

# Gifts for Variety Challenge Participants

*by VarietyChallengePrizes*

These are the prizes won by participants of Potter Place's 2009 Variety Challenge.

## First Place Winners

*Chapter 1 of 8*

These are the prizes won by participants of Potter Place's 2009 Variety Challenge.

The **winner** for the **Chaptered Story** category of Potter Place's Variety Challenge is "The Best Laid Schemes" by **StormySkize**.

Here is the art that was created for her by the lovely beaweasley2.

□

The **winner** for the **One Shot Story** category of Potter Place's Variety Challenge is "Polaris" by **SlytherinLaurel**.

Here is the art that was created for her, also by beaweasley2.

□

The **winner** of the **Multimedia Category** was **carley9** and her video, "In Memoriam." She is receiving a one shot to go along with it. You can click forward to the next chapter to read it!

These ladies are also being gifted a scarf and hat set by arabellasmith (pookah). Banners created for them by fizzabella can be found at the Yahoo!Group Potter PLace under the photos section.

Way to go, all!

## One Shot for carley9

These are the prizes won by participants of Potter Place's 2009 Variety Challenge.

This was written in honor of the winning video in the Multi-media section of Potter Place's Variety Challenge. The video, titled "In Memoriam," can be found at the site under the penname of carley9. Please view it and enjoy. It's quite touching.

Thanks go to lyn\_f for reading this over for me! I appreciate it.

In Memoriam

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"It were right nice o' 'em ter invite us in like this," a tiny, older wizard with flaming red hair said to a slender, tall witch on his left.

"Indeed it was," the woman replied curtly, bringing a dainty, gloved hand up to cover her nose.

Rita didn't have to guess that the sulking blonde could be anyone other than Narcissa Malfoy, and it was also apparent that she was desperately trying to ignore the little man who'd intruded upon her space.

Smiling slyly, Rita strode forward. "Mrs. Malfoy, good of you to save a seat for me." She pointedly looked down towards the man's disappointed face. "I do believe you're about to take my seat, sir." She held her breath as the stench of whisky rose up to her nostrils.

"Rita Skeeter!" he said, eyes alight with pleasure. "I get me daughter ter read yer articles ter me."

"Your daughter?"

"Can't read meself, see."

"Ah," she said with a nod. "Thanks for your support then. Good day." She'd never turn away someone who paid to read her articles, not when there were Galleons to be made, but she had a bigger fish to fry...a much wealthier one.

After the man moved on to another unsuspecting guest, his bright hair springing up with each step, Narcissa coolly said, "I hope you don't think I've changed my mind about granting you an interview."

"Why, Narcissa, dare you think me so presumptuous? I merely saw a fellow witch in need of rescuing and did what anyone else would have done."

"I do indeed find you to be quite presumptuous, yes...especially using my given name without permission. Now, if you'll excuse me..." The words were meant as dismissal, and the elegantly arched pale eyebrow challenged Rita to do otherwise.

Always one for accepting challenges, Rita sat down. "You'll not get a better seat than this." She patted the seat beside her and watched with a smirk as the blonde looked around for any other vacant seats. The only one available had just been vacated by a distinguished looking fellow who'd made the mistake of sitting next to the pesky short man.

"Oh, very well." Narcissa sat down with her back straight and her chin jutting upwards as she smoothed out her robes.

"Have you had the chance to speak with your husband lately?"

Narcissa glared at her. "I told you I will not give you an interview."

"My quill isn't out, my dear, so you've nothing to fear. I only mean to make conversation until this... moosvie starts."

With a curl of her lip, Narcissa looked around. "It's called a movie." Indignantly, she added, "Imagine! Muggle contraptions at the Ministry!"

Knowing that she'd finally found the line of conversation she needed to get her companion to speak freely, Rita sighed heavily. "I almost didn't come in protest, but I suppose I do want to see what's being presented...for future conversation filler if nothing else."

Nodding, Narcissa said, "I couldn't decline an invite."

*Not with your husband sitting in Azkaban, you couldn't. Anything to make the Ministry think that you've changed, eh?* They say a group of Muggle-born students put this together in honor of the dead."

"So I heard," Narcissa replied dryly.

"They even figured out a way to show this at Hogwarts! Imagine, electicsy at the castle!"

"Draco says they did not install that Muggle technology. Granger figured out a way to convert some machine that can work at the castle... like that little bloke who always went round taking pictures."

Rita's smile faded. That would be young Colin Creevey. She'd met him on several occasions, and he'd never failed to ask for her autograph or to snap several pictures. The boy could have had a great future in journalism... if only he'd not been killed.

The lights dimmed before she could comment further, and the Minister of Magic, Kingsley Shacklebolt himself, stood to greet everyone. "Thank you all for coming. We were so pleased with a project that a group of students completed for their History of Magic class at Hogwarts, we thought we'd invite family members and friends of those lost in the war to join us in viewing it." He nodded to an attractive witch, who in turn nodded back while flicking her wand, and then the large square box at the front of the room suddenly lit with sound and pictures.

"My boy," she heard a man whisper over to her right. She found the speaker and noted that it was Amos Diggory. Her eyes moved back to the screen before them, and she saw clips of young Cedric playing out. Rita remembered him fondly, having interviewed him a few times during the Tri-Wizard Tournament at Hogwarts. It was a shame that such a handsome lad had lost his life at so young an age.

The next person whose image appeared on the screen was Sirius Black. Rita saw her companion stiffen slightly. *Ah, that's right. Sirius was her cousin, though not acknowledged.* The last time Rita had spoken to Sirius privately had been a few nights before the Potters had been murdered. She'd wanted to take him back to her flat, but he'd been too far into his cups and was moaning how he'd hoped that he'd made the right decision. When she'd found out what she'd thought to be the truth...that he'd actually betrayed the Potters' location...she'd thought that he'd been wondering if he'd made the right choice by betraying his friends. She now knew that he'd been wondering if he should have traded Secret-Keeper positions with that horrid rat, Peter Pettigrew.

Rita idly wondered if the rumors she'd always heard about Sirius had been true...that he was well endowed in certain areas and knew how to show a witch a good time. It was something she regretted not finding out.

Many people began to weep openly as the face of the late Albus Dumbledore graced the screen, his eyes twinkling merrily as he plopped a sweet into his mouth. The man had infuriated her so many times in the past, but she'd hated when she'd learned of his fate. How could one so powerful succumb so easily? It still seemed unreal that Dumbledore was gone from the Wizarding world. There was a rumor going round that when Harry Potter had been knocked out by one of Lord Voldemort's hexes, the old headmaster had found a way to speak with him from the afterlife, encouraging the boy to return and finish his duty.

Oh how she wished she could get the Boy Who Lived to validate that rumor!

A series of pictures of Auror Moody flicked onto the screen; some had been taken before he'd lost his eye and a part of his nose. "I had no idea he used to be handsome," Rita murmured to Narcissa.

The blonde simply shrugged indifferently and continued to watch the screen. Before Rita could see what had been shown next, she saw Narcissa's expression change to one of shock and then sadness.

Rita followed the woman's gaze and saw that pictures of Nymphadora Tonks Lupin were now playing, some with her husband and child, some of her alone. Near the front of the room to their left, she could see Andromeda Tonks, who was holding a small baby with bright blue hair. She felt a pang in her heart as she thought about the poor child growing up without a mother or father in his life.

"I never realized how much she looked like Andromeda... and poor Bella," Narcissa said sadly. "Of the three girls in our family, I was the only one with blonde hair."

Without thinking before she spoke, Rita blurted, "One of your sisters is still alive and well. Perhaps you should end the estrangement."

Narcissa's eyes moved to gaze in the direction that Andromeda was sitting, letting on that she'd known where her sister and her nephew had been all along. "I think the time for that has passed."

For the first time, Mrs. Malfoy's voice was a bit unsteady. Rita wondered what it would take for her the woman to stop equivocating and lose the façade. At that moment, Narcissa sneered, causing Rita to snap her head around to see what picture graced the screen before them.

It was the face of Remus Lupin, haggard and worn looking as always. She didn't have to ask how her companion felt about the man. The loathing was evident on her face.

"Bella would never have gone after her if it hadn't been for him. I'm sure of it," Narcissa whispered, almost to herself. "Disgusting beast."

"And yet you had Fenrir Greyback into your home often?" Rita said, oddly feeling the need to defend Lupin. "How was he any better? At least ~~this~~ man didn't prey on children!"

Narcissa's narrowed eyes met Rita's, but before she could say anything, a new face graced the screen before them and caught her attention. And that's when it happened. Rita needn't wonder what it would take to make the woman show feeling. It was the face of Severus Snape that had done so.

"Oh, Severus..." Narcissa said sadly before tears began streaming from her artfully made-up eyes. One of her gloved hands reached up to wipe them away, missing most. "He al... always tried to take care of Draco for us."

Heart-wrenching sobs came next, as did the stare of several pairs of eyes from the guests around them. Uncertainly, Rita put her hand on the woman's back, feeling how fragile she truly was beneath her robes. "I'm sorry for your loss."

"It's a l-loss for all of us," Narcissa managed.

"Some people say his body was never found."

This made Narcissa cry harder and lean into Rita a little more.

Emboldened, Rita rubbed Narcissa's back soothingly. "And there's still no portrait in the headmaster's office." Her voice lowered a little as more people turned to look at the spectacle of the loudly crying woman.

The blonde continued to cry for a few more moments, finally commenting, "And why are they playing this sad music? How can one not be affected so!"

"Maybe... maybe he lives yet, Narcissa."

At this, Narcissa looked up. "I could only wish for it to be so. He deserved better than that."

And then a transformation took place before Rita's eyes. Narcissa's spine stiffened, and her tears were wiped away quickly, as if she'd not been crying at all. Unable to concentrate on the flashing pictures of Fred Weasley...or the loud chatter and laughter of the short, slightly intoxicated man ("He'd want us ter laugh, he would," said he) who'd tried to befriend them earlier, Rita contemplated Narcissa Malfoy and what she'd just witnessed. There was a heart beneath that cool exterior. She'd just seen proof of it, as did most of those in the room, including Andromeda Tonks, who gazed compassionately at her sister from across the room.

There was much she could write about all she'd just learned. She almost couldn't wait to get back to her office so that she could start dictating her next story to her quill. But then, her excitement faded. It wouldn't be right, would it? Perhaps she'd learned something in the end.

Her favorite quote from Lord Tennyson's poem, "In Memoriam," came to mind.

*I hold it true, whate'er befall;*

*I feel it when I sorrow most;*

*'Tis better to have loved and lost*

*Than never to have loved at all.*

And she didn't believe there was a truer statement that could be found. These people all gave their lives for the greater good, and here their most cherished friends mourned their loss, but each person was better for having known them in the first place.

No, she would not be writing anything or profiting from the grief everyone had shared today. Not now.

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AN: "In Memoriam" is my favorite poem of all time, so any chance I get to pimp it out, I take it! Hehehe... I hope you've enjoyed the story that I've made for your video, carley9! It was so beautiful. Thanks for posting it and congratulations on the win!

# Second Place Winners

Chapter 3 of 8

These are the prizes won by participants of Potter Place's 2009 Variety Challenge.

The second place winner for Potter Place's Variety Challenge Chaptered Story category is "The Consequences of Meddling With Time" by **beaweasley2**.

This is art that's been created for her by Southern\_Witch\_69 to go along with her story.

□

The second place winner for the One Shot Category in the Potter Place's Variety Challenge is "Scorched" by **ladyinthecloak**.

This art has been created for her by Southern\_Witch\_69 to go along with her story.

□

The second place winner in the Multimedia category is **silverdoe** for her video "How Ron Lost Hermione." She's receiving a drabble to go along with it! You can read that in the next chapter.

Way to go, guys!

# Snapshot for silverdoe

Chapter 4 of 8

These are the prizes won by participants of Potter Place's 2009 Variety Challenge.

AN: This is a drabble written to go along with silverdoe's second place winning video "How Ron Lost Hermione." See end for its link.

Thanks go to lyn\_f for reading over this!

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I remember it like it were yesterday: that pretty little brown-haired girl who'd helped Harry Potter in the war. She and that Weasley boy fell in love while off on some camping trip with the Boy Who Lived More Than Once. That's what they called him after the second time, see?

Anyway, you could see 'em smiling and really happy in the beginning. Everyone thought they were destined to be together. I probably still have some of the articles the papers and magazines printed about them. Always wished I'd had a whirlwind romance like they had. So many different pictures of them surfaced, usually her snuggling up to him or standing between Weasley and Harry Potter at some function or other. Why, I remember a rather scandalous photo one of Rita Skeeter's mates, she was a right cow, mind, had taken and printed in the *Prophet*.

It was of the Granger girl with Weasley in a risqué position, her legs wrapping around his body as they stared into each other's eyes. Quite romantic if you ask me, but I tell you that girl was furious. There were rumors—always had rumors going round, like people thinking the three of them were a couple—but this rumor was that she'd marched down to the paper's headquarters and threatened to blow the place right up if they didn't agree to only publish pictures she approved of. Something about not wanting to be a bad role model for all the school kids growing up. Whatever she did to 'em, they never put any more of those compromising pictures of her up.

Well, they later published some that was on the other side of the spectrum as it were. Weren't no loving going on in there. Didn't know about that, eh? Well, I'll tell you all about it. That poor girl spent most of her time trying to help others, like Snape and the Malfoys, who needed it, but him? No help at all! He were too busy going round the pubs and even getting entertainment on the side if you know what I mean. Seen him meself one night right in the Leaky Cauldron with some young slapper. I thought, 'How dare he go round with this bint when he's got that fine young girl waiting at home!'

Don't know why but she married him. Can't be she didn't know about his ways, what with people mentioning it when they could. I sent an anonymous owl once to say I'd seen him with another woman. She never said a word that the papers mentioned—might've thought I were lying about it all. Some people do that shite, you know? Make trouble just to do it. But not me.

Once he started playing Quidditch, we seen less 'nd less of 'em together in public. Weren't long after it was that he and Potter had that row in Diagon Alley with everyone there to see it. I didn't see it firsthand, but I paid a bloke a few Galleons to watch his memory of it in his Pensieve. I don't think anyone who saw that could ever doubt that Harry Potter defeated Lord Thingy—damn, I still can't say the sod's name out loud.

More and more rumors came out, mostly in those young folk's magazines, but Granger couldn't deny what she saw then, her husband off with others, and he couldn't say he were just signing autographs neither. His hands and eyes and lips were everywhere, more than once.

That's when the other pictures started surfacing. You'd see her with a bruise now and then, always laughed off as some experiment gone wrong, but I always wondered about them, even before I knew it were him doing it to her. What I always wanted to know was why she didn't conceal them! She's a witch, right? Probably just something else he forced her to do, to show her who's boss I expect. He looked right thunderous in one set of pictures and had even gone after the photographer, but not before we saw her face—big cut on her cheek, lip busted, hair a mess, tears in her eyes.

We knew then he'd done it, but she'd gave some cock-and-bull story about how she'd been attacked and her husband had just come to her rescue. Weren't nobody ever caught for doing it. Looked too suspicious anyway. I heard Potter tried to talk to her about leaving, but she didn't. Not for a while, not until she suffered more.

When the *Prophet* posted a series of pictures of Weasley with one of the little tarts they'd gone to school with, Lavender Green, I think, she'd... No, Brown, it was. Lavender Brown. Anyway, that's when the Aurors got called over to their house. Can't keep that kind of news out of the papers and mouths of witnesses. Even Potter had been there that night. His co-workers had to make him leave the premises, under Weasley's orders.

She disappeared that night. Most of us thought he'd killed her, but he said when he woke up, she'd gone. Everyone was in an uproar over it. He had to leave their house; people had taken to standing round outside and heckling him about it all when he'd come out. We sure thought he'd done something terrible. Come to find out, she was all right the whole time.

Snape had offered her a place to live. Weasley tried to go there to get her back, but all that happened to him was a trip to St. Mungo's. Snape worked him over real good. I expect it taught his rude arse a lesson. Never heard of him being abusive again. Never seen much of him after that. His Quidditch career was shite, and though he'd tried to stall their divorce, the Ministry forced him to let Granger go—especially after the evidence Potter and others gave. They had no choice.

Granger, well, I should call her Snape now, too, right? She and he ended up marrying and having children of their own. Just a couple I think. Not like Weasley. He ended up like his own mum and dad, more mouths to feed than he could handle. I expect he's all right though. Still working in his brother's shop last I heard.

But that's the best love story I ever witnessed: not Weasley and Granger's but Snape and Granger's. I always thought it romantic, him swooping in like that to rescue her, him making certain to defend her where others had failed her, him loving her enough to let her fix her broken life and then give her a new one. Ah, hell, I'm not but ninety-two. There's still time for me to find someone like that. Tall, dark and handsome was always my preference. But, yeah, that's the story of how Weasley lost Granger.

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AN: I have no idea why I decided to use this type of pov and language, but it was kind of fun. Something different than my norm anyway. :)

You can find the video at the following link:

<http://www.thepetulantpoetess.com/viewstory.php?sid=14891>

Congratulations, silverdoe!

## Third Place Winners

*Chapter 5 of 8*

These are the prizes won by participants of Potter Place's 2009 Variety Challenge.

The third place winner for the Chaptered Story Category was **sunny33**'s tale "Marriage By Numbers."

Here is art from Southern\_Witch\_69 to go along with that.

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The third place winner for the One Shot Category was **BrenaMarie**'s "Dreamlover."

Here is art to go along with that, also by Southern\_Witch\_69.

□

The third place winner of the Multimedia Category is **sweetflag**'s art "Regret." You can find it under her penname here. She's been gifted with a banner, an icon, and a bracelet. The banners and icons for all stories are being housed over at the Yahoo!Group Potter\_Place.

Congratulations, ladies! :)

## Top Reviewers

*Chapter 6 of 8*

These are the prizes won by participants of Potter Place's 2009 Variety Challenge.

The person who reviewed the most stories was **shadow**. She left a total of 187 reviews!

She's been awarded with a small bit of art as a token of appreciation. She has a story here at TPP called "The Cave," so I thought I'd do something for that.

□

The person who reviewed the second most stories was **sunny33**. She had a total of 183 reviews! She is an author here as well, so I thought I'd make something to go along with one of her stories.

□

The person who reviewed the third most stories was **apisa\_b**. She left 153 reviews!

Her gift of a banner and icon is being housed at Potter Place.

Way to review, guys! Thank you!

The person who has won the title of "Best Variety Challenge Reviewer" is once again **Braye27**. Just to let everyone know, I asked a fellow admin, ladyinthecloak, to look at the reviews left and to see which person she thought to leave the best reviews.

She came to the same conclusion as me, saying, "I really like her reviews; they're generally very thoughtful and not just a squee, etc. When she reviews, the author knows she didn't just skim the fic, but she thought about it and then shared her opinion, which I think is absolutely wonderful."

Braye27 is being gifted with a one shot. You can find it in the next chapter. Good work, mate!

## Snapshot for Braye27

*Chapter 7 of 8*

These are the prizes won by participants of Potter Place's 2009 Variety Challenge.

Disclaimer: Not my characters. No money. And so on...

*Thanks go to ladyinthecloak for the look over!*

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Hermione looked to the doorway upon hearing someone enter. When she saw who'd walked in, she sighed dramatically and put her head in her hands, leaning back onto the table. "Come to gloat?"

The scraping of a chair against the stone floor was her answer.

They sat in silence for a long time before she lifted her head and wiped her tear-filled eyes. "Why are you still here?"

"I thought... I thought you might need someone to talk to."

Snorting, Hermione said, "What do you care?"

"Who says I do?" He extended his hand and offered her a crisp handkerchief.

"Thanks," she muttered grudgingly. After wiping her face and nose, she asked, "How long have you known about it? About Ron and Harry...?"

"Two weeks," he replied.

"Why did you wait this long to say something? And why did you have to tell me in front of everyone?"

"I gave them my word I wouldn't say anything for two weeks. Supposedly, they wanted to tell you themselves. Tonight... their time was up." He shook his head and gazed in the direction of the door. "I had no idea you had guests in the very next room. For that, I do apologize."

Hermione nodded. "Fair enough."

"What will you do now?"

"What does it matter?"

Snape stood, his chair scraping against the floor once again. "I will leave you to your misery then."

"Wait," she said softly as he turned away. "I don't want to be alone."

"I don't want to be a substitute."

Her heart pounded in her ears. It was now or never. What if she never had the opportunity again? He'd been her colleague for several months now and had been witness to her failing relationship... and witness to Ron's infidelity with her best friend.

"When you told me that all relationships end in flames and that mine would as well one day... That's not why you're here, is it? To remind me of that?"

He sighed. "I only said that to hurt you. At that time, I had no idea what Weasley and Potter were... up to. You were smug about your holiday and all your happy little plans. I apologize."

"Thank you."

"Good evening."

"Please stay."

"Stay?"

"With me. Tonight."

"I told you, I'll not be a substitute."

"Maybe it can be more than that."

"So soon?"

"Maybe we should say so long instead."

"Indeed?"

"Severus, how long have you been wanting me?" She watched him tense and his eyes narrow. "Don't you?"

"Yes."

It was a single word, but the emotion behind it was staggering. *This* was what had been missing in her life. The ability of her lover to look at her or say a single word and then have her heart racing. *He* had been missing.

Hermione rose. "And I, you."

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AN: This still has been written for braye27. She left the best reviews for Potter Place authors during the Variety Challenge!

Thanks for all the brilliant feedback! The authors appreciate it very much. I hope you like it.

## Other Winners

*Chapter 8 of 8*

These are the prizes won by participants of Potter Place's 2009 Variety Challenge.

I want to mention the other winners in the challenge (who are also receiving banners and/or icons, which are housed at Potter Place).

### One-Shot Story 4th Place

brandy01's "Secret"

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### One-Shot Story Honorable Mention

"A Dream is a Wish Your Heart Makes" by debjunk

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### Chaptered Story 4th Place

livvy6's "The Unforgiven"

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### Chaptered Story Honorable Mentions

"Cursed Love" by Elizabeth

"Bound to Happen" by Battle of Lisa

"Amending Time" by luvsev

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The **Most Prolific Entrants** this round are **carley9** and **debjunk**. Both uploaded 3 stories and/or videos for our reading and viewing pleasure.

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The winner of the **Guessing Game Twist** is **Duchess\_of\_Arcadia**. While she didn't guess any correctly, she was the first to turn in her guesses. Nobody was able to guess any this round! Better luck next time! Thanks, Duchess!

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Naturally, the Marriage Law Challenge made several appearances, but I felt it best to acknowledge 'new blood' only! Therefore, **two 'newly created'** prompts that proved to be the most popular:

"Hello, It's Me" by **sweetflag**

"Coping in the Aftermath" by **HermioneWeasley72**

Thanks, ladies, for coming up with these prompts that resulted in hours of entertainment!

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All participants will get a banner for joining in on the fun.

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Thanks to everyone who participated (readers, writers, reviewers, pimper...).

A big hand of applause goes to my Potter Place pimapge helpers! They've saved me a lot of headaches, and I will always be grateful.

There were:

**apisa\_b**--who did two days a week for me when someone dropped out

**dynonugget**--who had to pull out

**sweetflag**

**silverdoe**

**fizzabella**

**beaweasley2**

**snapeslavegirl**

It's hard work running these challenges, so I really appreciate the help. Hats off to you. You can find your banners at Potter Place as well, my friends!

And I'd like to thank **ladyinthecloak** for handling the art uploads and helping out behind the scenes.

Cheers,

SW69

Link to all stories and art:

[Click here](#)

Or you can look under the categories section and find the Potter Place Variety Challenge category.

And you can find Potter Place here:

[Click here](#)