

Perfect for Each Other

by Lilypudding

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Dreams and Diaries

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: J.K. Rowling owns everything. Sadly, I'm not J.K. Rowling. If I was, why would I be writing fanfic?

Sirius Black, thought the young, red-haired teenager dreamily, *will you go out with me?* Lily Evans sat in her favorite, overstuffed, scarlet couch in the Gryffindor Common Room, her books spread out on her lap as she stared dreamily into the lively, crackling fire. Although she was supposed to be finishing a tricky Potions essay about Golapott's Third Law, or something like that, she couldn't concentrate on her copy of Advanced Potion Making at all. Instead, she concentrated on the ravishing, dark-haired teenager goofing around in the center of the common room.

Sirius is perfect for me, Lily told herself. *He's so outgoing and has such a great sense of humor, but it's obvious he's extremely intelligent. His eyes are amazing.* Lily thought, picturing his expressive, jewel-bright, laughing eyes. *His hair is a little long*, she critiqued, *but it shows that he's got a great sense of fun.* In Lily's opinion, the only thing wrong with Sirius was his best friend, that arrogant jerk, James Potter.

Lily's face flushed with anger at the mere thought of that loser. He was always showing off, cursing innocent people because he could, teasing Lily and her friends, and then constantly asking her out. He was like a naughty puppy who adored Lily, following her around while drooling on her knee. *The other guys Sirius hang out with are OK*, thought Lily, recalling Sirius's other best friends, a sincere friend of hers named Remus Lupin and a small, quiet boy named Peter Pettigrew, *but James is just something else.*

"Hey, Lily, are you all right? Your face is kind of red," Lily's best friend, Alice Jennings, asked in a concerned voice, walking over to Lily. Alice had long, stringy blond hair, warm and expressive gray eyes, and a round, full, smiling face. Though she was on the plump side, well known for being a klutz, and not considered beautiful by most people, she was extremely popular among the Gryffindors for her gentle and kind personality.

"I'm fine, Alice," she replied. "I was just thinking about James Potter and how much I hate him."

"Lily," sighed Alice, who despised talking about other people, even her enemies, behind their backs, "hate is a strong word. I'm sure you don't hate him. You just haven't worked out your feelings for him." Lily made a face at her closest friend, and Alice sighed again and went fishing through the pile of books lumped all over the sofa. Pulling out a small, untitled, leather-bound book, she read aloud, "My Diary." Pretending to turn the pages, she said in a joking voice, "Ooh, lets see what it says."

"Give that back, Al!" Lily said, wincing as the book hit her in the head. "It's empty, anyway."

"Then I guess you're going to have to write in it," said a familiar voice. Lily's other best friend, Andromeda Black, better known as Andy, strode over to them, her thick, shining, straight, waist-length, brown hair dancing in the air. A thin, perky girl, Andy loved writing of any kind, read even faster than Lily, and kept several diaries at one time.

"OK, what the heck, Andy, you win. But you know I don't do diaries very well," said Lily lazily. Opening the stiff book, she began to scribble in **Hi, whoever you are who happens to be reading this. I'm Lily Evans and I'm only writing this because my friend Andy made me. (Andy, don't look at me like that.) I'm in my sixth year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, and am in Gryffindor. My best friends' names are Alice and Andy. I'm really not good at this, and I don't know what to say. As I said, Andy is making me. Oh yeah, I have a crush on this guy in my year, Sirius Black. Some people, like Andy, who's his cousin, for example, think he's obnoxious, but I think he's gorgeous. He's funny, sensitive, smart, kind, handsome, cute, and - hey, Andy, that hurt!**

Lily winced as Andy whacked her rather hard on the head. "You like my - " roared the thin brunette in a ferocious voice.

"Shhhh, don't tell the whole world!" Lily gasped.

"You like my cousin?" Andy whispered furiously. "Oh, my god, Lily! You like my cousin! Why? He's mean and snobbish and inconsiderate, and he threw a pair of scissors at me when I was three and I still have the scar. Don't fall for him; he's not worth it. Trust me."

Lily sighed, and scribbled down: **Andy just pretends to hate him because he's family, that's all. Her whole family is a little weird, I have to admit. They're all Slytherins except for Andy and Sirius, and they're completely convinced that being pureblood makes you the greatest person on Earth. They won't let me go over to their house in the summer or let Andy visit, just because my parents are Muggles. So out of the whole lot, I've only met Andy's sisters and Sirius's brother because they go to our school. Andy's sisters are so mean, almost as mean as my older sister, Petunia, and Sirius's brother is the complete opposite of him. He's shy, dry and completely unattractive, unlike his amazing older brother.**

Ignoring Andy, who made a face at Lily, she continued to write: **Andy and Alice don't understand crushes because they've long outlived that stage. Andy and a seventh-year Ravenclaw, Ted Tonks, have been going out for about a year now. Alice and the other Gryffindor boy in our year, Frank Longbottom, haven't been going out for as long, but they have great chemistry. I haven't had a boyfriend in my life. How pathetic am I - oh, my god, Sirius is walking over to us. I think he's actually going to speak to us. Oh, my god!**

Lily took a deep breath and tried to hide her small diary under her Potions essay. Making a mental note to ask Professor Slughorn about Golopatt's Third Law when she got the chance, she smoothed out her hair and quickly tried to arrange her clutter so it didn't look so much like a bomb had gone off in her corner.

"Hey, girls," said Sirius in a deep, mature voice as he swaggered over, running his large, manly hands through his luxurious, dark hair. "Andy, Alice, Lily, what's up? How's the Potions essay going, Lil?"

Andy and Alice stared at Lily, their faces expectant. Alice, the most compassionate of the three, seemed almost as nervous as Lily was. She gave her the tiniest of thumbs-up behind Sirius's back and gave Lily a small nod that told her she was doing fine, but to go ahead and do it.

"Fine, it's going great," lied Lily, searching frantically for a conversation topic.

"So, what's up with this great weather?" The weather, she thought as her face burned scarlet. Oh, my god, I'm talking about the weather. No wonder I've never have been able to get a guy.

"I know," Sirius said, smiling, completely at ease. If he knew how much that innocent grin and even, white teeth were killing Lily, he didn't show it. "Listen, I wanted to ask you something." Lily's heart pounded wildly. Was he going to... Alice held up her crossed fingers in the air. "Lily," Sirius said, "could I borrow a quill?"

Lily's heart dropped all the way down to the floor. "Sure," she said listlessly, rummaging through her purse. "Just ask him, when you have the chance," she found herself thinking frantically as she shifted through the contents of her bag. *It's only seven words, she told herself. It's easy. Just say, "Sirius, will you go out with me?"*

Lily froze. Had she spoken out loud?