

Erised

by kyriaofdelphi

Another lonely boy, far from his home, finds his heart's desire in a place he would never have looked.

1

Chapter 1 of 1

Another lonely boy, far from his home, finds his heart's desire in a place he would never have looked.

The night before Samhain found a young man wandering the halls of this school his Headmaster had brought him to in the hopes that he would be chosen to participate in the Triwizard Tournament.

He was unhappy and lonely. Being the youngest professional Seeker in Quidditch meant that he was even lonelier than he had been before.

He had wandered away from the adoring fangirls and the noise in the Great Hall. He wanted to be alone to think.

In an unused and dusty classroom on the third floor of the castle, he sat on the floor in the moonlight to consider his future. He watched dust motes swirl in the slight breeze that blew through the room from the opened window, growing sleepy.

Never, in future years, would he be able to say, for certain, if the voice he had heard was imagined or real. A soft, haunting female voice called his name.

"Viktor, come find me. I will show you things you dream of, your heart's desire."

He looked around but saw no one. He got to his feet and walked into the shadows at the corners of the room. There was a dented cauldron sitting on an old desk in one corner and a large shape covered with fabric in another corner. He slowly pulled the covering off and saw a tall mirror with writing in a strange language on its frame.

He looked at the writing and it suddenly made sense. It was English, but written backwards and spaced strangely.

"I show not your face, but your heart's desire," he read the words slowly.

The voice answered him, "Yes, exactly that, Viktor. You will find your heart's desire here at Hogwarts. It will surprise you. Look into the Mirror now."

He stepped in front of the Mirror of Erised and brushed away some spider webs. What he saw astonished him. It was a girl. A brown-haired girl with her wand stuck into her hair and her nose in a book. Then suddenly the picture changed: it became a dance with the Great Hall decorated for Christmas and this girl on his arm.

He held her close as they waltzed. He saw himself kissing her in the garden of roses.

The picture faded out and re-formed. It was years in the future now; there were several dark-haired children running around, and this girl, whose name he didn't even know yet, was handing him a small girl child and grinning hugely at him.

The voice came again, even softer this time: "She is your destiny, Viktor. She faces a difficult road ahead, but she is your equal in learning and courage."

The Mirror went dark and he shook himself. Had it been a dream or reality?

He would find out in the days to come.

Muse's prompt was: Viktor Krum, Hogwarts, the Mirror of Erised