

A MALFOY GIRL

By Ella Wilson

I am in the hospital wing. I am sitting at the foot of Draco's bed. My hand is in his and tears are pouring silently down my face.

I never realized that I loved him until now.

We're siblings! It's not like we're hugging each other daily! I realize this right now, when I'm crying over him. His eyes are closed, his face scarred, bits of dried blood on his pale white cheeks, his pointed nose. I close my eyes and imagine that nothing happened. Draco's fine, and he's in the common room right now.

"Ariana?"

I jump and squeal, my hand flying out of his. I turn around and instinctively go into a fighting pose.

"What the- Harry?"

There he is, cute as always. His eyes are wide with concern through his glasses and his face is pale, almost as pale as mine (which is saying something).

"Sorry..." he says, blushing. He's embarrassed for scaring me.

"No, no... it's *sniff* it's fine." I wipe the tears hastily from my eyes and cheeks.

"No point in pushing away emotions. I learned that a while ago," he says, shrugging. I think about this, and decide he's right. I can't not be crying right now, so I just let the tears fall.

"Why are you here? I thought you hated my brother, especially after what happened..." my voice cracks, fades.

"Not as much as you think i do. I don't like him, but no one could loathe anyone so much that they would curse them like that."

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"Ariana, please. Let me explain," he says, desperation in his voice, and... Oh. My. God. He *Grabs my hand*. I don't know if this makes sense to you, and it doesn't to me, but when I finally realize I'm officially holding hands with my crush since forever, my whole body just goes into shock.

"Al-alright," i say shakily. He notices my look of excitement and fear, mistaking it to be for his reason.

"Well, since you seem so excited to hear it, let me get started."

He didn't know what the spell did, he said. He found it scribbled in his potions book with the note, "for enemies" next to it, he said. He said he had no clue what it did, it didn't say. He didn't use it for months, he said. Until, according to him, Harry found Draco in the bathroom, crying.

CRYING.

Don't ask, he said, he didn't know why.

He didn't know what to do, so he just used the spell. He said that the minute he saw him fall, blood pouring from everywhere, he regretted it. He didn't want Draco to die.