

# Back To Nature

*by broomclosetravenclaw*

A series of unrelated drabbles with a common theme written for Romancing the Wizard's Summer Drabble Challenge.

## Mandrakes and Dugbogs

*Chapter 1 of 5*

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"This way!" Neville motioned to Luna as he hurriedly made his way around the marsh, expertly stepping on exposed tree roots and stones to keep his footing.

Luna slowly made her way toward Neville, her boots sticking in the mud, making loud sucking noises with each step.

Neville tried to direct her to the path he'd taken. Luna refused.

"I'm scaring away the Dugbogs. You'll never be able to harvest the Mandrakes if I don't."

Neville had no idea what Luna was talking about, but just the same, he planted a kiss on her cheek when she finally reached him.

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**A/N:** My prompt was *Dugbog*, which is a creature that resembles a piece of floating deadwood. It lives in marshes and is fond of eating Mandrakes with its sharp teeth.

## Waiting

*Chapter 2 of 5*

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The full moon rose over the foggy marsh as red as the leaves on the trees. The potion left a bitter taste in his mouth as he waited to see if it worked.

Tonks waited for him on the other side of the Thames.

Remus played out both scenarios in his head, both of them primal urges o hunt, to eat his prey while it was still warm, blood pulsing through it o hunt, to find Tonks by her scent alone, to feel the blood pulse through her body as he plunged into her and took her over the edge.

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**A/N:** My prompt was *foggy marsh*.

## Picnic

*Chapter 3 of 5*

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They made their way through the copse, James leading the way along the narrow, twisting path. As they crossed the wooden bridge, the glade came into view, bursting with yellow irises tumbling into primroses.

"James, this is absolutely beautiful," Lily gasped.

As James reached out to grab her hand, he dropped the wicker picnic basket.

"Merlin's blanket, Lily, what did you pack in here?"

"Ham and chicken sandwiches," Lily replied, and at the straining look on James' face couldn't stop herself: "coldtonguecoldhamcoldbeefpickledgherkinssaladfrenchrollscresssandwichespottedmeatgingerbeerlemonadesodawater."

"What?"

"Never mind," she said, as she cast a lightening spell and took his free hand in hers.

**A/N:** "coldtonguecoldhamcoldbeefpickledgherkinssaladfrenchrollscresssandwichespottedmeatgingerbeerlemonadesodawater" is from *The Wind in the Willows* by Kenneth Grahame. With all of these marsh and food prompts, I just couldn't resist, and I thought that it being a Muggle book, it might have been one of Lily's favorites as a child.

My prompt was *ham and chicken sandwiches*.

## Sunset on the Lake

*Chapter 4 of 5*

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When Ginny received the note from Dean, asking her to meet him at the beach at the base of the cliffs, she had no idea what to expect. Although the idea of spring was in the air, it was too cold to swim.

Dean often surprised her, and when she arrived at the lake, she was gobsmacked. Floating along the shoreline was a small, Venetian gondola.

"I thought we might watch the sunset from the lake."

He began rowing them out.

Too impatient to be romanced like a Muggle, Ginny distracted him with a kiss as she cast *Locomotor Gondola*.

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**A/N:** My prompt was *rowing*.

## Haven

Chapter 5 of 5

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He was walking so quickly that Hermione could barely keep up—brambles tearing at her robes and tangling in her hair, tall trees casting shadows on the woodland floor.

Snape turned just as quickly. "We have to get away—together—from everything."

As he pulled her body to his, she felt the familiar squeezing sensation. The dark forest gave way to coppiced ash and hazel; kingfishers broke the silence.

Still clinging to her, the desperation left Snape's eyes. Hermione looked past him, taking in the small brick cottage surrounded by wildflowers. He felt an emotion he hadn't felt before—peace.

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**A/N:** My prompt was *peace*.