.

He took the parchment out, and scanned the letter. He was surprised to see only seven letters written on it. Turning it over he scanned the back only to find it was blank. Harry turned the parchment over and read the seven words.

'Meet me in our spot at one.'

"It's Sirius -- he wants us to meet him at one in the Common Room," said Harry setting the letter on his bedside cabinet.

"Then we'll have to wait till one then," said Ron, glancing back over towards Hayley who still laid sound asleep on his bed.

Harry looked back over towards her also.

After Ron and Hermione had left, saying they were going to go grab some tea for

them in the kitchen and bring him back a cup. During the time in which, Harry had gazed over his sister. He hadn't really taken in the time to actually acknowledge how much they really looked like each other.

They had there dads hair, there mums eyes, and both skinny forms. Only Harry was guessing Hayley didn't get hers from being starved as a child.

Hayley had slept all through the night, and Harry still watch over her through most of the night. Ron had taken the couch in the Common Room to let her sleep. And there dorm-mates didn't seem to mind the fact that there was an unconscious girl sleeping in there dormitory.

Hayley didn't even wake up till lunch the next day.

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## The past never leaves part two....

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As if to make this month time travel more true, and actually in reality someone had bewitched the clocks, the last week of November seemed to last only a day as the last seven seemed to pour on faster then water running down hills.

The first day of December was not only greeted with one of the latest snow storms, but also the heaviest Hogwarts has seen in all six years of its students attending.

Christmas would be arriving in less then twenty-five days, and that brought more of a relaxing and tingling feeling to Hayley ever time she thought about it.

Today at this exact moment, Hayley felt giddy at the fact of she had already made it through her first month of her first school. And coming out along with it, three of the greatest friends Hayley could have ever dreamt of, and also other great friends along its path.

After the whole Malfoy incident that occurred the week previous, Hayley had never felt safer in her life as she did right now.

She had to admit, she did feel somewhat guilty when she had found out Harry's punishment (a month of detentions) but then again she smiled when she found out why Harry had been given those detentions.

As if to make the smile on her face broaden every time she remembered the actual fact of, at this very moment Draco Malfoy was lying in the Hospital Wing, splintering two broken ribs.

But then again that happy smile would fade away right after the thought of that night came back to her. She couldn't, for the life of her, remember what had happened after Ron had dragged her away from the scene.

She remembered bits and pieces but other then that, she didn't remember a clue. She could barely bring back memories of her head hurting, but other then that it was a mystery to the sixteen year old.

It also didn't deepen her smile as she remembered her parents' owl that she had retrieved two days earlier.

The letter had sounded more demanding then welcoming in Hayley's opinion. Apparently her parents' had missed her a little too much, but the letter did seem sincere in ways the viewer's eye couldn't see. But Hayley didn't like to lie, she never did, so then she would be lying if she said she wanted to go home for Christmas.

She didn't want to leave the place she had made her home in the last month. She didn't want to leave her three great friends, and she certainly didn't want to leave, scared more to the thought of her parents never letting her come back after missing her so

much.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione never spoke of Christmas in front of her, and Hayley could only guess it was because they didn't want to make her feel bad. Hayley had already told Hermione of her worrying thoughts. That was the only assumptions she could make.

Hayley wasn't dumb, far from it in fact. She already guessed that Harry would be going home with Ron for Christmas, and that Hermione would be meeting them later on during the holiday. It wasn't that hard of a guess even though Harry never spoke of his relatives in front of Hayley, it wasn't hard to detect he hated them. It was like a vibe feeling Hayley would get every time she was near him, which lately was a lot.

The Malfoy incident once again left unknown marks on Hayley, which she still didn't have a clue in the world to knowing but she still saw it.

Harry, Ron, and now Hermione were making sure she was either with one of them before leaving the Common Room or wondering around the castle on her own free will. Hayley had been told of these measures the afternoon she had woken up from a very weird dream a week ago. According to Ron's words ("They won't stop till one of them gets you in the sack") she had to keep to these measures for her own safety and she felt safer with them. Besides that, Harry's own bruises were now fully showing, and he had come out with a black eye and a swollen lip.

But one thing Hayley was started to come to terms with was seeing Harry ensuring all these safety reasons. Hayley already figured out he didn't like her, it was one of those vibe feelings she would feel around him. That was her first guess as to why Harry was doing all this, but then that was quickly smashed after she had seen how much he cared for Hermione, but then why was he going so far for her own safety. Even after he had only known her a month?

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Harry sat, sitting on his favourite leather chair in the Gryffindor Common Room.

This week had flown by, that wasn't an opinion but a fact. The work piling up was getting to be unbearable, and even Hermione was up to her knees in work, and prefect duties along with Ron. Leaving Harry a lot of time to spend with Hayley.

Usually they were doing work, other times they were just talking, but mostly Harry just enjoyed her presence. It wasn't the kind of presence he would get from Ron, like a best-friend, you can trust me, presence, and certainly not a Hermione presence, were Harry had to control himself from kissing her all the time, but a reassuring presence.

The talk he had with Sirius a week ago was still lingering in his mind, and it wasn't helping him in the least bit. If Sirius hadn't made sure Hayley wouldn't be walking around the school without Harry with her, he finally chilled out a bit. What surprised Harry the most was he hadn't even seen Hayley yet, and he was still talking about her like she was his own daughter.

Harry made a special note to thank Remus when he would see him at the Order this Christmas. If Remus hadn't had taken Sirius from the fire-place, he would have probably stayed there all night listening to details about his goddaughter, and probably wake up the whole Gryffindor Tower at how loud he had been yelling.

Christmas. Harry had a cringing feeling every time he thought about it. He didn't want to leave Hayley for two weeks. Worried that she might not return, but then again he was looking very anxious to seeing his godfather, Remus, and all the Weasleys' again. This would be his second Christmas spent at the Order, but in all honesty's twists, he wanted Hayley there with him.

Maybe seeing Sirius meet Hayley for the first time. That could be the happiest Christmas present Harry could have ever asked for. But he knew it couldn't happen.

One of the reasons why he asked Hermione and Ron not to bring up Christmas around Hayley. Harry could feel it, that she wanted to go home with them also. Harry could tell she was acting lightly depressed lately, and not paying the best attention in class, and Harry assumed she wasn't sleeping well either. She was having more dreams of there family was Harry's guess. It wasn't hard to figure out. Why Hayley would always look at him weird after certain mornings, and keep quiet about how she slept that night. Of coarse Harry didn't dare tell a soul he knew about this.

That was his only guess as to why Hayley was acting like this now, as all four of them sat alone in the Common Room doing nothing else then there work.

All the other students had already headed up to bed, and it was far past the time that Harry should be in sleeps grace also. But given the fact that it was a Friday and he didn't want work over the weekend, he would stay up all night if he had to finish this.

Hermione was at the moment studying and making her time useful and Ron was working on his Transfiguration essay which had been assigned to write about how the first medi-witch had been discovered, Harry was working on his Divination homework, and Hayley as well.

Harry tried sneaking peaks at her through his bangs, but came to realize he was being too obvious with it, and he really needed to finish this damn essay.

He heard Hayley sigh with annoyance across the room to where she sat on the couch, and that's when Harry decided another sneak wouldn't hurt anyone. As he looked up he saw that Hayley also gave up on the essay and was currently staring out the window, almost half wishing to be out there. Harry followed her gaze as it landed on the window also. Snow was falling so heavy that the grounds tomorrow would probably be so deep; students would most assumingly not spend a minute inside the castle. Something Harry was planning on doing.

Harry turned his eyes away from the window and placed them back on Hayley. She didn't seem to notice his gazing and was currently wrapped up in her own thoughts. Harry only half wishing he knew what they were. After watching her a little while longer, he started to see she looked sad about something. Harry could distantly catch the view of her scar poking out from underneath her hairline framing her face, and

that's when he felt another stabbing pull at his stomach.

He had known Hayley a full month now, but he was also great full she still hadn't seen his scar during those days. Harry had been doing quite a fine job at hiding it around her, and for the first time in his life, he thanked his unruly mess of hair for covering it so well.

He also was extremely thank full that Hayley, like Hermione always wore her hair down, and Harry had to admit Hermione had been doing a fine job with the ("You look so pretty with your hair down and having it frame your face") lectures towards Hayley. But one of the reasons he wanted to be so close to her was because he wanted to be near her incase her scar decided now was the moment to make an appearance and show itself, and then you would have the students jumping to assumptions and all hell would break loose.

Harry watched a little while longer as he saw Hayley set her books down beside her and lean back and stretch her sore muscles. Taking this as the time to stop staring he turned his eyes towards Ron who had been sitting next to her. He was working furiously and looked to be thinking extremely hard. Maybe he was tired, or really wanted to finish his essay Harry didn't know.

Looking over to his right he saw Hermione. She seemed to be falling asleep in her chair while trying to read a book half the size of Harry's head. Harry could tell if she didn't go to bed soon she would be sleeping here tonight.

Taking his chances again he glanced back over towards Hayley. She was slouched back on the couch and still staring out the window with a longing look.

Harry didn't think he could take the silence anymore, and if someone didn't talk soon he would more then likely fall asleep as well. Turning towards the clock he let out a silent sigh of relief, at the fact that he had gotten almost all his work down in the two hours they had been working. They started at eleven and now the clock read:

1:43 AM

Turning back towards Hayley he decided he'd start the conversation then with her.

"Hayley you alright?"

It was like Hayley's brain had predicted Harry doing this, as if it had been planed all along, but almost instantly she turned her eyes and emerald locked with emerald.

She nodded weakly at him before returning back towards her parchment beside her.

"Just tired I guess," she said stuffing her books back into her bag, Harry could tell she was probably more tired then he was. Being this, has been the most exhausting month of the year.

"Finished the essay yet?" asked Hermione poking her head out from behind her book. Her eyes look like they were being forced to stay open.

"No I have one more paragraph to do, but I'm more then likely to fall asleep here if I keep doing it," said Hayley standing up off the couch and stretching back and neck.

"Are you headed up to bed soon Hermione?" asked Hayley throwing her bag over her shoulder and staring at the trio before her.

"Yeah - yeah I'll be right up in few," said Hermione, rubbing her tired eyes from behind her book.

Hayley nodded to her response.

"Okay night Ron -- Harry," said Hayley, then turning her back on them and proceeded to walk over towards the sixth year girls dormitory door.

After Ron and Harry both said there "G'nights," Harry watched her walk, and then disappearing within the blackness of the stone hallway leading up towards her bed. He sighed loudly with frustration before turning back towards his unfinished essay.

'Merlin this Christmas is going to be hard.'

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Once Hayley even reached the dormitory she was slouched over, tired slaying through her body, begging her brain for sleep. She opened the door as quietly as she could, and then peeking in to make sure everyone was sound asleep, she then proceeded to walk over towards her bed.

Setting her bag down, she unclipped her cloak and set it gently down beside her. Then kicking off her shoes. She didn't even bother taking off her uniform as she climbed into bed, pulling the blankets up around her neck. Sighing with bliss as the warmness engulfed her body, resulting in bringing her farther into sleeps grace. But tonight, was the night Hayley's brain was taking a different route....

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In the corpse of mid-day, with the sun setting over the hills of London, sat a house in the middle of its overgrown shadow. Inside the house sat two elderly people, who must have looked to be around the age of fifty or so.

Both of which were reading copies of the Daily Prophet, and drinking warm strawberry tea, while sitting on there old but still brined couch.

The man set down his paper over his lap, then leaned over to the table that lay next to his left. Reaching for his tea he slowly took a sip, trying not to burn his tongue in the process.

After setting down the overheated mug, he then lifted his shirt sleeve to re-check the mini clock that hung over his wrist.

"Arnold will you please stop checking your watch, they'll be here any minute, you know Lily is never late," said the elder woman to his right. In the process of not burning himself with his tea, the man didn't even notice the woman set down her paper, which now lay sprawled out over her legs.

"I know Silvia, but I'm just anxious to see the babies, we haven't seen them since -- well you know Lily's parents funeral," responded the man, his voice suddenly going from anxious to sadness in the course of ten seconds.

"Now - don't you dare bring that up around her, Merlin knows with her at home most of the day and the twins need looking after, she doesn't need that still hanging on her shoulders, but - god rest there souls," said the woman, rubbing at her tired eyes.

As if to answer that pray, the doorbell sounded off, echoing through the halls with a defining bell.

"OOO there here, now Arnold, don't bring it up -- alright," said the woman with a stern silence cutting through her voice.

"Alright, alright I'll get the door," said the man, pushing himself off the couch, and arching his back before heading to the door.

He gripped the handle tightly, then turning the gold held beneath his grip, he opened the door.

"Dad!" greeted the man behind the door.

"James it's great to see you," said the man, embracing his son like good buddies would do after meeting each other.

"Where's mum?" asked the younger man pulling away from the embrace and now scanning the room for any sign of the elder woman.

"Oh she's in the kitchen, but where are my grandchildren?" asked the elder man now scanning the grounds in front of his house. The younger man laughed a little at the elder before slapping him gently on the shoulder.

"Lily's just getting the diaper bag," he said as he stepped into the house.

"MUM!" he yelled.

"Right here love," said the elder woman from the kitchen as she stepped through the swinging door.

"Oh it's good to see you," said the younger man, embracing his mother as well as he did his father, who was still standing by the door, scanning the ground, impersonating a guard dog.

"I've missed you so much James, you being locked up in that house all the time just isn't the same."

"Mum, if I could change it you know I would, but it's for our safety Dumbledore -"

"I don't wanna talk about it - not today," said the woman waving her hands up in the air silencing her son.

The younger man nodded his head before turning back towards his father.

"LILY!" screamed the elder man from within the house. The man then practically ran outside, looking like a child hyped on candy.

The younger man turned back towards his mother, trying to put a smile on his face.

"Well how are you then?" asked the elder woman.

"I'm fine, I may be locked in a house all day, but the twins are crawling now and it's quite exhausting."

"There crawling, oh Merlin I want to see this, four months away from my grandchildren is just too long."

Right on cue of that last statement, the elder man proceeded to walk back within the house, although he wasn't walking free, he was holding up what looked to be a basinet.

After he was out of clear view from the door, in stepped a red-haired bright green eyed woman, behind him.

But once again she wasn't single handing either.

In both her arms, lay two bundles of blankets. One pink, the other blue.

"LILY DEAR!" yelled the elder woman. The younger one looked up and a huge smile spread across her face.

"Silvia, ooo it's great to see you again," said the younger woman, kissing her lightly on the cheek.

"Oh my word, these can't be the babies I saw only four months ago," said the elder woman peeking into the blankets that were blue.

"Yup these are them, little hellions now," laughed the younger woman.

The younger man stared at them for a few more seconds before walking over and taking the blankets of pink and cradling it within his arms.

The younger man pulled back the blanket and inside the bundle laid an eight month old baby girl.

"Oh she is just gorgeous, may I hold her?" asked the elder woman, excitement dripping from her voice.

"Silvia she is your granddaughter, you don't need to ask," laughed the younger woman, as the younger man placed the bundle within the elder woman's crooked arm.

"Here Arnold," said the younger woman walking over and placing the blankets of blue within the crooked arm of the elder man.

"Oh my stars, it's an exact copy of James," he said in a mocking tone.

"Little Hayley over here isn't much different," said the elder woman across the room.

"Yes they certainly are your children," said the younger woman leaning against the younger man for body support.

"Lily dear, are the babies not sleeping at night you look awfully tired," said the elder woman, walking over and sitting down in the rocking chair. Pulling the baby girl closer to her.

"Hayley is, but Harry isn't, he keeps waking up and screaming his head off, and then he won't go back to sleep for 'bout another two hours. He isn't hungry, or needs a diaper change, just wants to cry basically."

"Teething stage, yup I won't miss that stage one bit, nope - James here, didn't stop crying for about a whole day straight."

"That's what Harry will do when he feels like mummy doesn't need sleep."

"Oh look, she's waking up," said the elder woman, pulling the blanket back a little farther from the stirring baby girl.

"Yeah Hayley should be waking up right now, I put her down for a nap, but Harry -- well he sleeps when he feels like it," said the younger man walking over also to peer into the face of his daughter.

"Hello my beauty, yes - yes you are - your so pretty," said the elder woman in a mocking baby voice. The baby looked up to the elder woman, and then with one shot angst, opened her mouth and let out the biggest scream known to man.

After the younger man tried to sooth the baby girl over, the baby boy in the elder mans arm then proceeded to cry.

"Oh Merlin they sure are loud one's eh?" asked the elder man, handing the baby boy back towards his mother.

"No, they do this all the time, if one of them cries, the other one will cry," she said arching the baby onto her shoulders and patting his back soothingly.

After many rubs, and gently cooing the baby girl slowly began to clam herself down in the younger mans arms, but the baby boy only seemed to grow louder and louder with each cry.

"I think he's just hungry, do you mind if I go upstairs to feed him?" said the younger woman bouncing the baby within her arms.

"Go right a head Lily, but dinner will be ready in about twenty," said the elder woman.

The younger woman nodded and smiled her thanks before turning and heading up the stairs towards the younger mans old bedroom.

After the younger man watched her go, he walked over towards the couch, the baby girl still held tightly in his arms.

"Merlin can that boy scream," said the elder man rubbing his ears soothingly.

"Nothing compared to what his sister can do at times," said the younger man, leaning down and planting a small kiss between her brows.

The baby giggled slightly at his touch, and the younger man smiled down at her.

"Wow they sure have grown," said the elder woman, leaning back into her chair as she began to rock back and forth.

"Yeah - eight months now, last time you guys saw them was at -"

The younger man stopped himself. A sad expression crossed his face as he began to look over his daughter's features again.

"James, love do you want to talk about it?" asked the elder woman moving over towards the couch, and sitting beside him.

"No - no I'm fine, just it really hurts watching Lily go through all - this," said the younger man, never once his eyes leaving his daughter's face.

"James, you know that if anything ever happened to you or Lily, we would immediately be there to help," said the elder man.

"I know dad - I know, just pains me to think that Harry and Hayley may have to grow up with all this, trapped inside a house and never being able to go outside or Hogwarts."

"James I'm sure by then, we'll all be laughing at the idea. Don't worry sweetie, it will all blow over," said the elder woman.

"Yeah - maybe your right. Er - I'm gonna go check on Lily, see if she needs any help - - here will you watch Hayley," asked the younger man, standing up and setting the baby within the elder woman's arms. The elder man and woman both nodded as they leaned in towards each other. Both gazing over the baby in there arms.

The younger man smiled down at them; then leaned down to give his daughter a small peck on her forehead.

Once he stood back up he turned and began to climb the stairs leading him towards his wife.

He already knew what room they'd been in. Since the room had once been his.

As he approached the door he could hear soft humming. He couldn't help the grin that suppressed his face. He loved watching his wife sing to his children.

Opening the door slightly he began to catch the song the younger woman was singing to the baby. Walking closer he could see her holding the baby up to her breast, while the baby fed off her. The younger man now knew the song the woman was singing to there son:

"You got to leave me now, You got to go alone. You got to chase the dream, One that's all your own. Before it's slips away. When you're flying high, Take my heart along. I'll be the harmony to, Every lonely song, That you love to play. When you're soaring through, The air, I'll be your solid ground. Take courage and to dare, I'll still be there, when you come back down. When you come back down."

The younger man came up from behind the younger woman and pulling her hair back lightly he kissed her neck softly.

"James you know what that does to me," said the younger woman in a whinny- know it all statement.

"Yeah I know -- that's why I'm doing it."

"In your parents' house!"

"Why not, we need new places -- our house is just not as exciting anymore."

"James as well as you are at seducing, there is - no - way -in - Merlin - that - we - are - having - sex - in - your - parents - house - with - our - children - here!"

"Lily love, you know I was just joking."

"You're not funny -- ouch!" said the younger woman. Her eyes instantly turned back towards the baby boy in her arms.

"What's wrong?"

"He bit me," laughed the younger woman. "Wow okay now I know what my mother meant when I used to bite her."

"He bit you?"

"You know, bit me, with his teething going on, and I'm breast feeding him!"

"Right," said the younger man standing away from the younger woman and walking

around to the baby.

"Here I think he's about done anyway will you take him," asked the younger woman. The younger man nodded and lifted the baby into his arms.

"Is Hayley with Silvia and Arnold?" asked the younger woman as she proceeded to get her bra back on correct. The younger man nodded at her, not once his eyes leaving his son's face.

"James you alright? You've been acting kind of sad today."

"I'm fine Lily."

"What's wrong, at home you're always smiling and playing with the babies, and now you look sad."

"Seeing all this, I just want Harry and Hayley to grow up living in a home like this, having a family to love them you know."

"James - please I'm the one who cries over this, remember the other night, you know that IF something happened to us, Sirius wouldn't let his godchildren starve now would he?"

The younger man let out a small laugh at her words.

"Your right Lily, I'm sorry," he said. Leaning down and kissing her slightly on her lips. Right as there lips meat, that's when they heard it:

BOOM!

The entire house shook under the force of the sound. The younger man had to grab the chair next to him so he wouldn't fall over with the baby in his arms.

Once the pounding and shaking stopped, another sound penetrated the house. The sound of a baby crying.

"HAYLEY -"

"NO LILY STAY HERE!" Ordered the younger man at her. He handed her the baby and then burst from the room. His wand held out in front of him as he ran down the stairs, two at a time.

That's when he was met with a scene he knew was going to haunt him for the rest of his life.

His old house, his childhood, his parent's house, was completely destroyed and the only remains where the things above his head on the second floor.

He could still hear the baby's emerging cries somewhere in the room, but her body was no were to be seen.

"MUM - DAD!"

His answer was silence. He could see the smoke started to clear up and that's when the couch came into view.

There sitting on the couch was his father. Blood all over his chest and the couch. That's when he saw it, a piece of thick wood sticking out from within his chest. He was dead before his son even reached the last step.

"JAMES WHATS GOING ON!" screamed his wife from within the room she was harboured in. He could tell just by hearing it she was keeping herself from not running down there and staying with there son.

"Ohmigod - LILY STAY UPSTAIRS!"

He could still hear his daughter's cries. But there was so much wood on the floor the carpet was completely covered.

He started ripping through the wood looking for any sign of his mother, or his daughter.

"MUM!"

Still no answer, only crying.

After he threw a thick piece of wood behind him, that's when he saw it.

A hand. A hand covered in blood.

He didn't need to follow the hand to follow where its owner was. He now knew.

He pushed away more wood surrounding the body, and that's when his mother's face came into full view.

That's when he realized it. She had been standing right underneath the book case before the bomb had sounded. The book case fell on top of her, crushing her to death. Her face was pale, her eyes were wide, and blood was dripping from her mouth.

Three occupants in the room, two found dead, one still missing .

"Hayley where are you," he muttered throwing more wood around. He started following her cries, crawling on the floor. Begging the heavens that she was alright.

He then came across probably the thickest piece of wood that had caved in, over the house.

Pulling it off the ground, that's when he found her.

His baby girl was lying on the floor. Blood covering her face and arms, and her

screaming at the top of her lungs. He immediately threw the piece of wood away from her body, and bent down so fast he felt his back crack. The wood must had slammed into her legs, because the man could see red all over her tiny calves.

He held her so tight to his body that he knew he wasn't helping her breath nonetheless.

His baby was alive. She had survived. His parents didn't.

The blast must have blown the baby off the couch and onto the ground, and that's when the wood had slammed into her legs. That was why his father was dead; the wood must have stabbed him in the chest, hitting his heart.

Not even thinking twice, he held the baby tighter to his chest and ran up the stairs.

His wife had been standing in the middle of the room. Clutching the baby boy to her who was also crying, but maybe not as loud as the baby girl.

"OH MY GOD WHAT IN HELL HAPPENED!" said the women after she saw how much blood was covering her daughter's body.

"Ohmigod, my baby, James - where's Silvia and Arnold," she said setting down there son, and embracing there daughter.

The man still could see his mother's eyes lingering in his mind, wide with surprise. His father's face draped in blood, the piece of wood sunken into his chest.

"Lily we need to leave NOW!"

"What why what happened!"

"THE DEATH EATERS ARE COMING! WE NEED TO GET THE BABIES OUT - - NOW!!"

The young woman didn't need telling twice. She pulled the still screaming baby to her body, as the man bent down to gather there son.

Right as the woman began heading down the stairs the man yelled to her, "LILY NO, DON'T GO DOWN THERE!"

But it was too late. She was already out of the room and running down the stairs.

He followed her, knowing the front door was there only exit out.

"OHMIGOD JAMES!!!" screamed the woman once she was in clear view of the room.

He ran down next to her, and the entire floor was either covered in blood, wood, or glass.

"Lily let me go out the -"

BOOM!

The man grabbed the woman from the flying glass sprawling through the room, and pulled her, and the two screaming babies into the corner.

The man then heard the glass stop flying, everything stopped moving, and that's when he turned and saw three draped - he didn't want to call them humans, they were anything but that. But he saw three draped creatures emerging themselves into the broken down house.

"Find the boy and kill the others," said a cruel voice from the door.

The man instantly knowing who that voice was, but not knowing who it belonged to. He pushed the baby boy into his mothers arms before grabbing his wand again. The woman doubled over behind him, clutching her children for dear life, and from any view to the Death Eaters.

"I see our work is already done," said the cruel voice again.

"STUPEFY!" Screamed the man watching as the creature fell over and hit the ground with a soft thud.

"AVADA KEDAVRA!" Yelled another voice from behind the door.

The man ran to his left, missing the light by inches.

"STUPEFY!" Screamed the man again standing up and then falling back down as a divisively plan to keep them away from his wife. He smiled while watching the second hooded creature fell to the floor with a thud. Right on top of the last one.

**"SPATAWINE!"** Yelled the last voice from behind the door.

The man this time, almost missing the pink light by probably an inch, rolled over to his right. He stood up so fast he thought his knees would buckle with the immense force.

"AVADA KEDA -"

"STUPEFY!" Yelled a voice from behind the man and the hooded creature.

The man watched as the last unknown hooded fugitive fell to the floor, atop of the other two, and also with a soft thud.

The man smiled as he turned around and there standing on the platform of the last stair was his wife. Her wand held tightly in her right hand.

Looking down the man saw there children beside her, screaming there heads off, turning purple almost from all the crying they had been doing, and also at all the noise and lights they had been ensured to. One covered in blood, the other covered in dirt

from all the wood.

The man walked over and embraced his wife, kissing her on the lips.

They didn't deepen the kiss, but pulled away from each other and stared into each others eyes. They were both safe, but at the price of the man's parents'.

They nodded knowing they needed to get out of the house before anymore of the hooded creatures came back.

Both bending over and picking up each baby, they headed for the front door, but found it currently blown to pieces.

The last thing the man saw before he turned and ambushed away was his mothers eyes staring at him. He felt tears sting his eyes as he ran outside with his wife by his side, both there children in there arms. As they looked back the entire house was destroyed. His childhood memories were now dead in that house.

"James we need to get Hayley to a hospital!"

The man snapped out of his revere to turn back to the woman. She had slashes across her forehead, and blood was dripping down her face from the impact of how hard her face hit the floor.

The man could taste blood in his mouth but didn't care. His family was safe. The only one who didn't seemed harmed or hurt was the baby boy, he was just covered in dirt and more then freak out by the incident.

But now there baby girl could still die from blood loss she was loosing by the second. They didn't know just how hard she had been thrown from the couch and they wouldn't know until she was in the hands of healers.

"It's okay Lily bear, your safe now," said the man kissing her on her forehead.

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"HAYLEY! HAYLEY WAKE UP!"

Hayley slashed and slurred in her bed. Her covers binding her body within its cotton material, she felt trapped. She couldn't move.

Her scar hurt, her body was drenched in sweat, and her muscles were shaking.

"HAYLEY STOP MOVING SO I CAN HELP YOU!"

She couldn't stop moving. She felt trapped. Like her covers were her only protection. She felt someone whip away her only safety and she proceeded to shake and scream at the intruder.

"HAYLEY STOP!"

She didn't stop. She felt someone touching her, someone trapping her. Her scar burned more into her forehead.

"HAYLEY WAKE UP, ITS ME HERMIONE!"

Hayley didn't trust the voice, it didn't sound like Hermione's. It was hard and rough and not sweet and bossy like Hermione's was.

"SOMEONE GET ME A GLASS OF WATER!"

Hayley heard people moving around her. A foot hitting the floor as the person moved across the floor. She then heard the same pair of feet rush back over towards her bed.

"YOU'VE LEFT ME NO CHOICE HAYLEY!"

That's when she felt it. Cold, bitter, iced water flew over her face as it covered her body.

She instantly opened her eyes, only finding everything they focused on to be blurred out.

"Hayley - can you hear me?"

Hayley turned her head slowly, and then she found her eyes staring into Hermione's chocolate orbs.

"What happened," asked Hayley. Rubbing her eyes, and trying to get forget about the icy water running down her chest right now.

"You had a bad a dream," said Hermione.

Hayley turned her head around the room. That's when she realized that not only was Hermione in here, but all of her roommates were also.

Hayley turned away from them, not wanting to look them in the eyes. See there horrified looks as they looked over her shaking frame, the sweat falling from her face.

"What time is it?"

"Its 'bout ten, we were all getting ready and you just started slashing around," said Lavender to her right.

"Where's Harry and Ron?" asked Hayley, turning back towards Hermione.

"I dunno, get dressed and we'll go see them."

Hayley nodded her head. Not knowing why, but she needed to see Harry. It was an instinct feeling telling her so. She didn't know where it was coming from but it sure as hell was there, and she needed to give into its pleas.

She was thankful when she saw all her roommates leaving along with Hermione. She couldn't be in a room with them, she couldn't let them see her like this, and she couldn't let them think she was weird.

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Hermione rushed down the stairs of the stone hallway. She almost ripped the door off its hinges as she slammed it open towards the Common Room. Scanning it quickly for any sign of her boyfriend or best friend. Both of which she didn't see.

Turning towards the Sixty year boys' dormitory she ran for the door.

She was panting by the time she reached the stairs, leaving no time for excuses. She needed to tell Harry this.

Slamming open the door to the dormitory, not even caring to knock for the boys' own privacy. As soon as she stepped into the room she was greeted with a sight she didn't want to see in all her life.

All the boys were gathered around Harry's bed. Some bending over and some kneeing to be level with him. At this moment it was Ron who was kneeing towards him. Harry on the other hand, sat doubled over on the bed. His hands clutching his scar, and his entire body was shaking.

"Ron?" asked Hermione tentatively.

Ron turned around and Hermione could see the sorrow in his eyes.

"What is it?" he asked. Hermione could detect irritation in his voice, so she decided to make this quick and clean as possible,

"It's Hayley."

Harry as if predicting this, jumped off the bed and walked, probably more like ran over to her.

"What about Hayley," he asked. Trying to keep his voice low and not attract there attention towards the boys who were still huddled over his bed.

"She had another dream," said Hermione adverted her eyes away from Harry's.

"What kind of dream?"

"I don't know Harry, she was slashing in her bed, and I think her scar hurt, and she was soaking in sweat."

"Funny." Said Ron who was looking from Harry to Hermione, and then back to Harry again.

"What's Funny?" asked Hermione.

"Harry here, was just having the same dream and doing the same things you just described."

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## Attacks of Love...

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Hayley didn't bother going down to breakfast that morning. She couldn't bare it anymore. Hermione had come back to check up on the fragile, shaken girl, but only found it easier leaving her alone.

Her urge to see Harry slowly wore off after her scar had finally stopped burning into her forehead. She didn't feel she could face anyone again and certainly not Harry.

These dreams were getting out of control. Mostly every time someone was either murdered or tortured so bad Hayley could almost feel the pain of those being tortured, but what kept scaring her the most, was the woman-the man- and their babies.

Hayley had seen those small angelic faces so many times; she knew they were their children. It had to be. There was no mistaking the resembling faces; the raven locks mingling with those emerald robes.

Orbs so like hers.hair- so familiar to her own.

But-than again.

'Harry's eyes, Harry's hair.No, - no it can't be, stop it Glenwood.'

But than. the younger man's voice rang through her ears, his voice echoing off her brain, repeating itself over and over again.

"'Seeing all this, I just want Harry and Hayley to grow up living in a home like this, having a family to love them you know.'"

Seeing all what? Hayley already had a loving home, and family, maybe this man was someone her parents were denying her of. She remembered her parents saying something about a 'James' once in one of there hushed conversations that Hayley had overheard.

But who is this Harry? The looks of the baby compared to the looks of the Harry sitting in the Great Hall right now were unmistakable. Just like the looks compared to the baby Hayley in the dream, and the Hayley sitting in the sixth year girl's Dormitory.

'I just need some air. I just need to take a walk or something - take a breath of fresh air.'

Forgetting all about the 'rules' enforced on her that she was not allowed to go anyway without either Harry, Ron, or Hermione, she just excited her Dormitory anyway. Clearly not caring about how she was looking and that she hadn't changed out of her sleep wear yet.

She didn't even care about the glares she was receiving by the left over Gryffindor's

sitting in the Common Room, who had already came back from breakfast.

Making her way through the corridors; her thoughts clouded her mind, her feet moved involuntarily through the stone hallways.

She sighed with bliss when she reached the outside. Not even realizing she was wearing nothing but a low cut, tank top night dress. She could feel the winter's breath blowing through the soft, thin coat of the fabric, sending goose bumps all over her small body.

She noticed a clear path along side of the school that didn't have snow or water blocking its way.

Hayley hardly noticed how cold she was when her feet touched the ground. Once again she realized she didn't have any slippers on either. The cold was stinging her feet becoming almost painful, but Hayley -for some strange reason- felt she liked the feeling. The touch of skin to cold ice.

She knew she was asking for another case of Pneumonia, but at the moment she didn't care.

Hayley didn't recognize how far out she was walking across the grounds. She could almost see the lake, giving her the sign that she was a good few meters away.

It felt so blissful, to be on her own again. Not to have the presence of Hermione, Harry or Ron. Not when she needed this time to be alone.

She felt her scar give a little tinge on her forehead. Not wanting another session of what had just happened the night previous, she bent down and pick up a hand full of snow.

She placed it over her forehead, and found it to be a relaxing, soothing feeling.

Hayley glanced back at the lake longingly. She could do with a nice swim right now, but then again she really didn't want another session of Ron jumping in and rescuing her in what she was wearing.

She pulled her eyes away from the lake, knowing if she gazed at it for any longer the next minute she'd be ending up in it.

She spotted a nice sized boulder sitting right beside the edge of the trees.

Feeling she could do with some sitting and gazing over the grounds alone, she began walking over towards it.

Halfway there she noticed a small cabin to her left. She could see a little line of smoke issuing from the small cubic centre, but she paid no attention to it. Her eyes still focused on nothing but the boulder.

Once she reached it she sat upon it, shivering, but not caring at how cold the stone

was to her skin.

She buried her feet in the snow on the ground. It felt good in some ways, but then she could clearly tell that her skin was the colour of ruby red, and her feet were totally numb from how cold the ice was.

Hayley brought her head back up, gazing over the grounds. They were beautiful. But even in a morning like this, her thoughts wondered back to Harry- his eyes- Hayley could see them staring at her through her head.

Hayley had to get him out of her head.

She could still see his eyes - eyes so like hers staring at her disappointedly.

His hair- the raven locks that painted the colour of midnight late into the night. Skin- so pale and smooth. A figure so small- Muscles slowly peeking there way through his arms, but still small like hers.

That's when she couldn't deny it anymore. She couldn't lie to herself anymore, she needed to get these thoughts out or she would never get them out. It all clicked, like a puzzle piece pleading to go back into its place on the board, like a sign falling from the grey clouded sky, and hitting her in the head.

'That baby boy was, - Harry Potter'..

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"Harry will you please keep you voice down!" hissed Hermione, glancing around there surroundings where they had taken place sitting at only ten minutes ago.

"Hermione - you don't get it do you!" he hissed back.

"I get it perfectly!"

"No - no you don't. Don't you see? Hayley and I are having the same dreams; I can see her dreams at night!"

"I already knew that Harry- but what I don't get is - is it you whose seeing her dreams, or her seeing yours?"

"What's the difference?" piped Ron from beside Harry.

"The difference is - that Harry- you've never had dreams like this before right?"

"Yeah but -"

"But Hayley told me she's been having these dreams for a while now, Harry I think she can see her past, I think she can see into her past, her brain is seeing things from her childhood or - babyhood and replaying them, and I don't know how but you can see them to."

"You actually think that?" asked Ron giving Hermione a disbelieving look.

"How else is she seeing the death of her parents and also the death of her grandparents, when she doesn't even know who they are?"

"But she is just seeing Harry's dads parents, why hasn't she seen her mum's parents yet?" asked Ron.

No one answered that question. Harry sat quiet, racking his brain for any sign or clue to answer that. It seemed that Ron had a very good point. Why hadn't they seen the death of his mothers parents, but then they had seen the death of his fathers parents. That's when it clicked.

"My mum was pregnant with us when they were killed, we couldn't have seen it, because we weren't born yet."

"You're sure Harry?" asked Hermione.

"Positive. I remember Sirius telling me --"

"Maybe we should talk to Dumbledore about this I mean -"

"NO!" snapped Harry towards Ron.

"Why?"

"Because-" that's when Harry stopped talking. He still had yet to tell them about the prophecy. Not wanting to bring that up at moment, and clearly not wanting to see the tears form in Hermione's eyes, he had to think of a quick lie.

"Dumbledore has more important things to do than to worry about silly dreams."

"Harry I'm sure he wants to know, it could be Voldemort - Ron honestly get over it by now will you - as I was saying it could be an act of Voldemort, I mean he could be doing this, sending these past scenes into your head at night."

"I doubt it 'Hermione."

"Why?"

"Because Voldemort was only there for one of the dreams, and that was the one where he killed my parents, he wasn't there when he killed my grandparents so he wouldn't have known how it had happened."

Hermione didn't respond to Harry's last comment, and to his relief neither did Ron.

Harry, feeling his stomach rumble at the loss of food, pulled a plate of eggs towards him.

He began to think about it more. Could Hayley see into the past? If someone can see into the future like a Seer, then is it impossible for someone to see into the past? But then, if Hayley can see the past, then why is she seeing only the deaths of their loved ones?

That's when Harry felt something enter his mind, causing him to forget where he was sitting, what he was eating and even who he was..

'I just need some air- just need to take a walk or something - take a breath of fresh air.'

Harry leaned forward, coughing from his eggs, and spitting them up into his napkin.

"Harry - Harry you alright?" asked Hermione leaning forward and patting him on the back.

"She's outside!" he gasped through coughs.

"What!" asked Hermione leaning closer to his mouth.

Harry leaned back from Hermione's grip. He stood up so fast he thought he would start coughing more if he hadn't of spit out his eggs seconds before.

"Harry what's wrong!" yelled Ron, who had stood up right behind him, and trying to hold him in place.

"She's outside!" he choked again through coughs, trying to move past Ron.

"Whose outside!" said Ron, in a sort of panicky voice.

"Hayley!"

"What? No, she's not. She's in the Common Room," said Hermione from across the table.

"Harry why do you think she's outside?" asked Ron turning away from Hermione and looking back at Harry.

"BECAUSE, I CAN HEAR HER!"

Neither Ron nor Hermione held there place after that, they just shot after Harry as they watched him run for the doors leading down to the grounds.

Not even realizing that the whole time they were being watched.

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After ten minutes of being outside, Hayley was starting to feel the cold winter dangling the air around her.

Her feet were so numb now she barely could feel them. She still hadn't taken them out

of the snow, and she found the numbing feeling to be a relaxing feeling.

She knew that Harry, Ron and Hermione would be returning to Common Room soon, and to find her absent from her bed was probably not a morning routine Hayley was willing to deal with right now.

She smiled to herself as she remembered Ron's face. She had a very giddy feeling in the pit of her stomach, and the explanation of it she couldn't find.

She felt like laughing, like twirling around in the middle of the snow. Just to forget about everything surrounding her.

Her scar kept stinging slightly, but she hardly noticed through her giddy feeling - her happy feeling.

She could hear a voice in her head, a cheerful voice, a voice that didn't belong to her, a voice of an intruder.

'Come to me, my child.'

Hayley laughed at the voice, she felt the smile spread across her face as she felt her body lift itself off the cold stone she had been parching on.

'Follow my voice, do not be afraid.'

Hayley didn't pay any attention to where her feet were leading her. She kept laughing, picturing Ron's face as she walk through the thick snow. Feeling the cold material spread across her legs. Feeling the wind whip through her night dress, but still she just kept laughing.

'That's right, child, keep following my voice, there you shall find gifts, presents and joy, come to me, child.'

Hayley felt her body start to turn. That's when her eyes met the lakes gaze once again. The now rising sun glistening off its shallow frame.

'That's right a nice swim dear, can you almost feel the warm water running through your hair. Follow me.'

"I am," replied Hayley into the silenced grounds around her. She kept her gaze on the lake, a now longing feeling to follow the lakes path more then the voice.

'Your almost there, can you almost see yourself diving in, feeling the water running through you? Inhaling it into your lungs?'

Hayley didn't realize how far the walk would have been, her eyes being her only guide, she kept walking. Ignoring the now painful burn, stinging on her forehead.

"HAYLEY!"

She heard the voice in the back of her mind, but she couldn't stop walking. Her mind was made up, she wanted the lake.

"HAYLEY, STOP!"

The voice sounded like an echo through her mind. She couldn't stop, the smile spread once more onto her face as she was only seven steps away from the lake.

'Don't listen to them, they are trying to deprive you of the water, you want the water right child?'

"I do," she said.

'That's right you do, your almost there, keep following my voice dear, can you almost feel the water through your body, entering your chest depriving you of air, you want it.'

"HAYLEY, STOP!"

Hayley didn't stop...she was only five steps away. From the water running through her body. Away from her want she needed the water; she felt she couldn't breathe without it.

"HARRY, SHES BEING POSSESSED YOU HAVE TO STOP HER BEFORE SHE DROWNS HERSELF!"

'Don't listen to them child, they are only stopping you, come to me, follow my voice, your safe with me.'

"HAYLEY WAKE UP!"

Only four steps away.

'Almost there dear come closer to me jump in, feel the water surround you.'

Only three more steps.

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Harry was running so hard he felt his chest squall up with the tightness of his breath.

He had to stop her, if she kept walking she was going to drowned herself, or die from the intense shear of the cold water.

"HAYLEY PLEASE!" he heard Hermione scream several feet behind him.

They had been to far away when they had reached the outside, she was only two steps away from diving in and Harry was several feet away from her. He wouldn't make it in time from grabbing her away.

He pushed his feet harder, begging them to go faster.

She was only one more step.

He was almost there, he needed to keep running; he couldn't let her jump in. This wasn't her, she had a glint her eye that told Harry it wasn't his mother eyes he was seeing. They were something of pure evil.

Right as Hayley's feet left the ground Harry's hands seized her around the waist and slammed her into the ground.

He heard her head hit the ground so hard he knew whatever had happened to her, whatever had caused her to almost walk herself to death, was gone now.

Harry could no longer see the glint in her eyes, he could no longer see the sign that she was under someone else's control, and he could see himself staring back at her.

"Harry," she whispered.

"Hayley, are you all right?" panted Hermione from behind them.

Harry rolled off her, knowing his weight lying on her chest was probably not the best way for her to catch her breath again.

Hayley didn't move, she only laid were she had fallen, her eyes blinking rapidly at how hard her head had come into contact with the ground.

Harry knew she couldn't walk on her own so taking action he bent over and slipped his arm between her waist as he helped her to her feet.

Ron, seeing this, walked forward also as he took her other arm and placed it over his shoulder to balance her out.

Hayley must have hit the ground pretty hard, because when Harry had let go of her for a mere second she nearly lost her balance again almost causing her to fall into Ron.

"Harry her skin is bright red," said Ron glancing down to her feet, which had been standing in the snow for almost twenty minutes now without any cover.

"I know that Ron!" hissed Harry, trying to get Hayley to start walking.

She couldn't, she nearly fell right out of Harry and Ron's grips and would have fallen straight to the ground.

Luckily Harry had caught her in time, and blaming himself for how hard he had pushed her away from the waters edge, he leaned down and picked her up. Right as Hayley's body left the ground, she passed out completely.

Hermione held her head in place so it wasn't swaying from side to side and to keep it in place.

"She must have a concussion we have to get her to the hospital wing," said Hermione.

"No," croaked out Harry. "We'll just put her to bed, and then go get the nurse."

"Harry she needs bed rest and potions."

"I don't want her in the hospital wing Hermione," he lifted her higher into his arms so he wouldn't drop her as he continued to walk back up the slopes.

"Harry Madame Pomfrey -"

"I want her near me, I don't want her alone so something like this can happen again."

He was glad Hermione didn't bring it up anymore. He couldn't talk let alone carrying the weight of Hayley in his arms.

Once they reached the doors to the Great Hall, he lifted Hayley higher into his arms. Knowing he'd be the one carrying her up the steps leading to there Common Room.

Ron had to help twice, since Harry almost dropped her on the second level and then again on the fifth.

Once they reached the Portrait he heard Hermione mumble the password, and ask if the Fat Lady would go get Madam Pomfrey. Harry could tell Hermione was debating this over the way she had looked at him when she had been talking.

The Fat Lady had opened up to them before rushing off down to the third floor where the nurses head quarters lay. Harry didn't realize why the Fat Lady had given Hayley a look of most horror, but then glancing down he saw why.

"Hermione, she's bleeding!"

They rushed inside the Common Room. Ron pushing aside the students that had jumped up at the scene before them.

Hermione held the door open for them as Harry carried Hayley back up towards her bed. He was thankful that there was no slide this time to stop them, but maybe that was just because Hermione was here.

Harry laid Hayley gently on her bed, sighing with relief as he felt his arms get some feeling back into his muscles.

"Why did we leave her alone?"

"Harry its not your fault," said Hermione walking up behind him.

"Hermione if I hadn't of heard her, then she could be dead right now."

"How did you hear her thoughts?" asked Hermione, jumping to the conclusion right

away.

"I dunno - I was just eating and all of the sudden I could hear her."

"Look Harry, I don't want to talk in here, not with her sleeping, lets go down into the Common Room."

"I'm not leaving her for something more to happen!"

"Nothing will happen, this room is completely safe okay, besides we'll be right back up here again when Madame Pomfrey arrives."

Harry knew it would probably be best if they left Hayley to sleep. To clear her mind over what had just happened, he would ask the nurse to give her a memory draught.

They slowly made there way back down to the Common Room, Harry trying to ignore all the frantic 'what happened to Hayley,' ringing through the air.

Hermione pulled them into a silenced corner, away from hushed ears, and peeking eyes.

"Hermione do you think it was Voldemort?"

"Do I think what was Voldemort?"

"Whatever caused her to keep walking to the lake, whatever it was that I saw in her eyes."

"Well - it's a possibility, but if you can hear her thoughts why couldn't you hear her?"

"I - dunno."

"Maybe it was because those weren't her thoughts, Harry they were Voldemorts - controlling her in a way."

Harry glanced back up towards the clock. It wasn't even ten yet, and this had already happened. Thanking Merlin today was Saturday he leaned up against the wall.

"Hey guys," said Ron, standing over a few feet away from them looking up to where the head board stood. Harry didn't even notice he had walked away from them.

"I know something that will cheer you up," he said his face turning away from the board and back over toward Hermione and Harry's annoyed faces.

"What," they both said in unison.

"There's a Hogsmeade trip next weekend."

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## Secrets Slip..

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"WHAT IN MERLIN - WHY WASN'T SHE BROUGHT TO ME IMMEDIATELY!"

"Please - Madame Pomfrey - we just wanted to make sure she was alright before -"

"DOES SHE LOOK ALRIGHT TO YOU POTTER!"

Harry, vibrantly turned his eyes to the sight of his sister. He felt a frown cross his face as his eyes wondered over the now dried bloodstains still lingering to her pale face.

"No," he whispered, removing his eyes from Hayley's stiff form, and placing them on Ron and Hermione standing beside him.

"Will - will she be alright?" whispered Hermione, stepping forward and switching her gaze from Hayley, back to Madame Pomfrey.

"I'm sure - after a few good potions and bed rest she will be walking around good as new," responded Madame Pomfrey. Harry hinted she was using a very less mocking tone with Hermione, then she would be, then say speaking with him.

Just as that thought slipped Harry's head, Madame Pomfrey took her gently gaze off Hermione, and brought them down sternly on Harry.

"First off - why is she bleeding and not waking up?"

Harry eyes immediately enlarged at her words.

"Not waking up?" muttered Ron, his eyes immediately turning back towards Hayley's body.

"Yes Weasley, not waking up. She is not responding to any of my methods to wake her, and she is bleeding from her forehead!"

"I - don't know -"

"You don't know -"

"Madame Pomfrey - please, Hayley was severely sick last night. She was throwing up ever other minute, and we insisted she stay in her bed this morning, and - well - miss classes. I came back from breakfast and she was on the floor bleeding - I thought she had slipped, trying to get out of bed. So I had Harry and Ron help me get her back into bed," said Hermione.

Both Harry and Ron stared wide-eyed at the shaken brunet. Neither daring to believe that Hermione Granger had just lied to an adult.

"If she was so sick Miss Granger - then why wasn't she brought to my quarters immediately?" asked the nurse staring down at Hermione, holding the look on her face of a child playing with an insect.

"I thought it was just the flu, or a common cold -- something that would pass in a day or so."

"That is not what your dormitory portrait informed me with."

"Well - see we didn't want-"

"Harry and me wanted to take Hayley to get cleaned up after she fell, she asked us to -- on the way back from bathroom, she fainted again, and Harry was forced to carry her back," said Ron in a very rushed and awed voice at his own attempts to break through this lie successfully.

Now it was Hermione's turn to stare wide-eyed at Ron, Harry, on the other hand didn't have time to act surprised anymore. His eyes still hadn't left from the site of Hayley's body. Watching as her chest rose and fell with the steadiest of breaths escaping from her lungs.

"What in someone's right mind could you possible wonder how this would have ended 'humph'! She could have gotten sicker, she could have severely damage brain cells now, who knows what else!" said Madame Pomfrey, causing Harry to jump at her stern but then again loud voice.

"I thought we could help her - you know -- trying to be responsible -"

"No Potter, do you know what this is - this is irresponsible! For all I know, she may not be waking up because she has a concussion, and apparently you three don't know how she fell so then you don't know how long she has been unconscious for! Secondly, why are her feet blazing red --"

"Madame Pomfrey," interrupted Hermione, but in the result, getting nothing more then a breath passed her throat as the nurse began to rant on some more.

"I don't want to hear excuses! Now I want you three out while I try to help this poor girl, and I don't want anyone of you disturbing her tonight - understood Potter, Miss Granger, Mister Weasley!" said Madam Pomfrey, eyeing Harry with another stern look through her hazed eyes. Knowing very well that Harry would have to obey that rule with a passion.

"Madame Pomfrey?" asked Harry again trying to keep his voice calm.

She looked at him, but did not answer. In this act of movement, it gave Harry the impression that it was alright to talk again:

"Could you - er - well give her a memory potion, so she doesn't remember any of this?"

Madame Pomfrey looked at him through confused eyes. Then catching on, she nodded, a small sincere smile crossing her face as she gestured them to the door.

Harry nodded solemnly towards her. He glanced one last look at Hayley, his eyes softened as he sought out the blood still stained into her skin. Harry turned and began walking towards the door, not even bothering to saying good-bye to Madame Pomfrey. He felt ironically mad for some reason as he walked through the corridors. He felt to lost in his thoughts to even see if Hermione and Ron were following his lead, and walking out also, or just giving him space and staying with Hayley. Judging from the scampering footsteps he was hearing behind him, he would have to go with his first guess.

"Harry c'mon," said Ron, attempting to stop him, and get him to slow down, but doing neither.

"Harry, maybe if you'd stop walking -- we could try to help you!" said Hermione, her breathing hard and panted from how fast she had to keep walking to keep within distance of him. Harry, suddenly feeling there words falling into his brain, stopped slowly in the middle of the hallway, but did not bother to turn around towards them.

Ron and Hermione, seeing this immediately upped there speed of walking as they got in front of him.

Harry didn't say anything to them. He seemed to be in a kind of trance, like something was floating into his mind and trying to apply something to him.

"What Harry," asked Ron as he watched the daze look spreading over Harry's face.

"He knows," said Harry in the deadly whisper.

"Who knows?" asked Ron, looking towards Hermione and then back at Harry. Ron, clearly by the look on his face, was the only one left out on this information, Hermione on the other hand, didn't need telling twice to understand it, or at least that was look Harry was judging her from.

"Harry - no it - it can't be - there's no way!" she said, her voice almost pleading with fear.

"What can't be?" said Ron, his gaze switching back from Hermione to Harry in a quick glance.

"Harry - no, it can't be - I-it just can't be!"

"What can't be!" repeated Ron, his voice silently rises with a tone of irritation.

"But what I don't get," said Harry, deliberately ignoring Ron as he began again, "is why Dumbledore is still hiding it from Hayley, when he now knows."

"Harry - how in the world could Voldemort possible know!" whispered Hermione, eyeing him with an almost stupidity look.

Ron stopped ranting after he had heard Hermione say those last final words. He looked at Harry with the same expression Hermione was throwing at him.

"You think it was You-Know-Who?" asked Ron.

"Why else would Hayley be walking towards the lake, or even be near the lake in this weather for that matter!" said Harry. He didn't feel like carrying this conversation inside the corridors anymore. Especially not with the state of moods his friends were currently carrying.

He pushed past them as he began walking down the corridor, but the minute he moved, Ron and Hermione were right on his heels again.

"Okay say this is You-Know-Who, what does he have to do with Hayley knowing?" asked Ron.

"Because according to Dumbledore, he's the only reason she was never told, and also he says that her knowing will bring both of us into more danger," said Harry as he kept walking. Not really knowing were his feet were leading him to at the moment.

"Maybe we should see Dumbledore," spoke Hermione, after they had all fallen into a deadly silence.

"What!" screamed Ron and Harry in unison, stopping to stare at her.

"What nothing, he needs to know!"

"Are you mad?" asked Ron, his voice hinting with sarcasm.

"Hermione we tell Dumbledore about this, we'll be watching Hayley be cart out of here by tomorrow," said Harry ignoring the last comment Ron had just made towards her.

"Harry you're taking this way out of proportion. For all we know, Dumbledore may know how to help her, you know maybe - maybe she could take Occlumency!" squealed Hermione, hope replacing the fear in her eyes.

"Hermione - why do you think Dumbledore hasn't already thought of that?" asked Harry.

"I don't know - she could block out whoever is putting these dreams into your heads at night -"

"Hermione you don't get it do you?" said Harry again. It had all clicked last night. Right after he had experienced the second dream, the aftermath of it brought Harry into a deeply trance and then it had hit him hard and the answer finally came to him.

"I get it fine Harry -"

"No - no you don't - Voldemort isn't putting these dreams into our head, its Hayley that's doing it, you said so yourself!"

"I never said Hayley was doing -"

"She can see our past Hermione - she dreams it, and then somehow it gets into my head. Just like how when her scar hurts, mine hurts. Just like now - now I can read her thoughts when she is in trouble - Voldemort only wants us dead, he knows she's not dead -- I know he does. Why else was he in Hayley's head this morning -- and if we make her do Occlumency, she'll just see more of our past, she'll see it all. I remember - I remember seeing everything I saw in that thing, things I don't even remember now, and she will to!"

Ron and Hermione stood silent, neither daring to be the first to speak. Hermione had on a look of utter defeat plastered to her face, and Ron was just trying to keep his face straight from the expression waiting to spread through it. Harry looked at them once more, before he turned and began walking down the corridor again. Going to morning classes was the last thing on his mind.

"Harry wait," he heard Ron yell some feet behind him. Harry didn't turn to face him, but stopped in his pace to let them catch up.

"Harry - look I'm sorry, I should have thought of that. I guess I am just worried - worried about Hayley, and now Voldemort," said Hermione, her voice started to get clumsy and muffled as tears were starting to develop in her eyes. Harry smiled at her, now suddenly feeling extremely sorry and foolish. He really hasn't been paying the best attention towards her lately and he knew it.

Feeling guilty, Harry brought his hand towards hers, feeling them intertwine through each others and watching as a loving smile spread through Hermione's face. He leaned down and gave her the gentlest kiss upon her lips. Harry utterly heard Ron stifle his laugh through a cough as he began to deepen the kiss, only causing Hermione to separate away from him. Her face filled with crimson.

"Sorry," mumbled Harry towards Ron. He never felt embarrassed about being caught with Hermione in one of their few snog fests, but Hermione always would flush at any kind of intimacy shared between them.

"Then if we don't go to Dumbledore what do we do?" asked Ron, trying to steer the subject away from the kiss and wear down the blush still lingering in Hermione's cheeks.

"Well I reckon we do nothing really - what can we do?" asked Hermione, a small frown smeared through her lips.

"What would Sirius do?" asked Harry in a low whisper.

Both Ron and Hermione turned there heads towards Harry in a fast retake.

"Harry - you can't be serious!" said Hermione, shooting Ron a 'do- something' look.

"I think it would be a brilliant idea really," said Ron, shrugging as turned and starting walking off down the corridor.

"Ron!" hissed Hermione, now skipping to catch up to him.

"What - oh please Hermione, we do it all the time, and we haven't been caught yet."

"Even with Umbridge?"

"What about the orf!"

"She nearly caught us."

"Well Hermione," said Ron through a timid voice, "it helps a lot when Umbridge isn't here anymore, don't you reckon?"

"I guess but -"

"It'll be alright Hermione, we'll Floo to him when we know no one will be around, I'll send him an owl telling him alright," reasoned Harry.

"Oh - alright!" she huffed, throwing her hair back as she let out a frustrated sigh.

"Hey mate," said Ron as they turned and started to climb there third staircase that morning.

"Yeah Ron?" asked Harry.

"Do you ever wonder what You-Know-Who is saying to Hayley -- if he was the one that was making her walk towards the lake?"

Harry and Hermione shared a look. So Ron was catching on also.

Ron seemed distracted by the looks being thrown at him, as he continued. "I mean for all we know, he maybe bloody well telling her everything."

Harry let out a tired sigh as his eyes descended down to the floor beneath him, his mind wondering over the picture of Hayley still lying there in the hospital bed. He could only hope that Madame Pomfrey will give her the Memory potion as soon as she wakes up, she won't remember the dream, or the voice, or the lake, and Harry can just forget about it all along with her.

'I can only hope that's all he's saying to her.'

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"I got what I could," said Hermione walking into the Common Room. Her bag thrown

over her shoulder, and from the looks of it, it looked near ready to burst.

"Did I miss much?" asked Harry as she sat down beside him. He had taken his own advice, and skipped morning classes. He wasn't about to skip the evening ones also, but Hermione had been generous enough to collect his absent work for him.

"Not really - today you were lucky, but Hagrid wants to speak to you separately he said, and I doubt its about school work. Professor McGonagall -- she didn't give us any homework today, you just have to practice your transfiguration with Hedwig, and Flitwick says to practice your fire spells, the examine is set for next Thursday. But other then that, that's about it."

"Good," sighed Harry. He had been worried that if he missed half of today, unlike Hayley, he would be loaded with more work. He set the books aside on the table beside him, then leaned over and pecked Hermione on the cheek and said a simply thank you for retrieving his work.

"So where's Ron off at?" she asked, scanning the Common Room for any sign of a red mob of hair.

"Down at the Quidditch field, practicing for the try-outs."

"Why didn't you go with him?" she asked, scooting closer as their forearms bumped one another.

"I didn't feel in the mood," was his only reply.

"How is Quidditch going lately anyway?" asked Hermione. Harry could note she was trying to carry on a conversation with him, and in all honesty he wasn't in the mood for that either, but then again he owed that much to her.

"Going great I guess - try outs are next week, Katie hasn't been too hard on us, but I have a feeling we have an even more determined Oliver on our hands."

Hermione let out a small laugh at the attempted joke, but Harry could tell she was just trying to cheer him up.

"Did you go see Hayley at all?" Of course, Harry should have known. She was wasting no time in devising a plan to asking this question.

"No - I don't know what I would do if I went, she's still out cold, and I don't want to deal with Madame Pomfrey."

"Harry," asked Hermione in a very quiet voice, scanning the Common Room for any prying ears, but they were quite alone except for the few seventh years in the back corner, leaning over a piece of parchment.

Harry stared at her; he knew that voice well enough to know that a lecture was coming on. He nodded his head at her all the same for her to continue.

"Do you ever wonder if Dumbledore - Sirius - and Hagrid, should all- be damned by this."

Harry stared at her; merrily not daring to believe what he thought had just escaped her mouth.

"Well okay let me rephrase that," she said through a small bit of grimace in her voice. "Do you ever wonder, if Dumbledore, Sirius, and Hagrid know there doing the right thing by this?"

"By what Hermione?"

"Hiding this from her."

Harry couldn't believe what he was actually hearing. Hermione Granger was actually disbelieving a teacher's method on what's good and what's bad.

"Hermione I don't -"

"Okay let me explain that better also. The longer they go with this, the harder she will take it when - well if she finds out. If it were me, and one day I found out that -- everything I've lived with, grown up with, was a lie; I wouldn't take it the way everyone would want me to. I mean if my parents weren't my real parents, and one of my best friends was really my brother and that I wasn't who I thought I was, I wouldn't be able to face the people who did that to me."

"I guess I see what your saying, but Hermione what are we going to do, we tell her -- we might as well be facing death with Dumbledore, Sirius, then not to mention her parents as well."

"They shouldn't be mad, we should be the ones to be mad -- Hayley should out of all of us. There the ones that are lying. Were just being held by their rules."

"I doubt they would see it that way Hermione. I mean, I have been alone with Hayley numerous times, and have come so close to just blurting everything out. Like I don't care anymore for the risks, I just want her to know."

"If it makes you feel any better Harry -- so have I," said Hermione, adverting her eyes away from Harry's shocked ones.

"You have!" he hissed, amusement dripping from his voice.

"Well yes - but I wasn't thinking about telling her -- it just almost slipped before I caught myself."

"What did you say?"

"Oh - its not that big of a deal or anything, we were getting ready in the Dormitory the other morning -- and well -- I went down looking for you and Ron and you two weren't anywhere to be seen, so I almost asked Hayley 'where is that brother of yours'

but I caught myself in time."

Harry couldn't help the laugh that erupted through his throat. Hermione hit his forearm playfully at his amusement of the whole thing.

"I wonder if Ron has had any slip-ups?" asked Hermione as she leaned closer towards him.

"I doubt it - that's if he can actually get the words out without mumbling it at her."

"But isn't it hard to think about," started Hermione again, completely avoiding the subject of Ron and Hayley. "That just some stranger comes into your life and someone says there your sibling and your supposed to believe them?"

"Well, Hermione I honestly doubt there lying now, compared to our looks -- I highly doubt it."

"Well yes," she said, a small smile playing at her lips.

Harry stared at her as she turned to face him, a determined look on her face.

"I can't believe I am about to say this, but Harry, you need to tell her."

"What!"

"Well I'm not saying you just walk right up to her and announce it, but you need to tell her. This isn't right. This will blow up in their faces if they keep it up, it's just not right, she deserves to know who she is in this world."

"Hermione, what's wrong with you?" asked Harry, begging to let her words be true, and not some determined act to cheer him up.

"She doesn't deserve this Harry," she began again. Harry could have sworn he saw tears starting to form in the depths of her eyes as he watched her close them as an attempt to capture her breath again.

"She doesn't deserve what Hermione?"

"She needs to know why she's waking up in the middle of the night, wet and cold from sweat, she deserves to know why her scar hurts her so bad -- that she's passing out from it, she deserves to know she is living a lie Harry, you need to tell her. I can't believe I'm saying this, but be damned to Dumbledore, Sirius, and everyone else who wants her to be kept a secret. They can't protect her if that's what they think they're doing - look at what almost happened this morning, she almost died!

She isn't some school rule enforced on you so that you'll obey it - she's your sister Harry!"

At this point, the tears came spilling over the brim of Hermione's eyes as Harry watch them fall down her cheeks in larges puddles.

"Hermione - love - its okay, everything will be okay," said Harry, gathering her into his arms and letting her sob into his shoulder. He hadn't known it was affecting Hermione this much.

"I'm sorry," she mumbled pulling away from the embrace and whipping at her sorrow eyes, salt tracks now falling from her gentle face.

"Don't be sorry Hermione - it's alright -"

"No - I shouldn't be crying over this, I - don't know, must be the stress of work and everything."

Harry leaned over and kissed her forehead. He could feel her go limp in his arms as he tightened them around her.

He pulled her away and looked her in the eyes.

"Hermione - I love you - I may not show it, I may not act like it, but I do, and I'm sorry. You should tell me these things from now on -- promise me that you'll tell me?"

"I promise," she said whipping away the last tear to ever stain her face that night. She leaned over and kissed him gently on the lips before pulling away mumbling a soft I love you to, before standing up and looking over him.

"I'm going to go wash up, and go to bed early."

She leaned down, and kissed him once more on the lips. Feeling sleep weep through his body, Harry kissed her back gently before he felt her pull away again. He watched as she stood back up and began to head over to the Portrait, but right as she was about to turn and walk out she turned back to him, the same loving smile crossed over her lips.

"Take to heart what I said Harry," then with that she turned and walked out. Leaving a completely shocked Harry in her wake.

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'"She is living a lie Harry -- Its not right, she deserves to know who she is in this world -- They can't protect her - Be damned to Dumbledore, Sirius, and everyone who's lying to her."'

Hermione's voice never left Harry's head that night. Her words kept repeating themselves over and over to him, almost causing a hole to burst through his brain. He could almost hear her completely clear, as if she was standing right next to him, repeating those last faint words she had given him.

Harry tossed over onto his side for probably the twentieth time that night. He hadn't even felt his eyes gain the weight of tiredness, and he knew that they probably wouldn't be at all tonight.

Sighing with frustration, he turned his head up to the side of his clock sitting on his beside cabinet.

Groaning as his eyes scanned the little red numbers blinking back at him:

1: 47 AM

It really didn't help much that tonight of all nights, Ron's snoring had increased, Deans mumbling wouldn't subside, and Seamus couldn't possibly go more than five minutes without turning over in his sleep in loud huffs.

Feeling completely annoyed and well awake Harry threw the covers off him. Knowing all to well that tonight would be a night that sleep would not be gathering through his mind.

Harry stood up, and began pacing around the room. Careful not to make his steps too hard on the wooden floor or the creaks emerging from beneath his feet, as he passed his dorm mates sleeping forms.

By practically the third circle that's when he was met with his bed again.

Harry looked down and sighed. Why was he bothering to even listen to Dumbledore anymore? Like Dumbledore deserves that respect from him anyway, even after all the lies he's pulled on Harry.

Spotting his trunk peeking out through under his bed, Harry couldn't take it anymore. He had to do this.

Running forward he seized his trunk and opened it in a hurry. Remerging through it, a little louder than necessary but like anyone would hear it; a few more shuffles and he found what he was looking for.

'Please let this work.'

He stuffed the pocket-knife into his pants, then reaching over he grabbed the Invisibility Cloak sitting beside him, throwing it over him in an inpatient manner.

He stepped out through the Portrait hole no less then twenty seconds later. Not caring if the Fat Lady saw him or not, he began to set down the corridor, holding the cloak tight around his body, and repeatedly touching the knife held safely within the band of his pants.

'What if she wakes up - what will I say to her, just come out and say it, or just play Dumbledore's little game till it blows up in his face?'

Personally it didn't matter what would happen, Harry had already made his choice. He was already down two corridors and still had one left till he reached his destined desire.

'Hermione's right - she needs to know - she deserves to know - everything, I just hope I'm doing the right thing.'

Coming upon the arched doors, Harry took one of his hands that had been wrapped tightly within the cloak and gently pulled the knife out of his pants.

Apparently Harry knew Madame Pomfrey wouldn't be leaving her head quarters with an un-locked door, but expecting this, he came prepared.

Taking in a breath as he withdrew the knife, he then began to stuff it into the door lock. Praying for dear mercy that this would work, he took his other hand, and began to push the knife harder into the lock.

Hearing an 'audible' click from within the door, he smiled as he placed the knife back within his pants. Noting to thank Sirius everyday for the rest of his life.

Wrapping his hands back within the cloak, he pushed the door open.

He closed it gently behind him, not wanting to cause an echo ringing through the silent corridors, and get Filch to come running in his direction.

He sighed with relief as he stepped away from the door, looking around the room once more. He really hadn't known where Madame Pomfrey bed laid, but if it was anywhere near by, he didn't want to cause her to come running either. She maybe even worse then an anger Filch at one in the morning.

Turning around slowly, Harry stopped instantly as his eyes met the form of his sister.

Still lying in the same bed they had placed her in, still lying in the same clothes and still stiff as ever. Harry noted her breathing was still a bit steady, but not as bad as it had been before. He could see the moonlight reflecting off her face as he stepped closer to her.

Her face looked so pale, or maybe it was just the moonlight reflecting off her skin along with her frizzed and dishelmed raven locks.

Harry had to admit, she looked a lot better then she had before. It was obvious Madame Pomfrey had cleaned her up. The blood that had been stained into her hair and skin were now gone, and the only remaining factor of that were the small bruises up her left cheek.

Pulling the silver material over his face, Harry began to roll it up into a small ball, and bending over, he set it at the base of the bed. Standing back up, his eyes caught the site of Hayley's feet sticking slightly out from beneath the covers.

Grabbing the end of the cotton, he pulled it down over her toes. Making sure the skin being exposed was now tightly wrapped within the cotton of the blanket.

Standing back up, Harry turned to his left. Seeing nothing but beds in his gaze, he turned to his right. Spotting a chair sitting directly from the bed across from Hayley's,

he began to cross the stone floor.

Picking it up gently, and walking back over to Hayley's side, he set it down, barely making any sound as the metal came upon its new ground.

Harry sat within the chair. A small shiver running through his limbs from the cold contact through the lack of his pyjamas.

Once he found a comfortable spot he preferred, he leaned forward, resting his elbows lightly beside Hayley's waist.

He scanned over her face once more. Almost traumatized of the image of his mother laying before him.

He didn't know how to start this, but he'd have to get this off his chest. Either that or he may as well never be able to look at Hayley the right way again.

"Hayley?" he whispered, already knowing she wouldn't be able to hear him, and if given some fate of the gods she did, it might very well make all this turmoil go away.

"I don't know if you can hear me or not," he said, his voice barely above a whisper, "but I need for you to hear this.

Hayley - you don't know how hard this is. I know you don't see it, or maybe you do, I don't know. Sometimes I can barely look at you, maybe -- no more then ten seconds without feeling what I have been for almost a month and half now.

They all lie you know that - even Sirius kept this from me, Remus also. I always thought they wouldn't be the ones to play a Dumbledore on me, but I was wrong. I guess I didn't see that one either. See that everyone is a liar in this world, even the ones that do love you, they just use that excuse against you. They say they do it out of love, but they don't know what there really doing it out of.

Do you have any idea what it was like the day I found out about you? It was hell - you probably won't ever have to feel that feeling in your life, and if you do Hayley, Merlin I hope you handle it better then I did.

I never told Hermione or Ron this, I can't even believe I'm telling you, but the day I found out about you, I didn't only get drunk. I won't deny it anymore, I was so close to wanting to kill myself. I was in to much pain, I felt that no one could help me anymore, not really wanting to be helped in the matter, but I felt trapped you know. Just climbing up to the top of the mountain, and jumping off -- it seemed almost like heaven, just for everything to go away. But I knew I couldn't do that, I knew I would leave behind a world of death, and pain, I could see Ron and Hermione, and I knew I couldn't do it. I could almost hear Voldemort's laughter in my head.

But the first time I saw you - after it took probably ten minutes to actual get you to turn the corner, I was almost filled with regret of ever wanting to kill myself. The look in your eyes - Merlin, it was almost like watching mum turn that corner. I haven't seen much of her, not her at this age however but you are an exact creation of her. It almost

helped me when I saw you, almost reminded me that they aren't really gone, but still alive within us, you know? I can just image how Remus felt when he first saw you.

The first time I had heard you speak - I don't think I actually heard the things you were saying, but I was pretty speechless. You were speaking to me that was the problem that shook me hard. I know I didn't hide my feelings towards Malfoy very well, but you have to understand this Hayley, I've never had a real reason to hate Malfoy. I wasn't even sure I had before, but after I found you in the Great Hall that morning and saw him touching you -- I was sure that was the first time I really hated him. Hated him with a passion.

Made me think more I guess - thinking I couldn't protect you like I wanted to. I guess to other people the way they see me looking at you, they would probably call it a crushing look, but they don't know the pain I feel every time I look at you, and I have Dumbledore to thank for that.

You really don't know how lucky you have it Hayley. A family that loves you, cares for you, and even if I hate admitting it, can protect you from anything. I guess if they can protect you from knowing who Voldemort and me are, they really can do it. But now I see just how powerful Voldemort can be -- they can't protect you from everything, just like I can't either.

You grew up being loved, while I -- the fame of the Wizarding World, grew up being probably the most well hated grimace within our aunt's home. Maybe that's why I am happy that you didn't have to endure that, but then again, I am also happy I didn't have to endure what you have grown up with either.

People at this school are pretty dense in my opinion. They can't see the resemblance between us -- even you can't! I guess the Hayley Potter in you did die fifteen years ago. There are things I wish so much Hayley, things I know may never come true, but I know they can come true if I stop giving a damn what everyone thinks is right.

I wish - for once I wasn't the answer to everyone's problems. They all except me to end the fear they go through each time they leave there loved ones. I wish - Voldemort had actual killed me fifteen years ago. I know its wrong, and it's just as bad as the day I found out about you, but at least you wouldn't have to know about me, you would be safer then you are now. I wish mum had gotten me out of the house along with you. We could have grown up together, having to never know the lies out there that you are living through now. Pretty much most of all - I wish Tom Riddle was never born.

I may have never met our parents Hayley, but just hearing stories about them from Sirius, and Remus, and Misses Weasley, it still hurts me to know I will never get to meet them. I guess my wish was blessed. I met you. The only thing I have left of them. But Hayley, it still doesn't mean shit when you don't even know who you are.

I can't believe you still haven't seen me yet. I mean really, really seen me. You may look at me from afar but basically your not really staring. You haven't seen our eyes, you haven't noticed our hair, and I may bless Merlin for this - but you haven't seen my scar either."

Harry stopped talking after that thought sunk into his head. His eyes had retrieved to looking out the window while he had been talking. He brought his eyes back up towards Hayley's peaceful face. He reached up slowly, trying not to wake the girl, though he doubted he would while she was still deep into her sleep.

He brought his hand towards her face and gently pulled back her raven locks that had been lying over her face. He set the handful of hair onto her shoulder, as he returned his eyes now to her exposed scar.

Harry sat back down slowly, not once his eyes leaving his sister's forehead.

"The first time I saw your scar - I thought I would pass out. You have no idea how much that had hit me. I don't know how you got it, but you did. Which makes me question if you really did get out of the house that night."

Harry leaned back into his chair. Now feeling his eyes beginning to droop with tiredness. He stifled a short yawn before he began to talk again.

"If anything ever happened to you - Hermione or Ron, I don't think I would be able to live with myself. And if it happened and you didn't know the truth, I know I wouldn't be able to live. Hayley - you need to understand I will protect you. I've never known the feeling but I'm pretty sure that's what big brothers do," with that said, Harry reached his hand forward. Intertwining it with Hayley's cold hand lying beside her.

He leaned his head forward. Sighing as he felt it hit the soft material of the bed.

"I promise you'll know Hayley - someday soon - you'll know," he said giving the hand beneath his grip a small squeeze as he closed his eyes, yawning once more. His hand still holding Hayley's tightly within his own.

It was right as Harry fell asleep, that he didn't even notice the hand beneath his grip, give the slightest pressure as it squeezed back.

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Feeling the rising sun sting beneath her closed eyelids, and only making her groan in annoyance at the light in her eyes, Hayley began to shuffle her head back and forth.

Ending this result in the sun never leaving its presences within her slumber. Hayley slowly began to open her eyes. She regretted it immensely as she felt the sun sting straight into her eyes. Groaning again, Hayley tried to turn her head away from its gaze. Moaning from the pain she felt from that to, she kept her head straight instead. Trying to recompose her eyes to focus as she started looking around the room. Everything seemed dizzy to her.

Trying again, she strained her neck towards her right, seeking the numbers of her clock sitting atop of her cabinet.

Feeling confused when all she saw was more beds beside her, and the absence of her

clock, she looked up. Seeing the ceiling above her, all she saw was the high carved stone instead of her usual four-poster canvas red.

'Where am I?'

Bringing her right hand up to her head, she began to rub at her tired eyes. That's when the pain in her head submerged full force, only causing her to groan more.

Feeling something pushing into her back, she turned her head over to her left. Maybe it was the loss of sleep but she swore she could feel someone else in the room with her, literally speaking.

Hayley turned her head to the left, suddenly finding her face buried in what seemed like a thick, black mass of hair. The scent of shampoo filled her nostrils and she realized there was a head resting next to her shoulder in this bed, beside her!

'What the..'

Looking down farther that's when the strangers face came into full view within her eye view.

"Harry!"

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Groaning as Harry felt pressure began to issue through his shoulder, he turned his head over.

"Harry - wake up!"

Harry brought his hand up and began to swat away at the intruder, not feeling in the mood to deal with anyone this earlier in the morning.

"Harry!"

Turning his head over once more, Harry felt something shoot through his back at a force of what seemed like a spell hitting him.

Starting to come back to reality from his dream, he began to burry his head into his pillow, only to find it wasn't there. He then found his head buried in something lumpy and hard. He could feel someone's heartbeat beneath his ear.

Bringing his head up slightly he groaned as felt his glasses literally glued to the bridge of his nose as he felt them pushing into his skin.

"Harry?" spoke the same voice.

Turning his head to his left, a little to fast as he felt his neck crack at the fast intake he had motioned. He began to feel his eyes coming into focus as he scanned around his surroundings.

That's when emerald orbs met emerald orbs.

"Hayley?"

"Harry why are we in bed together?"

Harry looked down to wear Hayley was gesturing to. That's when he felt his eyes widen with what he saw.

Harry was in bed with Hayley!

But how did he -

That's when he felt it hit him like a load of bricks.

He remembered now walking down to the hospital wing, finding Hayley and sitting with her. He must have fallen asleep, so then how did he end up in bed with her.

'THE DREAM!' screamed a voice through his head.

"Harry!" squealed Hayley, bringing him back to attention of reality.

'The dream about Hermione -I must have climbed into bed with Hayley thinking it was Hermione! God damn sex dreams!'

"I-I dunno," muttered Harry, immediately throwing the covers off him and hopping out of bed as soon as his legs carried him.

"Where are we?" asked Hayley, completely forgetting Harry, and looking around the beds once more.

"Its t-the Hospital Wing," muttered Harry, he could feel his face burning crimson, but not seeming to notice as he kept returning to the thought of he had just woken up next to his sister.

Harry knew Hayley was staring at him, but she on the other hand wasn't blushing the colour of blood right now. Instead she was rubbing her forehead in a circular pattern.

"Are you alright?" asked Harry as he watched her features suddenly go deathly pale.

"That voice?" was all she said, as her eyes took on a look of glossy pearl.

Harry froze to the spot. On god no...

"Hayley what voice?"

"THAT VOICE! I HEARD HIM! HE WAS IN MY HEAD!"

Harry couldn't move, he didn't know what to say. He only stared at her, frozen to the

spot.

'Madame Pomfrey didn't give her the Memory Potion!'

"Harry I heard him! He was in my head, he wanted me to find him, he wants me to follow him!"

Harry didn't know what to do. Suddenly feeling scared out of his wits, he started looking everywhere for a memory potion Madame Pomfrey might have left out for her.

"WHO WAS HE HARRY - WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH ME!" she screamed while Harry ran to the cabinet and throwing open the doors, he started scanning every bottle for some sign of a 'memory' crossed over it.

"I can still hear him Harry - he's still in my head?"

Harry was to busy looking over the bottles that he didn't even see Hayley get out of bed and run over to him. Seizing him by the arms, and turning him around forcefully.

"Hayley stop this -"

"WHO WAS HE!" she screamed, there faces only mere inches apart as she shook him.

Harry was so close to her face, he could see the tears shining in her eyes.

"Harry - please - who was he, I know you know! He wants both of us - h-he told me!" she said, her voice lowering as she began to weep into his shoulder.

"Hayley just calm down -"

"NO I WILL NOT CALM DOWN!" she screamed again, pushing him away from her and running back over to the bed.

'Where the hell is Madame Pomfrey!'

If no one had come by now, then they probably wouldn't be, given to how loud Hayley was screaming, it would be impossible not to hear her echoes half way down the corridor.

Harry walked forward and seized Hayley around the shoulders. Trying to hold her still as she moved against him and kept trying to push him away. He tried to keep her from moving and hold her still while trying to muffle her screams.

"I can hear him Harry!"

"Hayley shut up -"

"He wants to hurt me - he wants me in the lake - he wants me now!"

"HAYLEY -"

"Tell me - why - what does he want with me!"

"STOP MOVING!"

"TELL ME -- YOU KNOW!"

Hayley pushed Harry off her as Harry stopped for a second to recapture the words she had just thrown at him.

"Hayley stop -"

"Tell me!"

"Hayley please - your fine, he doesn't want you -"

"YOU KNOW! YOUR HIDING IT FROM ME!"

"If you don't stop ranting people will hear you -"

"TELL ME NOW!!"

"HAYLEY I'M SERIOUS - STOP SCREAMING!"

"WHAT ARE YOU HIDING FROM ME! QUIT LYING!"

"YOU'RE MY BLOODY SIS -"

"POTTER GLENWOOD!" screamed a voice at the door echoing into the room and cutting Harry short from his sentence.

"Professor McGonagall," said Harry in a broken voice, due to all the screaming he had just been issuing.

"What in Heaven are you doing up here!" she hissed walking forward, and glaring daggers towards Harry.

"Professor - we were - I was trying to get Hayley back into bed."

"Potter, you aren't even supposed to be here, you have class in ten minutes!"

Harry began to walk forward, not even bothering to look back at Hayley. Now more then egger to escape the room and avoid looking at Hayley for as longed as he lived. Right as his hands came within reach of the door -

"Hold on just a minute Potter, I need to speak with you. Miss Glenwood you to have class in ten minutes. I'll be sure to report to Madame Pomfrey I dismissed you and that you'll be back again tonight," she said, nodding Hayley towards the door.

Hayley looked at Harry for a moment, giving him a look Harry couldn't place. Her eyes were now emptier then he had ever seen them. Almost a pale green colour.

"Miss Glenwood now please," repeated McGonagall nodding towards the door once more. Harry could tell she wasn't going to be using that sweet toned voice with him after Hayley was out of the room.

Harry watched as Hayley began to cross the stone floor, her head held down near her chest as she walked. It wasn't until she was near the door till she turned and gave Harry one last look before stepping out of the room.

Professor McGonagall turned to him, and Harry knew immediately what was coming.

"Do you realize that just now Potter if I hadn't have come walking in here from hearing you two all the way up on the fifth floor, that you would have destroyed everything?"

"Yes Professor -"

"And do you not recall that just only two weeks ago, Professor Dumbledore told you that you were restrained from doing that?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Potter - I know this isn't easy, but you have to face it, you cannot tell her. I'd rather not have to go to the force of putting Hayley into her own Dormitory just to separate the two of you -"

"No!"

"Fine - I'd make you report to Professor Dumbledore but if you promise me that you will never breath this to Miss Glenwood again, I will not report it. Potter I do not want to go to the lengths of what is right just because you can't follow a simple rule."

Harry stared at her, trying with all his needs not to glare at her as she referred to Hayley as a rule.

'Just like Hermione said - they all think she's some rule.'

She gave him a stern look before slightly turning it into a small smile.

"Thank you Professor."

"You have class to get to now - I don't want you being late."

Harry smiled once more at her, then turning and beginning to walk out, he felt his nerves start to loosen a little.

"Oh and Potter."

Harry stopped slowly, trying to regain his heartbeat; he turned back around towards her.

"Your first detention will be arranged the day after Hogsmeade of this weekend, eight o'clock sharp - don't be late and meet me in my office, I mean it Potter."

Harry nodded at her, trying to make his appearance somewhat respectable, but failing badly as he stepped out of the hospital. Turning towards his left, he began to walk down the corridor.

Not even noticing as Hayley stepped out from behind the door that had closed behind him, staring after his retreating form for some time before she, herself turned and started walking down the opposite corridor of him.

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## Hogsmeade...

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The last three days to ending the week, and not to mention the first week of December, flew by as the anticipation and apprehension flew within and without the castle.

More Christmas cheer was following through the corridors with each passing day. Starting with small mistletoes being hung in unexpected late night places and following with carols being heard echoing through the halls during classes as the ghosts speared there vocals throughout. Ending with decorations and cherry presents throughout the days given to students from secret admires..

Mostly every student you passed through the chilly corridors these last passing days, always seemed to have a foolish grin on there face, or a weird academic skip to there step as they walked. Even the second and first years were finding holidays at Hogwarts ever more welcoming and cheerier then usual, even if they wouldn't be the students to find accompanying Hogsmeade this weekend, they still found cheer to bring smiles to there solely faces.

Even the teachers were feeling the cheer already spreading through the ancient castle so early into the month. Easing up on the work and evening assignments, mainly most of them had been found giving there students less of a lack and more of a break till the last few weeks till Christmas arrived.

The fifth, sixth and seventh year students found this present to be a blessing. Ever since then, you barely would find a fifth year or up, residing in the common room as an excuse to pass time, or to work on homework, but mainly catching them in the school yards experimenting with the cold wonder of snow.

Or at least this is where you'd find most of the students during there free hours, but you exceptionally would not find Hayley Glenwood in either of those residences.

Hayley, nowadays, was found to be hiding in her Dormitory bed. If not at classes,

breakfast, lunch, or dinner, you would most likely find her there.

Three days previous, Hayley was released from the Hospital Wing and returned back into classes. She felt very distance from everyone, maybe not everyone, but in a manner of speaking - distant from Harry.

She felt sick every time she saw him-a feeling like she was queasy to her stomach and going to throw up, but resisting the urge of retching all her breakfast down during classes.

Hayley could tell, if not from him then her, that he felt the same way. Barely making eye contact with one another, or speaking to each other in silence or just in public was a task that none of them was succeeding in. To Hayley, it felt like she was back to day one. Starting with day one from first meeting Harry, and learning to deal with his weird ways, then before now, where they seemed to be closer before the incidents began to take over that friendship and now tearing it apart.

Hayley now kept to her own routine. She would wake up in the morning, dress with her dorm mates, proceed down to the Great Hall with Hermione and have breakfast with basically anyone who didn't consist of Harry, then attend classes. After those six long hours, she'd then start heading up to the Hospital Wing to have her daily check-up with Madam Pomfrey to make sure her head wasn't suffering from any brain damage from the fall, or what she could remember of it. Then after that, reporting back to her Dormitory where she wouldn't come out for quite some time.

Every since she was released from the solitude of the hospital bed, Madam Pomfrey make it crucial that she attend to her everyday at six o'clock sharp for the usual check-up, which Hayley now found to be quite annoying to hear the same 'doing fine dear - see you tomorrow then' after every session she'd been to, and she's only attended three.

To make her temper rise more too full climax, she seemed to be getting quite irritated with the constant questions from Ron and Hermione about the night before she was released.

It was quite obvious to Hayley that they knew Harry had snuck out to head to the hospital wing, but when Hayley began to run through the details with them, she had indistinctly left out the detail about waking up and finding him in bed with her. Something she was quite sure both Ron and Hermione would take the wrong way, if not the right way.

But even so, it still annoyed Hayley every time she recalled the memory to herself.

In all honesty, she didn't remember the part of Harry yelling at her, or maybe it was her yelling at Harry. All that seemed to me running through her mind was the words he said after that, and if even more so, Professor McGonagall showing up during the raw.

'"YOU'RE MY BLOODY SIS -"'

Hayley hadn't yet fully registered what that interrupted sentence meant, nor did she

have time to. It was the words spoken by Professor McGonagall that she had overheard during one of her many sessions of 'eaves-dropping.' But even now, Hayley regretted it immensely. It wasn't like one of her parents' silent chats, where she usually had no clue as to what they were saying, but this time it seemed different. Like she needed to find out what the words she had overheard meant, and why they were leaving Harry in the aftermath mood he'd been carrying around with him during classes for the last three days.

' "Potter - I know this isn't easy, but you have to face it, you cannot tell her.'"

She tried to put it all behind her, but something was stopping her. She tried to recall the words that had been said before Professor McGonagall had found them, but all that seemed to be coming to her was the line said by Harry.

Sighing, as Hayley glanced over herself in the mirror, she started to feel queasy again.

"Hayley - are you alright?" asked Hermione, stepping away from her four- poster and walking over towards her.

"Yeah everything's fine Hermione, why?" asked Hayley; shaking off the last lurch she felt her stomach issue.

Hayley had grown used to shaking off emotions and weird incidental feelings. It just seemed harder to do when you were the one trying to fool Hermione Granger.

"You just seem a little pale that's all."

"No - I'm fine Hermione."

"Okay - almost ready to go then?" said Hermione, turning away from Hayley and walking back over towards her trunk.

Hayley couldn't help the smile that crossed her face. Today was Saturday. They would be attending Hogsmeade. Hayley's first Hogsmeade trip away from her parents.

"Excited about seeing your father?" asked Hermione.

Hayley tried to bring another smile to her face, but she was having a hard time forming the curves without it looking forced. Of course she missed her mother and father, but the main reason she came here was to get away from them. Sure Owls were alright, but actually seeing them after only five weeks away from each other just didn't seem right.

"Yes - I guess," was all the raven responded with.

"Well I'm going to go down to meet up with Harry and Ron. Are you almost ready?"

"Almost - I'll be down in a minute."

"Alright."

"Oh-and Hermione?"

Hermione turned around almost instantly expecting this. Hayley could see a look of excitement hidden within her features.

"Yeah?"

"Did you - you know - return Harry's cloak I gave back to you after Madam Pomfrey?"

Hermione let out a soft sigh at the way she detected Hayley say her boyfriend's name, but she nodded all the same. Hayley watched Hermione through the mirror as she crossed the room and walked out.

Sighing again, Hayley walked back over towards her own bed.

She looked over her clothes she had picked out for the day and frowned at them.

She had grown quite used to wearing her uniform. To her, it showed that she wasn't home schooled anymore, but now part of a real school.

Since it was almost below zero outside there wasn't much of a choice to wardrobe in this whether. So, she was going with Hermione's approach at things. She picked out something simple yet comfortable for both herself and her father to see her in (if you called a light green sweater and jeans simple); for when they would meet up at one o'clock at Quality Quidditch Supplies; according to the Owl he had sent her only two nights ago.

Hayley didn't know if it was the anxiety of seeing her father again, or the anxiety that this would be her first visit to Hogsmeade without him accompanying her, but something was telling her there was danger lying ahead.

Shaking off the feeling once more, Hayley proceeded to change out of her nightgown, and slip into her daily wears.

After zipping her jeans up she went back over towards the mirror.

Gazing over her features she couldn't help the frown that was crossing her face. She had noticed lately that her eyes seemed to be harbouring in a pale green; so unlike there usual shinning emerald that was always carried with a happy face. But there was the answer right there. In order to have a happy face, you had to have a happy girl, and Hayley was not any of those at the moment.

She felt like she did when she was back home; miserable, depressed; and finding it a new quest with each passing day to face the school. Not knowing why; the school didn't know anything about her, her scar, the voice, her dreams, or Harry. But lately to her, facing the school meant facing Harry.

Feeling very unconscious now, Hayley brought her hand up to her forehead, pushing

away the hair that lay there and moving it aside, giving her the clear view of her scar.

Her scar. She looked directly at it, almost glaring at herself through the mirror. It wasn't as red as it had been through the previous days. It had resided in going back to its usual pale pink, and leaving her alone with its torments of turning bright blood red.

Taking one last glance at herself, Hayley turned and began heading towards the common room.

It wasn't its usual quiet solitude, but other then a loud and roaming centre filled with students from third year and above.

Without her brain even needing to direct her, her eyes instantly targeted Harry almost on instinct. She didn't realize she was staring, but her eyes didn't seem to want to pull away from him.

He was standing near the fire, Hermione and Ron near by, all three of them in a tight circle, as if giving the impression not to be disturbed. It only took three more seconds until Harry finally caught her gaze.

Him, like her, couldn't seem to pull away either. Both emeralds scanning over the other, neither making a move to go over to each other, or show respect either.

Ron seemed to be ranting on over one thing or the other, until he noticed one of his audience members wasn't paying a bit of attention to his jolting and rambling. He seemed to catch Harry staring at something, because the next minute Ron's eyes were on her also, but Hayley kept her focus only on Harry.

Ron turned back towards Harry and gave him a short nod before he started making his way over to Hayley's still form.

Hayley, finally wiping out of her gaze, turned towards Ron and gave him a soft smile.

"You okay?" he said audibly in a whisper.

Hayley couldn't help the small blush creep into her cheeks as she heard how soft and calm his voice was towards her. She probably, for the fourth time that morning, knocked off the sharp lump starting to form within her throat as she turned to face him.

"Are the carriages here yet?" she asked, trying to change the subject and more then anxious to get out of there.

"No - we're 'bout to head out soon-do you have your permission slip with you?"

"My mum sent it to Dumbledore a couple weeks back. s'pose he has it already."

"Right - well, ready to head down to the entrance hall?"

Hayley suddenly felt like Ron was treating her like some three year old lost up in her own feelings and emotions, and not knowing which end was up. She turned her eyes

back towards Ron curious blue ones gazing over her, and gave him just that look. The look that told him she was fine and to lay off a little.

"Sorry - just you know. I'm worried about you. Just got out of the hospital wing, it's okay to be worried you know!" he said in a sort of mocking, yet delighted voice.

Hayley laughed softly at him, "well yes - but your over worrying - mother."

"Mother!" Ron snapped back, a huge grin spreading over his face.

Hayley couldn't help the laugh that escaped her mouth at the pouting look he was displaying for her. She didn't stop laughing for quite some time. Missing the absent of the happy feeling and not even feeling as the emotional one was disappearing faster then she could detect.

"Now are you ready to go down to the entrance hall?" asked Ron, a smile still lingering at his lips as he watched his work display in front of him, for he knew how depressed she had been during this last week.

Hayley nodded at him, then turned and followed him over towards Hermione and Harry who seemed to be in another tight circle discussing something, but Hayley watched as they spilt apart from each other when they saw Ron return with Hayley at his side.

An uncomfortable silence occurred over the four of them as they stood and stared at one another.

Hayley taking this time to some advantage, began taking her gaze and looking over what the trio had chosen for there daily wears today instead of there usual Hogwarts wear.

Hermione was in wool, white sweater along with that, came a long raven skirt that came down to her ankles. Her hair being the same as always, long bushy and laying around her shoulders in a small attempt to keep it out of her face.

Ron was residing in a maroon yet red sweater, wearing baggy tan pants that fell around his legs in a worn and tired fabric. His hair, like Harry's, was dishelmed and coming up in all sorts of places over his redden roots.

Then that left Harry.

Hayley tried to hold back her features as her eyes gazed over Harry's. Even Harry was doing the same as her, he clearly to, was seeing what Hayley was and they seemed to be the only ones to notice.

'So now we think alike?'

Harry, like her, had put on a same forest green sweater; only his had a big 'H' stitched in white over the chest and hers was plain, but the colour, the fabric, and the way it looked with there eyes were all the same.

As her eyes descended down his body she tried to hold back her gasp -- even Harry had picked out jeans along with his wear.

'Same black hair - same green sweaters - and now -- same jeans.'

Harry seemed to be taking this in as well, but he, unlike her, was doing a better job of hiding his expressions.

"Er - all ready to go down then?" he asked, his voice rasp and rough like he was trying to clear it some how.

Ron and Hermione both nodded at Harry, and making a quick move, they both began to start walking towards the Portrait. Hayley seemed too caught up in the moment to take any movements with her feet.

She started to feel foolish at her childish manners, and getting even more caught up in the moment she brought her head up so that it was facing Harry's face to face.

"Hi Harry," she said. Her voice, like his was very rough, and nervousness could be detected in it quite obviously.

"'Lo Hayley," he said as a small smile began to cross over his face and lighten his pale colour somewhat to a pink shade.

"How are you?"

"I'm fine - yourself."

"Can't complain."

"Are you - er -- feeling better?"

"Yes - very much."

"That's good."

Hayley nodded at his response, turning her gaze away from Harry and scanning the common room for any left residence. All she could see were second years and below.

Apparently they were too caught up into the moment to notice that everyone had already left.

Hayley turned her eyes back on Harry. He smiled at her, and then Hayley watched as he brought his hand up to his glasses and took them off.

"What are you doing?" asked Hayley as she saw him starting to rub the glass frames over his shirt.

"Cleaning them."

Hayley had never known anyone besides Harry and Dumbledore who wore glasses. So to her, this was a new experience. She watched as Harry rubbed the worn glass back and forth over the emerald fabric, and it wasn't until Harry brought his head back up towards her that he caught her gazing.

"Something wrong?" he asked a look of small concern over his face.

"Wha - no, no nothing's wrong."

She couldn't seem to take her eyes away from Harry's face, and judging how he wasn't putting space between there bodies, he couldn't either.

Her eyes mysteriously rounded up towards his own eyes, seeking the depths of them as she did so.

"Your eyes are green?" she said, completely traced within his gaze.

"Yeah - s-so are yours."

Those simple four letters, seemed to whip Hayley out of that trance faster then she had expected it to.

"Sorry," she mumbled, feeling very foolish for even staring at his face in the first place.

"It's alright - we should start heading down now."

"Right."

If there was one thing Hayley hated about the idea of going to Hogsmeade, it was getting passed Filch at the door. He looked over her like she was some grimace disturbing his presence and only darkening his shadow like some rodent.

She must say, she didn't prefer the carriage ride much either. If the wheels could roll for five minutes without hitting a bump or a rock that would have pleased the ride and its passengers some.

It did help somewhat that Ron had succeeded in getting them a carriage all to themselves. Harry and Hermione sat across from them, Harry's hand intertwined with Hermione's, while Hayley and Ron sat across from them. Clearly not closing the space between them as they say Hermione and Harry doing.

"So where do we go first?" asked Ron, shifting his position to get more comfortable into his seat.

"How about were we always going Ron - The Three Broomsticks."

"Thanks Hermione," was his only reply as he gave her a small smile before dropping it almost as fast as he displayed it.

Silence seemed to engulf them after that response. Hayley, feeling to uncomfortable to say anything just sat, fiddling with a small thread of fabric off her shirt while Harry, Ron and Hermione seemed to be favouring the windows at the moment.

"Ruddy time," Ron mumbled as the carriages came to a halt.

Ron was the first one to appear outside the carriage. Hayley following him after that, and then Hermione and Harry; there hands still locked together as they stepped down.

"Where should we head off to first -"

"How about Quality Quidditch - ouch Hermione what in grotty hell was that for!"

"I'm sorry Ron - I thought I saw a fly or something."

"Yes I'm sure you did," said Ron, now rubbing at the rending spot on his head that was seizing the emotion of pain, being surrounded by Hermione's hand.

"Well I'm fancying a Butter Beer right about now," said Harry, glancing up towards where he knew the Three Broomsticks laid.

"How about I meet you lot there - I have to meet someone," said Hayley, trying not to put an impression on her words as she said 'someone' in front of Ron.

"Alright -- how about we go into Three Broomsticks and Hayley you meet us there when you're done?"

"Sounds good to me Hermione - I guess I'll see you later - say around two?"

"Okay," they all chorused. Hayley didn't feel like leaving them now, not especially Harry for her father. She had an uncanny feeling in the pit of her stomach as it banished its usual episodes of lurching and twisting every time she felt uncomfortable or wrong.

Sighing, she turned her back on them, and began heading toward Quality Quidditch Supplies that laid two blocks ahead of her.

Feeling December's breeze ruffle through the fabric of her jeans, and run waves through her thick hair, Hayley shivered at the lack of clothing she was wearing.

Placing her hands within the solemn of her pockets, she brought her head down.

She felt a feeling of informality tug even harder at the pit of her stomach, and she didn't know how to detect it, or see why she felt it on a day as happy as this. That's when the thought caressed her fogged brain, and brought lights to its views of wisdom as the reason why she felt this way became clear.

'I don't want to see my father.'

If there was any other plainer way to say it, than that was it. More feelings came to her fogged brain as she tumbled that thought around within.

'He may only want to see me because he wants me to come back home - or he may just take me home and never bring me back?'

She sounded selfish for even thinking it, but when you have grown up living like this; never knowing what your parents will access you to, then yes, those queer thoughts always come abrupt.

As she brought her head back up, knowing she couldn't look like this in the presence of her father; he would start to assume something was wrong and Hayley needed to show him she was extremely happy now.

She gazed over the village in front of her. It truly never changes.

Hayley remembered now the time her father had brought her here for the first time. She was nine. Way before the Ministry even thought of building a Quidditch shop in the depths of the fore grounds, and her father becoming famous and rich with its blooming business.

Her family had always been rich, if not with her father's past job and her mothers present job, there was no doubting the Glenwood's had money, and after her father got appointed the manager of Quality Quidditch Supplies, that money seemed to take a fast toll as it got higher.

How high someone might ask. Well let's say three vaults in Gringotts stored those savings, and neither of those three vaults stored Hayley's future fiancées, adding on a fourth one as well. Hayley never paid attention to her family fiancées, but maybe if she had come from a poor family she would think again. Growing up with it, you never notice it. It probably doesn't add to the problem that you live in a house that's invested in the richest part of England yet. In disappointment of Hayley, that was the Muggle part.

Too lost in her thoughts, Hayley hadn't realized she was already standing in front of Quality Quidditch Supplies.

The store standing proudly before her and already students rushing in to get a glimpse of the latest broom being displayed happily through the widow (The Wimple 3000). Hayley didn't need to see it, she would probably be owning one herself by Christmas. That's just who her parents were.

"Never thought I'd see someone with the likes of you standing near a store like this."

Hayley turned around immediately at the voice. Almost regretting it as she felt her feet standing above ice harvesting off the ground and the friction of her feet rubbing over it.

"What do you want, Malfoy?"

"Oh - back to surnames are we Hayley. I see were taking Potter's approach at greetings now?"

"Malfoy -"

"That's alright - never told me you're the daughter of one of the richest men in London now did you - don't tell me, just slipped your mind?"

"What does it matter to you anyway, you git!"

"Wow - you are learning fast with that lot, well I'll tell you what it matters to me, I'm sure you've heard of the Malfoy's rich fortunes?"

"I -"

"Well maybe you have maybe you haven't. I'll tell you anyway, see here, Hayley - if a name like the Malfoy's and a name like the Glenwood's be wed, do you know how much money is involved in that alone?"

"Sod off!"

Hayley didn't bother staying to see the aftermath of her words; she just started walking forward towards the shop.

"If you think you can fancy someone like a Weasley, you'll find yourself in the dumps faster than a father like there's Ministry of MAGIC!"

Hayley stopped dead in her tracks.

"Don't tell me you don't think I see it?"

Hayley slowly turned around to face him, her face penetrating many looks in one go - shock, scared, and yes she will admit it, happy. Happy at the way Malfoy retorted Ron's name at her. He was jealous. Jealous of something that hasn't even happened and very well may never happen.

"I beg your pardon?"

"A ruddy blind man could see it - you fancy someone whose money is the most farqing -- bloodiest way it can go!"

"Is money all that matters to you Malfoy - fortunes and gold?"

"Only if I see a Glenwood musing with a Wealsey - it's almost as sickening as seeing a Mudblood with Potter -- see you around Hayley."

Hayley watched as Malfoy lifted his cloak over his head and with one last smirk, he started tampering down the alleyway and turning into another pub just up two from where she was standing. Hayley recognized the place her parents had forbidden her to ever enter.

She just stood there - completely speechless. Feeling the cold winter air whipping at her numb skin.

That's when one of the passing students accidentally bumped into her coming through the alleyway, bringing her back to reality. Malfoy's words stinging her brain with a force that she knew would also bring a smile to her face as she thought of it:

"'A ruddy blind man could see it - you fancy someone whose money is the most farqing -- bloodiest way it can go!'"

So Malfoy thinks she likes Ron.

Hayley hadn't thought much of it, but if the unexplainable smile and tug at her stomach performance played whenever she was around him, then she may very well fancy him.

The smile still tugging at her lips, Hayley turned and began making her way through the scurrying crowd of what she recognized as some of the Hufflepuff fourth and some Ravenclaw third years.

After many 'excuse me' through the crowd, Hayley entered the shop. Even shops in Hogsmeade never change. Still holding up as good as ever, still harvesting it's usual gold shiny paint shimmering off the walls and all the brooms still standing above her, shinning proudly for there crowd.

Making her way through the crowd some more, Hayley began heading back towards the service lounge. She couldn't see her father anywhere within her gaze.

Turning around to seek the clocks numbers she frowned as she saw the time:

1:10 PM

"Snitch - Snitch is that you?"

Turning around at the source of finicality, Hayley smiled as she saw who it was.

"Blimey it is - it's the Hayley Glenwood, our new Gryffindor Princess!"

"Hello Midice it's great to see you to," laughed Hayley at her father's head assistant.

She remembered when her father brought a bunch of his colleagues around the house for drinks after a night at the store two years ago. They called it the 'broomstick drinking' because during the day they had sold more brooms in all the Quidditch stores piled together in London. Hayley remembered when her father had introduced her to Midolous Gavolent, (Midice she nick- named him and Snitch he did her); she had taken to him the most out of all ten men her father introduced to her that night.

He was a young chap, reaching the age of twenty-six this coming year. He had just the same build her father did, and for this job that was the build required. His height

reaching a good six foot, and his arms and shoulders a good very buff size. His hair a misty brown, and his eyes a bright shining blue. It was a wonder Hayley didn't fancy him, but to her he was more of a big brother.

"So what's a sheela like yeh, doing here on a day like this?"

"Actually Midice I'm looking for my father - you haven't seen him by chance have you?"

"Seen him - Snitch I work with him remember, or is that Hogwarts education flooding that mind of yeh's eh!"

"Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha...no, not exactly. You just seem busy today that's all, didn't now if you've seen him."

"No he's around here I think he just went on lunch ten minutes ago - so tell me how's Hogwarts been for yeh? Being as I graduated from it nine years ago - its becoming something of a daze to me yeh know?"

"It's still a wonder how you got into Hufflepuff Midice, but no - Hogwarts is great!"

"That's good - none of the young lads making the moves on yeh now right or else big Midolous is gonna have to pound some gits head it!"

"Ha-Ha-Ha...no none of them are making moves on me."

"Do you fancy anyone yet?"

"MIDICE!" screamed Hayley, slapping his arm playfully as a young sister would do to her brother.

"Wha - oh c'mon, Snitch - Midice needs this info c'mon now spill!"

"Well - there is one boy -"

"Details, Snitch - I need details!"

"Well he's in my year -"

"Names, Snitchy I need names."

"Well don't tell my father please it's all I need - but his name is Ron Weasley -"

"Arthur Weasley's youngest lad! Never met the chap, but heard loads from yeh dad! Okay why do yeh like him Snitch? Give me all the juicy details!"

"Well - he's smart, extremely funny, handsome, and he's charming.."

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"..and she's charming, and incredibly pretty and smart and the list could go on."

"So that's what you like about her?" asked Hermione, leaning forward out of Harry's embrace to grab her Butter Beer from off the table.

"Well no - blimey no, there's other reasons - but those are personal!"

"Ron why don't you just tell her?" asked Harry, wrapping his arms back around Hermione's shoulders as she leaned back into there embrace.

"Because Harry - I just couldn't, not with the way things are between you two -"

"Ron I wouldn't mind really, I mean Malfoy's one thing, but my best mate is another, I think it would be brilliant."

"But if something happened between us, then you'd be all over me -"

"Ron - please, given I've seen you with Ginny, but that's your little sister, you've grown up with her, you know?"

"Well Hayley's your little sister to!"

"Well - actual I don't know who was born first - Sirius never told me."

"And it's quite obvious she likes you too," said Hermione.

Harry watched as Ron's ears turned an even redder shade then he was already harbouring, and as a smile crossed his face.

They arrived in the Three Broomstick only twenty minutes ago and while Harry had been buying there drinks, Hermione had taken up the conversation of Ron and Hayley.

Ron, Harry observed, was a little more eager to talk about her, maybe more then before, but he was still just as stubborn to do anything about it.

"Hey, Hermione?" asked Harry as they fell silent.

"Humph?"

"What did Hayley mean when she said 'meet someone' who was she meeting?"

"No one, Harry."

Harry could tell by the look on her face she was holding something in.

"Hermione c'mon - as long as it isn't Malfoy I don't care."

"Oh -- well if you say that then okay -- she was meeting with her father."

"Her - father?"

Hermione nodded her head against his neck.

Ron bit down on his lip to help make the look on his face look less evident.

"Well - that's fine - you know, she's allowed to see her father."

"I suppose so - well it's already one forty-five, she should be here soon," said Hermione, leaning over Harry so she could get a better glimpse of the window for any signs of a raven hair - emerald eyed girl.

Harry brought his head back over towards Ron. Giving him a small smile, he turned his attention into the crowd of students still trampling through the doorway.

"Hey - do you guys smell smoke?" asked Ron, sniffing the air blowing in through the opened door.

"Smoke?" asked Harry looking at him confused.

"Yeah smoke - coming from outside?"

Harry starting sniffing the air around him. He smelled it to.

"Come on lets go outside," said Hermione standing up away from Harry. Apparently, to Harry, she could smell it to.

Harry set his Butter Beer down beside him and as did Ron they both stood up from there chairs and began walking outside.

The minute Harry reached the outside, his nostrils filled with the foul smell of smoke, rather then the sweet smell of Christmas air surrounding the village only twenty minutes ago.

"Oh my - LOOK!"

Harry turned to where Hermione was pointing and that's when he felt his entire body go numb.

"FIRE - FIRE - THERES A FIRE SOMEONE CALL THE AURORS!"

Harry grabbed Ron and Hermione right as a crowd of students came tumbling into them and pulled them back inside the Three Broomsticks.

Harry realized as he did this, that was probably a bigger mistake. All the students and teachers that were now inside, were now wanting to get outside.

Harry could see Professor McGonagall making her way to the door through the window. Hagrid, Snape, and Flitwick, were not far behind her.

Mostly everyone moved aside as they saw them now pushing the crowd through.

Hagrid leading the way during this so the children would back off quicker.

"HAGRID, ROUND UP ANY STUDENTS IN HERE, SERVERUS YOU GO UP THE HILL AND LOOK THERE, FLITWICK STAY WITH ME."

"Hagrid, what's going on?" asked Harry the minute he saw McGonagall, Flitwick, and Snape leave in a hurry.

"There's bin a fire - down near Hogs Head - c'mon you lot, we have to get you to the carriage'," said Hagrid, starting to push students near by out the door.

"But Hagrid - what about HAYLEY!"

"She'll be fin' 'arry - we need to get you lot out now!"

"But Hagrid Hogs Head is near -" Hermione went deathly pale as something came to her, putting a hand over her mouth she looked like she was going to faint.

"Wha - near where Hermione?" asked Harry.

"Oh Harry - Hogs Head is right around the corner of Quality Quidditch Supplies."

Harry didn't say anything. He didn't even give Hermione or Ron a second look, he just pushed the students aside as he ran to the door.

"HARRY NO! YOU ARE NOT GOING DOWN THERE!"

"SHE COULD BE HURT, HERMIONE!"

"SHE IS PROBABLY ALREADY SAFE!"

"YOU COULD BE KILLED HARRY - YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE SHE IS!"

"LIKE THE AURORS DO TO!"

"HARRY - HAGRID HELP!"

Hagrid apparently didn't hear Hermione scream his name. He was to busy getting the students up and out of there chairs behind them.

He turned around when the last student ran from the door, leaving only Harry, Ron and Hermione left within the shop along with the co-workers, who were taking the back exist of the pub.

"'arry c'mon, we need to get you out of here!"

"HAGRID, SHE COULD BE HURT!"

"No she isn't - I dunn' Auro's are down there already' she'll be fin' getting' you out is a

matt'r now!"

Harry could barely get another word out as Hagrid pushed him out the door and started making him run up the alleyway towards the carriages that were already taking leave back to the castle.

As he was running he glanced back at the towering smoke hovering over the building and the fire beneath it.

'Please - please let her be okay if she's dead -'

"HARRY, COME ON GET IT!" screamed Ron behind them.

Harry hastily climbed into the carriage, not even paying attention to were he was sitting or who he was sitting by. After Ron climbed in, Hagrid shut the door immediately. He watched as Hagrid ran back down into the village where he could see McGonagall making her way towards him.

Harry felt himself jerk forward as the carriages began to move. The village becoming a small ball of orange and black as they neared the castle. The only thing lingering in Harry's head was to find Hayley.

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"Well little Snitch - I have work to be done, I'll find yeh dad fer yeah alright?"

"Thanks Midice."

Midolous smiled at her before turning and heading out of the room.

Hayley sighed as she laid her head back against the couch.

Midolous had taken her to the back lounge of the store. In this part, there was a resting lounge that Hayley was currently residing in. Her father - being half an hour late as he was and Hayley had to meet Hermione, Harry and Ron in ten minutes.

As she began to feel her eyes feeling lazy and starting to drift off from the comfortable couch lying below her, and the cup of tea was bringing her more of into her drowsy state.

Hayley opened her eyes immediately as she started to hear screaming coming from behind the doorway into the corridor.

She could hear people running, and a second thought later she could hear curses being shouted and echoing off her doorway that was harbouring her within.

Hayley got up off the couch, her knees feeling numb from the sound level of screams she could hear.

"GAVET - LOCK ALL THE DOORS, MAKE SURE EVERY SINGLE ONE IS

LOCKED!"

Hayley felt every cell in her body go numb. She couldn't move.

That's when she heard someone beyond the door shout a curse and the door give an 'audible' click, as the dead bolt slid into place.

Rushing forward, Hayley began to pull at the handle. It wasn't opening or even turning for that matter.

Reaching for her wand in her back pocket, she began to furiously search for it.

She couldn't find it - it was not in her back pockets, her shirt, or her front pockets.

'MY BESIDE TABLE!'

Hayley began to throw her hands at the door. But the minute her skin even touched the wood she immediately had a fast intake and took it off.

The door was burning hot.

She couldn't hear anything outside of the door; the shop seemed completely empty now. As she listened harder, there were screams coming from all around her outside the shop.

"MIDICE!"

No answer.

"DAD!"

Still no answer.

"RON, HARRY - HERMIONE!"

Again no answer.

Hayley threw herself at the door, forgetting about how hot it was as her forearm touched it. Taking it away as the burn sunk into her skin, that's when it came to her.

She was in a locked room with a fire beyond the door.

She started to hear the screaming die down as new voice came to her, she started to feel dizzy and seeing everything becoming a blur in front of her gaze.

'Do you hear them, child?'

Hayley stopped moving. Glancing around the room she saw that she was the only person here. But then that meant --

'Do you know who they are - well I'll tell you, there here to get you.'

"No."

'You want to get out of that room alive right - I'll tell you how.

'Behind the bedside cabinet child, there is a wand.'

Hayley walked forward. Knowing right away that it wasn't her body making her legs move, it was something or someone else doing it for her.

Without knowing, she reached for the cabinet and pushed with all her might until it began to budge and fall over. She stood back as the cabinet fell, watching as it hit the couch and crushing it immediately under its weight.

'Pick up the wand child.'

Hayley not doing so but being forced walked forward. She felt someone like a hand push on her back as she bent over. Feeling the wooden stick beneath her fingers, she stood back up.

'Use the wand to break the door down.'

Hayley walked forward. Raising the wand she muttered the spell.

She dropped the wand immediately as she ran forward and out of the lounge. Running into the corridor of the shop, seeking the door through her hazed eyes.

The minute she took her first breath, she regretted it immediately as she felt the smoke making its way down her throat and into her lungs.

She coughed, feeling her throat going raw with the fierce of the coal inside her chest - her eye sight began to fog up as water started coming through her eyes.

She turned her head. There before her was the door leading out of the shop. The only problem was it was at least twenty feet away from her.

Holding her hand over her mouth as she kept coughing, she began to walk forward.

She was so concentrated on the door, she didn't even hear as the wood above her began to crumble. She still walked forward. She couldn't see, but she could feel around.

The wood crumbled and then with one last snap it fell to the floor in front of her.

Hayley jumped back as it fell right in front of her. She turned around, but right as she did that, another piece of wood fell before her.

She was trapped.

Hayley couldn't stop coughing - her lungs couldn't breathe. She could feel her heart pounding against her chest as if a bunch of drums were located where her heart was beating.

She felt her knees give way as they fell to the floor, burning from the fire glazing over her skin; she barely even noticed the pain through her lungs being deprived of air.

Hayley knew she had to get out of here, if she didn't then she was going to die. Still on her knees, she began to feel around the floor, trying to ignore the heat now radiating off her skin.

She felt her eyes beginning to fall over her watering eyes. She had to stay awake, if she fainted she would die, but to her at the moment, death seemed like a release, she wouldn't be feeling this anymore if taken away from it.

The last piece of wood above her snapped completely, and then fell.

"ARRRRGGGGGGG"

Hayley opened her eyes slowly, and that's when the piece of burning wood in front of her showed its presence before her. The wood had landed on her elbow. She couldn't move.

Looking up more, Hayley saw that the fire hadn't reached the end that had fallen on her elbow. She could feel the pain running through her veins as if fire was being sent to them.

'I'm never going to see my family again - Ron, Hermione, Harry.'

Hayley felt her eyes finally close as she laid her head down. She could feel her throat closing up. Her throat was burning, her elbow was lying under a fifty pound piece of burning wood and her lungs were burning with fire. She was going to die.

Right as she felt the last attempted breath reach her throat, she heard something.

Something was coming towards her. She could hear it. It sounded like echo's - but no it was a -

Hayley tried to look up as she heard something moving behind her as she heard the door slam open and more pieces of wood being thrown everywhere. She tried to scream out, but her throat wasn't issuing anything passed a breath.

She didn't have to move a muscle. The source came to her. She then felt something warm and wet spread over her face, opening her eyes she found yellow amber eyes staring back at her as black fur covered the eyes staring intently at her.

It was a dog.

She tried to reach her hand up to touch it, but it had moved away from her.

Opening her eyes more, she realized that the dog was pushing the wood off of her arm.

Hayley couldn't see what it was doing, or where it had gone, but she could feel the wood above her arm beginning to budge.

Two - three - four - five - six -- seven and then came eight and the fallen burning limb left her arm.

Hayley couldn't move it; she could feel something warm tickling down her elbow as she tried to pull it out.

It was broken. Not just the bone, but Hayley saw the bone sticking out of her skin. The wood completely broke it.

Hayley then felt the dog begin to nudge her over her rib cage. She tried to sit up, but she felt the dog place its paw over her back, holding her in place.

She felt her eyes lids starting to fall over her eyes again. Closing them she felt herself being lifted off the ground and thrown onto something warm and hairy.

Hayley couldn't feel the burning floor beneath her, all she could feel was a bump over her back. The dog had thrown her over it's back.

She could feel its movement as it jumped over the other numerous fallen pieces of wood. Her head feeling limp and her arm causing such a force of pain through her skin she couldn't breath.

Hayley closed her eyes, wanting the pain to stop. Wanting the release- praying-hoping to see the light of day again.

As if on cue, she felt something warm and hot fall over her face.

She felt herself being lowered to ground as her head hit it with a hard 'thump.'

Hayley felt more blood leaking from her arm, more pain rushing to her lungs as air tried to reach its destination. She tried to open her eyes, seeking the dog's warmth, but not finding it as she felt around the ground for it, only finding cold stone under her touch.

She was outside.

Hayley heard footsteps walk forward and pick her up from off the ground. Cradling her within there arms. She felt pain seize its capture over her arm as it was raised off the ground.

She felt her head come upon a new resting ground. It was warm, and she started to feel even dizzier under its warmth as arms wrapped themselves around her body as it cradled her within the embrace, rocking back and forth she felt her body moving with the stranger's movements. She could feel something beating beneath her ear.

That's when Hayley felt something warm and soft place itself over her head as it leaned into her ear and said:

"It's okay Lily bear, I've got you. Nothing else will happen to you -- Sirius is here."

The last thing Hayley saw before she passed out, were the same lips coming down and kissing her forehead once more before she fell limp in the arms of her savoir.

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## Recovery

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"C'MON NOW - GET OUT AND HEAD TO YOUR DORMITORIES, IMMEDIETLY!"

Harry hotly jumped from his carriage. The minute his knees caught him upon the stone ground, he set off down the long line of carriages now coming to a stop against the entrance of Hogwarts.

His eyes searching for another missing raven head.

He pushed through students, not even paying the least bit of attention as he pushed them aside, and hearing there yells of protest. He couldn't stop running; turning his head every which way he set down to the front line of students. There he found Dean along with Seamus jumping from there own carriage and heading into the gates canalizing up to the castle.

He ran up to them, not caring anymore if Seamus gave him looks of grimace.

"DEAN - SEAMUS!" he called after them, running up the stone path to meet there feet pacing ghastly into the grounds.

"Harry-."

"Have you - I mean - you lot haven't seen Hayley anywhere by chance?"

Harry watched as Dean exchanged a perturbed look with Seamus. He didn't have time for this, and they clearly came to realize this as he said it to them.

"Haven't seen her since this morning, mate - why can you not find her or something?" asked Dean, developing a worried look over his blackened features.

"No - no we - we must have gotten separated through the chaos to the carriages, thanks anyway."

Harry turned his back on them, and began running away in the opposite direction. He began heading down to the last line of carriages still pulling up and students piling out.

"POTTER YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HEADING UP TO YOUR DORMITORIES!"

Harry turned towards the voice. Not being able to help his feet from immediately dashing across the grounds, or his smiling from crossing his face as he ran up to McGonagall standing near the steel fence, pushing children through in hushed numbers and squeals of protests.

"Professor -"

"Potter, you're supposed to be in your common room right now! Get up there or else I'll be forced to remove more points then -"

"Professor I can't find Hayley!"

"Potter -- I'm sure Miss Glenwood is fine and already in her dormitories where you should be right now!"

"Professor, I haven't been able to find her anywhere near the students, we couldn't find her in Hogsmeade, either!"

"What is this cock and bull Potter -- go to your common room this instant!"

Harry couldn't think of a come back. He just stood there, watching as McGonagall turned and started heading into the grounds herself. Harry, feeling his only chance of finding Hayley slipping away faster then water running down a river. He took a deep breath and screamed:

"SHE WAS IN THE QUIDDITCH STORE WHEN THE FIRE STARTED!"

Professor McGonagall stopped dead in her tracks as his words echoed through the area. Slowly yet, scarily she turned back around to face him, her face harbouring a look of disbelief over her solely wrinkles.

"What did you say, Potter?"

"Hayley was in Quality Quidditch Supplies when the fire started and I didn't see her come back out and join the rest of us in the carriages."

"Very well Potter," said Professor McGonagall, her face showing a neglected answer from forming in her brain. "Best come with me then."

Harry didn't speak or show any kind of gesture to exhale his relief. He just inhaled a great deal of breath as he started moving his legs to keep up the pace as McGonagall was setting inches ahead of him.

He tried to keep his focus on, and only on McGonagall as they re-entered the school once more. Keeping his gazes to a minimum as he walked passed on- going students running forward in the directions of there respectable houses. Ron and Hermione clearly not any of these sources, and Harry guessing since they were Prefects they'd

be rounding up students as well as McGonagall had been doing minutes before.

"Frosted Jackals," mumbled Professor McGonagall coming to a stop outside of an all too unfamiliar stone Gargoyle.

Harry didn't have time to register what exactly he was doing standing in front of the Headmasters office. He stood there, staring at the moving stone now propelling upward, and walking forward he began to think. Maybe McGonagall was making a short stop before they set off on their quest to find Hayley, but Harry as usual with his assumptions, couldn't have been more wrong with this one.

He watched as Professor McGonagall came upon the door, and raising her fist knocked rather impatiently over the wooden frame.

"Come in - oh hello Minerva what can I help you with?" asked Dumbledore as the door was opened and her confront face came into his translating gaze.

"Albus - we seem to have a problem," she said, reaching forward a little more to open the door wider to allow more then one person to be seen through the frame.

"Problem, surely you have gotten all the students already - ah...." he trailed as he saw Harry's face come wide into view.

"What seems to be the problem Minerva?" he said in a brisk like voice. Setting his quill down and leaning forward over the parchment residing over his desk. He looked to be doing something with this parchment before Harry's disturbance came upon him.

"It seems here that Miss Glenwood is no were to be found."

Harry watched, probably for the first time in his life, as Dumbledore's face contracted into a horrid look. Seconds passing, he watched again as it returned to its usual constructive gently face.

"I'm sorry, Minerva would you mind repeating that for me?"

"Albus, it appears that Hayley was near Quality Quidditch Supplies when the fire started as of many of the other students, but it seems that Hayley was the only one they didn't see exit the shop."

"Yes - yes do go on," said Dumbledore, waving his elder hand across the air to impersonate moving words running across the air.

"Albus - we don't know where she is, and Potter, here, tells us he didn't see her join him or the other students when the carriages started to take leave."

"Do you know if there is anyone else residing in Hogsmeade at the moment?"

"No - just the Aurors I'd presume taking care of the fire, but other then that - the teachers no."

"Very well - Minerva I need you to go up to the hospital wing and see if any students have been placed there due to the fire, if not come back and see me right away."

Harry watched McGonagall give Dumbledore one last questioning glance before turning on her heels and rushing from the office.

He watched her go, feeling very awkward now that he hadn't have joined her. He never felt comfortable in Dumbledore's presence anymore.

"Harry -- lemon drop?" asked Dumbledore, hoisting a tray of yellow oval sweets up to his chest. Harry, feeling too dazed to know what he was doing, reached down and plucked one into his mouth.

As his tongue caressed the small sweet, his body began to visible relax under its flavour.

"Please do sit Harry," said Dumbledore gesturing to the chair behind him.

Harry gently sat down, feeling the sweet flavour now rolling over the back of his tongue.

"Sir, what happened today?" asked Harry, feeling in no mood to answer Dumbledore's many questions of 'what ifs and how's the scar today.'

"Ah I knew you would be asking such a question -- I will not lie to you, Harry I believe you do deserve better from me in the past few months -- especially now that Miss Glenwood is involved. There were Death Eaters in the village today."

"Death Eaters," said Harry, making sure what he was hearing was exactly what was coming from Dumbledore's mouth.

"Yes, Harry -- Death Eaters - only I don't think it was there intention this time to attack anyone, rather then light the village's path to destruction.

"See Harry, a few of them went to Hogs Head as a relaxing time as they would call it, but there happened to be a fight between the few of them and a candle happened to get bumped off the wall and landed in one of there many alcohol beverages. A fire started almost straight away and spreading through the village. Luckily enough, our Aurors happened to get there in time before it could spread anywhere beyond the shop you say Hayley was visiting. Is that correct?"

Harry nodded his head. Trying to take in the fact that Death Eaters had only been a few shops down from the one Hayley had been in.

"Voldemort wants her -- doesn't he?" asked Harry.

"I am afraid so Harry -- yes."

Harry stood from his chair in a hurry. Feel anger starting to boil in his blood faster than if someone had lit it there. He walked over to the widow and gazing down it, he

suddenly wanted to hurt something.

Turning back around, he grabbed the nearest object to him and threw it to the wall right next to the door. A defining CRACK echoing through the office as the glass met the wood and spatter on contact.

"Harry, please -"

"NO - NO, JUST DON'T EVEN BOTHER GIVING ME THE RANT AND RAVE OF IT! I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!"

"You have ever right to want to think that Harry but you need to understand this -"

"UNDERSTAND WHAT! WHAT DOES HAYLEY HAVE A BLOODY PROPHECY TOO! DOES SHE HAVE TO KILL OR BE KILLED ALSO!"

"Harry no if you would please -"

"I WILL NOT SIT. I DON'T CARE ANYMORE, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT! IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT THIS HAPPENED TO ME BEFORE I WAS EVEN BORN, BUT HAYLEY TO!"

"It has nothing to do with -"

"YOU KNOW WHAT? SCREW IT! I'LL FIND HER MYSELF, YOU APPRENTLY ONLY WANT ME AS YOUR BACK UP TO GO AND KILL THE ONLY THING YOU PEOPLE WON'T STOP MOANING ABOUT!"

Harry slaughtered towards the door. Grabbing it within his grasp he groaned in annoyance and protest at the usual formality of the door being locked.

"Let me out.."

"Not until you understand."

"I don't want to understand - I only understand that I'm in here while Hayley could be anywhere, NEAR DEATH EATERS NO DOUBT!"

As if on cue of that statement, the door flew open, and in rushed Professor McGonagall.

"Albus," she panted. It was quite obvious she had run the length of the hospital wing to the office of the Headmaster.

"Ah, Minerva have you found anything?"

"Yes," she panted, "they found her."

Harry felt a tug at his heart at those words, but then again, he felt his stomach issue another tug at the apprehension in her voice.

Professor McGonagall caught her breath as she regained her position. She half turned her sweaty head in the direction of Harry and gave him a concerned look before turning back to Dumbledore and giving him the duplicate of it.

"It is alright Minerva, Harry may stay. He needs to hear this for himself," said Dumbledore, not once his eyes returning to the face of the emerald eyes staring at him with hate.

"Albus," said McGonagall, clearly ignoring Harry at the moment and returning to Dumbledore. "She wasn't in the hospital wing, they found her outside the Quidditch Shop."

"Outside?" questioned Harry stepping forward to face her gaze.

"Yes, Potter outside - the Aurors found her there. They said there was no way she could have gotten out of that building alone looking the way she did. Her left elbow was completely broken, she was bleeding all over the place from it - she was barely breathing, and she was unconscious when they had found her."

"Where is she!" said Harry.

"They transported her to St. Mungo's ten minutes ago, also Albus, Belinda from the portrait in the hospital wing went and saw what was going on - said that she didn't look good, but better then what could have happened."

"Well that is all we can ask for - anything else she needed to inform me with?" asked Dumbledore.

"Yes -- that Miss Glenwood's parents were accompanying the Auror's transporting her there. Said that Jane was crying hysterically and that Will wouldn't stop blaming himself when a doctor started questioning them."

"I will go and pay them a visit then, are all the other students that were found near the Quality Quidditch Supplies back and safely away in there common rooms?" said Dumbledore, reaching behind him and pulling his cloak out.

McGonagall nodded her head, apparently in to much shock to say anything passed that.

"Very well - if anything else should happen you will Owl me immediately, correct?"

Professor McGonagall nodded once more at him.

"Wait, sir," said Harry stepping out from behind McGonagall's shadow, and walking over to him. "If you're going to St. Mungo's I'm coming to!"

"Potter you most certainly are not!" said McGonagall, facing him with stern eyes.

"She's my sister! I have a right to go!"

"Potter - her parents are there."

"I don't care - I have just as much of a right to be there as they do!"

"Potter," said McGonagall through a timid voice. "If they see you -"

"How will they even know who I am!"

"Considering how much you and Miss Glenwood look alike it won't be that much of a challenge, Potter you have to stop doing this - Hayley will be fine, I assure you."

Harry looked up at her. Finally seeing what she meant, he stepped away from the both of them. If Jane and Will saw him, Harry would most likely never see Hayley again. He would see her in a few days after Hayley was released from the regards of the hospital. He knew Dumbledore wouldn't let them take her out of school without a good fight.

"Harry, there you are!" said Hermione as she watched Harry step back through the portrait hole and walk over to them.

"Where've you been?" questioned Ron, staring up at him through confused eyes.

"In to see Dumbledore," was all he responded with as he sat down onto the couch next to Ron.

"Have - have they heard anything about -- Hayley?" asked Hermione, stepping forward in a caution manner.

Harry tried hard to push the lump welcoming itself into his throat. He couldn't - no wouldn't cry about this. Not now -- not in front of Ron.

"Harry - is - is everything alright?" said Hermione, taking another anxious step forward.

"They found her," he croaked out, feeling the lump within his throat begin to ravishing off and becoming painful too hold.

"She's alright - right?" asked Ron, holding the expression of an anxious child.

"She's in St. Mungo's. She was severely burned on her arm and it had been broken somehow. They - they said she was bare - barely b-breathing," Harry inhaled a deep breath as he felt the tears beginning to brim the over shed of his eyes.

Hermione took the last closing space between them and brought it to an end as she enwrapped her arms around his stiff shoulders.

Harry lost all self control; he couldn't hold it in anymore. The pain - the pain of the last six weeks rushing through him so fast he couldn't concentrate. The emotions, the feelings, the anger, came rushing out through his eyes like he had never felt it do

before. Hermione tighten her grip around him as she felt his shoulders begin to shake under her grip. A shake that could only be identified by one, and only one emotion. An emotion she had shed many times in her past.

"Harry - sshh it's alright - she'll be alright," cooed Hermione, feeling the only thing she could do, was to just hold him tightly to her. She bent her head down and placed a gently kiss upon his black mass of raven hair.

"H-how - how can you say that Hermione, she could have d-died. We didn't go with her."

"Mate, she wanted to go alone, it wasn't our place to follow her," said Ron, scooting over and placing a strong arm over his racking shoulder.

Harry didn't answer. He couldn't stop the tears from falling down his now salty cheeks. He didn't care anymore that Ron was staring at him through uncomfortable yet concerned eyes. He just held Hermione tight to him. Feeling she was the only one who could comfort him at the moment, not that Ron couldn't, but Ron was his best friend, Hermione was his girlfriend, she could understand his feelings better than Ron could ever have. Reliving the night where Hermione had cried onto his shoulder just four day previous, on this exact couch nonetheless, also over the same subject that seemed to love haunting sources sanity lately.

Harry didn't know how fast time was passing through the remaining corpse of the day. All he could remember or feel was when Hermione had sat herself next to him over the couch.

He started to hear the chatter rumouring up in the dormitories, starting to fall into the open centre of the common room. Harry pulled away from Hermione, and immediately taking action, he turned his back on them and began to furiously wipe at the left over essence of his tears.

He felt Hermione's soft hand graze up his back and rub softly over the top proportion through his thick sweater. He turned back to them, knowing that if he rubbed any harder at his cheeks he would permanently have red marks for the rest of the night.

"Sorry," he mumbled, bringing his hand up once more to wipe away at another single tear welling up in his red eyes.

"Harry - there is no need to say sorry, don't you even think you have to be sorry for this," said Hermione, her hand never leaving his back as she looked at him through loving eyes.

"Yeah, mate - you need a good cry, go ahead and have a bloody good cry," said Ron, reaching over also and patting him on the back in a brotherly fashion.

Harry felt a grin run over his dry lips. He turned his head and his eyes instantly met Hermione's brown orbs. Her eyes immediately softened at his gaze and Harry couldn't help but love her more for how comforting and understanding she could be at times. Merlin - now that he thought of it - Hermione had just watched her boyfriend have his

first public cry, when Hermione herself, could exploit them at any minute of the day.

"I think I'm just going to head up to bed now," said Harry, leaning over and planting a soft kiss over Hermione's soft lips. He slapped Ron playfully on the shoulder before hoisting himself off the couch and turning towards them once more.

"Thanks - it really means a lot to me." Harry knew he was probably speaking words he had never spoken to them, but even so he didn't care. They needed to know how much they always and forever will mean to him.

"G'night, Harry - oh and don't forget the Quidditch try outs are Monday and Katie wants us there at eight o'clock, no later," said Ron through a stern voice that couldn't fool a bloody dead man.

"Right - if McGonagall or any other teacher comes in with news about -"

"We'll wake you right away, go get some rest now," said Hermione, standing up, off the couch and enwrapping her arms around his waist.

Harry savoured this moment. With his arms securely around her, he could identify Hermione's very favourable shampoo through the formality of his stuffed up nose, he could make out the scent making its way up towards that area.

Harry felt Hermione part from him, and he sighed. He always enjoyed the feel of her arms around him. It was a comforting feeling, being denied of ever feeling a woman's arms around him in a protecting manner. He couldn't believe he was that clueless all those years, not being able to see her feelings through the darkest of everything they had faced. How she could have backed out and ran to a teacher at any given moment, but instead showing more courage and fighting with them. Why should this be any different?

Harry climbed the stone staircase with these thoughts still swirling around within his head.

Would Hayley be alright - now that he had had a good cry he sure felt a lot better about things. Getting everything out through the tiny droplet of a tear was an interesting feeling.

'Maybe that's why Hermione always does it in situations like this.'

Harry sighed as he entered his dormitory. Saving a cheerful goodnight to the rest of his dorm mates before falling instantly asleep as he felt his head hit the cotton of his pillow, every thought inside his head coming to a short stop as sleep embraced him. Hoping in the light of day that they would never return to haunt him.

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"How is she doing Healer Beaker?"

"She is coming alone nicely, Miss Glenwood you have nothing more to worry over."

"When will she be waking up?"

"Not to long now - she has had a good resting sleep over the night. However there are some procedures I need to discuss with you both of what we have done with her condition."

"Her - condition? But I thought you said that she was alright -"

"Oh no, no - I believe you miss read me Mr. Glenwood, I meant what we have done to help her heal properly.

"Now see - many Healers here are not trained in Muggle healing, and fires are a minor exception among them. But seeing as we do have some Healers here trained in Muggle medicine, we were able to help her straight away. Now her arm - I'm afraid that the bone had completely broke it, when she was brought to the emergency room we couldn't place it back within its place. The bone punctured the skin and she was loosing quite some litters from it and we came to the conclusion that something must have fallen on her that caused a break like that. So having no choice, we were forced to remove the bone with a simple spell, and re-grow it over night.

"The bone is now fully healed, and it is properly back in its place, but she will have to wear an arm sling to help the cut where the bone had broke through heal properly also. The fire severely burned the skin of her lower arm, but after numerous spells of skin overcastting, we were able to get it back to its normal state, but I warn you, there may be some scars there for probably five months no less. They will heal in time, some of them mostly from one of the many spells we had to put into her arm, but her skin is looking quite better by the minute.

"Her breathing is stable, and we were able to re-open her lungs safely. All the smoke colliding down in her air bags was causing her some difficulties from reaching any source of clean air. We were forced to use Muggle procedures I'm afraid and had to place a tube into her throat to help her breath because she was not breathing on her own accord. The tube was removed a few hours ago, and she is currently doing fine on her own. It was caused by all the smoke blocking her air-way and that resulted in her to stop breathing. There was no damage done to her brain, so nothing needed to be healed there, and also her legs. But other then that she should be waking up any time today."

"When will she be able to come home?"

"Well it's Sunday and she was brought here Saturday so I'm sure no later then Friday. A good week to heal her up, and then she should be fine."

"Thank you so much Healer Beaker - you - I mean - thank you!"

"You are quite welcome Miss Glenwood - it was my pleasure."

Jane smiled once more at the healer, then watched as he turned and began heading down the ward. The smile still lingering at her lips she turned towards her husband.

"Do you hear that love - she's going to be okay!"

"Yes - but none of this would have happened if only I had showed up in time."

"Oh honey you know you can't control those meetings. Hayley's fine, she's not hurt, she'll be able to come home in five days. Lets not think about the 'what ifs."

"I guess your right."

"Oh thank you Merlin - our baby is okay."

"She's not a baby Jane - she's bloody well sixteen."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I -"

Will stopped talking as he felt eyes starting to rest on them through the ward of St. Mungo's.

He grabbed his wife's arm and pulled her into the room there daughter was placed in a day ago.

"Will, what's going on with you?"

"I - I just came to realize how fast we could have lost her in that fire Jane - you heard what the healer said. 'There was no way she could have gotten out of that building alone, not in her condition.'"

"Well she oblivious did."

'Someone had to have helped her.'

"Honey, look at her - she looks so gentle."

Will looked up to meet his wife's gaze. His eyes softened as they came to rest upon his daughter. Her body still as rock, lying over the bed in a peaceful fashion. She looked so distraught. Her left arm was covered in a creamy collared sling, and many scars harbouring the skin along with it. He could see the many tubes connecting into her veins, feeding her medicine to help her sleep. His eyes came to rest upon the blood bag resting just above her head. Of course the healers would be feeding blood back into her body after all the litters she had lost. His eyes scanned the bag once more, watching the red material flow into her body. Her blood; blood he knew that wasn't his. Blood he knew that would never be positive in a blood test, nor a DNA test.

'It's James' blood - not mine, but James'.'

Will sighed once more as his eyes crossed over his daughter's solemn face. He smiled as he remembered her first words to him being daddy. Remembered as he read that

letter; the letter telling him he had a quest to fulfill. He had a baby to protect. So far - they were not keeping that promise. He knew Lily and James were watching over them, judging them at how they raised her. He remembered how he didn't want anything to happen to her, she was his daughter. Lily and James were dead now, that Owl didn't make a mistake in sending that baby wrapped in pink to there doorstep. He remembered how he had almost cried when Jane and himself had come to the decision that they wouldn't let her find her brother.

"Will - I know what your thinking."

"Yes - you always know don't you?"

"Considering I've been married to you for twenty years yes I do know, and I believe your right in thinking so."

"I don't know what to do anymore Jane - we promised Lily nothing would ever happen to her. That's why we home schooled her is it not?"

"Yes - but we cannot keep a sixteen year old away from making friends and going to a school. She deserves a life Will."

"But what about a Wizard school that isn't boarding -"

"What schools do you know in England that isn't boarding for Wizards?"

Will smiled at his wife. She always knew how to fix things, but then again she always knew how to crush them too.

"I don't think we should be letting her go back to Hogwarts, Jane."

"Will -"

"I'm serious, honey - something else can happen to her. That's why we blocked all those things from her. Never letting her read the paper, watching the news, protecting her from Voldemort. The thing that killed her parents -"

"Don't even say it, Will! Don't even throw that rubbish in my face, we've raised her, she is our daughter, blood doesn't matter - not after fifteen years."

"I know."

"I don't mean to get so gritty mad, but Will - Lily wanted this, we have to fulfill it, and I don't think you would want James looking down at you and hating us for never letting Hayley go to a school she belongs in."

"She could get hurt again - I'm sure Mrs. Kenbreak would come back to us -"

"Will - its been six weeks since she's left home, she will not come back - you know her attitude, she is even more stubborn then Lily and James combined and that's saying something!"

"What about, Harry?" whispered Will.

He watched as his wife turned her head in a fast intake. Looking at him through wide eyes and an open mouth.

"What?"

"Just - t-that you've never say his name."

"She has his scar Jane - I know she does - I've read about that scar, the way its shaped, and were exactly its placed over his head, well that's were its exactly placed over our daughter's head."

"I know, honey - I know all about it."

"It's just hard to get over you know - just entering back into the village and seeing people running everywhere, the minute I saw the shop on fire I knew she was hurt, but then I saw the Auror's running to her, I saw a dog running out of the village. It stopped and looked at me as if I was the most evilest person in the world and that it knew something about me that I didn't."

"Will, it was just a dog - what's a bloody dog got to do with Hayley?"

"I dunno - maybe I'm being paranoid."

"Yes, well - let's just focus on Hayley at the moment then we'll worry about strange dogs staring at you."

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"Hey Harry - have a nice sleep?" laughed Hermione as Harry sat down next to them in the Great Hall. Immediately reaching over and pulling a bowl of fruit near him.

"Yes very much - never knew someone could sleep that good for two days in a row."

"So - excited about try-outs tomorrow?"

"Are you joking Hermione - it's a bloody Monday, whose happy about that," said Ron, sipping at his pumpkin juice.

Harry laughed as he shovelled strawberries down his throat. Looking over at Hermione he realized that she was holding a Daily Prophet in her hands.

"Hermione," said Harry, swallowing, "why do you have a Daily Prophet - it's Sunday - they don't come today."

"I know that," she said, setting the paper down and reaching for her tea that lay a few feet from her.

"Well then why are you reading one."

"I'm just reading about something."

"Can I see the paper then?" asked Harry.

"Harry -" she said in a warning voice,

"Its no big deal alright."

"Oh just let him see the paper 'Hermione - what could it be about that's so bad Harry can't see?" said Ron, leaning over and trying to catch a glimpse at it himself.

"Oh, fine!" she said in a huffed voice. She picked up the paper and hastily swung it at Harry, catching it as he felt it slam into his chest.

"Er - thanks," he said in an awkward voice. He never liked being at the end of one of Hermione's numerous lectures and today he didn't want to his morning off with one.

He scanned over the paper, his eyes taking in the words and the picture moving below him.

"Hermione," said Harry in a shocked voice.

She turned her head towards him, her face congruent and her lips pursed. She seemed to be waiting for this reaction.

"This - this newspaper is about Hayley."

"I told you to let it go - but do you listen - no not from me."

"It's about what?" asked Ron, reaching over and snatching the paper from Harry and disappearing behind it.

"Why do you have a paper fifteen years old Hermione - your Muggle Studies report ended I thought."

"It did," she said in a casual business like way.

"So then why do you have this?" said Harry, gesturing towards the paper harbouring Ron behind it.

"I went back to the library to do some more research on the project, and when I asked Madam Prince to show me the stack of Daily Prophets she keeps, I found more about her - Harry there must be piles in there just from one year about the two of you."

"Did you grab anymore?" asked Harry.

"No - I only grabbed this one, and the other one I read to you two months ago. But there are loads still there."

"How do you get them?"

"Madam Prince - but she only lets students who have a reason to get them to go and look through them, other wise you need a note from a Professor."

"Couldn't you just say you still have the Muggle report to finish up?" asked Harry.

"Lie to her!" said Hermione offended, "No Harry I will not lie, but - I know other ways of still getting them."

Ron set down the paper in alarm to her statement. He looked at her through a queer look before shaking his head at her.

"What!"

"I'll never understand you Hermione - you won't lie to a Professor, but then you'll break the rules if there are no ways of getting caught."

"It's your choice if you want to join us, Ron - I'm not going to make you," she said in a motherly mocking tone.

"Well I want to see them, Hermione - where do you go?" asked Harry ignoring Ron's scathing look being shot at him.

"Well - we'll have to sneak out one night and head to the library - and well unlock the restricted section and they are in one of the filing cabinets in the room down the corridor from there," she said.

"Let's go then -"

"What, now? No, Harry I mean at night, we can use your cloak."

"I can't believe you Hermione. You are actually wanting us to fashion a sneak out plan to get some ruddy old newspapers - I mean -- oh fine I'm in to," said Ron, after seeing the evil glare being shot at him by Harry at his statement of 'newspapers.'

"Brilliant - we'll go tonight then, after everyone is in bed," said Harry.

"Wha - tonight but Harry tonight is Sunday, we have school tomorrow," said Hermione.

"Ha! Oh now she cares!" said Ron.

"Shut up, Ron!" said Hermione throwing him a warning glare.

"Hermione, please," said Harry, putting on the best pleading look he could muster.

"Oh - alright fine, but we leave at Midnight alright!" she said looking from Harry back to Ron.
"Deal," said Harry and Ron in unison.

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Part One: Opening the Mind.....

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"Alright - I'm all set out here."

"Right, you're going to act like your doing prefect duties and me and Ron will come out after you've opened up the portrait and then we'll go."

"Are you sure you want to do this, Harry?"

"What - I'm the one to be asking you that question, Hermione," said Harry, giving her a small smile.

"Well yes -let's just do this and get it over with before I regret it," she said, standing on her tip toes and giving him a peck upon his cheek.

"See you in few."

Harry turned and mumbled the password to the portrait. Walking inside, he spotted Ron exiting the boys' dormitories; he could see the Invisibility cloak tightly placed inside the cotton of his robes.

"Ready?" asked Harry, watching as Ron made his way over to him.

"Yeah - just have to wait for Hermione to come down, bloody girl takes forever."

"Ron," Harry started, trying not to laugh, "Hermione is already outside the portrait, she'll be opening it for us, remember we told you this at dinner."

"Oh - right," he said, a small blush creeping into the tips of his ears. Harry smiled at him, "So did you get the cloak?"

"Yeah, I was wondering - are we doing this more for Hayley or because Hermione wants us to?"

"Both I guess, look Ron this is probably the first time that I am not annoyed at her nagging, if Hermione thinks its best, then it's probably best."

"Maybe, mate-maybe."

"C'mon, let's go before Hermione thinks we've ditched her."

Ron, reaching into his robes, pulled out the cloak. Handing the front half to him, Harry threw the silvery material over both there bodies. Looking down, trying to detect any awareness of there feet, he nodded at Ron when he saw that they were completely covered.

"Oh well, yes, I think I will just continue on with my patrolling. It was lovely talking to you, Miss Simmers."

"Yes, yes that would be wise, lovely night to you dear," responded the 'Fat Lady' as the portrait door opened to reveal both Ron and Harry stepping out of it.

Harry watched as Hermione smiled a good bye to the ancient portrait and began walking down the corridor to there left. Harry motioned for Ron to follow her without making any sound, or at least until they were in far enough distance of the portrait.

"Miss Simmers?" asked Ron, as they turned a corner, pulling the cloak off of them.

"Yes, you didn't honestly think her real name was 'The Fat Lady' did you?" questioned Hermione in a stern voice.

"I - well yes I did, but I didn't think people actually called her by that, I mean she's been known as the 'The Fat Lady' since mum and dad came here."

"Good Merlin, Ron - I am really starting to think you'd do with a favor half a cup of emotion in that head of yours," said Hermione, reaching over and grabbing the cloak from Harry.

"How you put up with it Harry, I'll never know."

"I beg your pardon, but I bet Harry knows more about woman's emotion then you'll ever -"

"Guys c'mon, I'd rather not get caught in the middle of the night," said Harry, trying his best to not raising his voice.

"Your right Harry - come on lets go then," said Ron.

Harry grabbed the other end the cloak, and with Ron kneeling beneath him, he threw the material over all three of the bodies.

As they began to walk, a deadly silent engulfed them all. That is when Harry's mind began to wander; why was he doing this? Was it for Hayley, or for him?

"Do you realize that all three of us haven't been under here since our third year with Sirius?" asked Hermione, in a thoughtful whisper.

"It's no wonder then that I need to kneel down now is it," said Ron, gazing down at his legs, which were so bent he looked like he was walking on his knees.

"Hermione, do you have any idea how were going to do this?" asked Harry, trying to ignore the feeling of Ron's knee hitting him in the bag of his thigh with every step.

"I have a feeling I'll be missing morning classes tomorrow - what? It's just McGonagall, and Flitwick, right," said Ron.

"Wish I could say the same - with my first detention this Friday, I don't want to be ticking her off more then she already is with me," hissed Harry.

He was more surprised at how quiet Hermione was with Ron's last statement. He would have thought she would have stopped the thought of ditching classes to be a sin, but knowing this was her idea, she couldn't blame herself for there suggestion of getting some more sleep before the try- outs.

"Alohomora," whispered Hermione, her wand pointed towards the doorknob leading into the library ten minutes later.

Harry walked forward along with Ron by his side, and all three began to push at the heavy wooden doors.

"C'mon, let's get in before Filch comes walking around the corner," said Ron, advancing forward and entering the library. Hermione pocketed her wand, and taking Ron's lead, slipped from out of the cloak and walked inside, Harry following seconds after.

"Alright - Madam Prince told me they were in the Restricted Section of the library -"

"What," hissed Ron, "what do you mean 'Madam Prince told you' you said you knew!"

"I do Ron! -- Oh c'mon," she huffed and began walking forward to the end of the isle.

"Okay, here we are," said Hermione, pulling her wand out again and aiming it at the second door, lined with a steel gate covering where glass should have been placed.

"Alohomora."

Harry watched for the second time as Hermione pocketed her wand, and pushed the door open, walking in, than followed by himself than Ron.

"Just down this isle - and they should be-," Hermione's voice trailed off as she started scanning covers and bindings.

"Wait, Hermione," said Harry, suddenly remembering something.

"Didn't you say the newspapers were behind a door?"

"Yes, but it can only appear if you touch a certain unique book - here it is!" she squealed, running down the isle, and pulling out an odd red, yet yellowish colored book at the end of the shelf.

"Great, not only do we not have the newspapers, but we now have a book that looks like it got hurled on," said Ron, walking forward.

Hermione chose to ignore Ron's comment, which Harry saw she was having trouble doing as her lips were pursed up in a tight manner.

"Now what happens, 'Mione?" asked Harry.

"We wait for a door to appear," she said, turning around; the book still held tightly in her hands. "Like that one!"

Harry looked up to where she was running. Walking forward in a fast motion, Ron beside him, they stopped at her side.

"The relief about this is - that you've already solved the problem, so we don't need to unlock it this time," said Hermione, walking forward towards the door. "It's already unlocked for you."

Harry watched as Hermione placed her hand on the rusty door handle, and with one sharp push, it easily opened at her presence.

"I must admit, Hermione - you got the wits about you," said Ron.

"It's alright, Ron, a simply 'I-was-right'-can-wait-till-later.'

"Reckon we're going to need all of our wands here, mates," said Ron, stepping inside the door; his figure instantly disappearing as darkness engulfed his body.

Harry pulled his wand out from his back pocket, waiting as Hermione did so, too. With a short nod towards her, they both muttered; "Lumos," as a yellow light illuminated their surroundings.

Stepping inside the door together, they spotted Ron half way into the room, his wand illuminated also.

"Blimey - how many Daily Prophets you reckon she's collected over the years."

Harry followed Ron's gaze and, he to, couldn't help suppress a slight issue escaping his throat.

The entire room was lined with cabinets. Many of them harboring a different color then the usual steel silver. Some in green, red, and blue.

"Looks like were going to have full night ahead of us," said Harry, walking forward and scanning the tags hanging off of each cabinet.

"No Harry - there in this cabinet I remember," said Hermione, walking forward.

"Better stand back you two," she said, shooting them a warning glare.

"Why?" asked Ron.

"You'll see in a moment, just stand back."

Harry and Ron both did as they were told, standing a good ten feet away. Hermione raised her hand, and placing it over the huge silver handle, she began tugging at the object.

Suddenly, a loud bang erupted through the silenced solitude. Seconds later, a huge rumbling began to echo through the surroundings.

Harry, feeling insecure now, dropped his wand and reached forward, and grabbed Hermione around the hips. Pulling her back, right as huge rectangular shelf shot out from the cabinet, rushing forward, right where Hermione would have been standing seconds before.

"Thanks," whispered Hermione, a hand clutching her chest and trying to regulate her breathing. Watching as the object in front of them came to a slow pace, and then sharply to a stop.

"Whoa - look at this thing!" Ron said, stepping away from them to gaze down at the millions of files lining the area.

Harry, still holding Hermione, walked forward. Following Ron's gaze they look at the newly formed shelf before them.

"Never thought I'd see something this long eh," said Ron.

"What is it?" asked Harry.

"These are the Daily Prophets, Harry," said Hermione, walking out of Harry's embrace; she began walking down the isle of folders, setting her wand down beside her, she began to examine the numerous files.

"This must be at least eighty feet long."

"How far back do these dates go Hermione?" asked Harry.

"1880 I think."

"Blimey - we'll be here all night," said Ron.

"I doubt it, just look for the year 1982, in October, that was the year they finally released Hayley's name to the public."

"Well, I reckon since it was only fifteen years ago, then it would probably be around here," said Harry, gesturing to a section of newspapers.

"Here they are 1982!" hissed Hermione, bending over in a hurry.

"How d'we know which ones are which?" asked Ron, walking over towards Hermione.

"Just start picking random ones up and reading the headlines."

Ron glanced back at Harry, who seemed dazed and queasy for a second.

"Harry - you alright?"

"Yeah, yeah I'm fine."

Inhaling a great deal of breath, he walked forward towards Ron and Hermione, who, she at the moment, seemed to caught up and involved in scanning headlines, then placing them back in there respectable spots, to notice Harry.

"Look Harry - look at all of these 'You-Know-Who strikes a village, ten natives found dead - Death Eaters invade Diagon Alley and twenty children found dead - Death Eaters attack St. Mungo's and twenty people killed - Four families found dead in there homes -"

"Hermione please - I think I'm gonna be sick if you keep reading that," said Ron, a small frown covering his lips.

Harry stood silent. He didn't think he could listen to anymore of that either, he felt like his heart was being cut out and ripped to pieces, all those death in just one year.

"Oh my," said Hermione, standing back up from the pile of papers, her hand covering her mouth.

"What - what is it Hermione," said Harry, walking forward to her side. She seemed to be staring at the paper in her hands like it held her death wish.

Hermione handed the paper to Harry. He looked up at her confused.

"Just read it."

Harry looked down at the paper before him, and suddenly he found his eyes wide, and his mouth hanging open.

"What is it?" asked Ron.

"It's a picture of my parents," said Harry, lowering the paper away from his eyes.

"Let me see that," said Ron, reaching forward and taking the paper from him.

Harry felt like his throat was closing up, he could barely feel his knees beginning to shake from under the weight of his body. He felt like he was going to be sick.

"Harry - there's two babies in this picture - is that - is that you and Hayley?" asked Ron.

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"Jane -Jane go get Healer Beaker I think she's waking up!"

There was the sound of feet hitting the marble floor as a source exited the room. Hayley felt something warm and smooth rub over her forehead, she turned her head, groaning at the object.

"Come on, Hayley wake up."

Hayley felt presence upon her face. The same warm feeling touched her cheek, whipping away the sticky hair that had been lingering to her forehead.

Slowly, yet patiently she opened her eyes. She could see a blurry figure standing inches above her face; she tried blinking numerous times, bringing the image clearer to her gaze.

Emerald eyes met the gaze of blue.

"Dad."

"Oh Thank Merlin - yes, yes I'm here."

Hayley groaned as she felt something close up inside her throat. Inhaling a great deal of breath she let out a rasp and hard cough.

"Oh, here sit up," said Will, placing his hand behind his daughter's back and lifting her into sitting position.

Hayley felt she could barely breath, the coughs kept coming, and with each one her chest stung at the force it was causing on her.

She could feel the same warm object place itself over her back and start a motioning circular pattern. The last cough erupted through her throat and with that, the last extreme inhale was made.

Hayley felt her father place a hand on her shoulder and slowly, yet cautiously, guided her back down to a lying position.

"Oh, finally up I see," said a voice in front of Hayley she couldn't detect.

"Healer, she was coughing a second ago is that -"

"Perfectly normal for someone who's been asleep for two days and safely recovered from a fire, it's just her lungs clearing out the left over smoke."

"Oh God, Hayley, you had me worried out of my wits!"

"It's alright, Miss Glenwood, she is going to be fine, but we do still have to go through some ordinary procedures for fire cases like these. Here let's sit you up into a sitting position, eh, Hayley."

She felt someone walk forward, and raise her bed, causing her back to bend and crack.

"Oh, little sore, I see, we'll have a Medi-nurse come in and give you something for the pain."

Hayley turned her head towards the voice. Suddenly, she found herself staring into deep crisp brown eyes, following with deep golden hair, a slim, yet lanky body.

"My name is Healer Beaker, Hayley; do you know where you are?"

Harry turned her head around her surrounding. All she could see was a white room, and looking down she felt her eyebrows knit together as she saw IV's coming out of her arms, also a creamy colored slang hanging off her left.

"You're in St. Mungo's, you gave us quite the scare, but you're going to be fine now. You broke your arm somehow, and we were forced to remove it and grow it back over night. You'll have to wear that sling for a couple of days now, but since you are healing this nicely I think it's safe to say that you'll be out of here by Wednesday instead of Friday. I see no need to keep you that long - do you remember anything that happened to you, Hayley?"

She felt like her mind was in a fast forward motion. She was seeing images flying through her head; saying good-bye to Harry, Ron, and Hermione -- seeing Malfoy at the shop - Midice -- the room she was locked in -- the fire -- the dog.

'THE DOG!'

"Where - where is it?" asked Hayley, sitting up suddenly and looking around the room frantically.

"Where's what Hayley?" asked Jane, stepping forward and placing a hand over her daughter's.

"The d-dog."

"Hayley, does your head hurt -"

"No, there was a dog there, it saved me - it carried me out of the shop."

"Hayley, you're not feeling well, your talking nonsense -"

"NO, DAD THERE WAS A BIG BLACK DOG!"

"Hayley -"

"I'm fine -- if it wasn't for that dog I'd be dead right now!"

"You know what I think I'm going to go get a refill on her blood count, excuse me for a minute," said Healer Beaker, exiting the room in a hurry.

"This is my entire fault," said Will, running his hand through his blond hair.

"Will, I've told you - this isn't your fault," said Jane, removing her hand from Hayley's and placing it over her husbands shoulder.

"Hayley - if only I had gotten there sooner, you would have gotten out of there, you wouldn't be in here right now."

Hayley didn't say anything; she felt a hard pain tug at her stomach. Her mind wandered back to the shop -- the fire -- her arm; the creamy covered sling now hanging off it -- Harry, Ron, Hermione - the dog; it's yellow eyes now staring at her through closed eyelids.

'I have to find that dog.'

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Harry lay in his bed, completely enveloped in sleep. He felt the sun greet its presence over his face through the creaks of his curtains, causing him to groan and turn over.

With a swooshing sound above him, Harry heard his curtains being pulled back, and with that, the whole sun greeting his closed eyes.

"Harry, Ron. C'mon, get up."

He could feel someone poking him in his shoulder blade.

"Whadoyowa," mumbled Ron into his pillow.

"Oh, as beautiful as that was Ron, its twenty minutes till class -- get up you two, your not missing anymore classes, and Ron -- prefects - do -- not - miss -- class!" said Hermione, in an vague voice.

"Yeah, well this one does." Ron turned over, grabbed his curtain, and with one sharp swoosh, shut it.

Harry, sleep still washed over him, heard Hermione let out a very impatient sigh.

Turning towards his bed, she began walking over to him, and bending over, she placed her hands over his shoulder, and leaning down, planted a small kiss on his cheek.

Harry smiled through the moan that was escaping his mouth. He may not have wanted to get up, but he could do with good mornings like these more often.

Opening his eyes, he turned over, grabbing Hermione by the arms and pulling her down to the bed by him.

Hermione let out a breathless giggle as Harry leaned back over and shut the curtains behind him.

"Harry," she said, sitting up on the bed.

"What?"

"We have class in fifteen minutes - come on before Professor McGonagall gets there."

"I'll get up - but I doubt you'll be getting Ron up other there."

"I could always send Ginny in; she'll know how to set his wits straight."

"Alright I'm up!" said a very irritated Ron, pulling back the curtains in a fast motion.

"Or you could just threaten him with it," laughed Harry, waiting until after Ron was securely in the small bathroom, before voicing his thoughts.

"Well there's no time for you to go wash up in the Washroom, I'll just see you there," Hermione said, leaning forward and planting a quick kiss over Harry's lips, before opening the curtain, shouting a 'bye' at Ron and exiting the dormitory.

Feeling sleep completely worn off him, Harry threw the covers off his body, and got out of bed.

Gathering up his robes for the day, he heard the bathroom door open in a huff, and out stepped Ron.

"I swear to Merlin if she keeps that up, I'll go bloody ballistic on her."

"Right - and if it was Hayley doing it, you'd hop right out of bed like a good prat and not say a thing about it?"

Harry watched as Ron's ears turned a bright shade of crimson, trying to keep his face from exploding into laughter, he grabbed his robes from off his bed.

"Hey Harry, how many newspapers did you nick last night?"

"Four, they're in my trunk, why?"

"Just wondering , you do realize we have try-outs tonight right?"

"Yeah is Ginny trying out?"

"Reckon so, she really enjoyed being on the team last year, despite Umbridge and what not, I don't think that was even real Quidditch."

"Don't remind me -- c'mon lets go."

Harry slipped on his tie, tied his shoes down, grabbed his wand and bag near the door, and with only five minutes before class, they made there way out of the common room.

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Hayley sighed as she gazed out the open window of her hospital room. It had begun snowing again and Hayley couldn't find anything more depressing then being here in

this room, rather then being at Hogwarts.

"Love, is everything alright." A warm hand came soothing up her arm, and rubbing it gently, Hayley exhaled another sigh.

"Fine, mum."

"Does anything hurt, are you hungry?"

"Jane, please, she's only been awake for three hours and you're already fussing over her," said Will.

"Well, it wasn't compared to what your father was doing while you were sleeping," Jane whispered into Hayley's ear, resulting in a small laugh glowing from her face.

"Aha we have a smile!" said Will, seemingly trying to cheer her up.

"Sure you're not hungry?" asked her mother again.

"Actually, I wouldn't mind some tomato soup right about now," said Hayley, hoisting herself up onto her bed some more.

"Alright, I'll just go down and get it for you then."

"I need a walk around also, hunny I'll accompany you, Hayley you don't mind do you?" asked Will.

Hayley looked at him for a moment giving him a stern look.

"Right, we'll let you have your few moments of peace."

Hayley watched as Jane and Will exited the room, sighing with relief at how more peaceful it was not hearing 'are you feeling okay' in your ear every twenty minutes.

Right as Hayley was about to lay her head upon her pillow and join sleep in its slumber, the door opened again.

Trying not to groan as she sat up; knowing that if she kept that up, her reputation of 'what a sweet girl' wouldn't be followed after every sentence of the Medi-nurses she had met so far while being here.

"Ah, you must be Hayley Glenwood, my name is Healer Frunz."

Hayley glanced over the healer before her. He looked to be around his mid twenties, with dark midnight hair, along with stunning silver eyes. He was standing a good six-foot, with a very built body, around his shoulders and arms. A built that reminded her of her father's body.

"Hello," greeted Hayley, trying not to stare into his silver eyes. They seemed familiar to a person she would not like to remember at the moment.

"Are your parents here at the moment?" asked the healer, eyeing her in a particular manner, almost like he had seen her before.

"Er - no they went out for a bite to eat for the moment."

"Your probably wondering why I'm here so I'll tell you, I work up in the blood unit up on the last floor. It isn't usually a well-known place, but that's for other reasons. Hayley, Healer Beaker tells me that you broke your arm in the fire you were caught in, is that correct?"

Hayley nodded her head at him, wishing at that moment her parents would make a quick decision and return to the room as quickly as possible. It was just the presence about this man that didn't strike Hayley as friendly, but she kept a civil look on her face all the same.

"Well you had what Muggles or Healers trained in Muggle medicine like to call an 'open compound fracture', which can be more serious then say a regular fracture. See with open compounds, the bone punctures through the skin, resulting in loosing a lot of blood if not treated immediately. And that is just what happened with you, only you were helped fairly quickly, you still lost quite the amount of liters though."

Hayley nodded her head at him once more. Not really seeing this eye to eye as he was explaining it to her.

"As you can see, we have been getting donated blood as a replacement for the amount you lost. Even though your heart will do this anyway, we have to also, because we replaced your arm with a newly formed bone, and when that happens we need to feed the patient the same blood type to have the bone respectably okay. This has to happen because of the spell we used to replace the bone with. We need to do another blood draw off you, but with the other medicine we are feeding into your body, we don't want to take blood from you, so we have decided to use your mother's or father's blood. Seeing as you have the same blood type, and if you don't, we'll find that out when the tests come back, and find out what blood type they are."

"Alright," said Hayley, wondering why he was telling her this, and not her parents -- if they would have been here.

"Okay then, I have all my supplies ready, and I'll just go find your parents and get it over with so you can be ready to leave on Wednesday, how does that sound?"

"Sounds great."

Healer Frunz smiled at Hayley, showing a nicely pair of white teeth. He turned his back on her and began heading towards the door.

Sighing once more, Hayley laid her head back down on her pillow, feeling sleep making its way into her eyes and putting her into a blissful moment of grace.

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"May I introduce to you the new, completely formed Gryffindor Quidditch team!" Katie Bell's voice echoed into the common room, as she stepped inside, gathering the attention of the residents.

"Joining in as our new Chaser - Ginny Weasley." Several cheers and catcalls were made. The Gryffindors' began standing up and clapping there hands at the team, now piling in through the portrait.

"Also joining the team as our two new Beaters -- Seamus Finnigan and Dean Thomas."

Harry tried to show excitement as Dean and Seamus entered the room, smiling at all the clapping faces beaming down on them. He never really did get over Seamus and Dean's fights, and he may never will. Seamus had just crossed his boundary when he had made comments of Harry's sanity the year previous, but Dean; well his little prudent mutuality about Hayley had pretty much lost him a lot of respect from Harry.

He had to admit though, he was trying to let those memories be placed in the past -- knowing now -- that these two boys were not just his school mates, but also his team mates as well.

Harry spotted Hermione making her way over towards them through the newly formed crowed of students now shuffled around the team. Harry could hear Katie giving Dean and Seamus the same welcome lecture he had heard Oliver give him, five years ago.

"Ginny you made the team, I knew you would!" said Hermione, embracing her in a tight hug.

"Funny, I don't remember you doing that to me when I made the team," said Ron, coming up from behind Harry, and gazing at Hermione and Ginny, a despicable look over his features.

"Maybe that's a good thing Ron," said Harry, getting a waft of his breath and smelling a strong sense of Butterbeer.

"Oh, do you want a hug Harry?" mocked Ron, raising his arms into the air.

"I'll pass thanks, already starting on drinks are we?"

"What -- two of my mates made the team, along with my sister, why can't I celebrate."

"Go on ahead then, tell Katie and Alicia I'll be there in a minute." Harry waited until Ron nodded at him, and turning around he went to fetch the two girls. He spotted them talking to a bunch of seventh years at the other end of the common room.

"Congratulations, Ginny," said Harry, coming up from behind Hermione and smiling at her.

"Thanks, Harry! Wow - this feels even better then last year, now I'm officially on the team!"

"I wouldn't get to cozy there Gin, I reckon Katie is another Oliver ninny."

"I'll talk to you later Ginny, I have to help Harry with something," said Hermione, shooting her friend a smile before pulling Harry into a nearby silenced corner.

"What d'you have to help me with?"

"Harry - I was wondering how you're feeling," Hermione said, scanning there surroundings for any intruders.

"I'm feeling great Hermione."

"Try-outs went well?"

"Well, I felt bad for some third year who didn't make a catch and flew off in tears, but other then that it was fine, reckon it'll be a good year --" before Harry could utter the finishing statement to her question, she started him off with a new one.

" -- have you started reading through some of those Daily Prophets you brought back with you?"

"Er - to be honest no, I've been dreading it somewhat."

"Harry -"

"Look Hermione, I don't want to talk about that now alright."

"Okay, sorry to bring it up."

"It's alright," he said, leaning down and pecking a small kiss over her cheek.

"Where's Ron?"

"Probably started to get pissed as hell, you know he's been wanting to for quite some time since -"

"-- since your sixteenth birthday party," a sly smile playing across her face at the shocked looked coming from Harry's.

"You knew about that!" he hissed.

"Harry of course I knew! I'm not stupid, I could hear all four of you retching in that loo all day!"

"I hate to interrupt but, Potter a word if you don't mind," said a voice in Harry's ear that made him jump. Turning around he saw Professor McGonagall standing above him, a convulsive smile covering her stern lips.

"Oh -- er of course, Professor," said Harry, giving Hermione a questioning glance then walking over towards McGonagall.

"First things first, congratulations on the new team, should come along nicely for the final cup this year, and also some other rather important news I have for you.

"We just received a letter from St. Mungo's saying Miss Glenwood has awoken, and will be returning to Hogwarts on Wednesday, and also that your detention will be served on Friday, and Hagrid was nice enough to say that you will be serving it with him. You will go straight to his cabin at eight o'clock, not my office understood."

Harry couldn't help the smile that came across his face, trying to aim it more towards Hayley, rather then Hagrid, he nodded is head, and thanked the Professor before she left the common room.

Walking away from the portrait, and spotting Hermione and Ron in a near by corner with Ginny, he walked over towards them, wanting to spend the rest of the night in a free given party, alas his mind not wondering over the subject of the one thing he had been dreading himself with the past three days.

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Hayley lay asleep in her hospital bed, feeling the light moon caressing her skin as it lay over her face. She felt so comfortable, lying atop of the cotton mattress; the exact amount of blankest spread over her body, giving her the reasonable heat she preferred; she stifled a yawn as she tried to get back into the grace that had her enwrapped in seconds before. That's when a strong cramp seized itself over her lower abdomen, bringing her out of her slumber.

Bringing her hand down, she began to rub at her lower stomach, trying to drive the pain away, only causing it to tighten, and also tightening her lower body parts as well.

Groaning as sleep left her body, Hayley sat up, fully aware now that the Medi-nurse must have taken out her catheter while she was sleeping. Scanning the room, she spotted her parents lying on the cot, the nurse had given them, under the window. A small blanket and pillows under both there heads as they slept, her father's hand wrapped tightly around her mother's waist.

'Guess they won't be leaving anytime soon.'

Swinging her legs around, she tried to keep her inhale to a minimum as she felt the left over effects of the catheter take control over her body. Either that, or her lower parts were just extremely sore for some reason.

Standing upon the floor, she grabbed her IV poll, turning and heading towards the door. Stepping out into the chilly corridor of St. Mungo's, she noticed that it was completely empty, suitable for a hospital to be at night, and something she preferred being up at this hour.

Glancing up towards the oak clock standing beside her, she read the time:

12:34 AM

Rubbing her neck, she turned her head to the left; spotting the ladies loo. She began to head down the corridor, the IV poll still held loosely in her hands, and her eyes set forward on her destination half way down the corridor.

Why did Medi-nurses insist on making you drink fluids, if the result was waking there patients up in the middle of the night. They should ensure a better time schedule of doing this, or just leaving the catheters in.

Right as Hayley's hand was about to push the door open, someone spoke.

"Oy! Healer Beaker!"

Turning her head, Hayley ducked out of the way just in time to see Healer Frunz come running down the corridor.

Heart racing, she fell to her knees and crept around the corner, standing back up. She sulked into the shadows, trying to hide her face from being seen. She didn't need to be seen by him in the middle of the night, least of all standing outside of the loo.

"How many times have I told you, Frunz call me John," said Healer Beaker, stepping out from behind the reception desk and coming towards him.

Hayley tried sinking farther back into the darkness as the healers stopped right before her corridor, which oddly enough, had all the lights turned off, therefore hiding her face from there view.

"Right sorry, John," said Frunz, hoisting a file of parchment on his arm.

"Well what can I do for yeah then, Frunz?"

"Remember the blood file I ran by you on the Glenwood patient earlier?"

Hayley's felt her stomach drop. She lowered herself to the floor again; her bladder completely forgotten as she moved closer to the two men.

"Er - vaguely, something about how the mother accepted being the blood taker, and it was now safely being tested in the labs downstairs."

"Yes, well there back from the labs now, and I've taken a look at them. I thought maybe you should seek to do so to?"

"What - talking rubbish again Frunz, why would I need to look at them, does the mother match her or not?"

"The blood test sir -- no."

"So what's all this nonsense on about, just asks the father or find another donor -"

"Neither is the DNA test John."

"D-DNA test, I didn't order a DNA test on that patient."

"No -- you didn't. The labs got it mistaken in the file I sent down, and ending in, they did two, one blood and one DNA."

"Oh bloody hell, of all hours of the night - alright let me see the papers."

Hayley watched as Frunz reached from under his arm, and pulled out a piece of parchment, handing it over to Beaker.

"Mother of pearls, you sure the blokes down in the lab aren't playing cock- and-bull down there and didn't mistake this?" asked Beaker, glancing up at Frunz in a hopeful manner.

"No, John - I ran it by them twice, both results came back the same."

"The parents never told me about this -"

"Is that the only solution, surely she wasn't adopted John, I reckon the parents would have told us straight away."

"Yes, if there not huffing all over her - lets not discuss this out here Frunz, c'mon I think we need to visit the labs floor," said Beaker, inhaling a great sigh, pocketing the parchment, and setting down the corridor, Healer Frunz setting off not far behind him. Hayley watched until she was sure they were entirely out of the corridor before stepping out of her hiding place.

Entering her room, six minutes later, she looked over her parents; still peacefully asleep. There eyes closed in a relaxing manner, and there lips curved into small smiles; Will's hand securely wrapped around Jane's waist, the moon echoing off there face in soft creamy colors.

'Surely she wasn't adopted John.'

Hayley felt numb as she climbed into bed, she felt like everything lingering around her was becoming a blur. She could feel her chest tightening, and air becoming a problem to escape or inhale.

'It's not true - it can't be true.'

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Part Two: Emerald Orbs
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Relaxing in the soothing motion of the rocking chair, the woman sighed, feeling the sun caressing her pale features. Feeling movement in her arms, she glanced down at the baby cradled in them.

"What are you doing? Your so cute, aren't you, Lily bear - yes, you are -- you look just like your mummy."

The baby giggled at the lips approaching her forehead, and gracing them with comfort.

"C'mon, let's go find your father and brother and see what mischief he's got into now." Hoisting herself off the chair, she tightened her hold over the small figure in her arms, beginning to walk down the hallway of her cottage.

Opening the back door, and stepping outside, she blinked her eyes a couple of times; readjusting them to the light pondering her vision.

Feeling her gaze coming to full focus, she glanced around the limited amount of green beyond her feet. Her eyes stopping at the scene before her, she couldn't help the smile that was easing itself onto her face.

"Lily!" said the man in a shaky, surprised tone.

Smiling even more, the woman walked further out to the yard, precisely right below her husband's shadow roaming above the ground.

Despite the smile on her face, the man stopped in mid-air, tightening the hold on the baby in front of him, and bringing the broomstick down in a fast motion. Reaching the ground and hopping off almost instantly as it greeted the earth's soil.

"I-I didn't think you'd be done feeding Hayley yet," he said, turning around, and placing his arm around the broom with the giggling baby still aboard it.

"James it's alright, I saw you. I know you wouldn't let him fall, so you can take him out flying whenever you want. He is now fifteen months old. I s'pose if it's going to happen, might as well let it happen now."

"Thanks, love - oo, I see someone's happy," he said, gesturing to the other baby in the woman's arms. The little eyes gazing at something both adults couldn't see, nor noticed.

"Whad'ya you laughing at," said the man, reaching over and snatching the baby out of the woman's arms, placing a kiss over her cheek.

"Got me - she's got your sense of humor," said the woman, walking over and embracing the baby boy from the broomstick. Giving him a kiss the minute he was in her arms, resulting in him starting to laugh as well.

"Merlin, what's in that milk of yours, Lil?" asked the man, hoisting the baby further into his arm, and starting to walk back towards the cottage.

"My milk!" she huffed, retreating after his body. The baby boy placed on her hip as she walked.

"Har!" screamed the baby girl, looking back at the woman over the man's shoulder; pointing at the baby boy in her arms.

"Are you laughing at your brother, Lily bear?" said the man, opening the back door and stepping inside, the woman following after him.

Walking into the living room, the man bent over and set the baby on the pink and blue blanket that had been placed there the night previous. Making sure she was settled, he walked over towards the couch, and sat upon it. Sighing as he felt tiredness creeping into his eyes.

"James, why so tired?" asked the woman, setting the baby boy down beside the baby girl.

"Flying wears me out, I guess."

"Oh, don't give me that rubbish. You've been flying since you were six. It's because Sirius and Remus were over here late last night isn't it?" she said, walking over, and sitting next to him. Placing her arms around his hips in an attempt to get comfortable, but knew as soon as she found a spot, she would fall asleep within seconds.

"Maybe," he mocked, leaning over and kissing her softly on the lips.

The woman sighed with bliss. She felt content in this very moment, and this was the way she always cherished to feel. Feeling her body started to give off the many emotions in the deluded time that had swarmed her. She closed her eyes, burying her head in the sheath of her husband's shirt, and well- built chest.

Right as she was about to exit the world of reality, and enter the peace of sleep, she felt something, or in better terms, someone, shake her shoulder, and whisper a quiet "Lily," into her ear. The warm breath she felt caresses her ear lob, she couldn't help the throaty moan she felt leave her throat.

Opening her eyes once more, she placed a questionable gaze on her husband, but was surprised to find his gaze elsewhere, and not on her. Following his gaze, she tried to keep her inhale of happiness to a soft volume; memorizing the scene before her. Almost praying for time to stop at this very moment, or to take a well-minded

photograph.

"Look at them," the man said, in a more quiet whisper. Worrying, that he might put to much volume in his voice, that the scene before them would suddenly come to an end, and leave there stomachs in a depth of worries that filled there heads everyday with the thought of what lives ahead of them.

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The baby girl glanced up at her parents in the solitude of there home, and in the graceful manner of the atmosphere. Watching as her mother fell into slumber, and resting upon her father's chest.

Even through her one-year-old mind, she knew things around her; most people wouldn't give a baby credit for. For instance, the fact she knew that her brother was staring at her, and not at the peaceful scene of their parents. Eyes were not needed to know such things; she could sense it, she could feel it, and this is what caused her to take her eyes off their parents and place them at her mind sharer.

"Lily," said the voice beside her. A source that would forever be implanted into her brain. A voice that brought comfort to her shaken body at times of emotion, even at times of peace, it could bring laughter and happiness.

Slowly she took her eyes away from her father, and placed them back to where they were calling her. Emerald eyes, once again sought out the solitude of emerald orbs....

Hayley sat bolt up straight in her bed. Feeling it creak at the force she emerged over it, but not hearing it, nor could she through the heavy breaths trying all at once to escape her lungs.

Sitting up too quickly, causing white blotches of light to dance before her eyes for a few moments, she tried to compose herself. This passed slowly, but through the heavy gasps escaping her throat, she felt like everything before her was spinning.

Slowly, yet to slowly, her vision began to come back into place; bringing her mind into the remembrance that she was still held in St. Mungo's, and not at Hogwarts, were her mind was calling her to.

In the reliving moment she was in, she felt her lungs begin to regulate to their normal pace of breathing; just like they had been moments before they were issued into the hard awakening of the dream that was causing this effect over her body.

Sighing, as the last hard breath left her body, she began to look around her surroundings. Trying to drive the pair of emerald eyes staring at her, back into the depths of the box it left to greet her.

Spotting a piece of parchment beside her, Hayley reached over and grabbed it. Blinking her eyes a couple of times to bring the writing upon it, to a content state, she read it:

*'Gone back home for some new clothes, and a shower. Be back soon.*

*Love, Mum and Dad.'*

Re-reading her mother's opulent and respectable handwriting once more, she let the parchment fall to the ground without a second thought to it, or what it contained.

Feeling her head beginning to spin again, Hayley laid her head back down on her pillow.

Opening her eyes (after closing them to block out the light still invading her vision) she saw the pair of emerald orbs staring at her. Taking in a shaky breath, she closed her eyes; the pair of emerald orbs still staring straight at her, the same innocent and questionable glance held within them. Trying to drive the image away, she opened her eyes again and began to scan the room.

Eyes opened; eyes closed; eyes staring diligently at other objects, it didn't matter. She still saw the pair of emerald staring at her. Begging to let the sight fall away from her mind, and be shoved back into the hell it brought her, she felt her heart rate began to pick up its pace.

Hayley could feel the sun engulfing her room, and despite her state of incoherence, she knew it must have been the wee hours of the morning.

Her heart rate began to slow down once more, and in doing so, she took in another shaky breath. Laying her head upon her pillow, she ignored the still haunting image of those eyes staring at her through the comfort of closed eyes lids, bringing darkness to her vision.

What she didn't understand was why she was so haunted by the site of those emerald orbs? Was it the eyes of a former fifteen-month-old baby boy resisting in her dreams, or eyes of a present fifteen-year-old teenage boy, resisting in her life.

Right as she was about to fall off the cliff of reality and enter the calming and peaceful moment of sleep, someone in her mind spoke:

'Just another dream - calm down, she's not hurt, she's safe, she's safe.'

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Knowing he wouldn't be getting anymore sleep tonight, Harry let out a very vague and patient sigh. Finally feeling his breathing coming back down to a regular pace.

Peeking through his curtain, Harry could see Ron, still sound asleep from his bed; the rising sun above his bed, light falling over his body in shades of dark maroon and crisp orange.

Harry sighed. He couldn't get the pain or the image of Hayley out of his head. Not understanding where the pain was emerging from; this dream hadn't involved death, or taken by it, nor had it been sad, morosely happy in fact.

What hurt the most was - that he didn't witness this dream from a stand-by point of view, like he had done with the last two, but reluctantly in the mind of his former self. Seeing the dream through the eyes of when he was a baby. And knowing, right before he woke up, the last look he gave the former Hayley, was not a look directed towards the baby, but in fact the real Hayley itself. Only one remaining answer could resolve this: Hayley had dreamt the same dream. Harry could feel it; like a sense of feeling pulling at his stomach. Almost begging him to react on it somehow, but not understanding its meaning.

Harry now understood -- since Hayley and himself could see there past through dreams, and join as one in them. He knew the look he had given her at the end of the dream, was in fact the present Hayley Glenwood; patient at St. Mungo's. Not a look directed from baby to baby, but from fifteen year old to fifteen year old. Hayley and himself had seen each other in the dream, but through the eyes of their former selves.

Feeling his head beginning to hurt with all the information he was trying to take in, he brought his hands up and began rubbing his tired and sore eyes.

'Damn it, Potter just do it!'

Pulling his hands away, he knew he had to just get it over with. If he didn't, he wouldn't have accomplished anything at sneaking out to get it in the first place.

Reaching down, Harry grabbed the covers over his body, and threw them off; feeling a cold breeze great his upper body, while leaning forward in his bed. He cursed himself for forgetting to wear a jumper to bed last night.

Reaching trunk, he tried to be quiet as he remerged through it, knowing that his dorm-mates, unlike him, were still soundlessly asleep; no dreams about their sisters would haunt them tonight.

Pushing a couple of trousers out of the way, Harry found what he had been searching for. He bent over, and picked it up, before getting settled in his bed once more to have a good read over it.

Harry lay back upon his bed, letting his head rest upon his headboard; pulling the covers back over his body, and placing the Daily Prophet right before his eyes, scanning over the picture placed on the front page.

Almost like needing reassure, Harry let his eyes wonder up to the date of the prophet:

'October 31, 1982.'

Sighing once more, he let his eyes fall back down to the picture. The four smiling faces staring back at him - three emerald orbs, and one hazel.

There smiling before him, were his parents, his former self, and Hayley. Standing outside of the once known home he had spent the last happiest moments of his life; in his mother's arms, and Hayley in their father's. All faces smiling with joy; eyes

shining with mirth, and excitement. Harry scanned over his mother's features, almost trying to memorize them. She was in a pale yellow dress, her hair laid over her shoulders in a messy pattern due to the wind blowing through the air. His father, in a navy jumper, and peach trousers, his hair the same unruly state as always. His former self, wearing a green jumper that actually fit his still fragile body, and small blue jeans. And Hayley, wearing the same green color jumper, and also the small baby jeans, only her hair had green clips placed in certain sections where curls were discovered and pulling them back.

Harry smiled at the site plastered over the Daily Prophet. He felt like he was pushing his eyes to the article rather then letting them go when he was ready. He may never be ready for this, but he knew being ready, may not always be the answer.

### THE GIFT OF A HERO BUT AT THE LOSS OF HIS FAMILY


Taking in a great inhale of breath; bringing his eyes down upon the jumble of words scrambled over the parchment. Slowly, very slowly, he began to read the article, letting the words absorb his mind:

'Two years later and we still find the Wizarding world rejoiced in happiness and our fears berried away. On this day, two years previous, we found our world to be hidden away in fear and worry, that we may not wake up to find the light in our eyes, or to feel the wind in our face,' writes
Eva Lascardlend. 'Seven hundred and thirty days later, we still find ourselves bathed in the happiness and joy, one boy has brought to us, but
at the loss of his family. Harry James Potter, currently two years old since July 31, and living in the home of his Muggle aunt and uncle, changed the world, as we know it. Living through a curse, no man has ever walked away from, brought the downfall of the one creature we all feared beyond question. Walking away from the downfall emerged a savoir to the Wizarding world, but at the loss, his family. James and Lillian Potter (both twenty- two before there passing) and his twin sister. Both parents killed with the curse their one son became famous for. His sister's body not being able to detected, or ever found, was pronounced dead last weekend as a small ceremony was given to her in memorial; a head stone was placed into the soil near the site of her parents' gravestones. Hayley Lillian Potter, will always and forever be known to the world, if not for her heritage to the Potter name, then to the courage the world now sees her memory in.'


He folded up the paper, and threw it back into his trunk. Trying to keep the urge of running to the nearest fireplace and Flooing to St. Mungo's was a huge persistent; keeping Harry from the one person his mind wouldn't stop calling to.

The last thought caught and lingered on Harry's brain. He pondered it more; could that honestly work. If his mind wouldn't stop calling to her, then what would be the problem of actual calling to her.

'It only works when were in trouble.'

Pushing that thought away, Harry sat up straight against his headboard. Trying couldn't do any harm.

Closing his eyes tight, and squeezing his fists together, Harry began thinking of Hayley. Putting her picture in front of the darkness of his eyes, and envisioning her there before him, he began repeating the name over and over again, repeating the reason why he was calling her. Not knowing how, or who was telling him, but a feeling was coming over him. It felt strange, yet unfamiliar to his body.

A scene began to form behind the closed concentration of his eyelids. A room appeared to come into his focus, a soft creamy color covering the walls in soft shades that would momentarily put the patient into relaxation. Harry squinted his eyes tighter, trying to bring the scene clearer to his image.

Three blurry images began to dissolve themselves out in the room. Two of the sources, were standing and one looked to be in the bed. There was an eerie silence about the room Harry couldn't detect. He could see the blurry mouths of the two people talking quietly, but no sound was entering the room nor echoing off it. Harry's felt his heart jump, watching as the figure lying over the bed, began to become a clear image, none the other of than Hayley Glenwood.

Her black hair a complete frizzed mess, bruises running up the length of her right arm, and a sling holding her left in place. Hayley's face came clear to the viewer's eye, but Harry noticed that the two sources standing beside her were not. He tried bringing them farther into his mind, but this seemed to be doing nothing. Suddenly that's when Harry's gaze met Hayley's closed eyelids, and the answer came to him:

It wasn't because he wasn't concentrated enough on the thought before him, it was because Hayley was asleep. He was seeing things from her point of view at the moment being: sleeping soundly. Nothing to come between that barrier beside the awaken of her mind. That's when another answer crossed into Harry's mind. He viciously had appeared to join Hayley in the mind barrier, but he wasn't seeing her real mind for what it really was when she entered sleeps grace. He only concentrated on seeing her, not entering her mind.

Suddenly feeling his heart pounding hard into his chest, as the sound of curtains being pulled back, and feet heating the floor, had no doubt made an impact on his mind. The image before him disappearing hastily as he tried to open his eyes, and finding it more difficult then you would have given the task credit for.

"Harry, you awake?" whispered the morning aptitude of Ron.

Feeling breath exhale his body in a fast intake, Harry opened his eyes, only to result in seeing white light dancing before them. Trying to regulate his breathing, he brought his hands up towards his eyes, and began to rub at them, easing the dizziness away from his head.

"Yeah, Ron," he mumbled back, trying to play the roll of someone who had just been woken up.

"C'mon, let's get to the washroom before everyone else is up."

Harry nodded, knowing he needed a warm shower, something to clear his mind. He couldn't go to classes like this. Pulling open his curtain, he got out of his four-poster, and grabbed his shower bag. The after effects still making him sway slightly, and causing him to take a couple of deep breathes. Ron seemed to have noticed this to.

"You okay?" he asked, staring at him from his bed.

"Fine," he muttered back.

"Nervous 'bout Hayley tomorrow. Eh?"

"Yeah," said Harry, his mind still deluding over the dream, the connection he made with her there, all these connections he was eloping with her.

"Come on then," said Ron, holding the door open for him as they began heading down to the boys' washroom.

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Hayley awoke to a small prick in her arm. Opening her eyes right away she sat up, feeling her breathing rate picking up, and the Medi-nurse giving her looks of question.

"Lie down dear, I have to take out your IV's," she said, placing a hand at her shoulder and pushing her back.

Hayley only obliged, still feeling her heart beating fast. She felt like someone was inside her, with her, controlling her. She felt dizzy, and not the calm usual manner she would try to put over her attitude. She was too lost in thought to see that the door had opened and two people had stepped in.


"Have they brought you breakfast yet?"

Hayley stared into the face of Will, suddenly feeling the urge to scream at him, tell him and Jane to sodd off and never darken her life again.

She closed her eyes, and took a deep breath. Opening them again, she found Will and Jane staring at her through worried eyes.

"I'm not hungry," she snarled back, not caring if the Medi-nurse gave her a particular look.

"Are you sore dear, Healer Beaker asked me to give you a potion to relieve it if you'd like."

Hayley looked at the Medi-nurse, nodding her head slowly, not really paying attention to what she was nodding at. She watched as the woman smiled at her, and then exited

the room.

Down casting her eyes, she felt the soreness of arms and noticed that her sling had been removed while she was asleep. Her arm now free ably to move about in its own freedom and will.

"Ah, Hayley I think we need to talk about tomorrow," said Jane, walking forward and sitting on her bed. Hayley bit her lip, trying to keep the looks of grimace from covering her face. Jane and Will hopefully would just accept these looks of aftermath pain.

"What about tomorrow?" she said, inhaling a great deal of breath.

"Well - your father and I received an Owl from Professor Dumbledore, and we asked him if we could accompany you into Hogwarts tomorrow, but he said he would see more fit to let you go alone."

Hayley's head shot up out of her hands. "A-alone," she questioned, making sure the statement she was hearing was correct.

"Yes, seems Dumbledore fancies the idea more. Would you like this or for me and your mother to -"

"No!"

Jane and Will stared at Hayley's sudden outburst. She hastily tried to cover it up, but couldn't think of anything that would fit the excuse for not wanting them to be with her. Taking the only thing she could do to mind, she just lowered her eyes away from them and said nothing.

"Are you alright, love? You seem awfully upset about something," said Will.

Hayley raised her head again. Blue orbs met the gaze of straining green.

"Da -" she stopped herself. She couldn't say it - she didn't know why, or how the feelings were coming to her in such a fast whirlwind of emotions; she couldn't call Will dad.

"I'm fine, just aching to get back to Hogwarts is all."

Hayley watched as Jane and Will exchanged a look worry.

"What?" she asked them, not feeling that this look could hold anything beyond good.

"See Hayley, the thing about Hogwarts is that -"

"Your not making me leave are you!"

Jane stopped talking for a split second. Staring at her daughter, she smiled at the worried look over her face. "No, were not taking you out, but we'd like you to come home for Christmas."

Hayley froze. The words embedded into her mind. Go home - to a home she hadn't seen in six weeks. To a home, with two people she couldn't even call her parents? Leave Harry, Ron and Hermione.

"I was going to spend it with my friends -"

"Hayley, we accepted you could go to Hogwarts, we however didn't accept that you could go, and expect to never see us again. Why wouldn't you want to come home and see your family, who you haven't seen in two months almost!"

She looked up to stare at Will's flustered face. "Fine," she muttered, placing her eyes elsewhere.

"What is wrong with you today? D'you not want to leave for Hogwarts tomorrow?"

Hayley, without any difficulties let the smirk roll over her face. Not go back to Hogwarts, if that was even an option for her to consider, she'd have to be insane to. Hogwarts was now her home - Jane and Will Glenwood however, were not.

'I hate them, I really hate them. They don't deserve me, I hate them.'

"Can you just leave me alone please?" she muttered.

"Hayley hunny what is wrong?" asked Jane, reaching a hand over and placing it on her shoulder. Hayley fought ever urge in her body not to take her arm and rip that hand away from her body. The hand of scum, that's what it was. That wasn't her mother's hand. That was a devils hand.

"Mu -" stopping herself quickly, she exhaled another breath. "Please, just leave."

She didn't look up to watch them leave, she only sighed as the door shut behind them. Leaving a barrier between them that Hayley would never forgive, or try to break through. She felt heated, raged -- looked at them -- thought of them -- she hated them. Was there a hate that could boil as high as the one surging through her. Laying her head down onto her pillow, Hayley gazed out the window.

'I'll be out of here tomorrow, only one of more day of seeing them. Just one more hatful day.'

The rising sun of the next day came much slower than Hayley would have hoped. She had packed all her remains that the hospital had stored for her, and was now more then ready to return. Jane and Will, probably for the first time, didn't disturb her while she had been packing. They had only entered the room twice, and during those two times, they had left under the request of Hayley's wishes, and left her alone.

The Medi-nurse finally permitted Hayley to a warm needed shower. Being able to

detangle any snarls that had created in her hair, and wash away any old blood, ashes, or dirt still covering her face, and the smell of hospital. As she watched the essence of left over dirt, or dried up blood wash down the drain, she felt that it wasn't just the dirt washing away from her body, but the trust and love she once shared for Jane and Will. She hated them, she truly hated them.

After her shower, she felt cleaner - cleaner from their existence to her. Cleaner from there lies, there grimace of sweet-talks. She felt she could never love them again, look at them the same way or call them mum and dad. Hate was overpowering any love she had for them, and slowly that love was turning into a puddle of nothing, and washing down the drain along with the dirt that had once covered skin.

Hayley truly hoped that Healer Frunz knew exactly what he was doing in his job. If not, there was going to be a lot of forgiving to repay and forgive - but for some reason, Hayley felt he wasn't lying, he knew exactly what he was doing, and he was giving her the answer to her life.

When Healer Beaker had entered her room earlier in the day, Hayley found it much harder not to glare at him, but easier to fight it then with Jane and Will. He had given her one last check up and she had passed with flying colors. He checked her re-grown bone, and flexed it every which way it was permitted to move, checked her lungs for any smoke damager done upon them. Giving her one last potion that would ease any left over soreness still harboring through her body. Saying a good-luck and a pleasure to be his patient, he said good-bye to her.

As the setting sun came to a downfall over the hospital, Hayley sat upon her former hospital bed. Feeling cleaner then she had felt in a while, wearing her Hogwarts uniform, and her hair nicely washed, and completely snarled free. Since her eyes were casted upon the window; watching the setting sun, she gently heard the wisp of wind, and the cold air of the hospital hit her skin lightly as the door to her former room opened.

"We came to say good-bye," said Jane, walking towards her.

Hayley had been thankful they didn't ponder the thought of her newly formed attitude towards them, she hoped they would just accept it as hatred towards the hospital, not towards them.

She had debated millions of times today if she should just ask the one question clouding her mind. She knew she couldn't. Why - because she knew Jane and Will would deny it. She would never accept them again as the two people she once had known them as.

"Good-bye," she snapped back.

"Hayley Lillian Glenwood, you do not speak to your mother in that tone!"

She bit down hard on her tongue, keeping the insult she had ready to fire at him, locked up by the deep pain surging through her mouth.

'How dare he? How dare he call me the name he gave me, the name he put lies on me with!'

Feeling a deadly silence fill the room, Hayley pulled her eyes away from the window, and placed them on Jane and Will. "I guess I should be going then," she said, hoping off the bed and grabbing her left over remains.

"Not before we talk Hayley," said Jane, stepping in front of her. Hayley held the urge to scream in her face, anger running through her blood, waiting to erupt and spill over the mess they caused.

"There's nothing to talk about. I want to go back -- now."

"Hayley, your mother and I," 'your no mother of mine.' "Have decided that you will be coming home for Christmas, and if not, then you will not be returning to Hogwarts for next semester. That is final."

Hayley let out a long sigh, descending her head downwards and trying to calm herself, rotting any sign of anger burning through her emerald orbs. Bringing her head back up, she smiled at Will.

"Sure, dad," she made sure she put enough mock on the word 'dad' as it rolled off her tongue.

"We're serious, Hayley. We accepted you could go to Hogwarts, but we however did not accept that you could leave us all together."

"I'm sure you did."

"We'll see you at Christmas then. Promise to Owl us tonight once you're all sorted out?" asked Jane.

"Yeah sure." 'Don't count on it.'

"See you in two weeks then, we love you Hayley," said Jane, advancing towards her. Hayley tried to hold a civil look upon her face as she felt her lips touch her forehead, Will's following after that.

"Bye then," Hayley said, giving them one last civil smile, turning and exiting the room.

Entering the corridor of St. Mungo's, Hayley felt like screaming. Letting all the pent up rage leave her body in a fast instant, not caring is people stared at her. She felt proud of herself, she had actually told Jane and Will, to step down and leave her alone. That she could walk herself to the fireplace just as fine as they could.

Turning into the laboratory section of the floor she had been placed on, Hayley smiled as she saw the fireplaces. Three set up, and almost five people standing behind each other; each person taking the handful of Floo powder and yelling there destination and a green flash taking them away within a blink of the eye seconds later.

Smiling at the clerk as her turn came up, she reached over and grabbed a handful of the powder that held her destination. Her heart racing when she pondered where in five seconds she would be standing. Stepping into the fire gate, she stood up straight. Inhaling breath, and throwing the powder down she screamed "Howgarts!" Her body disappearing seconds after.

Feeling her body slam into cold stone, and the dizziness ebb away instantly as excitement filled the depth, Hayley scrambled to her feet. Gazing around at the office she had arrived in six weeks previous. Whipping the soot off her robes, and making sure she looked presentable, she left the office. Almost squealing with joy as she stepped outside the corridor, and walking down the stairs. This was her home, her heart felt like bursting with joy. She had only been departed from the beloved castle four days, and yet, she still found it had been much longer.

Setting off down towards the Gryffindor common room, she smiled at all the portraits watching her eagerly, whispering as she walked past them. Approaching the last staircase up towards the tower, she walked up in a fast hurry and turned the corner.

Her heart leapt as 'The Fat Lady' came into her gaze, and greeted her with a long overdue smile. Opening her mouth to give the password, someone spoke behind her, before the words even rolled off her tongue.

"Hayley!"

Turning around, feeling her heart jump into the region of her throat, she smiled at the blue eyes staring at her with mirth and excitement filled deep inside them, a stupid goofy grin covering his freckled face.

"Ron!" she squealed, running over and jumping into his arms with a tight hug. Hayley closed her eyes as she felt Ron's arms encircle around her waist, pulling her closer to his body. She felt she didn't want it to end, feeling his arms around her, holding her, protecting her. Feeling all anger ebb away and die at her feet. Ron had this much of an impact on her. Unfortunately, he pulled away and smiled down at her.

"How are you! We've been so worried, did you just get here?"

Hayley laughed at his antics, feeling her heart melt away at the concern in his eyes.

"I'm fine, feeling a lot better, and yes I just got here."

Ron smiled once more, pulling her back into his arms, he gave her another hug.

"Hermione, will be so happy to see you," he said, pulling away again.

"Where are they by the way?" she asked, glancing around their surroundings, expecting them to turn the corner at that very moment.

"They went to the library. We got piled with parchment for homework tonight in Charms, I'll help you out if you want?"

"I'd like that," she said, casting him a smile. Almost leaning on him as he began to set off back down where he had just appeared from.

"Bummer you missed try-outs though, that would have been brilliant if you'd made the team."

"Yes, it would have been, but I think I'll just watch from the sidelines and cheer you on instead," said Hayley, watching as the after affect of her statement impacted Ron; his ears turning a red shade of maroon; making her smile even more at the effects she was having on him. It felt good to switch places once in a while, and not be the blusher.

"You look great," he said, turning towards her once more. "I heard your arm broke," gesturing to her left arm, and giving her another concern filled look.

"Yeah nothing big though," she said, detecting that she had said it a little too quickly then needed. She didn't want to relieve what exactly had happened in that fire, not the dog, not how she had almost faced death in the face, not when she felt so happy and content. Ron seemed to have caught on and didn't ask anything else. She refused to voice to him what had happened at the hospital. She felt she would start crying; finally having the anger gone, sadness would engulf her being if she thought of that now.

She muttered a quiet thank-you as Ron opened the door for her, and walked inside.

"Where are they?" asked Hayley, scanning the room for any signs of a raven head, or frizzed.

"In the back corner when I left."

Walking over with Ron by her side, they walked past two isles and turned towards the left. Making sure to stay quiet as they walked past occupied students leaning over parchment or hard paperback books, completely involved and their faces down in concentration.

"Still studying, I see," said Ron, gazing down upon Hermione, coming to a stop just beside her table. A quill held tightly between her hands and scribbling upon the parchment in fast motions.

Hermione stopped writing and looked up at the person blocking her light view. Her serious face turning instantly to excitement as her eyes came to rest upon Hayley.

"Oh my - you had us all worried!" Hermione huffed.

Hayley almost felt like crying when she saw Hermione throw down her quill and stand up in a fast intake, hugging Hayley for dear life.

"Whoa let her breath, Hermione," said Ron, though Hayley couldn't have cared less if Hermione was hugging more tightly then she should have been. Her chest felt sore,

after Ron's hug, and now Hermione's, it was a no wonder.

Even though Hayley felt to corrupt with her emotions, she still heard the faint sound of feet heating the floor just behind her location.

"Hey 'Mione what are you doing over --- Hayley?"

Hayley felt Hermione depart from her, and turned towards the stranger voicing her name. Greeting it with a warm smile and welcoming eyes, she said "Hello, Harry."

Harry seemed to be staring at her like she had just died before him. Setting his books down next to Hermione's parchment, he walked over towards them. Looking at Hayley with a look of disbelief over his pale face.

She felt too shocked to do anything when Harry wrapped his arms around her shoulders, pulling her into a tight hug. Hayley tried to hold in the shocked expression at his actions.

'He's never hugged me before.'

Emotions running through her body once more, she said to hell with the new uniqueness Harry was setting between them and hugged him back, sighing into his shoulder. How would she ever tell them about the hospital. The new found secret burning deep inside her stomach and causing emotions to flow from the hole splitting her mind into two.

"Harry its okay," she laughed, feeling him tighten his hold on her, and suddenly feeling uncomfortable. Another tight squeeze surged through his arms and into her waist. Feeling him sigh over the bridge of her neck, he released her.

"Just had us all worried is all," he said, not putting distance between there bodies as he separated from her.

"Well -- stop worrying now, I'm fine," she said in a defensive voice. Hayley examined his face, and suddenly felt herself caught up in his eyes. Emerald eyes - eyes of her dream - eyes to be seen even in the comfort of darkness - eyes of the woman haunting her mind - eyes of a fifteen month old baby -- eyes driving her into the very core of madness.

'My eyes.'