

The Scrapbook

by Rose of the West

Luna looks over the story she still hasn't told.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Another owl came. It promised a great deal of money in exchange for the memoir of Luna Lovegood-Scamander. They could use it; there was always another expedition to go on. Raising two little boys could get expensive, and soon there would be Hogwarts.

She pulled a scrapbook off the shelf. The first clipping she looked at featured Cho Chang. Luna skipped down to bits about herself *Luna is smart enough, but has horrible fashion sense. Radish earrings and bottlecap necklaces?* Luna sighed. How could Cho know that Luna longed for pretty things but Dad just didn't understand? She knew what people were saying, but it felt so good to have such a bright, cheerful color next to her face, keeping certain things away.

The next quote came from Ginny Weasley. *Luna commented Quidditch matches for a while, but she never quite got the knack for it. She discussed things like whether the players had invisible creatures on their brooms with them, and "Loser's Lurgy?" My brother still whispers it whenever he's having a bad day.* Of course, Luna had underestimated the number of people who paid attention at Quidditch. Trying to liven things up had been a miscalculation.

There would always be a little friction with Hermione, who didn't think Luna was a proper scholar *Luna never thinks about the important things.* Luna didn't understand Hermione's form of intelligence. How could she not understand that reading a book or studying was like opening a door into another world where mothers didn't die and fathers weren't distant?

Dear Harry spoke of the way she often came to help him or had an encouraging word. Somehow he understood the best. Perhaps it was the common bond they had of losing their parents. Yet there was something uncomfortable about it, too.

Poor Neville had been the worst when he spoke of that awful last year. The only way to survive had been to simply keep doing the things she knew needed to be done, without looking at what scared her half to death, yet he made her sound like a Norse goddess. After his interviews, she'd had to break it off. She couldn't marry someone who knew so many things that simply weren't true.

She looked up from the scrapbook and saw a fragrant mug of tea, held by the man she called "Rolf." "Another solicitation?" he asked.

"It would pay for that trip to South America..." She caressed the mug with her lips as the scent filled her nose and eyes.

"At what cost?"

"They'd hate it... and me. The me they know isn't me at all."

"I've never understood you."

"You don't pretend you do."

"What would be the point? We both know I never will."

"That makes all the difference," she said.

The new offer joined others in the scrapbook, becoming part of a story that would never be told because it would never be believed.

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