

Chapter 1 : A New Twist on an Old Tale Chapter 5, a harry potter fanfic | FanFiction

*Chapter 5: "And I - wish I could go deep in the zone And lift the spirits of the world with words within this song (I wish)"
Hermione pulled herself further into the darkened corner as her eyes scanned the lower level of the Burrow.*

This story might have around chapters! Thank you for supporting my story! Carter smiled and as soon as I put down the empty glass on the blanket, he pounced on me, tickling my sides. I gasped as laughter erupted from my lips. He knew that I was insanely ticklish. I tried to push him off, but it was useless. He took hold of both of my wrists in one hand and pinned them up above my head, tickling me with his other. He leaned over me, so our faces were inches apart. I stared into his brown eyes, my heart melting at the sight of them. So pretty, so deep, so innocent. A whimper escaped my lips as he ran his hand down my side, not because I was scared, but because of how his touch made me so numb. Oh no, I should not have said that. A devilish grin was painted on his face as his hands slipped under my shirt and then caressed the side of my breast. He just made me so helpless. He trailed sweet kisses down my jaw and to my neck. Oh God, I definitely did not want a hickey for my siblings and father to see. Slade would definitely murder Carter. I felt him shift and he sat back, but pulled him up and onto his lap as he did so. I shifted, so I was facing him and my legs were on either side of his waist. I swallowed back whatever I was going to say, and slid my arms around his neck, tilting my head so my lips were angled right over his, perfectly. After a few moments of kissing, I pulled back, breathing heavily. I wrapped my legs around his waist, my arms tightening around his neck, pressing closer to him. He chuckled, burying his face in my neck and breathing into it. Heat crept up my neck to my face and I nodded, embarrassed. I slid my free hand down his chest and then ran it back up to the top button of his shirt, tugging on it till it popped open. He raised an eyebrow at me, as I gave him my most innocent smile. I unbuttoned the top two buttons on his shirt and kissed his chest, making him moan softly. Then, completely shocking him, I unhooked my legs from his waist and my feet landed gracefully on the park grass. I smirked at his expression, turning around and quickly packed all the leftover food from the picnic and glasses. He finally snapped out of it and came over to help, which I was thankful for. Working quickly, I folded the blanket before placing it neatly in the picnic basket. When we finished, we walked back to his car in silence, my red hair swaying slightly to the October breeze. I opened the passenger door and got into the seat. Carter closed the door after I was seated and I buckled my seat belt. Then he slipped into the seat beside me and started the car, pulling out of the parking space and driving down the road. After a few minutes of silence, he asked, "What was that? Another all time favorite song. Wrap me up in your legs. And love you till your eyes roll back. Dang, that boy could definitely sing. His voice was so soft and sweet, it made my heart melt. My head turned and I gazed at him. A smile bloomed across my face again. All my favorite songs were coming on now. I turned around so that I was facing him and he lowered his mouth to mine, in a sweet kiss. Then he spun on his heels and walked back to the car, getting in and driving off. A dreamy sigh left my lips and I opened to the door to the house to see Slade standing there with his arms folded. I mimicked his pose and met his blue gaze with my green ones. I squealed and kicked my legs. My curfew was twelve and he knew that. I was not going to come home four hours earlier. He knew that, too. Slade dropped me and left to open the door. I turned my head and my lips curved up in a smile when I saw who it was. They met in second grade and started as mortal enemies, but then got together in high school. They even went to the same college, which I thought was very lucky. They really loved each other. Nyssa clapped, enveloping me in her arms for another hug. Damn, girl, you totally scored! He was two years older than Slade and Nyssa. He did not like it when Nyssa talked about other guys in front of him. Grinning, Nyssa turned to Slade and leaned over, kissing his lips. Laughter tumbled out of my mouth and I climbed up the stairs to my room. Smiling happily, I collapsed on my bed and nodded off to a deep sleep. Girls gave me envious frowns as we walked down the hallway. They even got the damn courage to come up while I was with him and flirt. He dropped me off at my locker with a light peck on the lips, since there was a teacher out in the hallway and strode off, tall and confident. He gave a nod to the teacher and she smiled at him, brightly. Carter was one of the smart, athletic and charming students like my brothers that all the teachers adored, which I was envious off because no matter how hard I tried, I was always looked down

on, compared to Sin, Sparrow and Slade. I shoved my backpack into my small, already crammed locker and took the books I needed for my first classes. After shutting my locker, I started off to homeroom. When I realized the reason for her staying behind was Jason Daring, an unbelievably cute guy from the basketball team who she was currently talking to, I winked at her and continued on. I always knew they were going to end up together. He always stared at her. I decided to rub it in her face that I was right later. I was lost in my thought as I walked down the hallway. Which was a very bad idea because the next thing I knew was that I was sprawled across the floor, my knee hitting the solid ground hard. Pain overwhelmed me as I pulled myself up onto a sitting position. My head snapped up to see, none other than the very hot, very annoyed looking Grant. I huffed and glared at the floor as I struggled to gather up my books. I looked around, and thank God, nobody was in the hallway. It had cleared up because the bell was going to ring any minute. Damn, I was going to be late. I snatched my things from his hands and stood up with a wince. My knee was hurting, but it was going to heal in a while, so I paid no notice. He grunted as he stood up and folded his arms over his chest, standing directly in front of me, blocking my way. I tried to pull my hand back. Then he suddenly let go of my wrist as I was struggling to get it out of his grip and I stumbled back, falling on my butt. I oofed and glared up at him. My face flushed and images of me hurting him in the cruelest ways possible appeared in my mind. God, I hated him so much, it actually hurt. No matter how cute he was Cuter than Carter! Favorite Character So Far?

Chapter 2 : Oliver Twist Chapter 16 Summary & Analysis from LitCharts | The creators of SparkNotes

Sean Lowe reveals on Instagram that five-month-old Retton says she's happy and 'on a really good path' following her divorce 'I'm really excited for what this new chapter is Twist and pout.

They are romantically involved, and Sikes wonders whether Nancy has a special place in her heart for criminals about to be hanged. Sikes is a complex character—gruff and impossibly violent, on the outside, but filled with dread and doubt on the inside. Active Themes Nancy and Sikes eventually lead Oliver to a new safehouse, where Fagin is now hiding with Bates, the Dodger, and the other boys. The Dodger and Bates see Oliver from out the window of the apartment, and let the three of them in. A scene of interesting ironies. Oliver is "welcomed" back to his "home" by his new "family," Fagin and the gang. Of course, Oliver has another option for a new family which he prefers, that offered by Brownlow, but he is not able to return to the old gentleman and Mrs. Fagin says this is right, and that things could not have worked out better for Fagin and the gang. Oliver is very upset. Oliver acts as though Fagin and the boys might be concerned that Brownlow believes Oliver is a liar and a thief. In fact, Fagin wants Oliver to become a liar and a thief—thus the plan has worked out perfectly for him, and horribly for Oliver. Active Themes Oliver leaps up and tries to escape the apartment. Fagin, the Dodger, and Bates run after him. Sikes tries to send his dog after them, but Nancy blocks the door, saying that Sikes shall not hurt Oliver in that way. Fagin and the two boys return with Oliver; he had not gotten very far before being overtaken. This is a new development for Oliver: Oliver is attempting to take his fate into his own hands. Fagin begins to berate and slap Oliver for trying to escape. Nancy stomps her foot and demands that, Oliver having been returned to his "care," Fagin should at least treat Oliver well. A common Victorian trope is here demonstrated: But, of course, Nancy is completely rational in her desire to protect Oliver; she cares for him. Active Themes Nancy starts screaming at Fagin, expressing remorse for aiding in the return of Oliver to the apartment, and realizing, aloud, that she has participated in a capture of the young boy that mirrors her own capture, by Fagin, when she was a child. Nancy bewails her own fate, and argues to Fagin that, although she was corrupted by him at a young age, she does not wish for the same thing to happen to Oliver. Sikes attempts to control Nancy, who is worked into a frenzy, and when he grabs her, she faints. Nancy is reminded of these as she sees Fagin attempting to corrupt Oliver. Bet arrives and ministers to Nancy, who is not ill, only shaken up. Oliver quickly falls asleep, exhausted by the terrors of the day. Retrieved November 8,

Chapter 3 : Oliver Twist Chapter 11 Summary & Analysis from LitCharts | The creators of SparkNotes

Then the door had to open, and reveal the redhead the Rosalie had come to despise so much in the last hour or so. Jace, Rose and Alec all got off of the floor, suppressing giggles and brushed themselves off, making their way over to the seraph blades they had started on.

An old pauper has assisted the attending surgeon, supported by the contents of a green bottle. She explains to the doctor that the young woman was unknown and had been brought in the night before, after being found lying in the street. Thus he is immediately "badged and ticketed. This haven for juveniles is run by Mrs. Mann, an entrepreneur who prospers by starving the children and pocketing most of the allowance dispensed for their sustenance. The youngsters perish with regularity, but investigation always sustains the report that death was due to natural causes or "accident. His birthday is celebrated with a beating and confinement in the coal cellar with two other malefactors for "atrociously presuming to be hungry. Bumble, a minor church official, suddenly appears at the garden gate. Mann keeps him waiting until the prisoners are released. After Bumble is admitted, he demonstrates his sense of importance by rebuking Mrs. Mann before they then join in a demonstration of mutual hypocrisy as he partakes of her gin. The self-important Bumble has come on business. The authorities have ruled that the orphan is to be returned to his birthplace "the workhouse. In the meantime, Oliver has been removed from the coal bin and has been made presentable. He is now brought forth and delivered to Mr. Bumble, who escorts him to his new home. That very evening, the board in control of workhouse affairs is meeting, and Oliver is promptly summoned to face that august body. After being admonished to persevere in gratitude for the blessings given him so far, the boy is told that he is to be further favored by being taught a trade "picking oakum, a tar-soaked fiber used as a caulking in ships starting the next morning. Following this scene the author discloses that the authorities have just devised a new regime for the workhouse. The paupers are restricted to a pitifully small portion of food, and other callous measures are put into practice. The policy succeeds in reducing the workhouse population, although many depart for the graveyard. After several months of the most meager meals, the boys are desperate with hunger. They hold a council meeting to select one of their number to request more to eat. The lot falls to Oliver to make the audacious experiment. That evening after the skimpy ration of thin gruel has been consumed, Oliver approaches the fat workhouse master and asks for more. The master is overwhelmed with astonishment. In a state of agitation, Bumble rushes to inform the board, which is in session. The members are horrified; a gentleman in a white waistcoat is satisfied beyond all doubt that the culprit will end up on the gallows. Oliver is instantly sentenced to confinement. The next morning, a notice is posted on the gate offering five pounds to anyone who will accept Oliver Twist as an apprentice. Analysis It is always instructive to give special thought to how a writer begins a novel. Almost everyone has had difficulty in starting to write something "even a letter. The method chosen is, naturally, regulated by the overall organization of the book, and there are many possible solutions. A traditional technique much adhered to is to begin in medias res, in the midst of things "that is, at the height of the action "and then gradually to fill in the background. He does not give the town a name or state a date when the action takes place. The only fact essential to the reader is that the events occur in a workhouse, an institution common to most localities. In this manner, Dickens announces that he is going to deal with topics of general import and focuses attention on the workhouse by leaving its immediate setting vague. The passage of time can be made evident by the chronology of events, either through dramatic presentation or narrative summary. Yet it is often impracticable for the writer to represent or suggest the passage of time, and he may resort to bare statement, which is what Dickens does in Chapter 2. A brief account of the mistreatment suffered by the young paupers leads to an abrupt statement that Oliver Twist is nine years old. The reader is in no way made to feel the passing of years, and the pronouncement comes as rather a surprise. The author, however, is obviously eager to reach the point where a fuller chronicle takes on significance. In this same chapter, we meet Mr. The minute he begins to speak, he makes himself conspicuous by mispronouncing parochial as "porochial. Bumble explains that the foundlings are provided with names arbitrarily selected in alphabetical order. Consequently, Oliver Twist comes between Swubble and Unwin.

This process of acquiring a name is governed by the operation of chance and signals that a good deal of random chance is in store for the lad. Appropriately, Oliver is martyred by fate when it falls to his lot to make the perilous attempt to get more food. In his caustic indictments of folly and evil, Dickens utilizes irony with devastating effect. The literal expression in irony is the opposite of the meaning that an utterance is intended to convey. The tone may be light and relieved by humor, but the serious intent is unmistakable.

Chapter 4 : Twists And Turns - Chapter 5 - Story

year-old Payton's life is turned around when she finds herself suddenly the target of the deceptions. While Knockout, being primarily the one instructed to capture and look after her, ends up facing some difficulties as taking care of a human begins to slowly change him.

Blueprint for a Revolution: Franklin appreciated the economic use of space of the winding staircase, but at his age he was cautious of twists and turns in his life. Francis Daymon waited as the footsteps stopped outside the front doors. If British soldiers had come to arrest him, there would be a very loud knock, maybe someone barking out for Daymon to give himself up, and then they might even smash in the doors. The double doors were very substantial, but they would not hold out the soldiers of the King if they were determined to break them in and arrest Daymon. He was thinking so hard about this, he almost did not hear the soft, quiet knock at the door. It was not the British! Daymon hurried to unlock the door, because it must be either Bonvouloir, Dr. Franklin, or John Jay, coming for their first secret meeting. Benjamin Franklin wanted John Jay included in these secret meetings. Jay was also a member of the Committee of Secret Correspondence, and he was much younger than Dr. Franklin, closer in age to Bonvouloir. Benjamin Franklin knew there were many advantages to having someone else negotiate with the French besides himself. His own years had given him experience and hopefully wisdom, but age had taken some stamina and youthful enthusiasm from him. John Jay made an excellent partner in the secret negotiations. He had studied law and was a successful attorney. One of the things that Benjamin Franklin admired most about John Jay was that he could make a quick decision and stick by it if it was right, even if it was not a popular choice. The instructions for all three men had been the same. They would arrive and leave at different times. Everything was going well. As each one arrived, he was certain he had not been followed. It seemed safe to proceed with the first meeting. Daymon went upstairs with Dr. Franklin, who had been the last to arrive. Francis Daymon thought Dr. Franklin should be relieved that everything so far had gone as they had planned, but Daymon had gotten to know his employer very well, and something was still bothering him. As they were climbing the stairs, Benjamin Franklin stopped. He went on to explain in a whisper, "If this man is a double agent, secretly working for the British, what we say may be delivered directly to our enemies. And if this man is not a double agent, and is only working for France, but he turns out to be unwise or imprudent, then what we say may accidentally fall into the hands of our enemies. Franklin appreciated the economic use of space in the winding staircase, but at his age he was cautious of twists and turns in his life. They finished climbing the stairs to the second floor, and for a moment, in the dark, Francis Daymon had a fearful vision. He stumbled on the last step. Copyright by Charles and Nancy Cook. Used by kind permission.

Chapter 5 : SparkNotes: Orlando: Chapter Five: Quick Quiz

CHAPTER FIVE Educationally useful IEPs 89 CHAPTER SEVEN New twists and old conundrums Old, Some Things New

This book can be ordered from: Shining Star Press, P. Box , Goleta, CA , U. Add 50 cents per copy for multiple books ordered. For more information about this book, see Dr. In my opinion this small, easy to read soft cover book, is one of approximately five psychological works that will stand above all others in this century. This work set the stage for all our growth in this century. In the middle of this century Carl Rogers wrote Client Centered Therapy which introduced the concept of "reflective listening. All therapists, regardless of their persuasion, rely upon it as a primary tool. In this century, Margaret Mahler, et. In the middle of this century, Arthur Janov in *The Primal Scream* showed us that the reliving of early trauma is an absolute necessity in the journey of psychological healing. Solter with *Tears and Tantrums* has given us a new and profound approach to early childhood parenting. She has given us the simple principles which any parent can apply to raise a truly healthy child. No longer do we have to become psychologically split off from ourselves and live a life of fruitless endeavor, as we struggle to right the wrongs perpetrated upon us by well meaning but ignorant parents. Dr Solter has placed health in the hands of our species in a way which has the potential to reshape human destiny. One day, if the world makes her book compulsory reading for all young adults, my book may not be needed! About therapists who convert feelings into words too soon, this is like what adults do to children: Chapter Five, example three This sounds more like a compulsive attempt to meet an unmet childhood need that cannot possibly be met as an adult, rather than a regressive healing experience. Three years seems a very long time. Nurture is needed, until the patient has the ego strength to finally face those early traumas! It is my contention that when clients are deeply regressed, the nervous system once again opens to receive what it needs When years of deprivation and abuse are offered to the young "wide open" central nervous system, the tree of life stunts and twists. In many cases, the corrective nurture, in terms of time, type, and intensity, will have to be applied. This is not about corrective abreactive emotional insight. Or is the emotional release crying important? This is not clear. Crying is not mentioned in this example. Recall can come without feeling. Sooner or later, however, expressing the feeling is almost always needed. She however would return from her reliving without a lot of fuss and rumpus but seemed to be in a kind of shock which would gradually dissipate. When she finally left my practice, she was greatly healed, not perhaps completely, but so much better than when she arrived. She never cried, screamed or raged once in all the years we worked, and yet somehow she healed. But perhaps she would benefit more from clear boundaries, and heal more quickly by learning that a loving, supportive relationship can exist without sexual contact. Was there emotional release? Can we always trust the body? Was this the patient who denounced you? She would begin every session by cursing and swearing at her therapist in a "hideous" manner. Then I realized that cursing the therapist, was her particular doorway into experiencing the deep past. Only after touching my penis could this client "fall" into her deep past. Years of therapy with a previous therapist had not accessed her past. Years of therapy with me, also did not open this door. Then finally, when I took this risk, the doors of her abuse swung open and she could finally re-experience her abuse. Even still, she could only translate herself into this reliving, when she touched me in this way. Nothing else gave her the congruence of present and past which would unlock the door. Re your statement of sheepskin reducing infant deaths. Check with your local hospital premature ward and ask them about this. After your statement at the top of the page about adolescence and sexual arousal, I wrote: Primarily in those who have been deprived of sufficient holding earlier in life. Adult sex deeply nurtures, and in fact, I feel that this is why a good sexual connection makes a good and nurturing marriage in addition to adult non-sexual marital nurture. Section, "The sense of smell. Why only the women? They would, I am sure, want it from a female therapist but where would they find it in this modern, frightened age. One man, a homosexual, started to become aroused and did not find this helpful. Another, himself a therapist wanted it and was very grateful to have an opportunity to experience holding. Long hugs seem to do better with men, given while sitting or standing. These can be accepted. Holding therapy with attachment

disordered kids is often imposed on them, and yet it seems to be extremely effective. Try forced holding-type therapy with an adult female and you will be in court for the rest of your life. Try it with a resisting adult male and you could be severely injured. So whether or not it might work lies on the far side of these scary attempts. It very well might. Chapter Six, Last section It seems to me that one must make the distinction between trauma reminders congruences which help a patient regress and heal, and compulsive traumatic re-enactment, which is not therapeutic. Perhaps one criterion would be whether or not the patient is having some form of emotional release laughter or crying. If not, then is the touch therapeutic? Please see the thoughts already put forward. It would make a great book. It brings a feeling of connectedness, which everyone needs. Yes, nursing is an act of reproduction, and as such, must of necessity be pleasurable for the species to survive. The hormone, oxytocin, is released during breast feeding and causes uterine contractions similar to mild orgasms. I will break off here for now, and return to this later. Thank you so much for your loving non defensive questioning I am quite touched. Chapter Eight, second paragraph - last section: Perhaps the sexual touch in the earlier example was a form of acting out? As I say, this risk is just too much to be borne. Chapter Ten, bottom sentence - para. I have heard that many forms of psychosis can result from early trauma. There are exceptions of course, e. This is beyond the scope of this book, except to say that even psychoses should have psychological help. There is certainly a person under that set of symptoms! Not true for infants or young children. Only true for people whose spontaneous healing mechanisms specifically crying have been repressed. Children make repeated attempts to bring their attention to their pain. They know how to heal. That paragraph should have the words, " after childhood" added at the beginning. I will correct this. I get the impression that it is the merging itself, the re-living of the pain that is important to you, and the emotional release i. Are you talking about crying? I say this over and over again in the book. Your not seeing these often repeated statements is why I ask readers who will turn to it to save their lives, to read it three times. For instance, even in the p. See also Chapter Twenty- Seven numbers 9 and 10 where these instructions are given with extreme specificity. Congruence is completed by using exact externalization! Yes, body position can be a control pattern that interferes with the healing process. Do you imply that young children cannot handle or integrate traumatic information? If so, I disagree. What do you mean by an open or closed nervous system? Otherwise, they are not necessary. Children who have been raised with full permission for expression of feelings P. Of course children can integrate traumatically stressful information of all kinds. Some therapists emphasize the importance of insight but it is not always absolutely necessary for children or adults to have it, in order to heal.

Chapter Five. 4, likes Å- talking about this. Sygrou Av., Kallithea, Attica Greece.

Rated M for future material. Another chapter is here! I have to admit that it was a bit different getting into the head of my Lucius. I have only written him three other times and he was so completely different than in this piece. Just know that he is going to be a bit different than the Malfoy from the films and books. Though I did picture the sexy Jason Isaacs as I wrote this chapter. It blows my mind how many people have done so. You all are amazing! An Uber Mega Ultra thanks to: I love reading your comments. They totally make me smile. They love you and my muse sends a big thank you to everyone who send her cookies! Seriously, you are the driving force of my stories. Without you there would be no point. I hope you like it! I will neither confirm nor deny that Sev and Luc may or may not have been involved when they were younger. That was a fun sentence to write. I have reworked this piece! Hope you like it! Older witches stood gossiping about who knows what. Young and old alike flowed down the bustling thoroughfare; all of them blessedly oblivious that The-Boy-Who-Lived sat among them. Harry bit into his warm chocolate biscuit, savoring the dark flavors while contemplating the events of the past few weeks. The owls had finally started to taper off. Declarations had come from people he never would predicted would send one. There were also ones from complete strangers, but he supposed that was to be expected. The fact that Courtship was limited to wealthy merchants, persons of noble birth, lauded scholars, or persons of extraordinary worth and accomplishment in Wizard society instantly cut down those who were eligible. So far, he had received eight Declarations. The first was Severus Snape, followed by Lucius Malfoy. Then, to his complete surprise: The last two were from people he had never met: It was quite a shock to receive letters from the twins and Charlie. Zabini was a bit of a wild card. They had never really had much interaction during their time at Hogwarts. It would be interesting to see how that played out and whether or not Draco had put him up to it. Then there were le Mort and Edwins. Harry took another bite of his pastry and sighed. There had been so much going on that he felt completely overwhelmed by the new pressures of becoming a lord, finding a husband, starting his last year of Hogwarts, and strategizing ways to defeat Voldemort that it was getting to be too much. The daily speculation on his personal life was enough to test the patience of any man, but add to it all the other factors and you had a man reaching the end of his tether. The only bright spot during the last four weeks had come from the most unlikely of sources: It was such a simple thing, writing to each other, what harm could that cause? Nothing but prove further insight into the motivations of a man he hardly knew. At first, the letters were brief, dealing only with everyday pleasantries, but over the previous two weeks or so, they had become more relaxed in tone. The contents were still structured in a formal manner, but Harry found that to be rather charming. Potter, It has been the greatest of pleasures to correspond with you over the last four weeks. I am quite pleased that you have chosen to do so given the extraordinary circumstances surrounding my past. It warms my heart to see your Hedwig fly into the Great Hall every afternoon, knowing that I will soon have the pleasure of reading another of your letters. You have been most kind in your concern for my well-being and current health. I am quite well, having fully recovered physically. Emotionally, is another task in and of itself. It has been rather difficult to know that I have few genuine relationships outside of my paternal one with Draco, but this was to be expected given the circumstances. It has not been an easy thing to try to rebuild ones life, but Headmaster Dumbledore and Madame Pomfrey have been a wonder. I feel more myself everyday and I am certain that things will right themselves in the near future. I am truly blessed that there are people in this world willing to help someone with my past. If I have not said it before, I will say it now: I am sure that it must have been difficult for you to reconcile my two personas: You could have spurned my request, spurned me, but you did not. For that, I will be eternally grateful. Even if my suit does not go any further than the Winter Solstice, know that you will always have a friend in me. I am aware that our last encounter was at the Ministry several years ago on that most unfortunate night in the Department of Mysteries. Again, I wish to convey my deepest and most sincere apologies for my forced participation in that skirmish. I know that you have already said that I need not apologize for actions that were not within my control, but as I told you, I will continue to do so. I

feel I must atone for those sins committed in my nameâ€ but I digress. It is my most fervent desire to present myself to you as I truly am, in the flesh, and wipe away the memories of the past, if possible. This being my fondest wish, I propose that we meet in a public place of your choosing for tea. I know that it is only a few days before you return to Hogwarts, but if there is any way to accomplish this, I would be most appreciative. I anxiously await your reply. As he watched Hedwig fly off, anticipation filled him. It was hard to erase the picture of their last encounter out of his mind. The man on the page and the one in his memory were diametrically opposed, but, in only a few hours, he would be able to wipe away the old image and replace it with the real thing. Smiling, he set down the letter and looked around the sun-filled room. This whole afternoon was surreal. There was no other word for it. Harry bit his lip to keep from drooling all over the floor. The elder Malfoy struck a dashing figure in his summer finery. He was no longer swathed in his trademark black. Even his hair, which normally was free flowing was pulled back smartly with a silver ribbon tied in a bow. He looked exquisite, like a prince out of a fairy story. He lookedâ€ damn sexy. May I have your permission to address you informally? He exhaled a trembling breath. If this man had been a force under the thrall of Imperious, he was even more commanding under his own power. He was still elegant, but now that elegance seemed almost ethereal as opposed to steely. Anyone with eyes could see that this Lucius Malfoy was not the man he was before. Harry then," the blonde said with a small smile. Would you like anything? What type would youâ€" Within moments, Harry had a tea service and fresh pastries sent to their table thwarting Lucius' attempt to do the same. I wanted to treat you. Lucius daintily sipped his tea, while Harry nervously nibbled on a cherry filled pastry, barely aware of what he was shoving into his mouth. One elegant eyebrow arched in reply. Harry hastily took a swig from his teacup. It was as if he forgot how his mouth worked. Harry bit his lip and blushed in embarrassment. Of course he would talk right over him. It was a wonder anyone even bothered to send him a Declaration. He was a complete disaster! I would be fortunate to marry someone such as yourself. We were strangers at best, enemies at worst. And I mean," Harry absently carded a hand through his hair. You could have anyone.

Chapter 7 : Project MUSE - Fun House

Read Chapter 5 - The Conundrum from the story Silent Voice by MissLunaRose (Luna Rose) with 1, reads. diversity, autisticgirl, gay. Glitter reluctantly trud.

When Hermione had entered with the intimidating Potions master there had been uproar but it was silenced with one deadly look. He spoke quickly explaining to them how he learned that a muggle family there were currently protecting with wards was being targeted. He spoke smoothly explaining how they planned to attack during night fall and the whole time he spoke Hermione was unable to tear her gaze away from him. He had admitted to her, on their trip over to the leaning house, that Voldemort told him to relay this information and Hermione came to the conclusion herself that it was solely for her. Severus already confided in her that she was going to be their target and the whole attack was a ruse. Hermione was far from surprised. The real question came as to whether or not she was going to allow them to capture her. Could she really turn her back on those she had grown up with and grown to love? Was she really going to be able to completely forget them? Scanning her eyes over the faces of those around her she was not surprised to feel certain pangs at the mere thought of not seeing them on a daily basis. And what of Fred, her husband, the man who refused to look at her even now? She ran her hand over her face and wished things had played out differently but if they had Ginny, Ron, Fred, and George would still be dead. Hermione let her head fall back and slam against the wall. Ginny turned to her brother, "Are you mental Ronald? Hermione would never harm us! The room feel into bated breath, their eyes darting between the once inseparable friends. Ron looked to Remus before huffing angrily and dropping down to his seat and crossing his arms, his eyes staring down at his lap. Hermione is skilled and from what we know she only learned more during her travels. She will go with us. We leave at six-oh-five on the dot, do you understand? Hermione watched as they each got out of their chair and moved to converse with each other. Ron sat sulking in his seat but his neighbor, Fred, jumped out of his chair and left the room without a glance in her direction. His scorn stabbed her and made her close her eyes to recollect herself. She felt a hand on her shoulder and opened her orbs to see Snape behind her. The ebony haired man jerked his head to the side indicating for her to follow him before walking out the door. Hermione looked towards the stairs that Fred had taken to get away and to the back door that Severus left through to talk with her. She was torn on which was to go. She took a deep breath and followed her once teacher. If Fred wanted to ignore her she would not chase after him. She was not one to beg or plead. She exited the door frame to see the lean figure she had followed standing by the tree line. She jogged to get over to him quickly and looked up at him. Weasley is a little angry. Yes he is, and can you blame him? I cheated on him. He rarely ever comes to revels. Hermione was stiff at first but quickly relaxed in his hold, the weirdness of the situation not lost on her. If you get hurt there will be bloodshed. Without a goodbye they both parted ways. Hermione went back to the Burrow while Severus passed the apparation wards and disappeared. Fixing her shirt she felt the bandages that had been wrapped around her torso from her recent encounter and made a mental note to get rid of them for easier movement. Hermione entered the house to hear the Order talking a few of the more new members sending her curious glances. Hermione sent them a glare that had them straightening up and turning back to the conversation at hand. Hermione, making sure no one saw her, sneaked off towards the only bottom ground bedroom. It had never been there before while she grew up in the continuously growing house. It had been added after the Final Battle. The wards pulsed out to her, licking at her magic, testing her right to pass. In fact it was only the people that knew Harry was still alive that knew where and how to get him. Once the wards were lowered Hermione opened the door and resealed the room. There on a twin bed laid the shallow breathing Harry Potter. His skin tone had dropped a few shades making him look more like he was truly dead. Hermione moved over to the chair that was situated next the head of the bed and took the chair. She gripped the armrests as she stared at the barely living boy. Hermione sighed and scooted to the end of the chair to get closer to the dark blue bedding. She rested her elbow on the spare space and allowed her head to fall into the cupped hands. She had been so relieved that he was still there, tucked like a small child under the blankets. Hermione lifted her head and moved her hand to brush the bangs off of her friends face before tracing the

lightening shaped scar. She traced her fingers down his cheeks and to his neck. She felt the low, constant pulse and wondered if he would ever come back to them. And if he did how would he react to the news of what Hermione had gone through and done? Would he hate her as much as Ron did? I love you, I have always loved you, you have been my brother and I have stood by your side for countless number of years. I have changed Harry. I know it and can admit it because I can feel it; I am dark Harry, I have lost my light and I am sorry if I have disappointed you. She kicked the chair she had been sitting on out from underneath her and spun quickly, her eyes hardening. Her hard gaze softened as she saw the familiar red head. His blue eyes looking sheepish, his long hair ruffled from what she could only assume from him running his hand through his hair so often. Hermione itched to throw her arms around him but she restrained herself. She shoved her hands in her pocket and waited for him to talk first. After all he had interrupted the time she had assumed had been private. The friendly and awkwardness in his tone had Hermione snorting in amusement. His eyes looked up in confusion. Fred gave her an impish grin. Hermione had no doubt about what was running through his head. Who else did I have? How did you have no one? I would have been his lab mouse had I choose to ask for his protection. I could not have been a fortune teller hidden away! Hagrid had only just been expelled, he was not on school grounds, and he was not caretaker! He reached out and grasped her hand pulling her back into his chest. How was it possible to love two people? How was it fair? She felt at home and her body relaxed but all she could think of was Tom holding her. His touch sent her on fire and no matter how close he pulled her it was never close enough. She knew that he would protect her when she was around him and here with Fred Hermione questioned how long it would be until he grew angry with her new self again. She took a step back to look him in the eye, "But you blame me for everything else? I am! I was only so strong Fred! I am right here! Instead of staying at my side when everyone else turned their back you scattered along with all the other narrow minded people. Hermione wanted to reach out and pull him back. She wanted to take back what she said and act like she was the Hermione he had married. Maybe if she had been stronger, like Fred said, she could have made it where the war never happened but instead she chose to be weak. I was not weak! Hermione mentally chided herself. She had not been weak. How many people could live through the torture and agony Tom had put her through without breaking earlier or killing themselves? Hermione nodded with a short bow of the head. She did not trust herself to speak or look anyway but in front of her. She could feel the presence of her husband only two people away and she wondered what would happen next.