

Let me see...

a night before fullmoon

Von amusement

Let me see what do I have?

Let me see what do I have? It's short before fullmoon to be exactly the night before the fullmoon. And my headache is worse than ever. My mood is, as my friends point out terrible worse, too.

Yes my loved and hated friends. Let me see: I have four of them. Peter, the little fat rat, today he was such an ass but in other days he isn't better, he is just with us cause he adores James and his pranks. What lead us to James. James, actually he is terribly in love and allways have just one topic to chatter about, his so adored Lilly which doesn't improve my mood, but i can trust him, for sure. Lilly, the case of love for James, but to me a close friend and allways as happy as I'm over some silent hours of reading in a corner of the common room. A good thing if every noise cause a tornardo feeling in your head.

And last but not least Sirius. Terribly crazy, full of live and so much a no go when i become my "MOODS" as he calls the days bevor moon. But he allways wanna make me happy dances around me like a little dog, giggling, laughing, chatting over nonsense, joking and never never let me alone. Although that is what I wish for the most these days.

Well what do I have? It's night now, and someone maybe points out, now I can get some of my so loved silence. And how I looking for some sleep! Without my friends and the noise of anyone. Just me to fade away these terribly headache. But do I sleep? No. I can't cause my silly doglike friend sleeps there over the room, in the bed on my right. And sleeps as every true dog does. He snores, grunts and murmurs all night long. So that i can't find my rest. A true friend to me.

Enough. I had to stop this, one and for all times. Slowly I get up, find my way through the small space between our beds and lift the heavy curtains. Silent, not to wake the others in the dorm.

And what do I see, there he sleeps with an angellike face. Just enlightened by the almost full moon. Forsees nothing what could happen to him.

Well what could I do? I could spell him, that he is mute or wake him up, so that he can't snore again. Or even do anything possibly to stop this noise. I can't stand it!

But he does something terrible. I must have wake him, he looks like a fool out of his sleepy eyes. "come if you canna sleep" he murmurs and tugs me into his arms. I can't help my self but finding me in the arms of that silly boy. I can't even move to escape! What does he think? Stupid dog!

On the other side it's warm here, so terribly comfortable to me or my soul or even my headache.

Well maybe it's good so. Even the snoring stopped. It's substituted by the comfort of his steady and calming breath.

Maybe nights before the fullmoon aren't so bad.

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So hier ist sie nun gewesen vielen dank an alle die sie gelesen haben.

Ich bitte tausendmal um Verzeihung wegen der sicherlich frequenten Rechtschreibfehler...und bin immer bereit sie zu verbessern. Aus Fehlern lernt man schließlich also sagt sie mir ruhig!

Ich betone gerne immer wieder, dass mir die Charakter nicht gehören, nein nur die Situation ist mein Werk, und ich bin gespannt auf eure Kommentare

verbeug