

Fool

by luvsev

Hermione receives letters from someone she doesn't know.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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There's more to me than what you've seen, what you've been told. It's the way I was brought up – to hate what I don't know. I've judged you, fought you over things in which you have no control. My folly, yes. I am a fool.

M.

She read the short missive, twisting one lock of hair as her eyes focussed on the word "fool".

Fool? I know you not, so I cannot say. You have simply followed the example bigots have established. A poor excuse if it remains your belief. You want me to understand? Show me, I implore.

H.

He gasped aloud, not daring to believe what she had replied.

Bigots, indeed. I cannot show who I am... No one would believe. It is only a lie.

The more she read of this stranger's letters, the more curious she grew. Who was this person who suffered so?

A lie? Why must you hide, keep who you are caged inside?

Loyalty is everything, Hermione. Opinions must sometimes be hidden... There are worse things to lose than one's life, even if it is a life built upon a lie.

A life built upon lies is not a life at all.

He read the only line and wept for the first time in years. The truth he could no longer hide; who he was would not remain a lie.

If I told you who I am, what would you say?

Tell me, and we shall see.

Weeks passed without a word from the mysterious writer. One mid-December morning, she found a folded note lying on her doormat. She read it quickly and then saw the figure leaning against the oak tree.

Draco Malfoy.

She walked over to him and whispered into his ear, 'You are not half the fool I've been.'

A/N: Thank you to my oh-so-amazing beta, kittylefish. Her talents are unparalleled, I say.