

Memoirs or Delusions

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Chapter 1 of 1

The heroes of the war are incensed by a fictional memoir.

The bookstore was changing the window display when Hermione got there. When she saw what Seamus was going to put into the front window, she nearly shrieked. Rumours had been circulating for weeks about this book, none of them good.

"*Memoirs of a Spy*. What a load of codswallop. The man was a devotee of Voldemort's. I certainly didn't order these. Seamus, hand me a copy of that, and don't put them in the window."

She headed to the back office and opened the door.

"Luna, did we buy this?" She held up the offending book.

"No, Hermione, the publisher sent us twenty copies on consignment. I knew you'd be upset."

"Send a message to Harry, Neville, Ron, Ginny, and Lavender. We're having a meeting at my house tonight. This is an outrage. I'm going home," she called over her shoulder as she left with the offending book.

Arriving at home, she found Viktor in his office. "What is wrong, love? I know that look. You're upset about something."

"This is what has me tied in knots. I'm going to force myself to read it. After that you may have to keep me from committing murder."

"You've contacted Harry and the others?"

"Yes, I called a meeting for tonight, here. We can order take away."

"No, I'll have the restaurant cater something for us. I have to go check on the wine order anyway. There's tea on the hob, you'll probably need it." He kissed her passionately before walking out the door.

She sat down in the library to read *Memoirs of a Spy*. It wasn't a long book; she finished it in less than two hours. She had been making notations about all the discrepancies in the account. When the list was finished, she sent copies to each of her fellow warriors.

Looking through the front of the despised book, she was unsurprised to see that the editor was none other than Rita Skeeter.

"I truly wish I had kept her in that glass jar twenty years ago."

"Who, love?" Viktor had arrived while she was reading.

"Rita Skeeter. You remember her, don't you?"

"Ah, yes, the tabloid tabby. What has she done now?"

"She was the editor on this piece of drivel."

"Ah. Dinner will be delivered just before six. The others will be here by then."

Three hours later, the group sat in Hermione's library perusing the book.

The outrage was mounting as each couple finished looking at both the book and Hermione's notes.

"He was no spy. That is absolute bunk." Harry.

"Smarmy git. He didn't have the bollocks to fight." Ron.

"It might not be what he said. Remember Skeeter was the editor," Neville added.

Hermione nearly screamed. "This is Draco bloody Malfoy we are discussing."

Viktor picked up the book and transfigured the picture on the back to the image he had been told about months afterward, a white ferret. "Why not remind him of his former punishment?"

Prompt: Someone takes creative liberties when writing their memoirs, royally ticking off the other "characters" in the story.