A Life to Live

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Hermione is having this really odd dreams, where she is visioning her life differently. Ron is very ill. When she begins to fade, will they find a way to save her? Will Ron get to tell her how much she means to him? Werewolf, Animagi, drama.

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Chapter 1 - Lights in the Night

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1 - Lights in the Night

THEATRICAL TRAILER: THEATRICAL TRAILER:

(Imaginethis with the Titanic Music)

"I'm havingthis weird visions lately!" Hermione says worriedly.

"What kindof visions?" Ron asks.

"About a life... my life!" Hermione answers.

Scene Change.

"YOU DIDIT! YOU WON!" A group of people call excitedly.

"I DID! YAY!" Hermione yells throwing a helmet. She is seated on topof a white horse, which looks tired and sweaty.

'When you discover...'

"What is happening!" Hermione is crying at the Astronomy Tower.

'That your life...'

"I can become a mare..." Hermione's voice whispers, as we see a cauldron with silver smokeescaping from it, forming the shape of a horse.

'Is not real, what will you do?'

"DON'T!"Hermione as a mare yells.

The marepounces forward and hits a black bear, making him stagger and loose balance.

"Hermionehe's dangerous!" the bear growls.

"He's yourfriend!" the mare neighs furiously.

'But when it's time to go back...'

"You haveto help her, you can't let her go!" Ron yells at Headmistress McGonagall.

"I can't doanything Ron!" the Headmistress shakes her head sadly.

Scene Change.

"I'mVANISHING!" Hermione yells gazing at her hand, which have turned slightlytransparent.

'Will they find a way...'

"Don'tleave me..." Ron whimpers sadly, holding the girl's hand.

"I won't, not without a fight!" Hermione states determined.

'To stop it?'

"There mustbe a way!" Ron yells, passing pages furiously.

'Two friends, united by the same loss'

"Help me, Hermione!" Ron whimpers frightened.

"I don'tknow what to do!" the girl exclaims, looking around nervously.

'The loss of their lives.'

"What arewe doing now?" Ron asks.

"Just livel guess..." Hermione answers with a smile.

Scene Change.

"Stepaway!" Ron whimpers painfully, kneeling on the floor.

"But Ron..."Hermione makes an attempt to reach him, worried.

"STEPAWAY!" Ron bellows angrily, extending a hand to stop her.

Scene Change.

"Welcomeclass, I am professor Remus Lupin" A voice says, over the scene where Hermione looks up startled, from her desk.

Scene Change.

"This willbe an interesting year!" Hermione's voice is place over the scene where she iswalking across a corridor, wearing a uniform, and clutching her books, a smilein her face.

Scenefades.

A LIFE TO LIVE

"Don'tforget me..." Ron's voice is placed over a scene where he is sitting atHermione's bed, holding her hand.

Playing NOW:

It was avery dark night, one of those you just know the werewolf is going to pouncefrom the nearby woodlands and onto your car's ceiling, one of those creepynights used in horror movies. The trees swayed with a gentle breeze, darkshadows looming and leaning over the small figure. The small roar was empty atthose hours of the night, and the car raced across it with tranquil calmness. The roaring of the engine broke the noisy silence in which the forest wasimmersed. The stars glimmered bright in the sky, and the moon caressed thestormy grey colour of the car. It was beautiful, a Citroen C4, with a sharpback, and aggressive looking lights.

The girlinside maintained a steady speed. It had been a hard day, and she had stayeduntil late at the 24 hours library, studying for her access to faculty, whichwas occurring in brief days. The clock strikes 3am, a can of Red Bull is placed on acontainer, the brownish liquid swaying at the many curves and turns this roadhad. The girl's rosy lips were humming a song playing at the radio, it wasn'ther favourite, but she had heard it so many times she had learnt the rhythm andpart of the lyrics. Her brown eyes looked tired, black rings were appearingunder them. She let go the steering wheel, holding it steady with one hand, asthe other fixed a lock of brown, thick hair which had sneaked mischievouslyonto her forehead, tickling her eyes and nose.

The girlsighed, letting herself relax onto the comfortable seat of the car. She was soaccustomed to this road she could drive across it with her eyes closed and ahand tied to her back. Thoughts of her life at the university made her smile, thinkinghow wonderful it would be to meet people with the same likes as her own, peoplewith whom she could speak about topics none of her friends knew about. She thenthought about Starbreeze, her horse, and moanedlightly with displeasure. It had been a couple of weeks since she had taken himown for a ride, but time was scarce and studying had taken the most of her. Hewas a good jumping horse, and she didn't let anyone ride him, so she presumedthe horse had been locked in the stalls, or allowed to run through the fields. The girl made a mental note to ride him first thing after the exams.

Herattention flashed, and she was suddenly very awake. The road should have beenempty at this time, but it wasn't. Her face was illuminated by two pairs ofround, large lights, placed higher than her little car's ones. The thunderousroars of engines alerted her. Rosy lips mouthed one word that shook all hersenses, all the fibres in her body until the fear crumpled in her stomachexploded and spread through her veins in the form of adrenaline; Truck. Twoenormous trucks were driving at full speed across the small road, or as fast asone can drive through this place. It was apparent that the one invading her waywas attempting to pass the slower one.

It allhappened too fast. The road was too thin, and it had many curves, vision wasscarce, and the passing was as incorrect as forbidden and dangerous. The youngstudent knew the truck would not brake in time, the monstruousvehicle being so heavy. The young driver steered right, having decided to falloff the road and hit a tree rather than frontally collide with a truck. The little Citroen flew rapidly towards the woodlands, towards the apparent safetyof a minor collision. Luck was not part of the girl's day, however. The truckhit the car's tail with enormous force, making it turn at a dazzling speed andhit

the cabin's side with its own side. Being as the truck was still moving, the car was thrown upwards and sideways, making it fly and turn like a log in the water, for a considerate amount of metres, until it finally vanished into the dense woodlands. The girl's world faded to black as consciousness drifted from her body.

Hermionereached the Gryffindor table at the Great Hall. She looked tired, and blackrings were forming around her brown eyes, but she was exultant and full of aproud euphoria. A thick book was being clutched in her hands with such a loveand care, as if it was the last book on Earth. Harry and Ron glanced at eachother knowingly. Ron raised his eyebrows weakly, and a feeble lopsided grinappeared on his lips. Hermione let herself fall exhausted on the seat next to Harry, facing Ron who was sitting in front of her.

"There, Ifinished it!" Hermione exclaimed letting the book fall with a dry thud onto thetable.

"Youhaven't slept anything?" Harry inquired very surprised, glancing at theenormous book, and then at Hermione with some kind of renewed respect.

"That's notimportant, the important fact is that I know how to doit!" She commented dryly, cutting him with a sharp glance.

The girlpassed a hand tenderly through the leather cover. There, plastered in silverthreads, reads the title; Animagi.

"So we canbecome Animagi then?" inquired Harry curiously, eagerto know how to do it.

"Hush, it'snot that easy you know? It takes an awful load of mind strength to manage it, although the procedure is rather easy. The spell chooses those who havepotential, if you don't have the necessary mind and body control to become an animagi, the spell will not work." Hermione explained rapidly, in a silent voice, staring at the boy long and sharp as if to make herpoint clear.

"And whatdo we need to do?" inquired a tired, weak voice from the other side of thetable.

"We needto..." Hermione looked at Ron, then at the book before raising her head again to look at him, "Ron?" she inquired concerned.

Ron smiledweakly, shrugging. He had been toying with his food, which remained untouchedin his place. The boy was looking paler than usual, his lips had turned lighter also, making him look like a corpse. Black ringssurrounded his shallow eyes, and the brown orbs were looking weary and tired. Aweak, lopsided grin appeared in his lips again.

"Notfeeling too well this morning..." he commented, placing a hand over his mouth ashis body convulsed sharply.

"Been sick all night." Harry commented staring at him severely, "but he won't go to theinfirmary, rock headed fool!" Harry snarled at him with concerned anger.

"It's just something I ate, by lunchtime I will be fine!" Roncommented casually, lifting the weight of the matter.

"You reallyshould go to the infirmary, it could be something more serious!" Hermione scolded strictly, "You could have ViricalGastronterithis, I've read it'svery bad in Wizards!" she commented, "Or parasites, or maybe..."

"Hermione, it's just something I ate!" Ron cut her sharp, hiseyes however were flaring directly at Harry.

"Fine then,do as you wish!" Hermione scowled, "But don't come to me crying when you feelworse!" the girl told him angrily.

"How didyou say was the spell?" Harry asked the girl, attempting desperately to avoidan argument between the two.

"Oh, well, we need to make some kind of potion, which will show us our animagiform, as well as if we are capable of overcoming the change. That concoction will be the trigger that will permit us transforming at will!" Hermione saidhappily.

"And whatdo we need?" Harry inquired, feeling this would take longer than he imagined.

"Oh, theingredients are not that rare, they are relativelyeasy to find, like white willow seeds, green moss, dew drops collected in astarry night, and few other things quiet common in our daily lives." Hermioneexplained with a relieved smile.

There wasan inhuman, unnatural sound, which seemed to come from the depths of the earth.Ron stood up, hand covering his mouth, the other holding his stomach which wasaching with puncturing stabs. The boy raced out of the Great Hall, nearlycolliding against Ginny, who was coming in right at that very same moment.

"Watch where you're going!" Ginny yelled angrily, "What's with him?" shemouthed at Harry.

"Sick!" Harry mouthed at her, receiving an open mouth and an understanding nod from thered headed.

"He shouldreally go to the infirmary!" Hermione stated angrily.

"I agree." Harry nodded and shrugged it off, thinking it probably was nothing.

"Well, backto this, the hardest thing to get will be the scale of a Kelpie, and that's amust because Kelpies have shapeshifting abilities, which are much necessary in the outcome of the spell." Hermione finished with asigh.

"Snape must have plenty, and his office is locked for thetime being, since he has ran away!" Harry felt a sharpstab of pain in his heart when remembering Dumbledore, "it should be easy tosneak in!" he commented with a shrug.

"Have ityour way, I'm not participating in that particular area of the plan, I havebroken enough rules already!" Hermione stated stubbornly, and Harry knew betterthan to argue with her about such matters.

"When willwe brew the potion?" Harry inquired lowering his voice, looking at the doorbriefly when a flashing red head called his attention.

"The potionbrews in barely twenty minutes, but the spell will only work during full moon, so the next full moon!" Hermione said feeling the excitement of their planfilling her.

"That isnext Saturday, in four days, perfect!" Harry said with a smile.

"Try not toget detention by then!" Hermione smiled with complicity.

Ron thensat heavily at the table, allowing his body to relax and rest a little afterthe terrible process it had gone through. His stomach was still shaky, but hefelt much better now, and the nausea had passed for now.

"You know?You should try to talk a little higher, I think Malfoy hasn't heard you!" Ron said sarcastically.

Harry and Hermione stared at Ron, then their eyes crossed with question. Harry shrugged, drank his glass of juice and stood up.

"I'm off,we have Quidditch practice now!" the green eyed boysaid, staring at Ron doubtfully.

"Fine,we'll meet at lunch then, I have Magic Riding." Hermione commented casually.

"Magic Riding?" Ron inquired through an exhausted, breathless voice.

"Yes, Ithought it was interesting to work at the ministry, protocol states any HighPosition must master the various forms of riding, Hippogriffs, Pegasus, Dragons, Thestrals, Griffin, Hippocampus, and themost complicated..." the girl smiled at Ron with an evil, get innocent smirk.

"What?" Ronwas curious to know which exciting creature could be harder to ride than adragon.

"Horses!"Hermione stated calmly, smiling at the boys, turning around and walking off.

Ron stoodthere, stating the difficulty of riding a horse against riding a vicious, flesheating monster, with sharp claws larger than cars, and razor fangs as large as ahuman. He understood the girl had toyed with him, and he ignored whether thatmade him angry, or simply admirer of the women's terrible faculty of playing with men with such ease.

"Ron, whatdo you need? A bucket or a bulb?" Harry questioned theboy with an amused smirk in his lips.

"Buggeroff! She just pulled my legs, horses can't be harder to ride than dragons!" Ronmuttered silently, his pale face becoming illuminated by a bright red blush.

As Hermionepaced towards the back part of the grounds, where the vast fields had beenprepared for working with the enormous dragons, she began to consider the difficulty of riding herself. Horses sure could not be that hard to ride, but there was this little thought nagging her at the back of her mind that spoke of a terribly hard work, and a difficulty beyond imagination. She saw them, the horses they would begin with before passing to magical creatures. Colourfulwave of colours, stood out the whitest and most magnificent equine Hermione had ever seen.

Shesuddenly had a memory, something that dawned into her mind, blooming, like aseed that had always been there, but had remained latent.

To BeContinued...

AN: There goesthe first chapter. This was an idea that has been nagging me for a long time, and I needed to let it flow. I have a whole ordeal of stories to finish, likeBeyond, Genetic Fox and The Last Wizard, but (apart from Beyond) I will try towork on this, because it might turn out fairly ok. Please review, tell me whatyou think. Oh, and I hope you liked the trailer, I thought it was a funnier wayto summarize the story.