

Ghost

by *IrishEspressoGirl*

Who says ghosts don't know anything about love?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"You're a ghost. What do you know about love?"

Myrtle's transparent eyes flood with ghostly tears, but a dreamy expression replaces her despair.

"I was in love once," she says.

Her companion begins to laugh, but Myrtle interrupts.

"He was a few years ahead of me. *So* handsome. And *powerful*." She sighs, remembering.

"He wasn't like the others who teased me." Her face hardens. "He just *ignored* me. Miserable, moping Myrtle didn't even exist to him!"

She soars above the prefects' bath, preparing to dive.

"What was his name, Myrtle?"

Just before disappearing, she reveals her love's identity.

"Tom Riddle."

Author's Notes: *Ghost* was originally written for Romancing the Wizard's Challenge VI: 100-Word Drabbles. The drabble had to be exactly 100 words and incorporate the prompt "ghost."

As a not altogether unrelated aside, Myrtle presumably doesn't know who killed her; she did hear a boy in the bathroom, and she came out of her stall to see a pair of murderous yellow eyes. (CS16)