

The Snow Globe

by Delayed Poet

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor am I getting any type of compensation for the writing of this fanfiction.

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"Cedric!" Vicky called excitedly, her face flushed.

I went to her, thankful that most of the other students had already gone into the Great Hall for lunch and, unable to resist, gently pressed my lips to hers. She responded immediately but after a moment pulled away, grinning widely.

"Stop that! I've got to show you something!" She grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the doors leading outside. Amused, I entwined my fingers with hers, letting her lead me.

"Outside?" I asked, quirked a brow.

"I need snow," she answered simply.

I looked at her, a crooked smile on my face. "It's melting, you know."

"I know. That's why I've got to do this now, or I'll have to wait until next winter." She smiled at me, walking quickly, though I had no trouble keeping pace with her. "Do you remember that Charms project I've been working on?"

"The one you refuse to elaborate on? Hmm, I think I vaguely remember you going on about that every now and then." She playfully slapped my chest with her free hand.

"I've figured it out. I finally realized that the problem wasn't with the spell but the wand movements. Now, I think I've got it down, but I have to test it on real snow to be sure."

We'd stopped at the edge of the Forbidden Forest where the snow was still thick. She let go of my hand to get something from her book bag.

"Show me," I said softly. She smiled up at me again, her eyes bright.

She held up a small jar for me to see. "I'm going to make a magical snow globe." I nodded and motioned for her to continue. I watched as she twisted the lid off the jar, setting it gently aside. She brought something else out of her bag, and my eyes widened at the complexity of the small object.

"Is that...?" I breathed.

"Hogwarts, yes." Her smile was breathtaking. She cast a sticking charm on the bottom of the miniature and attached it to the lid. "I'm making it for my sister. Mum says she'll be coming home from the hospital soon, so hopefully I'll be able to give it to her as an Easter gift."

"You're brilliant," I told her as she sprinkled snow on top of the small replica. She bit her bottom lip in concentration as she put the jar over the lid and twisted it into place. Silently she cast a charm to seal the globe together.

She said, "Tempesta Della Neve in Globo," and the look of concentration as she performed the complicated wand movements was stunning.

I love her.

My heart jumped in my chest as the realization flooded my senses. She was looking at me expectantly. I vaguely noticed the snow swirling around the small globe as though there was really a storm in the jar as I pulled her to me, kissing her, letting my newly discovered feelings pour from my mouth to hers.

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Author's Notes: I was very happy at how easy these two were to write, and I just wanted to keep on writing about them! This takes place during their 5th year (Harry's 3rd year). "Tempesta Della Neve in Globo" is Italian and roughly translates to 'storm of snow in globe'. Many thanks to Gelsey for being such a wonderful beta!

This was written for Challenge 18 at the LJ Community *Romancing the Wizard*.