## One Man's Memories

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## The <i>Daily Prophet</i> Interview

Chapter 1 of 1

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The first time I ever saw her was at the World Cup game in 1994.

It was the summer before my last year at Durmstrang. My team was competing in the Quidditch World Cup game that year. Flying into the stadium, I spied a girl with light brown unruly hair at the very top of the stadium tiers. She wasn't watching me at all, but seemed excited to be there.

Later, when I was watching the Irish make point after point, I noticed this girl was reading a book, sitting back from her family. That intrigued me. Why would this young girl not be watching the most exciting sport of all?

Not much later, I decided that the Irish had embarrassed my team enough. I captured the Snitch four minutes later and game was over. Later that night, when Death Eaters caused so much upset, my thoughts went to that girl. Was she hurt? Was her family hurt?

Karkaroff and coach made us Disapparate back home even though it was late at night. I forgot about the puzzling young girl for several months.

The second time I saw her changed my life irrevocably.

Karkaroff's announcement that we'd be studying at Hogwarts for the remainder of the year didn't please me. I knew the fangirls would be chasing me. I told him I didn't want to go. He called in the Divination teacher, who read Tarot cards and told me that I'd win the most important prize of my life. I reluctantly agreed to go with group at end of October.

At the evening meal, Headmaster Dumbledore announced the Triwizard Tournament. Karkaroff assumed the Divination teacher's reading meant that I'd win. I wasn't so sure

Next day when I walked in to put my name in the Goblet of Fire, the girl was sitting there with a book in her hands. She smiled hesitantly at me as I left the room.

It was an omen, I thought. She still intrigued me. Having seen her reading a book at the World Cup game, I guessed she would spend time in the library. Therefore, I haunted the library in hopes of finding her. It was also a convenient place to evade fangirls, as librarian would evict them. One day I saw her enter the library and scurry to back corner to hidden table.

Disillusioning myself, I stood and watched her for hours. When she was making notes and consulting her book, she would twist a strand of hair around her fingers. I found myself wishing I could smell her hair.

When it was time for the first task, she came to the champions' tent and had a conversation with Potter. That stupid witch, Skeeter, was being cruel and sadistic to them.

I was unhappy, thinking that the girl was Potter's girlfriend, but I spoke harshly to the Skeeter witch to leave them alone. The girl looked into my eyes for the first time, I saw into her mind, not intentionally, but she was so unguarded, so open, I could not help it.

Potter was like her brother; she had no boyfriend.

I think I started to fall in love with her at that moment. I was so stunned by the encounter that I didn't do well. Karkaroff berated me for hours, but I didn't pay attention.

All I saw were her eyes --clear amber-brown eyes, the reflection of her soul. Karkaroff mentioned that there was to be a dance at Christmas, the Yule Ball. I made up my mind to ask her.

I watched her with her friends, Potter and Weasley, and in the library. A younger girl, Weasley's sister, was her friend as well.

I asked Professor Snape about my amber-eyed girl.

Sighing heavily, he answered me, 'Her name is Hermione Granger. She's very bright, but impulsive. She is in Gryffindor, which means that she has the qualities of bravery and loyalty. She's the most annoying of my students because she tries to help the others. I don't like her, but will admit she'll probably do well in her classes. I won't tell Igor you've been inquiring about her. She is Muggle-born, Krum, and that fact won't sit well with your headmaster.'

I didn't tell Snape of the tradition in my family that every other generation or so, Muggle-born witches or wizards would marry into family. It hadn't happened since my great-grandparents' time. I felt that I had found the girl I would marry.

Three days later, I cornered her in the library. I was so tongue-tied that I almost could not speak. Eventually, I made enough conversation with her to ask her to the dance. I was having trouble pronouncing her name because I was so nervous. When she said yes, she would go to dance with me, I was jubilant.

I tried and tried to practice saying her name, but being around her scared me more than any Quidditch game ever had. I finally gave up and began to call her Nin. I had never felt that way about a girl before.

The night of the dance, she came down the stairs and astounded me. She was so beautiful. We danced almost every dance, until she asked for something to drink. I went for drinks and missed the confrontation she had with Weasley.

He said hurtful things to her, which made her cry. I took her outside to the rose garden to make her forget those lies Weasley spoke.

I knew she had not been kissed before, so I kissed her hand before pulling her into my arms. Her beautiful amber eyes looked at me with a question in them. To answer that question, I pulled her even closer and kissed her gently.

The minute I kissed her, I knew I was lost forever. I had been waiting all my life fothis girl.

The second task was almost the death of me. My Nin was going to be underwater, and I'd have only an hour to rescue her. Karkaroff wasn't happy with my relationship with Nin. He wanted me to walk away from her, but I reminded him he owed his position as Headmaster to my father. He didn't say anything else about Nin. I did a partial Transfiguration to rescue Nin.

I saw Potter trying to save the others, but knew the Grindylows and Merpeople would not let him. I got my Nin to the surface, but she was worried about Potter. When he brought Weasley and the little girl up, she ran to see if he was hurt. I knew she felt like he was her brother, so I did not get upset.

During the months after the second task, we spent a lot of time together, sometimes we talked, and sometimes we didn't. I'd told my parents I'd found the girl I wanted to marry. I even made friends with Potter and asked him questions about her.

At the third task, I introduced Nin to my parents. During the task, I was subjected to the Imperius and told to hinder both Fleur and Cedric. Afterwards I was ashamed that I'd hurt others and didn't want to talk to Nin. She told me it was not my fault and everyone knew that.

Headmaster Dumbledore exonerated me during the memorial for Cedric. When it was time to leave, I gave her my address and asked her to write to me.

She came and spent a week with my family every summer until the summer before her seventh year. She told me she, Potter, and Weasley had a quest to finish, and she wouldn't be going back to school.

I worried because she would be in close quarters with Weasley, who was beginning to see her as a woman —possibly his woman.

She sent Patronus messages to me all year. Only when she sent a message late in April did I find out she had been captured, tortured, and had escaped. On Beltaine, she sent a message there was to be a battle at Hogwarts. I knew I must go and fight by her side.

I arrived just as she was fighting the crazy witch, Lestrange. I sent a Shielding spell as Weasley's mother rushed into the fight. Nin came to my side, and we went off to watch Potter fight the abomination. When Potter won, everyone rushed to hug him.

I waited for Nin to return to my side. Weasley saw me waiting and tried to stop her. She looked at him then at me, and smilling, she chose me instead of him.

She is my beautiful wife, my Nin, mother to our children. She is the only woman I will ever love.

Muse's prompt was: Describe 'snapshots' of Viktor's thoughts from when he first spies Hermione at the Quidditch World Cup and continue as their relationship progresses.