

Being the Person I am

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On the day the war begins, Draco Malfoy writes a letter to his secret love, Hermione Granger. The only problem is, it was never supposed to reach her. Dramione. One-shot, but sequel will be out soon.

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Summary: On the day the war begins, Draco Malfoy writes a letter to his secret love, Hermione Granger. The only problem is that it was never supposed to reach her. Dramione romance. Completed.

Being the Person I am . . .

Enjoy the Story!

My Dearest Hermione,

How do I begin this letter to you? I guess I should begin by asking how you are doing. I hope that you are in the best of conditions, and I sincerely mean this. You may be asking why I have had this sudden change of heart. Ah, . . . Yes, that seems like a good place to begin.

My heart used to be a cold, blackened object that somehow found a way to keep me alive. I wonder how I was ever considered alive, if I had no feelings toward others. Isn't that what makes us human, the ability to have emotions? Ever since birth, I was taught to hide all of my emotions. Don't you agree that I did a good job? I have always worn a mask to hide all of my feelings towards everyone. The only emotion that I was taught and was allowed to show was hatred. I was especially taught to hate, and I shudder when I write this, Mudbloods. I thought that these muggle-born wizard and witches were dirty, stupid people who were the scum of the Earth and unworthy to be taught magic.

I must thank-you for helping to change my view on life. Unconsciously, you were able to teach me everything that is important in life. You taught me that people like you were able to learn magic as well as purebloods. You proved my father wrong about being stupid. Merlin! You beat me in our studies at school by being first in everything, with me following closely in second. Even though this cost me some beatings and "Crucio's" from that bastard I call my father, I thank-you for showing me that muggle-born witches and wizards could excel in their studies.

I also learned that friends are an important part of life, and should be cherished and held onto tightly. You, Weasel, and Scarhead were a prime example of this concept. I witnessed how you guys defended each other, and in times of peril, fought together until the end. You're probably wondering how you taught me this without meaning to.

It occurred two months into our seventh year. Do you remember the incident when Potter, Weasley and I got into a fight in the hall right after Transfiguration? You probably don't, but I remember that day as clearly as I remember yesterday. Well, you had stayed behind to ask why a question had been marked wrong on the test and could harm your perfect grade. When we exited the room, Weasel was still a bit

furious that I had “accidentally” turned him into a goblet. It’s quite funny to remember that red goblet hopping around the room chasing me!

Ahem, . . . Anyway, Weasel, being the person he is, couldn’t let it go. Potter, being the person he is, had to play hero. And finally, I, being the person I am, had to fight back. Hexes and curses were flying when you came running and screeching from McGonagall’s room, trying to break up our fight. You decided that the only rational way to end it was to step between us. Didn’t you realize that you were placing yourself in danger? Didn’t you realize that I could have still hit you with a curse, or did you know something more than I did? Actually, that doesn’t surprise me.

You shouted at all of us to end our childish nonsense. Weasel and Scarhead immediately obeyed, but I wasn’t about to be ordered around by you. When I tried to continue our fight, you angrily asked why I couldn’t just let it go. You quickly dragged Scarhead and Weasel away, once again walking down the halls as The Golden Trio. I yelled back to Weasel and Scarhead about having to have a mother hen to round them up. By then, you were way past angry and said something that actually found its way into my dark, cold heart. You yelled back, “At least we have friends. Unlike you, we stand up for our friends. You wouldn’t know what I’m talking about because you don’t have one single true friend.” For once, I was speechless. When you left, I was all alone. That’s when I realized that I didn’t have any true friends. How do you know me so well, even better than I know myself?

That night I spent many restless hours trying to understand why I didn’t hex you when I had the chance. After hours, I reached a crazy, but possible reason. You had stepped in front of me because you knew that I would never harm you, isn’t that right? Even though we had our countless bickering, something had developed between us and I hadn’t realized it yet. I was falling in love with you, and had only just realized it.

Can you believe it? I am about to go and fight in a war and I can’t tell you how much I love you! Yes, I’m admitting it, I love you Hermione Granger!

I guess that I began to fall for you after you punched me in our third year. You were the only person I knew that could stand up to me, and I began to admire you for that. Over the next four years, that admiration grew into a soft, but pure love.

During our seventh year as Heads, our fights were not as often and were less intense. I had always thought that our fights had lessened because Dumbledore had told us to shape it up and set an example for our younger peers, but now I know better. We were forced to work together on many projects and planning the Graduation Ball. I must say, you looked absolutely beautiful that night and I am very sorry that I couldn’t bring myself to tell you that night.

You see, I have always been in love with you, but you were too far out of my reach. You were atop the highest mountain, and I was in the deepest hole. Even the fastest and most durable Nimbus could not take me to you. And now, we are even farther apart. You are fighting on the Light side, right along Potter and Weasley, while I will be fighting on the Dark side, alongside my father and Lord Voldemort. My heart will not be in the side I am fighting for; instead, it will be with you.

I would have switched sides a long time ago, but I was already in too deep. I know too many secrets. I am already being monitored very closely for not being persistent enough in my training. If I were to have

switched sides, Voldemort wouldn't have killed me. No, that would have been too easy. If I had shown him my betrayal, he would have done something worse to me than death. He would have taken away and killed my reason for living, you. You see, Voldemort believes that death is too easy, since you won't feel anything ever again. He believes in torture, extreme, unbearable, torture. He would have tortured you horrendously over a long period of time. My torture would have been unbearable. He would have let me live, there's no doubt about that, but every single day of my sad life he would have me remember that I was the reason you were dead. You see, by not telling you that I love you, I am actually saving us both.

A noise could be heard echoing through the halls, signaling that someone was walking down them. A muttered, "Ahlamora," was heard before Lucius Malfoy stepped into Draco's room. Draco quickly hid his letter and replaced the papers with drawings of battle plans.

"Draco, hurry along. It is time to leave and you don't want to keep The Dark Lord waiting." Lucius looked over at Draco and eyed him suspiciously, "What are you doing?"

Draco was very good at lying, "I'll be right there. I'm just reviewing over our battle strategies, Father."

Satisfied with Draco's explanation, Lucius left. Draco picked up his quill and quickly finished his secret letter.

And now my dear, I must end this letter to you. Today will be the first day of the war. I must go and fight for a side that has beliefs that my heart and mind don't believe in. If I see you on the battlefield, I promise that I will not let my feelings for you be known. We are in dangerous times and nothing can interfere with our battles.

The only task that I cannot carry out is if I made to kill you. If we arrive in these conditions, I will have to kill myself first. That will be the only way that you will find this letter, over my dead body. Being the coward I am, I am afraid to betray my father, switch sides or furthestmost, give this letter to you. I love you, and I have finally admitted this to myself, but I cannot tell you. If by some unfortunate event you find this letter, I want you to know that everything in this letter is true. You may be mad and blame everything that is wrong in this world, on me. Heck, you can even blame me for global warming, because that I did cause. Hell has frozen over because I, Draco Malfoy, The Cold-Hearted Slytherin Prince, am in love with the Gryffindor Princess. You have captivated my heart and will always have it.

Good-bye my love ,

Draco Malfoy

Draco finished signing his letter and placed it into an envelope. After he sealed it, he addressed it to Hermione Granger. He placed it in the breast pocket of his robes before Apparating to the place where the Final Battle was to take place.

During his haste to leave, Draco Malfoy made one crucial mistake: he forgot to seal the pocket that had the letter he had spilt all of his darkest secrets into. While running around and throwing hexes and curses, the letter fell out of his pocket and fluttered to the ground. It just so happened to be picked up by a certain brown haired witch.

The End

Please remember to review and let me know if you want a sequel. No flames, please!!!