

Build The Moon

by BrenaMarie

Luna laments to her diary about the man she is secretly in love with.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: JKR owns them, that's why she's got all the money.

Also: This drabble was inspired by the song "Build The Moon" by Charlotte Sometimes. You can listen to it here: [Build The Moon](#)

23 Oct 1997

Dear Diary,

I'm so tired of how I've been feeling lately. I am madly in love with the most unreachable man. I wish I would get some type of sign or clue from him that he feels the same way. Even if he would just tell me... It could be a secret, a secret love that we share, and I would believe him.

He gives me such a heart-ache. I know he makes fun of my strange habits when he's with his friends. I tell myself that he's got to keep up appearances and that he really can't think those things about me. I'm so sick of being used as the butt of their jokes, especially with the way I feel about him.

I send my heart to him every time we make eye contact. He just doesn't seem to see it or even care.

I wish he would build a bridge from Slytherin to Ravenclaw, a bridge to span prejudice and all the pre-conceived notions about the two of us. I have this dream that he would openly renounce the political choices of his mother and father...

I'm a logical girl, but I can't help dreaming that this beautiful boy would want to build me the moon someday.

It's these thoughts that make me want to cry every night. I know that there is the potential for real good in him. I can see it. I want to cry for the amount of conflict he appears to be going through this year that no one else can see but me. I want to cry because I love him so much, and yet I know I can never, ever tell him or show him more than I already have.

Maybe I'm not just crying for this unrequited love that I seem to be harboring. Maybe I'm only crying for the fact that I feel so completely misunderstood and alone in this school. I have people who appear to be my friends, but even they seem to be wary of the loony-ness that is me. They say they need me, but I can't help but think that it would be easier if he needed me too.

I can't seem to stop wanting him. I can't even manage a smile at times. I know we weren't meant to be, but I just can't help it. My heart yearns to be near him, my heart

bleeds for his pain, and for my own pain.

I don't know how much longer I'll be able to carry this torch for you, Draco Malfoy. I can only hope that you would be able to tell me you love me soon...

Disclaimer: This drabble is a response to Amita's prompt of: Unrequited - A girl finds herself longing for someone unsuitable or unavailable.

Much Love and hugs to my beta debjunk.