

Brighter Than The Sun

by Meloblaster

A foreign-born Ravenclaw living on the fringe of the blood-purity conflict navigates the uncertainty that surrounds the British Wizarding World between VWI and VWII.

Prologue

Chapter 1 of 1

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Blurb:

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Prologue

November 1, 1981

As the new day dawned, a young Asian woman made her way slowly to the kitchen in her efficiency flat in Cambridge, England. Her fluffy purple slippers made a light 'scruff, scruff' noise in her wake. She silently thanked the powers that be for her Chinese/Japanese heritage as she filled her teapot with steaming hot water from her thermo pot. No wasting time waiting for the kettle to whistle in order for Celeste Dao to consume her morning cup of tea. Pre-clinical studies at the Cambridge School of Clinical Medicine was stressful enough without having to wait ages for a caffeine fix. Now in her third year, Celeste finally understood why all medical doctors she had ever met were addicted to coffee. *Still*, she thought with dogged determination, *I haven't had to resort to such a nasty habit yet* Celeste much preferred her tea.

A cursory glance at the front page of the Times showed little of interest at seven in the morning, though she did make a note of the fact that Antigua and Barbados had finally cut their apron strings from Mother England. *There goes my vacation plans*, she thought amusedly, though ruefully. It was not as if she had the time to go on vacation these days. Had she been set on a vacation to either of the aforementioned Caribbean destinations, however, the paperwork involved would have made things difficult. Thank goodness Hong Kong still had sixteen years to go. By that time, she hoped she would be at liberty to take advantage of alternate means of travel. Otherwise, family visits would be a terrible bother.

The requisite cup of tea consumed, Celeste started fixing herself a hearty Japanese breakfast. Her mother had drilled into her the virtues of a large breakfast, and Celeste had never been more thankful since she started medical school - her classes usually left little time for a proper noonday meal. It had become such an ingrained habit that she even woke up in time for breakfast on weekends. Now if only she could have a proper soak...

She had just finished setting her rice onto her now laden breakfast tray when a tapping was heard on the window in her sitting room. Celeste immediately hurried to open

the latch. The the object of her disturbance, needing no other invitation, sailed in. It dropped its burden unceremoniously on the coffee table and landed next to it with a sharp clink. The owl, for that was what it was, fixed its tawny eyes on Celeste with an imperious hoot.

Undaunted, Celeste calmly slipped two little bronze coins into the money pouch tied on the owl's leg before picking up the bundle that the owl had delivered. The delivery turned out to be a strange looking newspaper printed on parchment, bearing the blazon of the *Daily Prophet*. She then proceeded to offer the haughty creature a handful of sunflower seeds she kept on her mantle as if she entertained owls everyday. This was, in truth, a practiced routine, for Celeste Dao, born Dao, Tianzhao Amaterasu Saito, was a real, wand-waving, incantation-uttering witch.