

A Life to Live

By dragon_moonhowl

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Hermione is having this really odd dreams, where she is visioning her life differently. Ron is very ill. When she begins to fade, will they find a way to save her? Will Ron get to tell her how much she means to him? Werewolf, Animagi, drama.

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Chapter 1 - Lights in the Night

2

1 - Lights in the Night

THEATRICAL TRAILER:THEATRICAL TRAILER:

(Imaginethis with the Titanic Music)

“I’m havingthis weird visions lately!” Hermione says worriedly.

“What kindof visions?” Ron asks.

“About a life... my life!” Hermione answers.

Scene Change.

“YOU DIDIT! YOU WON!” A group of people call excitedly.

“I DID! YAY!” Hermione yells throwing a helmet. She is seated on topof a white horse, which looks tired and sweaty.

‘When you discover...’

“What is happening!” Hermione is crying at the Astronomy Tower.

‘That your life...’

“I can becomea mare...” Hermione’s voice whispers, as we see a cauldron with silver smokeescaping from it, forming the shape of a horse.

‘Is not real, what will you do?’

“DON’T!”Hermione as a mare yells.

The marepounces forward and hits a black bear, making him stagger and loose balance.

“Hermionehe’s dangerous!” the bear growls.

“He’s yourfriend!” the mare neighs furiously.

‘But when it’s time to go back...’

“You haveto help her, you can’t let her go!” Ron yells at Headmistress McGonagall.

“I can’t doanything Ron!” the Headmistress shakes her head sadly.

Scene Change.

"I'm VANISHING!" Hermione yells gazing at her hand, which have turned slightly transparent.

'Will they find a way...'

"Don't leave me..." Ron whimpers sadly, holding the girl's hand.

"I won't, not without a fight!" Hermione states determined.

'To stop it?'

"There must be a way!" Ron yells, passing pages furiously.

'Two friends, united by the same loss'

"Help me, Hermione!" Ron whimpers frightened.

"I don't know what to do!" the girl exclaims, looking around nervously.

'The loss of their lives.'

"What are we doing now?" Ron asks.

"Just live I guess..." Hermione answers with a smile.

Scene Change.

"Step away!" Ron whimpers painfully, kneeling on the floor.

"But Ron..." Hermione makes an attempt to reach him, worried.

"STEP AWAY!" Ron bellows angrily, extending a hand to stop her.

Scene Change.

"Welcome class, I am professor Remus Lupin" A voice says, over the scene where Hermione looks up startled, from her desk.

Scene Change.

"This will be an interesting year!" Hermione's voice is placed over the scene where she is walking across a corridor, wearing a uniform, and clutching her books, a smile in her face.

Scene fades.

A LIFE TO LIVE

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“Don’t forget me...” Ron’s voice is placed over a scene where he is sitting at Hermione’s bed, holding her hand.

Playing NOW:

It was a very dark night, one of those you just know the werewolf is going to pounce from the nearby woodlands and onto your car’s ceiling, one of those creepy nights used in horror movies. The trees swayed with a gentle breeze, dark shadows looming and leaning over the small figure. The small road was empty at those hours of the night, and the car raced across it with tranquil calmness. The roaring of the engine broke the noisy silence in which the forest was immersed. The stars glimmered bright in the sky, and the moon caressed the stormy grey colour of the car. It was beautiful, a Citroen C4, with a sharp back, and aggressive looking lights.

The girl inside maintained a steady speed. It had been a hard day, and she had stayed until late at the 24 hours library, studying for her access to faculty, which was occurring in brief days. The clock strikes 3am, a can of Red Bull is placed on a container, the brownish liquid swaying at the many curves and turns this road had. The girl’s rosy lips were humming a song playing at the radio, it wasn’t her favourite, but she had heard it so many times she had learnt the rhythm and part of the lyrics. Her brown eyes looked tired, black rings were appearing under them. She let go the steering wheel, holding it steady with one hand, as the other fixed a lock of brown, thick hair which had sneaked mischievously onto her forehead, tickling her eyes and nose.

The girl sighed, letting herself relax onto the comfortable seat of the car. She was so accustomed to this road she could drive across it with her eyes closed and a hand tied to her back. Thoughts of her life at the university made her smile, thinking how wonderful it would be to meet people with the same likes as her own, people with whom she could speak about topics none of her friends knew about. She then thought about Starbreeze, her horse, and moaned lightly with displeasure. It had been a couple of weeks since she had taken him out for a ride, but time was scarce and studying had taken the most of her. He was a good jumping horse, and she didn’t let anyone ride him, so she presumed the horse had been locked in the stalls, or allowed to run through the fields. The girl made a mental note to ride him first thing after the exams.

Her attention flashed, and she was suddenly very awake. The road should have been empty at this time, but it wasn’t. Her face was illuminated by two pairs of round, large lights, placed higher than her little car’s ones. The thunderous roars of engines alerted her. Rosy lips mouthed one word that shook all her senses, all the fibres in her body until the fear crumpled in her stomach exploded and spread through her veins in the form of adrenaline; Truck. Two enormous trucks were driving at full speed across the small road, or as fast as one can drive through this place. It was apparent that the one invading her way was attempting to pass the slower one.

It all happened too fast. The road was too thin, and it had many curves, vision was scarce, and the passing was as incorrect as forbidden and dangerous. The young student knew the truck would not brake in time, the monstrous vehicle being so heavy. The young driver steered right, having decided to fall off the road and hit a tree rather than frontally collide with a truck. The little Citroen flew rapidly towards the woodlands, towards the apparent safety of a minor collision. Luck was not part of the girl’s day, however. The truck hit the car’s tail with enormous force, making it turn at a dazzling speed and hit

"It's just something I ate, by lunchtime I will be fine!" Ron commented casually, lifting the weight of the matter.

"You really should go to the infirmary, it could be something more serious!" Hermione scolded strictly, "You could have Viridic Gastronteritis, I've read it's very bad in Wizards!" she commented, "Or parasites, or maybe..."

"Hermione, it's just something I ate!" Ron cut her sharp, his eyes however were flaring directly at Harry.

"Fine then, do as you wish!" Hermione scowled, "But don't come to me crying when you feel worse!" the girl told him angrily.

"How did you say was the spell?" Harry asked the girl, attempting desperately to avoid an argument between the two.

"Oh, well, we need to make some kind of potion, which will show us our animagiform, as well as if we are capable of overcoming the change. That concoction will be the trigger that will permit us transforming at will!" Hermione said happily.

"And what do we need?" Harry inquired, feeling this would take longer than he imagined.

"Oh, the ingredients are not that rare, they are relatively easy to find, like white willow seeds, green moss, dew drops collected in a starry night, and few other things quite common in our daily lives." Hermione explained with a relieved smile.

There was an inhuman, unnatural sound, which seemed to come from the depths of the earth. Ron stood up, hand covering his mouth, the other holding his stomach which was aching with puncturing stabs. The boy raced out of the Great Hall, nearly colliding against Ginny, who was coming in right at that very same moment.

"Watch where you're going!" Ginny yelled angrily, "What's with him?" she mouthed at Harry.

"Sick!" Harry mouthed at her, receiving an open mouth and an understanding nod from the red-headed.

"He should really go to the infirmary!" Hermione stated angrily.

"I agree." Harry nodded and shrugged it off, thinking it probably was nothing.

"Well, back to this, the hardest thing to get will be the scale of a Kelpie, and that's a must because Kelpies have shapeshifting abilities, which are much necessary in the outcome of the spell." Hermione finished with a sigh.

"Snape must have plenty, and his office is locked for the time being, since he has ran away!" Harry felt a sharp stab of pain in his heart when remembering Dumbledore, "it should be easy to sneak in!" he commented with a shrug.

"Have it your way, I'm not participating in that particular area of the plan, I have broken enough rules already!" Hermione stated stubbornly, and Harry knew better than to argue with her about such matters.

"When will we brew the potion?" Harry inquired lowering his voice, looking at the door briefly when a flashing red head called his attention.

"The potion brews in barely twenty minutes, but the spell will only work during full moon, so the next full moon!" Hermione said feeling the excitement of their plan filling her.

"That is next Saturday, in four days, perfect!" Harry said with a smile.

"Try not to get detention by then!" Hermione smiled with complicity.

Ron then sat heavily at the table, allowing his body to relax and rest a little after the terrible process it had gone through. His stomach was still shaky, but he felt much better now, and the nausea had passed for now.

"You know? You should try to talk a little higher, I think Malfoy hasn't heard you!" Ron said sarcastically.

Harry and Hermione stared at Ron, then their eyes crossed with question. Harry shrugged, drank his glass of juice and stood up.

"I'm off, we have Quidditch practice now!" the green eyed boy said, staring at Ron doubtfully.

"Fine, we'll meet at lunch then, I have Magic Riding." Hermione commented casually.

"Magic Riding?" Ron inquired through an exhausted, breathless voice.

"Yes, I thought it was interesting to work at the ministry, protocol states any High Position must master the various forms of riding, Hippogriffs, Pegasus, Dragons, Thestrals, Griffin, Hippocampus, and the most complicated..." the girl smiled at Ron with an evil, get innocent smirk.

"What?" Ron was curious to know which exciting creature could be harder to ride than a dragon.

"Horses!" Hermione stated calmly, smiling at the boys, turning around and walking off.

Ron stood there, stating the difficulty of riding a horse against riding a vicious, flesh-eating monster, with sharp claws larger than cars, and razor fangs as large as a human. He understood the girl had toyed with him, and he ignored whether that made him angry, or simply admirer of the women's terrible faculty of playing with men with such ease.

"Ron, what do you need? A bucket or a bulb?" Harry questioned the boy with an amused smirk in his lips.

"Bugger off! She just pulled my legs, horses can't be harder to ride than dragons!" Ron muttered silently, his pale face becoming illuminated by a bright red blush.

