

These Dreams - Drabbles Dream Drabble #1

A drabble set in the These Dreams universe – about 15 years subsequent to Ginny's funeral.

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Samantha looked at the calendar as she entered his workshop, but she really didn't need to know the date. She knew already what time it was. What she didn't know was what Harry thought about the idea, which was why she was in the workshop. Next week was Harry's birthday, which he detested, and the annual Weasley family get-together, which he loved. Several years back Bill had managed to sneak a prank onto Gred and Forge without being caught, much to the amusement of all involved. Harry was working on his contribution to this year's prank, which involved bits of Muggle technology and some very sophisticated charm work. At the moment, her husband was using a jeweller's loupe to guide his wand as he moved bits of light into a small white sphere.

"Harry," she purred, using a pleasant voice.

"Yes, love?" he answered in an absent minded tone.

"Can we talk?" she asked.

"Talk as in tell me something, or talk as in you need my undivided attention?" he countered.

"The latter," she said, leaning up against the doorway.

Harry secured the sphere in a small mesh net that was anchored to the workbench. The ball started to lunge at him, restrained only by the net.

"Well, I haven't seen that outfit for quite some time," he said, looking up appreciatively.

Samantha smiled. It was nice to know that certain things still worked.

"I need to finish this now, or I'll have to start all over. What do you say you make a pot of tea and we can talk over tea and biscuits in the atrium?" he asked.

"Can we talk in your parlour? I don't want to be overheard – or interrupted," she said, giving a lazy half-wink.

"Er, yeah, biscuits, ten minutes, parlour, locking and silencing charms," he said, placing his hand over the sphere which was now thrashing about like a miniature Bludger.

Ten minutes, of course, turned out to be half-an-hour, but when he appeared his hands were clean, he'd been freshly shaved and he carried the oh-so-faint scent of her favourite aftershave. The door squelched when he closed it. The room was already impervious to all known forms of eavesdropping, Muggle and Magical.

"So, wife of mine, what are you thinking?" Harry asked as he sat down in a comfortable chair where he could watch her face as she talked.

Samantha poured his tea and set biscuits out on a plate before she answered.

"Daphne is going to be in fourth year at school this fall and Gideon will be starting school," she began.

"So, you thinking of saying yes to Tonks and going back to the Training Centre?" he asked.

"Not really," she replied. "I'm going to ovulate tonight and I wanted to know what you thought about another baby," she said, biting her lip as she waited for his response.

"Are you sure you want to go back to nappies and nursing and sleep deprivation as a staple of life?" he asked, swirling his cup gently. "Is this what you want, or are you uncertain about your life now that both kids are going to be in school?"

"You didn't answer *my* question," Samantha said.

"I'm not the one that carries him or her for nine months, pushes him or her out of a ridiculously mismatched tube and then nurses said baby every few hours for a year or so," Harry said quietly.

"Yes or no – do you want another baby?" Samantha asked, her eyes shining brightly.

"I'd love another baby," Harry said.

Samantha paused, reaching for another biscuit. "How about twins?" she asked.

"What?" Harry asked, screwing up his face in disbelief.

"How – about – twins?" she asked slowly and distinctly.

"I heard you the first time, I just didn't believe that you were asking that question," Harry replied. "Speaking strictly academically, why are you asking about twins? I've never known of Veela twins."

"Identical twins, no, they're quite rare among the Veela – but we can control the number of eggs we release when we ovulate," she said, looking at the amused expression on Harry's face. "Sorry tiger, no triplets, I can do one or I can do two, but no more."

"Why not?"

"Blame the first human who convinced a Veela to mate with him, I guess, this version of Veela-mammal hybrid is only equipped with a pair of the proper equipment. If I were a dog, I could do a litter of six or so, but primates seem to be short-changed in the mammary department," Samantha said clinically.

"I've never had any complaints about your mammaries," Harry said with a straight face.

"Yeah, except for when I won't let you play with them because I'm sore from nursing," she said tartly.

"I'd forgotten about that part," Harry quipped. "So, why twins?" he asked seriously.

"So baby Potter wouldn't be alone – most of our friends have gone out of the baby hatching business. If we had twins, they'd always have each other," Samantha explained.

"Is that important?" Harry asked.

"You tell me, I didn't grow up alone. Would things have been different if you'd had a brother or sister who went through everything with you?" Samantha asked.

"Yeah," he said wistfully, "it would have made all the difference in the world. Okay."

"You're *still* driving me mad," Samantha said. "Is that 'okay, let's have a baby' or 'okay, I understand what you're saying' or 'okay, let's go conceive some twins?'"

"Uh, the last one," he said, looking thoughtful. "Boys or girls?"

"Not my call, husband, I just provide the eggs, you're the one who fertilizes them and decides whether they're little Veela witches or little wizards," she answered.

"We'll just have to try and see what we get," he said, giving her a conjugal wink.

"The window's pretty broad, we might have to try a few times just to make sure," Samantha said, returning the wink.

"Are you challenging me, Mrs. Potter?" Harry asked.

"Who? Me? I'm the old married lady here – I'd never challenge my husband -- unless that was the only way to motivate him," she said.

"Gabrielle was right," Harry said.

"What?" Samantha said innocently.

"You are full of mischief," he said.

"Come over here and say that," she retorted.

"And what will happen if I do?" he asked.

"I might make it worth your while," she said with a grin.

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These Dreams - Drabbles These Dreams - Drabble #2

Harry hated going to his birthday party – so he went to the Weasley family get-together instead, which, coincidentally, was held every year on July 31st. When Arthur finally retired from the Ministry of Magic, Fred and George bought the Muggle farms adjacent to The Burrow, ostensibly so that Arthur could become a gentleman farmer, an avocation that allowed him to fiddle with Muggle technology to his heart's content, but the motivation of Fred and George was to buy enough open space that the Weasley family get-together could continue to be held at the newly enhanced Burrow without having to move to a rented venue.

The get-together was always a joyful time, filled with food, laughter, pranks, Quidditch and an abundance of red-haired children, and a fair representation of red-haired adults as well. The notable exceptions to the red-haired norm were the Veela women: Fleur Weasley, her children and grandchildren, Gabrielle Longbottom, who had not married into the Weasley family, but managed to attend every gathering with her children and grandchildren except for the one gathering when she was at home giving birth to a son, and Phoebe Weasley a pure-blooded Veela from Ukraine and newly minted wife of George Weasley's oldest son, who was in attendance this year, but hadn't been married long enough to produce any children, much less grandchildren. The Veela women all had the characteristic platinum blonde hair, dazzling smiles, and faint silvery aura when they were exercising their charms. The exception to this Veela norm was Daphne Potter, who was certainly the daughter of Samantha Potter, and thus genetically as much Veela as her mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, but to her eternal chagrin was a strawberry blonde, a colour that looked fetching on her as a child, and rather dazzling as she passed from little girl to lithe young woman, but a rankling cause of shame as far as Daphne was concerned. Not red enough to be a Weasley and not blonde enough to be a Veela.

She hadn't been born a blonde, having arrived in life with a head crowned with fine black hair that contrasted nicely with her light green eyes, eyes so light that they looked grey in colour. Whether that hair fell out or bleached as it grew, the baby pictures tucked away in multiple albums showed a strawberry blonde baby suckling at Samantha Potter's breasts, followed by a strawberry blonde toddler, followed by a strawberry blonde pre-schooler, doting upon her black-haired, blue-eyed brother, who was now occupying the arms that had cradled her just a few years prior.

Daphne got along with all of her uncles and aunts, and most of her cousins, with the exception of Morgana Longbottom, the last of the Longbottom children, born to Neville and Gabrielle when the rest of their children had already left the nest. She was six months older than Daphne, which meant, of course, that they'd spent a lot of time together when they were growing up – too much time, if you'd asked Daphne, who was so glad that Morgana chose to attend school at Beauxbatons rather than Hogwarts. The girls were a study in contrasts. Morgana always had the characteristic fey appearance of Veela girls when she was younger until she ripened into a buxom beauty at the ripe age of thirteen when Daphne was still waiting for her last growth spurt and the curves that indicated that she was no longer a little girl. At the turbulent age of fifteen (fourteen and a half for Daphne) Morgana looked and acted like a bored model, while Daphne, who had grown so much during the last year that she'd lost her spot on the Gryffindor Quidditch team due to a temporary stretch of the clumsies, finally possessed enough curves that she was no longer called "boy" when she had her hair tucked up underneath her hat.

"Goodness, working at Uncle Ron's farm has certainly been good for Kirk," Morgana said, nodding her head at a strapping red-haired lad who was juggling water glasses for the amusement of his cousins. Kirk was Percy Weasley's oldest grandchild, and a recent product of the exchange program between Hogwarts and Durmstrang, where students alternated even years at the guest school and odd years at the home school.

"He's okay," Daphne said, having spent enough time with Kirk to know that the class-clown act was a front for a rigid, controlling personality.

"I bet I can get him to ask me to dance tonight," Morgana said breathily.

"It doesn't count if you have to use Veela power to get him to notice you," Daphne said.

"Says the girl who can't put out enough allure to catch a boy's attention," Morgana said waspishly.

"Morgana that lot are my cousins!" Daphne exclaimed.

"That didn't stop your dad when he wanted to marry his niece," Morgana taunted.

"That's different! Mum was never a blood relation to dad and you know it!" Daphne said, trying to think of a way to get away from Morgana without seeming overly rude.

"I don't think you have enough allure to turn even a Weasley's head," Morgana drawled. "Didn't your mum used to tell stories about how she'd drop Uncle Ron from across the room without even making eye contact? A pity you're not developed enough to see if you can carry on the family traits."

"Morgana, you evil cow, there is no relationship between cup size and magical power and you know it," Daphne spat. "Just because I choose not to do something doesn't mean that I can't. I'm just as much a Veela as you are!"

Morgana's lips turned in a sneer. "Yeah, right. There's saying and then there's doing. I think you're a little girl and not much of a Veela at all."

Daphne's temper was loading into the danger zone – she knew that she could retreat, which would mean that she'd lost, again, she could deck Morgana, who wasn't worth spit in any of the martial disciplines, or she could prove her wrong.

So with an uncharacteristic silvery flash, Daphne squeezed her eyes shut, concentrating hard.

And every male on the grounds of The Burrow dropped as if pole axed, excepting Harry Potter, Charley Weasley and Arthur Weasley, her direct blood relatives who were blood-blocked against her Veela magic.

"Sweet Circe," Morgana exclaimed before disappearing in a faint pink puff of smoke.

A flash of realization hit Daphne. "Merlin, I'm in for it now. I've got to find dad!" she told herself as she ran to the tent set up between the house and the orchard.

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These Dreams - Drabbles Dream Drabble #3 - Turning Heads

Great Aunt Hermione is fond of saying that Divination is a 'wooly discipline' and doesn't believe that one can see the future. I disagree – I've seen the future before – it's happened dozens of times, usually after I've committed myself to a course of action. Once, when I was nine or ten, Gideon was sitting in the old oak, taunting me with the knowledge that he had my favourite stuffed-up animal. Mum and Da didn't have much use for the underaged magic statutes, so I had a wand already. I conjured rocks above his head that pelted him soundly. Unfortunately for me I was standing directly under him, hurling invective up, which was answered by those same conjured rocks which struck me after striking him.

A similar event occurred when I was twelve, cross-country skiing on a frozen lake in late winter. I concluded that the ice was too thin to continue skiing and undid my bindings so I could walk to shore. The thin ice was willing to bear my weight distributed across the length of my skis – my much smaller ski shoe was a different matter. Thankfully, Gideon was skiing with me, so he was able to pull me out before I froze solid. So, no, I don't have any problem believing that people have seen premonitions of disaster before they occur – in my case these premonitions precede the disaster by a matter of seconds, but the principle is still sound.

Around the time that I reached deep into my magical centre and hurled a wave of Veela allure at my cousin at the annual Weasley family get-together, I realized as soon as the magic left my core that I was on the cusp of another one of those imminent disaster moments. As any sensible (almost) fifteen year old could tell you, the practical response was to seek out the parent who would discipline me the least. I knew that Mum was going to kill me, so anything Da meted out would have to be an improvement.

I've always known where I can find Da. It's got to be a Veela thing, as all of my Veela cousins say the same thing – for reasons they can't quite explain, some hidden map in their head always points to where dear old Da can be found. I found Da in the dinner tent – a contraption the size of a circus tent that hovered over the assembled tables and chairs where we'd all settle to eat. I'm told in the old days that Great-Granny Weasley cooked for everyone, but those days are long past. Some of the best catering firms in Magical England vie for the honour of feeding my relatives – it's now quite the affair. Da was kneeling over Uncle Neville, trying with some success to revive him.

Veela magic is funny stuff – at low levels the allure makes most human males love us and their females hate us, but since males normally call the shots in this world, on the whole it's worked out for us over the years. At higher levels it comes close to driving males dotty with desire, and a pinch higher than that, we short out their neural circuitry and drop them in something resembling a stunner, without the attendant headache. I'm told that at the theoretically higher levels of energy that few Veela can achieve, we can cause permanent damage and even death. I'd been aiming to drop Kirk, trying to disprove Morgana's insinuation that I was a little girl who hadn't come into my powers yet, but I must have slipped at the end, because I ended up dropping every male on the grounds of the Burrow who wasn't blood-blocked to my magic.

So, there's Da, leaning over Uncle Neville, and I enter the tent, running and shouting for Da. Just about the time that I start spouting my apologies and explanations, Mum comes running into the tent from the other direction, ripping a streak in the air with her multi-lingual accusations that I'm a miscreant and she's going to visit the wrath of God upon me. I was ready to stand and take my lumps until she started tossing fireballs. I really, really don't like Veela fireballs and Mum's got a really wicked assortment of them. I dodged the first fireball and deflected the second, which exploded and covered us with sparks. When I saw her reload and fire again, I Disaparated – or at least tried to. My magic was pretty low at the time and when I tried to Disaparate, it felt like I'd run into a brick wall – a malevolent brick wall with a wicked one-two punch. I blacked out and fell down at Da's feet, narrowly missing Uncle Neville, which, if I'd hit him probably would have given us both sizable goose-eggs.

When I woke up, Da had my head cradled in his lap and Mum was wiping my face with a wet washcloth. There was a sizable crowd in the dinner tent. The unmistakable tones of Great-Great-Nana's voice was one of the first things I heard as I awoke. She was ripping a new orifice into my cousin Morgana. Great-Great-Nana had erected a privacy sphere around her as she was chewing out Morgana, but intentionally or unintentionally, it wasn't blocking any of the sound. At first Morgana tried to weasel her way out of things, but Great-Great-Nana wasn't having any of it – she chewed her out in English, French, and a dialect of Euskara spoken only by the Veela. Mum translated a few of the more choice bits from Euskara, namely Great-Great-Nana's shame that such a shameless, spineless hussy dared to claim to be descended from her bloodline, which literally translates as Great-Great-Nana's weeping that fragments of her shell were in Morgana's hair. It's a picturesque language, but not easily translated on the fly. She then launched into her own version of the glorious history of the Veela, how we were put on earth and given our unique gifts to stop wars and strengthen kingdoms, not cause trouble for our relatives by our overweening vanity. When Great-Great-Nana finished talking, the privacy sphere collapsed. Morgana was now wearing a full-length veil, no doubt as part of her punishment. Great-Great-Nana then turned, looking for me. I whimpered and nestled into Da, somewhat surprised that Mum was supportively sandwiched in on my other side.

The rest of the tent disappeared as Great-Great-Nana clicked on the privacy sphere again.

"This time it's silenced, dear child. I may be old, but I'm not forgetful," she said, taking a long look at me. "The other was for show – Morgana's been a bit big for her robes. Gabrielle had let me know earlier this month that she didn't mind having her taken down a few pegs if I got the opportunity, so I saw today as my chance." Great-Great-Nana brushed my hair out of my face, running a few strands of it through her fingertips. "The colour suits you dear; I much prefer it to your strawberry blonde colour – how long have you been wearing it this way?"

I looked down at the hair in question – it was black as a winter night. I hadn't a clue that it had changed today.

Mum looked at me and then at Great-Great-Nana. "About five minutes. She'd tried to Disapparate after I'd hit her with an Anti-Apparation jinx and passed out. When she passed out, I noticed that her hair colour had changed," Mum explained.

"That was the second fireball?" I asked, feeling sheepish. "An Anti-Apparation jinx?"

"Don't feel too bad, Daphne, your Mum's got me several times with that one – it feels so natural to shield against it, which triggers the jinx hidden inside – Moody would have been proud," Da said. "She's right – it's a good colour for you."

Mum smiled her enigmatic I-know-something-that-you-don't-know smile. "Don't try to change it back, young lady, you're pretty tapped out right now and shouldn't try to do much magic until you've had some time to recharge," she said, eyes twinkling.

"I don't get it," I said to Mum. "You should be screaming at me right now, but all of you are smiling. Wait a minute – you know about my hair? How long have you known?"

Mum chuckled. "I was there when you were born, remember? You had a lovely head of fine black hair – it wasn't long enough to see if you'd inherited your Da's cursed rumpled look, but it was lovely all the same."

"So how did it change?" I asked, wondering when they'd resume yelling at me.

"*You* changed it, after you'd imprinted," Great-Great-Nana said with some satisfaction.

"Why?"

"I suppose it was because you wanted to please your father, Mademoiselle, a very Veela thing to do. Your father loved two women – one with Weasley red hair and one with the more typical Veela colour," she said, fingering a strand of her own hair. "I was most amused when you chose a colour in-between – it was a high tribute to those women. When did you figure it out?"

"This year – I was doing an independent sturdy in Charms, working on detection charms, when I found traces of magic in my hair – Veela magic," I said.

"Which brings us to the next subject, Mademoiselle," Great-great-Nana said. "It's time that you began some special tutoring."

"I'm still on holiday!" I protested.

"Yes, that's very true, but today's little display proved that you have both your mother and your father's abilities – and without tutoring, you may well kill the next lad you try to impress too hard," Great-great-Nana said sombrely.

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

Great-great-Nana looked to Mum, who gave a great sigh. "All wizards and witches have a magical core – a centre of their being from which they draw their magic. Veela have a similar, but not quite identical core. The daughters of the dawn have two, one Veela, one human," Mum said quietly.

"Okay," I responded, wondering what this had to do with killing blokes that I fancied.

"Your maternal grandmother, my mum, had a very attenuated Veela core and a thin human magical core," Mum explained.

"Which is why you and Great-Nana always said that she wasn't much of a Veela," I said.

"I have a fully developed Veela core and a normal human magical core," Mum said.

"And I have?"

"A very powerful Veela core and a human magical core that resembles your Da's," Mum said, giving Da a surreptitious wink.

"That's right, blame it on Da," my father said humorously.

"Most of the time when you do magic, you use your human core," Mum said. "But today you must have used the Veela core and then tapped into the human core for added reserves."

I blanched as I thought about the implications. "I could have killed him," I whispered.

"Unlikely," Mum said, nodding at Da. "Your Da put a bit of restricting magic on the link between your two magical cores – think of it like a Muggle fuse if you will. We knew that you'd come into your powers someday, so we put that daub of restricting magic to keep you from hurting yourself – or others – until we could get a chance to tell you about the potential problems."

"Why didn't you tell me about it earlier?" I asked.

"Blame me," Da said. "I wanted you to have a chance of growing up somewhat normally, not thinking that you were some sort of dangerous freak – something I know a little bit about personally. Besides, when you were little, we weren't sure whether you'd favour your Veela core or your human core."

I felt down deep inside myself, touching another source of magic. I closed my eyes. The magic felt different, but the focus was the same; with a

faint puff I disappeared, leaving a wisp of lilac scented smoke in my wake, which set me to coughing when I reappeared an instant later. "I'll be switched," I said softly.

Harry chuckled softly. "I doubt that you'll be switched, but if you insist I'm sure that your Mum can work out something," he said.

"No dear," Samantha protested. "You're not foisting this one off on me."

Great-Great-Nana cleared her throat. "Might I suggest that a suitable act of contrition would be if she apologized to the gentleman in question?"

"That's it?" I asked. "Just an apology? No grounding, no extra chores, no essays on responsible magic use?"

Great-Great-Nana laughed, a musical tinkling sound. "All of those can be arranged if you wish, child, but I think the apology would have the most lasting impression."

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Great-Great-Nana was right, of course. I had decided to screw my courage to the sticking point and apologize to Kirk before dinner, knowing my ability to procrastinate and make the entire evening an excruciating ordeal. The only problem was that I couldn't catch him alone. He seemed to be always surrounded by other boys – most all of them my cousins, but still, this was something I wanted to do in private.

Mum finally tipped my courage when she brushed against me before dinner, whispering "You've got to pull him aside – boys his age tend to travel in packs," which I'd figured out all by myself, but the wink she gave me provided enough courage.

Breathing deeply, I steeled myself and walked up to Kirk. When did his eyes get so blue? "Can I talk to you? Alone?" I asked, trying to keep from squeaking.

The boys around Kirk snickered, but Kirk shot them a withering glance. They took the hint and wandered off.

"So, we're alone. What do you want to talk about?" he asked, shoving his hands into his back pockets, the picture of indifference.

"I – I wanted to apologize about what happened earlier," I stammered.

"So apologize already," he said with a smirk.

"It's not that easy," I explained. "~~Morgana-was-needling-me-and-I just-wanted-to-shut-her-up, but-if-I'd-done-it-wrong-I-could-have-really-hurt-you.~~"

Kirk reached forward and put his finger on my lips. Most distracting, really. I lost where I was going with my rant. Merlin, but his eyes are strikingly blue.

"I'll forgive you on one condition," he said, a slight smile playing about his lips.

"What's that?" I asked.

"When the music starts up after dinner, you'll dance with me," he whispered.

I must have nodded, because I don't remember answering him. He bent down and placed a very chaste kiss on my lips. I, of course, stood there like a stone troll at dawn, my fingers on my lips where he kissed me.

I'm so looking forward to dinner tonight.

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