

I Have a Dream

by Gelsey

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"I have a dream," said a small, young girl as she padded into the kitchen, plush Snorkack tucked under one arm.

"That's nice, Luna. What do you want for breakfast?" her mother asked. Her wand was tucked through her hair, holding her blonde bun in place.

Young Luna's lower lip pouted out slightly. "I have a dream," she said again, voice louder and firmer.

"I heard you the first time, darling. Tell me what you want for breakfast, and then you can tell me about your dream. Did it have wigglefidgets in it?"

Luna sighed and climbed up into the chair. "Eggs and toast, please," she enunciated clearly, hugging her toy to her chest. She shook her head, tangled silk of hair falling about her face. Her father came in then, and talk of dreams faded away.

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"I have a dream," ten-year-old Luna told her father. Her voice was wispy, almost insubstantial, though she appeared incredibly self-possessed, especially when compared to the man she was speaking to.

He didn't reply for a long moment. His hair stuck out from his head wildly, which contrasted to his daughter's significantly neater, if equally odd with its various braids and loops, style. "Oh, Luna." He jerked slightly, just noticing her. "Did you say something?"

Something sad lurked in her eyes and ached in her chest.

"Just that I love you, Papa," she said, moving to wrap her arms around him and press a kiss to his cheek.

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"I have a dream," Luna said, sitting down at the Ravenclaw table. A few of her classmates look at her, but no one genuinely acknowledged her.

"Sure you dream, Looney. Dream of finding yourself in a land of puppies, rainbows, and butterflies," sneered Draco Malfoy, who was walking just behind her table. His two lumpy companions jeered and snickered in appreciation.

Luna turned calmly and contemplated them through silvery eyes. "Something like that, yes," she said. "Your dreams should be such as well, Draco. You would be happier."

The fifth-year student sniffed disdainfully. "I am perfectly happy as I am."

"Just keep saying that. Maybe you'll convince yourself someday." She turned back around and serenely began to eat again.

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"I have a dream," she said softly from her corner of the cell. Her arms were wrapped around her knees, which were pulled up to her chest.

Ollivander, from his corner, just grunted. "You mean nightmares." They had been in this place for quite some time now. It was always dark, and there was fear and pain. It was a living nightmare.

She shook her head, but he couldn't see her in the dim half-light. No, she had a much better dream than what was here and now. A dream of later.

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"I have a dream," she told Dean. They were sitting in the sun, the grass of the lawn around Shell Cottage cool under them, and the light warming their faces. Fleur was a firm believer that it would help them to recuperate.

"If I never dream again, it will be too soon," Dean said bitterly, drawing his pencil too hard across the paper, causing the sharpened tip to break.

Luna exhaled a little harder than before, nostrils flaring in faint frustration. No one listened to what she was trying to say. "That's not what I mean," she said in her same serene voice.

"Can't bloody sleep properly, always seeing everything play out behind my lids when I close my eyes." His frustration was evident even as he ran roughshod over her previous words, going on like she had never spoken.

Her sigh was weary this time, and her pale hand covered his dark one, squeezing gently. "We'll ask Fleur for a Sleeping Draught tonight," she says. "And I'll tie passion flowers over your bed to keep the fitzmurphs away."

He gave her that odd look that she was used to by now but allowed her to lead him back inside.

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"But I have a dream." It was a mournful whisper. The Great Hall was full the dead and wounded. And, of course, the people mourning them.

Despite the softness of her words, Madam Pomfrey heard her. "I think we'll all be having dreams tonight and for a good long time after this," she said briskly before requesting another bandage.

Luna handed it to her, ducking her head so her sheet of blonde hair hid the single tear that ran down her face. This wasn't how things were supposed to be. No, this was wrong, all wrong, and no one knew it quite like Luna.

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"I have a dream." Her silver gaze was focused and certain, as was her voice. She looked over the work-in-progress, the memorial being built in the center of Hogsmeade. Her toes dug into the dirt, and her messy bun loosed wispy strands to play in the breeze.

"So do I," said a strong voice beside her. Her breath hitched, surprised, and she looked up to see the familiar face of Harry Potter.

Green eyes met hers through the lens of his glasses. She searched his gaze, trying to see if he meant what she meant. He didn't look away, his gaze as steady as hers often was.

She sighed softly, lips tipping up in a contented grin that no one had really seen on her face before. Together they turned, looking at the memorial that signaled the change that was happening to their world. It was getting better, slowly; they were making it better little by little.

Her hand blindly sought his and their fingers meshed together. "We have a dream," she murmured and felt an answering squeeze of affirmation.

Together, perhaps they could make it a reality.