

# A Simple Change

*by Rose of the West*

Neville receives a disappointment and learns something was not quite what he thought.

# A Change of Perception

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Coffee was important those last weeks. There was always some mischief to cause or some younger student to rescue. Coffee helped Neville function as the substitute leader for Dumbledore's Army.

Luna provided the magical substance he needed. He never questioned the hint of spices added from time to time; he simply drank with added pleasure. Somehow, Luna had known just what he would need on what occasions. He even learned to trust her when, instead of coffee, she handed him tea that allowed him to sleep. Even after Luna was taken away, hot beverages came, handed to him by a blonde-haired girl he was too tired or worried to look at clearly.

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After the war, he started his master's work on Herbology while Luna started hers in Care of Magical Creatures. They worked in the same part of the Ministry together, and she brought him coffee most mornings. He looked forward to it, planning to continue as a regular thing.

Neville was completely taken by surprise when Luna gently explained that she would be going on an expedition. It was the chance of a lifetime... yet it would ruin Neville's hopes. Shortly before leaving, Luna asked Neville to meet her at the Leaky Cauldron. She brought him right up to the counter, where a cup of coffee was placed before him. It was the perfect blend, just right to soothe his raging emotions at the thought of his time with Luna ending.

Luna grabbed the waitress's hand and patted Neville's arm. He looked up and tried to recall the waitress's name, but then realized that Luna was talking.

"It's Hannah who's made your coffee all along, Neville."

He nodded in thanks to Hannah—Abbott, he remembered—but then turned back to Luna. "You added the various flavorings, right?"

Luna shook her head and smiled. "It's been Hannah, this whole time. Somehow she knows when you need something soothing or a pick-me-up. She understands you, Neville."

He couldn't help feeling a little betrayed and went without coffee for days, dwelling upon his memories. He was surprised at how little Luna was in them. Instead, his mind was filled by a pink and yellow witch in the Room of Requirement, who turned even pinker when his hands touched hers or when he sighed in contentment after sampling what he now knew was her coffee.

He went back to the Leaky and saw her again. She glanced his way and blushed prettily, just as he remembered. In the back of Neville's mind, Luna nudged him. She

didn't mind that he was moving on. He looked at Hannah and sighed contentedly as he tasted cream and cinnamon. Perhaps it was just as simple as finding the perfect cup of coffee.