

# The Doors of My Mind

*by soul warrior*

Hermione feels as if she is missing something.

## Prologue

*Chapter 1 of 2*

Hermione feels as if she is missing something.

### Prologue

The sun glared off the Formica tops of the tables on the window side of the restaurant, adding more misery to her headache, which she had been feeling since the morning. For about two weeks, she had been sleeping really badly; strange dreams that had started to intrude her waking hours until she did not know what she was looking at was real or a re-run of the dreams.

However, working as a waitress in a busy restaurant and having weird visions were not really compatible, and she was having real problems managing the work.

Working as a waitress! She tried once again to explore her feelings about the job; it was like this was all she had done, all her life, but somewhere, there was a nagging ache that said she had known more, much more, but what had she known? She had no clue; it was like an elusive wisp that kept on escaping every time she tried to latch onto it until she had almost given up of ever finding out what was hidden in her mind.

"Hello, can I have the glass of water I asked for about an hour ago?" An aggressive voice brought her back from her current daydream. She looked around for the origin of the voice and saw this red-faced bull of a man looking at her with thinly veiled hostility. He was wearing a check shirt, just like they wear in the deep South of America, with the sleeves rolled up around his huge biceps; they were the size of her thighs. Sitting down, he seemed to occupy the whole bench seat on which he had decided to sit in this American type diner set in London.

"Sorry, sir", she mumbled. "I was just bringing it for you; here you go." She placed the glass of water on the table, but instead of getting any thanks, the big guy just finished the glass in one swig. "Can I have another one?" He slammed the glass on the table in front of her. For a moment, just a moment, it was as if she could have done something to him, something very amusing, and it would have made him look like the fool he was, but then the feeling slipped away as it always did.

She dejectedly picked up the glass and headed towards the kitchen to refill it. In the meantime, two orders were piled up on the out window, so she hurried behind the counter, and just as she put the glass under the tap, waiting for the water to fill the glass, she again had this weird feeling as if she could have done this some other way, and again the feeling quickly disappeared.

What other way was there to fill the glass? She just could not work it out; once again, she tried to pull her mind to the job on hand; she picked up one of the orders and headed towards the bull of a man to give him his glass of water.

As she was nearing his table, she suddenly felt a searing stab of pain just behind her eyes—it was as if someone had stabbed her eyeball with a very sharp pointed knife, and a forlorn cry left her lips. As she felt herself losing control of her body, her hand moved slowly forward as if moving through treacle. She could see her hand falling forward with the glass of water towards the bull of a man; she could see his glare and almost could see a maniacal light come into his eyes as his brain started registering the glass of water headed straight for his head, and in an almost horrified way she could almost see her own lips forming the words, "Oh, Shit", but for some strange reason she could see superimposed the view of a castle, with impressive pennants flying proudly on the ramparts, with a beautiful lake in front, a gentle breeze blowing,

bending the grass gently, strangely enough though—and it almost made her giggle despite the pain in her head—one of the pennants seemed to be sticking inside the man's left nostril.

Suddenly, the stab of pain disappeared, and she seemed to return to reality, the glass of water smacking into the head of the man, the plate she held in her left hand flying and smacking into the wall, the beans and eggs making a smear on the white wall as they slid down to plop on the wall.

The only thought that came into her head was, *Oh, Shit*, and then suddenly, she was heading towards the ceiling as the mountain of a man simply picked her up and continued lifting her upward until her head smacked into the ceiling with a jarring thud. The brute lowered her, and while she was trying to work out what was happening to her, she was suddenly heading towards the ceiling again.

Something snapped inside her as her head hit the ceiling once again with much more brute force than the last time. Suddenly, she was falling to the floor with almost the same speed as she had headed towards the ceiling; she just managed to get her hands underneath her to cushion the fall. She lay stunned on the floor, not moving for a while, and then gradually, she started to get her strength back and raised her head, with terror in her eyes, fully expecting the brute to once again pick her up and slam her head into the ceiling, but for some reason, there was no one standing towering above her.

Her mind failed to register what had happened; she fearfully glanced around to see where the brute was, and to her astonishment, he was lying on the floor with his head bent at an awkward angle.

She staggered to her feet and just about managed to hold onto the table to prevent crashing to the floor as she tried to get her wits together and look around the restaurant. She felt as if someone had hit her on the back of the neck, her head snapped forward and almost crashed into the table, she only just managed to put her hands out to prevent that, and then she was falling back, it seemed as if in slow motion, and then she heard it once again.

That distant sound of music with the horns, she could hear that one single note rising higher and higher, and then as if going beyond the range of mortal hearing and working its magic in the ether, and then as from some very very far away place the note came back into mortal hearing, and she could feel her spirit, her very essence, being drawn to that note, but then, there was the familiar block as if something inside was not yet ready to let go and held her back. She came back into reality as emerging from a bright place into a dark and dank place, and she fainted.

# My Love, Were You Just a Dream?

## Chapter 2 of 2

She awakens in a strange place, without any knowledge as to where or even who she is.

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## Chapter 1

### My Love, Were You Just a Dream?

Consciousness seemed to return so slowly, like thick syrup coming ever so slowly out of a bottle; her head felt as squeezed as the syrup. Her eyes seemed to be glued shut, and she did not have the energy to rub them. She just lay there, her senses slowly coming back into focus and a modicum of strength returning to her body.

Sudden panic grabbed her; where was she? She had to get her eyes open and have a look around, and then another thought came into her head that almost stopped her breathing. Who was she? She could not remember. What was her name? Suddenly she started rubbing her gummed eyes vigorously, trying desperately to get them to open. At last, after what seemed an eternity to her, she managed to open her eyes.

Blurred eyes tried to focus on the ceiling...ceiling? She became aware of the sensations being transmitted by the rest of her body, realizing that she was lying on her back on a bed, covered with a quilt, which had a beautiful orange cover depicting the sun shining, great big fat rays coming out of the chubby face of the sun, which had a great big smile; the ceiling had rafters and was fairly low. Between the rafters it had been painted a cream colour, which was beginning to fade slightly.

She got her strength together and sat up. At once a streak of white hot pain went through her; the room lurched and then started spinning. No, the room was not spinning, she was just weak, and her head was spinning, she told herself. She just stayed where she was for a while until her spinning head stopped pretending it was a top, trying to break the world record for the fastest spins.

Slowly her head settled down enough for her to have a look around. Her hand went to the back of her neck; she could feel a massive bruise there, which was painful to the touch. So this was what was causing her head to spin.

She was in a smallish room, lying on a wooden bed with a hand carved head board, the bedding cheerfully colourful, making the room a bit brighter. Next to the bed was a bed-side table with a covered jug and a glass next to it, presumably with water. Suddenly she could feel her tongue trying to stick to the top of her mouth. Her mouth was so dry, it felt as if the whole of the Sahara desert had been put in there.

Moving very slowly, as not to jerk her head, she reached for the jug and uncovered it. It seemed to be full of water, which she poured into the glass. With trembling hands, she put the glass to her mouth and gulped the water down. Then she refilled the glass and emptied it once again, at last feeling her head beginning to clear.

Now she decided to have a look at the rest of the room. There was a clothes cupboard, also made of wood, and a wooden table with four chairs around it. There was a window covered with a white lace netting while an orange coloured curtain was tied neatly to one side. The curtain seemed to have the same kind of pattern as her quilt cover; someone decidedly liked orange, but who? Late afternoon sun was shining through the window, lighting up the room.

Taking a deep breath, she swung her legs out of bed. Immediately her head started spinning again, so she just sat there, not daring to move any further until her head settled down. But then her plight hit her, and panic started to set in. She could not remember who she was or where she was, or even why. Maybe that was normal for people who had half a hillside sticking out of their necks at the back. But then she could not remember having met many people with massive bruises on the back of their necks to compare whether that was true or not.

Her intelligence started to take over. Surely her amnesia must be due to the neck injury. All she had to find out was who put her in the bed there, and she would have the answers.

But the trouble was there was nobody there. She mustered her courage and strength and very slowly stood up. Slowly, oh, so very slowly, she walked to the window, but when she reached it, she had to hold on to the frame to prevent herself from pitching head first into the window. Again she had to take several deep breaths to stop her head from spinning and to stop the onset of panic at the same time. Feeling a bit calmer, she peered out of the window.

The vista that met her eyes lifted her spirits. This was the kind of place she could live in for the rest of her life. In front of the window, she could see a deep blue lake, fringed by trees of varying shapes and sizes, and in the distance she could see snow covered mountains.

She almost pinched herself to make sure she was awake and not dreaming, and the view she was seeing was not a postcard and was reality. The afternoon sun was reflecting off the water, giving it a gold sheen. A gentle breeze was blowing, and the trees were gently swaying with the breeze. There was no way she was just going to stand there and not have a full look at this beautiful vista...she had to get outside.

She glanced down to see what she was wearing. She seemed to be dressed in a soft cotton sleeping suit of some sort in a pale blue colour. Very slowly she glanced around the room; and surely enough, on the bedstead next to the bed, she saw a cream coloured dressing gown. Slowly, making sure that her head did not explode, she made her way to the dressing gown and put it on. By the bedside, there was a pair of dark blue slippers, into which she slipped her feet. Before setting out, she decided to have another glass of water.

The cool liquid going down her throat made her feel much better. She then made her way to the door, slipped the latch and gently pushed the door open. She stepped outside and realized that she had been lying in a cottage room and the main bulk of the cottage was behind her. She really wanted to find someone; but even more than that, she wanted to see the setting sun over the lake and mountains.

She decided to leave finding out whoever was around and slowly made her way to the lakeside. The view was even more awesome than she had thought. The snow covered mountains looked majestic, and there was this beautiful smell of flowers in the air. The weather was rather mild, considering the proximity of the mountains. The gentle breeze was raising little waves on the golden surface of the lake.

As she stood there transfixed, just breathing in the fresh air, she had a sudden flashback of being somewhere very busy, like a restaurant or hotel, people moving around, lots of noise and activity, smell of cigarettes, the air a bit blue from the smoke.

The vision faded, and then she had an even more strange vision of being in some type of school or college, wearing a black robe and talking to a dark haired boy about her own age. She looked much younger in that vision than the face she had seen in the mirror. Then that vision faded as well.

She looked around and could see the light fading slowly, the light blue sky, which had a few wisps of clouds that looked like whipped cream, turning a darker blue, as if someone was spilling a dark blue on a light blue cloth and the colour was spreading and changing to this deeper blue that she absolutely loved. That colour! What was it about that colour that seemed to start an itch in her mind.... She seemed to remember that colour and somehow knew that she had some very good memories associated with it, but nothing came into her head.

Then suddenly, as if a door creaked somewhere in her mind, letting out fragments of memories, it was like a song she had heard, but only could remember the fragments now.

*The blue sky is going to sleep...*

*The heavens open up, the lips quiver*

*The heartbeat wants to say something but cannot find the words*

*The song of the wind has died down, there is a stillness*

*The blue sky is going to sleep...*

*Like the moon slowly gets surrounded by clouds, oh ever so slowly and gently*

*That is how I came into your arms, you and me all alone as if all the worlds exist but we are beyond them, just you and me...*

*The doors of my mind open...*

*In the halls of my memories, resound long gone stories and songs*

*Those who were travelers on the paths of my life, are now lost to me*

*My love is so unfulfilled today and so deep is this loneliness*

*The moon that was being surrounded so gently by the clouds now seems to be drowning in my tears*

*The night seems to be wilting, like my heart*

*No matter wherever I look, without you there is only loneliness*

*Whatever now happens to me does not matter, I am missing you so very much...*

And with that came the picture of a proud and haughty face, long straight black hair, an almost half-permanent sneer on the face, a long hooked nose, a dark robe.... Strong arms around her, lips kissing her hair, her face, and slowly with languor moving down to her neck....

With a jolt, she was back in the here and now. Where had that of poetry come from? It seemed to have stirred her mind, her very soul. And that face, what was it about that face that had rekindled this aching longing in her, like a name that had been written in the vast halls of her mind, but was now hidden. And that itch, which had started with the blue colour, had come back; the itch to find a name, find that face, find those arms, those strong arms, within which she would feel safe and comfortable. She needed to find that face, that silky, throaty voice...

"Hm," she said to herself, "what silky throaty voice?"

It seemed that some memories were returning, but unfortunately without any head or tail. Who was she remembering? It would be better if she could firstly remember who *she* was.

A deep melancholy settled over her. She felt alone, so very alone, as if in all this universe, with all its myriad inhabitants, she was alone, she had always been alone. But then another thought came into her head. If she was alone and had always been so alone, whose face was that? Whose voice was she remembering?

She turned slowly and looked back at the cabin, and as she looked, she thought she saw a movement...someone was there. She decided to make her way back to the cabin and see whoever it was.

When she got there, she found the door ajar, just like she had left it. She opened the door and entered. Immediately she smelled food, and it smelled good. But there was no one in the cabin. Someone had come and left food and fresh water there for her. She contemplated going to the main house to see whoever had cooked and left the

food there, but her stomach started grumbling, and she suddenly felt as if she had not eaten in a week.

She decided to eat first and then make her way to the house. She sat down at the table and uncovered the food. It was some kind of vegetable stew, with fresh bread and butter, and a huge slice of apple pie. She loved apple pie, and somehow, whoever had cooked the food, seemed to have known that, as they had left a huge slice of the pie. She started eating the food slowly, savouring every bite of it. The food was delicious, and the bread was still warm from the oven.

Having eaten most of the food and the apple pie, she sat back at last. Sated and feeling much better, she settled down into her chair with a contented sigh. Now if only she could have a cup of coffee, it would make the meal perfect. But unfortunately, there was no coffee, only water and some juice. It would have to do for now. Maybe the next time whoever had brought the food came, she could ask them for some coffee.

She remembered her earlier thought of going to the main house and seeing who had brought the food and perhaps get some answers about who she was and what she was doing in a cabin in the middle of nowhere. She really did not want to get up, but she also could not stand not knowing anything at all, so she got up, wrapped her belt and slowly made her way up to the other side of the cottage. When she reached the main door of the cottage, she could see a light inside. She knocked softly on the door. There was no answer, so she waited for a few moments out of politeness. Then, since nobody came to the door, she knocked again, a bit louder this time. Again there was no answer; this was strange to say the least! She knocked once again, more forcefully this time, a loud rat-a-tat, which echoed all around. Surely, whoever was inside would hear this. Still, there was no answer.

She tested the door handle. The door was open, and she slowly opened it and called out, "Hello there, anyone home?" No answer.

She opened the door more and glanced inside. It was the living room of the cottage, with a large table on one side with four chairs set around them. There was a rocking chair in front of the window, which had curtains drawn closed. She glanced at the walls, which were decorated with various things, ranging from simple pictures to some skulls of animals she could not identify to various shelves full of stones and beads and sea shells, some of them incredible in colour. She really wanted to pick them up and have a closer look at them, but first she had to find out who lived here. On the other side of the room, she could see three closed doors; what should she do?

Once again she called, louder this time, "Hello, anyone here?" Still no answer. She decided to have a look at the three doors. The first one she opened led into an empty bedroom. She closed it and opened the next door. The kitchen, also empty. The last door was the bathroom, and it, too, was empty. Where was the person who lived here? She knew she had seen someone moving around earlier, and someone had put food in her room, so where was this person? Maybe they had gone out for a walk or something. She decided the best thing to do was to go back to her room and wait for the person to come back; it would seem rude to wait here, having entered the cottage without invitation.

She came out of the cottage and headed towards where her bed was, but suddenly she felt so empty and drained, like something had leached all the life out of her. She felt this immense sense of loss, as if she had left something behind, something very precious, something she did not want to leave behind, something that was an integral part of her, like her heart or her soul, something without which she was nothing, something she needed to live, to breathe, to survive. Somehow she knew she had to go back, to get her life back, her love back. Her love? She stumbled and almost fell to her knees, and just then she felt something sizzle past where her head had been.

Before she could turn to look, a howl began and started going up the scale to where it began to hurt her ears, and then another joined in from another direction, and then another.

A thought came to her. *The hunt had begun...*

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I would like to express my gratitude to LadyintheCloak, who took her time beta-ing this story. Admittedly the punctuation was lousy! I seem to write in great big sentences. When young, the punctuation fairy was on holiday, so I never learned. English is not my first language, and my school never bothered with minor things like punctuation. Long live the punctuation brigade. Thanks also to notsosaintly for all her help. You guys rock!