

The Midnight Run

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When an Owl Pal program erupts at Hogwarts, Draco begins having nightmares of death--his death.

Ron's Robes

Chapter 1 of 2

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Through the fog and mist in the night sky a full moon could be made visible, and so could the hooded figure that chased me every full moon at midnight. The huge town clock would ring its bell twelve times, and the second it stopped, I'd be running for my life. I never got a head start...not that it would help, anyways. The figure stalked me all night in hopes that I'd fear my last few hours of life. Then, after the twelfth ring, it would run. I would run, too, so maybe I'd have a chance to escape. I never could, of course. The running only left me tired and weak, but still I ran.

At that moment, the figure came closer to me, and the bell began to ring. I backed away even though it only made the creature come closer. Three rings, four rings, five, six, seven---getting nearer. My heart began to race and my palms became sweaty. I was breathing heavier now. Nine, ten, eleven...my legs immediately shot forward on twelve. I ran as fast as my feet would allow me to run with the figure dangerously close behind. I needed a way to lose the creature. I thought quickly when there really wasn't time for that. I did the first thing that crossed my mind, taking a right, then left, right and left again.

It still seemed to know my path even after all the right and left turns, so I began to panic. I would have to go to my last plan: the forest. I took a quick gasp for air, screaming helplessly as I made my way towards the black forest, desperate to get away. The deeper into the forest I ran, the harder it became to see, and soon heavy, thick branches were cutting into my sides.

My clothes were torn, wet blood dripped from my face, and still, the hooded figure was on my trail. I screamed again, louder this time, knowing it wouldn't help. No one could hear me. No one ever did. I was always trapped. I always failed to escape. I panted, finally giving up. There was nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. The creature knew me. It knew my every move somehow. I backed into the bark of an old willow tree as the figure enclosed on me.

My mind and body went into a state of horror, too petrified to move or scream. I no longer cared that I was doomed. It did no use to care about death. At that moment I couldn't even think. It was as if the creature erased my every thought and care. I strained to remember my life. It must have been the work of the creature...that or I was so freaked out I couldn't think at all. The figure laughed, finding humor in his works as I still strained for at least a moment...a memory, just one memory of my life, good or bad. I fought against the creature as it leaned forward, lowering its long, black cape to reveal..."D man...c'mon dude! Wake up; we have class today! It's not Sabado o Domingo!"

I awoke in a sweat, my heart racing and head pounding. I'd had this dream several times before, always waking up at the exact same moment: before the creature revealed exactly what it was. I don't know if it's a demon, dementor, Death Eater, or if it's just a normal witch or wizard. I can't be sure what's under that long, black cape, but it's really beginning to bug me.

I moaned, looking at my watch to find out I only had fifteen minutes to get to Transfiguration on time. I felt terrible, too. My head pounded, I was sweating and shivering, and to top it all off, my eyes were heavy...I could barely keep awake.

Blaise, who'd woken me, looked down into my face with great concern. "Dude, you coming to class today?" he asked. "Cause Hector and I are waiting on you."

Apparently he hadn't noticed I was feeling sick. "Just give me a minute to get up," my voice cracked as I sniffled, reaching for a Kleenex.

Blaise gave me an odd look. "D man, esta bien? I mean, you look a little pale this morning," he said, finally noticing I felt sick.

Now, I don't come from a Spanish family like Blaise, but whatever he just said probably has something to do with me feeling sick...but again, that's just a guess. I sighed, looking at my friend. "I'm pretty sure I'm not really sick...or at least I hope not. I'm probably just shaken right now because--"

"You had the dream again," Blaise finished for me.

I nodded. I had told Blaise and Hector about the dream the second time I had it. This was the fifth time. Hector insists that it's just a dream, and it means nothing, but I keep getting this feeling at the pit of my stomach that it does mean something. Blaise agrees with me. Why else would it repeat itself over and over again? It's gotta mean something. But what?

Okay, okay, enough with the dream. I have other things to worry about right now. Like my health, my friends, getting to Transfiguration on time and other problems besides dreams. I yawned, not feeling any better than when Blaise first woke me up. "B, you and Hector should go on to class, okay? I don't wanna make you two late because of my dream or because I didn't get up on time," I told him after a moment of silence.

"All right...but don't forget to come to class just because I'm gone," he replied, expecting me to laugh, although I didn't.

"Okay, not funny," he admitted. "It sounded a lot funnier in my brain. You know how that is!"

He sighed, still standing over my bed. "You need to get up, mate," he finally said.

I moaned. Honestly, at that moment, I wasn't sure if I could get up. I didn't tell Blaise this, though. He'd want me to stay in bed, which was something I simply couldn't do. McGonagall is supposed to announce something very important today, and I can't miss it. I simply can't. "Just go to class, Blaise. I'll get up in a minute or two," I told him, coughing into my hand so Blaise wouldn't get my germs.

"Fine! I know when I'm not wanted! Some people just don't realize how cool I really am!" he said sarcastically.

I gave him a weak smile. "Then go...don't let me keep you, " I replied, still coughing and sniffing.

I felt like I had the flu. "All right...I guess I DO wait for you too much," he said thoughtfully.

I smiled. This was true, no doubt about it. I cleared my throat enough to say good-bye. "See you in a few," I told him with a dry and raspy voice. Anyone would be able to tell I felt sick with the way my voice sounded.

"Adios," Blaise replied, turning around and heading towards the door.

Again, Blaise is Spanish, and sometimes I think he speaks Spanish without even realizing it.

I looked at my watch again. I now only had 8 minutes to get to Transfiguration on time. There was no possible way I'd make it. Not with the way I felt. I felt like a truck had just run over me or I'd just been zapped with lightning. Still, late or on time, I had to go to class. I absolutely, no doubt about it, had to go to class. If I didn't have to go, I would've told Blaise I felt seriously ill. But I didn't, so I had to get up.

I sneezed, grabbing another Kleenex. Then, after a few more sneezes, I slowly stood up and untangled myself from the covers, still feeling dizzy, sweaty, and cold. I walked over to my dresser and quickly threw on my robes and combed my hair. If I want to at least make it to class today, I'm going to have to get going.

After taking care of a few more things, I headed to class, stopping briefly every so often when I felt dizzy or nauseous. I also had to move slowly because moving quickly made me feel like vomiting. This, of course, slowed me down by about five minutes. I kept having to stop and lean against the wall. A couple of times I even had to sit down until the dizziness passed. Still, I thought I'd be fine once I sat down.

Finally, after much wasted time, I reached McGonagall's classroom, ten minutes late. I gently opened the heavy wooden door and then let it slam shut behind me to grab everyone's attention. Now everyone would know I arrived. I looked around for an empty seat to find there was only one. Too bad that last seat had to be by my worst enemy: Harry Potter. Scowling, I sat down as McGonagall patiently waited on me.

"Mr. Malfoy," she spoke softly, "exactly WHY do you feel the need to be late for my class?"

"I don't," I replied simply. "It was an accident, honest. I meant to be on time."

"Well, whatever the matter, Mr. Malfoy, you've just cost the Slytherin House ten points!"

I'd expected that, so I just nodded accepting the matter.

"Now, as I was saying," McGonagall went on, "You are to work with your partner to find the name of a spell using the clues, and then you'll need to explain what the words are, how many times to say it and the wand movements to it. I'm sorry I had to repeat all of that just because Mr. Malfoy wasn't here."

I rolled my eyes. What a jerk.

"Remember class ends fifteen minutes early so I can make an announcement. Work hard and partner with the person next to you!"

My body froze. Oh, bugger, it would be my luck to be sitting next to Potter the day she decides to have your partner be whoever sits beside you. UGH! McGonagall is so ballsy! I don't want to partner up with Potter when I'm felling good, much less when I'm feeling dizzy and nauseous. I turned to face him to see he didn't look too happy about McGonagall's idea, either.

I would have said something nasty to him, but honestly, I really didn't feel like it. My stomach burned, making me feel like all my insides had just caught fire, and my teeth were chattering as I began to feel goosebumps develop all over my arms and legs. The ends of my blond hair were drenched in sweat as wet drops rolled down my face. It was as if I'd just played a rough game of Quidditch.

All of my energy had been sucked right out of me, leaving me lifeless as I sat next to Potter, wishing I had at least one good insult to throw at him. Yet I had nothing. I moaned, thinking how warm it would be inside my bed. How stupid was I? I should have stayed in bed. I really wish I did...

Ron's Robes part 2

Draco hallucinates in Transfiguration and destroys Ron's Robes.

Hector came around the room passing out our worksheets. I took one and looked it over, but before I could finish, Potter grabbed it out of my hands and stuffed it into his bags, laughing hysterically. Okay...now that's not something Potty would do, but I'm telling the truth. Maybe he's gone crazy. Who knows! He reached out under his desk and sat back up with a pile of books under his arms.

I watched scar face in complete shock as he began to stack all of his books on my desk in front of me. That's right, he started to actually pile his books on MY desk! And in front of my face! Ugh...the nerve! I looked at the books on my desk. Transfiguration, Herbology, Charms, Potions, grades two, three, four, and five.

"Potter! Stop! I don't want your filthy books on my desk! Put them away!" I complained.

"Malfoy, my books aren't on your desk, so shut up and help me out with this assignment... you know what? On second thought, don't help me. I don't trust you to answer these right," he screamed, still stacking books in my face.

Divination, Muggle Studies, Defense Against the Dark Arts...

"I said STOP!" I growled, wishing only I felt better so I could punch him for being so inconsiderate of me.

"But how can I stop putting books on your desk when I've not even put one book on it? Huh? Tell me that," he said, placing a Care of Magical Creatures book on my desk now.

"How can you say that?" I half-screamed, "Look at all these books! I bet there are at least twenty! Here, I'll even count them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve..."

"Malfoy, you are just pointing to thin air and counting. I see nothing but you acting like an idiot. You've gone totally looney-tunes," Potter so rudely interrupted me.

I scowled, continuing to count, "Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. You see, Potter? There are twenty! Open your eyes," I told him as he rolled his eyes instead of opening them.

"Whatever you say, Malfoy!" he replied sarcastically, now adding an Arithmancy book to my desk.

"Twenty-one," I whispered.

"Total looney-tune..." he whispered back.

"Totally not!" I replied.

He looked me straight in the face now. "You're seeing things other people don't! Tell me you're not totally off your bird!" he said.

"I am not at all off my--" I was interrupted as Professor McGonagall walked towards the two of us.

"What seems to be the problem, boys?" she questioned.

"No problem, Professor," I answered quickly, and perhaps too quickly.

She was on our case now. "No problem between you two? I find that oddly hard to believe, seeing as you haven't even started the assignment. Now, I'm going to ask one more time, what is the problem?" she asked.

"It's Potter," I told her. "You see all the books on my desk? Every one of them is his. Every single bloody book! He keeps denying they are even on my desk, but as you can clearly see, he's lying. Can you believe him? He obviously thinks I'm blind or something. But I'm not...there are twenty-one of his bloody books on my desk...if I counted right that is. But still--"

"Oh, now, hold on, Mr. Malfoy. There are no books on your desk. I don't see what the fuss is about. Unless you're not feeling well...have you felt sick, Mr. Malfoy?"

"No," I lied.

She put her hand on her hip. "Mr. Malfoy..." she drawled.

I sighed. "Fine..." I stopped, feeling sick once more, so I laid my head down on my desk.

McGonagall bent down in front of me. "Mr. Malfoy, I need to know. How are you not feeling well?" she quizzed again, sounding like a Healer.

I almost felt too weak to answer, but I needed to tell her so I could go back to bed or something. "I can't stop sneezing or coughing and I'm really cold and sweaty. And...I'm feeling queasy too," my voice cracked.

"Perhaps you should visit Madam Pomfrey. The flu has been going around, and if you have it, we certainly don't want you spreading it," she said. "Mr. Potter and Mr. Zabini, would you two kindly escort Mr. Malfoy to the hospital wing? I'm afraid he'll pass out if no one helps him. I'd appreciate it so much if you help him out, thank you."

I sighed, lifting my head up and slowly standing up to follow my friend and my enemy. A rush of dizziness hit me once more and the feeling fire in my stomach returned, as I headed for the doors. I made it to the back of the room before I quickly stopped, grabbing the edge of a nearby desktop for support. I felt nauseous as a disgusting taste filled my mouth. I gagged, as more of the taste was forced up my throat, causing me to vomit. Unfortunately, because I held onto Weasley's desk, the vomit sort of ended up on him.

Most of it landed on his shoes, but some of it went into his lap. Many people screamed and started yelling across the room. I felt Blaise and Potter each grab one of my arms to lead me out of the room, although I could barely stand.

Together, with a lot of help from Blaise, we finally reached the hospital wing. I immediately sat down on the nearest bed, praying I wouldn't get sick anymore. Madam Pomfrey walked towards us. "What seems to be the problem, boys?" she asked, sounding annoyed.

Why does everyone keep saying that line? First McGonagall and now Madam Pomfrey! It's not even that great of a line...

"It's Draco," Blaise said.

Madam Pomfrey took a deep sigh, rolling her eyes. She hates me, I think. I've really annoyed her in five years...coming to her for paper cuts, sore throats, the flu, pneumonia in fourth year, chick pox in my first year, a hippogriff bite in my third year, a Quidditch accident in my second year... I hope you do know I was just kidding about the paper cuts, right?

"What's wrong now, Mr. Malfoy? Another paper cut, have you?" she questioned, placing her hand on her hip.

Blaise spoke for me, "It's more than a paper cut," he told her.

"Well, what's wrong then?" she asked.

"Yo no se, that's why we're here," Blaise replied.

She nodded and Scar Face smiled. "All we know is that Malfoy's completely lost it. He's hallucinating, vomiting, sweating, shivering, and having dizzy spells," he told me proudly.

I scowled. "I'm not hallucinating!" I screamed.

"Hmm...have you been seeing odd things that no one else does?" she questioned.

"No," I lied. "Except... for when Potter kept stacking books on my desk...twenty-one, I counted them and--"

"You've been hallucinating, like it or not, Mr. Malfoy," she said, taking out a wizard thermometer and scanning it across my forehead.

"105...no wonder you're hallucinating things. Well, don't worry. I know what you have. It's not life threatening...just the flu," she explained.

I'd expected this, so I laid down, feeling dizzy once more. "Madam Pomfrey, cuan largo estara D en aqui?" Blaise questioned as he reached the door, about to return to class.

Madam Pomfrey fumed. "Mr. Zabini, no one here understands Spanish. Please do not expect me or anyone else to understand you. Now, if you will, please repeat your question only in English this time," she tried not to sound too mad, on account that Blaise doesn't even realize he's speaking Spanish most of the time.

He comes from a Latino family. In the summer he visits his cousins in Mexico, where all he speaks is Spanish, and when he returns, it's hard for him to adjust to English again. Therefore, it requires a lot of patience when around him. "I'm sorry...I meant for that to come out in English. I don't know why it came out in Spanish! So, how long is D gonna be in here?" he asked.

She rolled her eyes. "Mr. Zabini, don't waste my time with stupid questions! You know the routine...two weeks at tops," she replied.

Blaise looked shocked at her answer. "No Manera!" he shouted.

Madam Pomfrey's face turned red from anger, sick of Blaise and his Spanish. "Shouldn't you two be reporting back to class by now?" she said harshly.

Blaise smiled. "Okay...adios, Draco," he said, walking away.

Potter just smirked, trying not to laugh as he followed my best friend. I closed my heavy eyes falling into a deep sleep nearly right away...